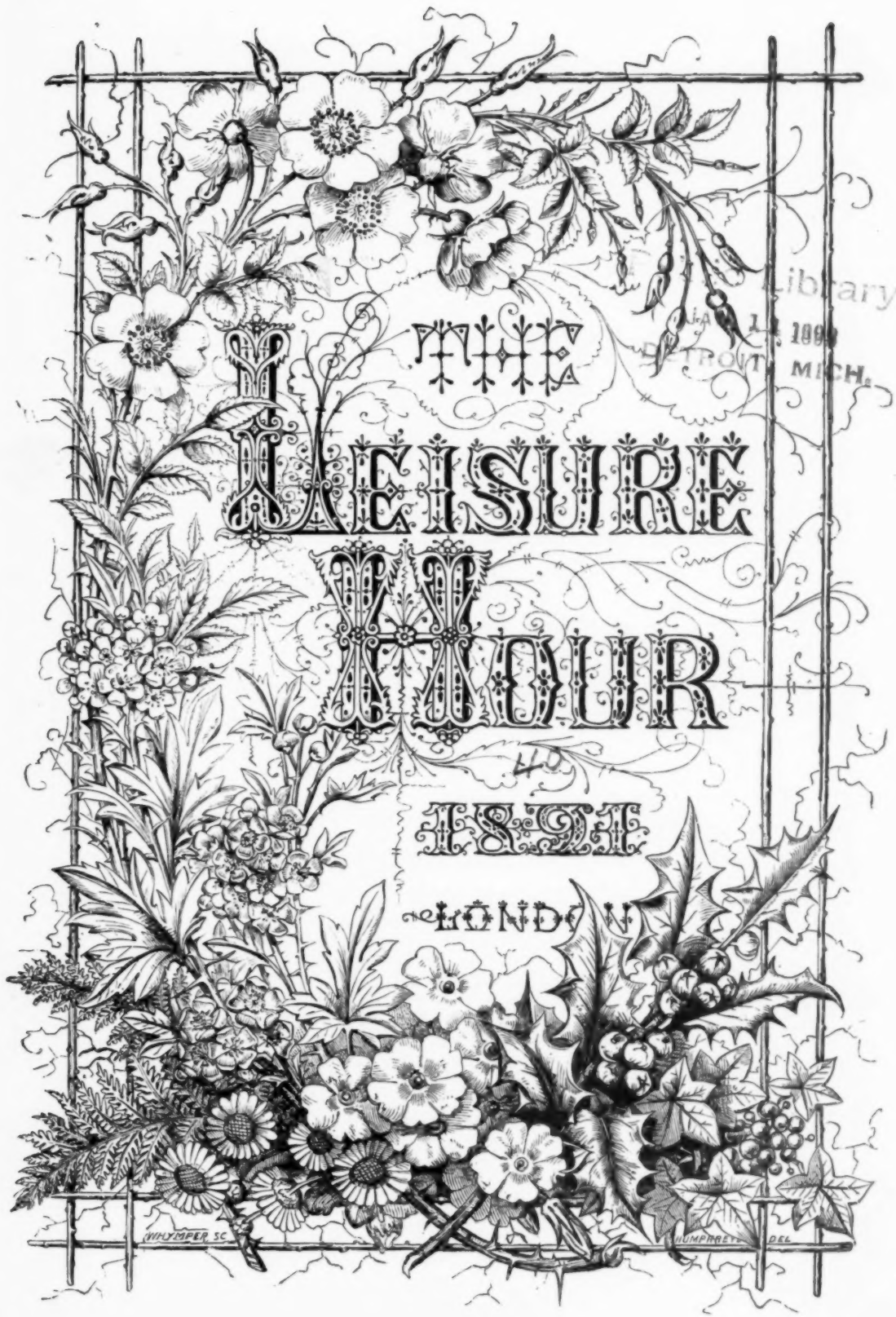



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ROYAL ACADEMY. 1887. ALF COOKE, LEEDS.

## HIS FÊTE DAY.

*From the picture by Frank W. W. Topham, R.I.*

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

rary,
AN 11 1893
DETROIT, MICH.

## THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC.



HE STOPPED ME BY A GESTURE OF STERN COMMAND.

### CHAPTER I.—"HÉ, SIRE ANE, HE!"

ON the boundary line between the two counties of Warwick and Worcester there is a road very famous in those parts, and called the Ridgeway. Father Carey used to say—and no better Latinist could be found for a score of miles round in the times of which I write—that it was made by the Romans. It runs north and south along the narrow spine of the country, which is spread out on either side like a map, or a picture. As you fare southwards you see on your right hand the green orchards and pastures of Worcestershire stretching as far as the Malvern Hills. You have in front of you Bredon Hill, which is a wonderful hill, for if a man goes down the Avon by boat it goes with him—now before, and now behind—a whole day's journey, and then stands in the same place. And on the left hand you have the great Forest of Arden, and not much besides, except oak-trees, which grow well in Warwickshire.

I describe this road, firstly, because it is a notable one, and forty years ago was the only Queen's highway, to call a highway, in that country. The rest were mere horse-tracks. Secondly, because the chase wall of Coton End runs along the side of it

for two good miles; and the Cluddes—I am Francis Cludde—have lived at Coton End by the Ridgeway time out of mind, probably—for the name smacks of the soil—before the Romans made the road. And thirdly, because forty years ago, on a drizzling February day in 1555—second year of Mary, old religion just re-established—a number of people were collected on this road, forming a group of a score or more, who stood in an ordered kind of disorder about my uncle's gates and looked all one way, as if expecting an arrival, and an arrival of consequence.

First, there was my uncle Sir Anthony, tall and lean. He wore his best black velvet doublet and cloak, and had put on with them an air of huge importance. This increased each time he turned, staff in hand, and surveyed his following, and as regularly gave place to a "Pshaw!" of vexation



FIRST, THERE WAS MY UNCLE, SIR ANTHONY, TALL AND LEAN.

and a petulant glance when his eye rested on me. Close beside him, looking important too, but anxious and a little frightened as well, stood Father Carey. The priest wore his silk cassock, and his lips moved from time to time without sound, as though he were trying over a Latin oration—which, indeed, was the fact. At a more respectful distance were ranged Baldwin Moor, the steward, and a dozen servants; whi'e still further away lounged as many ragamuffins—landless men, who swarmed about every gentleman's door in those times, and took toll of such abbey lands as the king might have given him. Against one of the stone gate-pillars I leaned myself—nineteen years and six months old, and none too wise, though well grown, and as strong as one here and there. And perched on the top of the twin post, with his chin on his knees, and his hands clasped about them, was Martin Luther the fool.

Martin had chosen this elevated position partly out of curiosity, and partly, perhaps, under a strong sense of duty. He knew that, whether he would or no, he must needs look funny up there. His nose was red, and his eyes were running, and his teeth chattering; and he did look funny. But as he felt the cold most his patience failed first. The steady, silent drizzle, the mist creeping about the stems of the oak-trees, the leaden sky, proved too much for him in the end. "A watched pot never boils!" he grumbled.

"Silence, sirrah!" commanded my uncle angrily. "This is no time for your fooling. Have a care how you talk in the same breath of pots and my Lord Bishop!"

"*Sanctae ecclesiae!*" Father Carey broke out, turning up his eyes in a kind of ecstasy, as though he were knee to knee with the prelate—"*te defensorem inclytum atque ardentem—*"

"*Pottum!*" cried I, laughing loudly at my own wit.

It was an ill-mannered word, but I was cold and peevish. I had been forced to this function against my will. I had never seen the guest whom we were expecting, and who was no other than the Queen's Chancellor, Stephen Gardiner, but I disliked him as if I had. In truth, he was related to us in a peculiar fashion, which my uncle and I naturally looked at from different standpoints. Sir Anthony viewed with complacence, if not with pride, any connection with the powerful Bishop of Winchester, for the knight knew the world, and could appreciate the value it sets on success, and the blind eyes it has for spots if they do but speckle the risen sun. I could make no such allowance, but, with the pride of youth and family, at once despised the great Bishop for his base blood, and blushed that the shame lay on our side. I hated this parade of doing honour to him, and would fain have hidden at home with Petronilla, my cousin, Sir Anthony's daughter, and awaited our guest there. The knight, however, had not permitted this, and I had been forced out, being in the worst of humours.

So I said, "*Pottum!*" and laughed.

"Silence, boy!" cried Sir Anthony, fiercely. He loved an orderly procession, and to arrange things decently. "Silence!" he repeated, darting an angry glance first at me and then at his followers, "or I will warm that jacket of yours, lad! And you, Martin Luther, see to your tongue for the next twenty-four hours, and keep it off my Lord Bishop! And, Father Carey, hold yourself ready—"

"For here Sir Hot-Pot cometh!" cried the undaunted Martin, skipping nimbly down from his post of vantage; "and a dozen of London saucepans with him, or may I never lick the inside of one again!"

A jest on the sauciness of London serving-men was sure to tell with the crowd, and there was a great laugh at this, especially among the landless men, who were on the skirts of the party, and well sheltered from Sir Anthony's eye. He glared about him, provoked to find at this critical moment smiles where there should have been looks of deference, and a ring round a fool where he had

marshalled a procession. Unluckily he chose to visit his displeasure upon me.

"You won't behave, won't you, you puppy!" he cried. "You won't, won't you!" and stepping forward he aimed a blow at my shoulders, which would have made me rub myself if it had reached me. But I was too quick. I stepped back, the stick swung idly, and the crowd laughed.

And there the matter would have ended, for the Bishop's party were now close upon us, had not my foot slipped on the wet grass and I fallen backwards. Seeing me thus at his mercy, the temptation proved too much for the knight. He forgot his love of seemliness—and even that his visitors were at his elbow—and, stooping a moment to plant home a couple of shrewd cuts, cried, "Take that! Take that, my lad!" in a voice that rang as crisply as his thwacks.



PERCHED ON THE TOP OF THE POST WAS MARTIN LUTHER THE FOOL.

I was up in an instant; not that the pain was anything, and before our own people I should have thought as little of shame, for if the old may not lay hand to the young, being related, where is to be any obedience? Now, however, my first glance met the grinning faces of strange lackeys, and while my shoulders still smarted, the laughter of a couple of soberly-clad pages stung a hundred times more sharply. I glared furiously round, and my eyes fell on one face—a face long remembered. It was that of a man who neither smiled nor laughed; a man whom I recognised immediately, not by his sleek hackney or his purple cassock, which a riding-cloak partially concealed, or even by his jewelled hand, but by the keen glance of power which passed over me, took me in, and did not acknowledge me, which saw my humiliation without interest or amusement. The look hurt me beyond smarting of shoulders, for it conveyed to me in the twentieth part of a second how very small a person Francis Cludde was, and how very great a personage was Stephen Gardiner, whom in my thoughts I had presumed to belittle.

I stood irresolute a moment, shifting my feet and glowering at him, my face on fire. But when he raised his hand to give the Benediction, and the more devout, or those with mended hose, fell on their knees in the mud, I turned my back abruptly, and, climbing the wall, flung away across the chase.

"What, Sir Anthony!" I heard him say as I stalked off, his voice ringing clear and incisive amid the reverential silence which followed the Latin words; "have we a heretic here, cousin? How is this? So near home too!"

"It is my nephew, my Lord Bishop," I could hear Sir Anthony answer, apology in his tone; "and a wilful boy at times. You know of him; he has queer notions of his own, put into his head long ago."

I caught no more, my angry strides carrying me out of earshot. Fuming, I hurried across the long damp grass, avoiding here and there the fallen limb of an elm or a huge round of holly. I wanted to get out of the way, and be out of the way; and made such haste that before the slowly-moving cavalcade had traversed one-half of the interval between the road and the house I had reached the bridge which crossed the moat, and, pushing my way impatiently through the maids and scullions who had flocked to it to see the show, had passed into the courtyard.

The light was failing, and the place looked dark and gloomy in spite of the warm glow of burning logs which poured from the lower windows, and some show of green boughs which had been placed over the doorways in honour of the occasion. I glanced up at a lattice in one of the gables—the window of Petronilla's little parlour. There was no face at it, and I turned fretfully into the hall—and yes, there she was, perched up in one of the high window-seats. She was looking out on the chase, as the maids were doing.

Yes, as the maids were doing. She too was watching for his High Mightiness, I muttered, and that angered me afresh. I crossed the rushes in silence, and climbed up beside her.

"Well," I said ungraciously, as she started, hearing me at her shoulder—"well, have you seen enough of him yet, cousin? You will, I warrant you, before he leaves. A little of him goes far."

"A little of whom, Francis?" she asked simply.

Though her voice betrayed some wonder at my rough tone, she was so much engaged with the show that she did not look at me immediately. This of course kept my anger warm, and I began to feel that she was in the conspiracy against me.

"Of my Lord of Winchester, of course," I answered, laughing rudely—"of Sir Hot-Pot!"

"Why do you call him that?" she remonstrated in gentle wonder. And then she did turn her soft dark eyes upon me. She was a slender, willowy girl in those days, with a complexion clear yet pale—a maiden all bending and gracefulness, yet with a great store of secret firmness, as I was to learn. "He seems as handsome an old man," she con-

tinued, "as I have ever met, and stately and benevolent, too, as I see him at this distance. What is the matter with you, Francis? What has put you out?"

"Put me out!" I retorted angrily. "Who said anything had put me out?"

But I reddened under her eyes; I was longing to tell her all, and be comforted, while at the same time I shrank with a man's shame from saying to her that I had been beaten.

"I can see that something is the matter," she said sagely, with her head on one side, and that air of being the elder which she often assumed with me, though she was really the younger by two years. "Why did you not wait for the others? Why have you come home alone? Francis" (with sudden conviction), "you have vexed my father! That is it!"

"He has beaten me like a dog!" I blurted out passionately; "and before them all! Before those strangers he flogged me!"

She had her back to the window, and some faint gleam of wintry sunshine, passing through the gules of the shield blazoned behind her, cast a red stain on her dark hair and shapely head. She was silent, probably through pity or consternation; but I could not see her face, and misread her. I thought her hard, and, resenting this, bragged on with a lad's empty violence.

"He did; but I will not stand it! I give you warning, I won't stand it, Petronilla!" and I stamped, young bully that I was, until the dust sprang out of the boards, and the hounds by the distant hearth jumped up and whined. "No! not for all the base bishops in England!" I continued, taking a step this way and that. "He had better not do it again! If he does, I tell you it will be the worse for some one!"

"Francis," she exclaimed abruptly, "you must not speak in that way!"



"BE SILENT, SIR!" AND THIS TIME I WAS SILENT.

But I was too angry to be silenced, though instinctively I changed my ground.

"Stephen Gardiner!" I cried furiously. "Who is Stephen Gardiner, I should like to know? He has no right to call himself Gardiner at all! Dr. Stephens he used to call himself, I have heard. A child with no name but his godfather's: that is what he is, for all his airs and his bishopric! Who is he to look on and see a Cludde beaten? If my uncle does not take care—"

"Francis!" she cried again, cutting me short ruthlessly. "Be silent, sir!" (and this time I was silent). "You unmanly boy," she continued, her

face glowing with indignation, "to threaten my father before my face! How dare you, sir? How dare you? And who are you, you poor child," she exclaimed, with a startling change from invective to sarcasm—"who are you to talk of bishops, I should like to know?"

"One," I said sullenly, "who thinks less of cardinals and bishops than some folk, Mistress Petronilla!"

"Ay, I know," she retorted scathingly—"I know that you are a kind of half-hearted Protestant—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl!"

"I am what my father made me!" I muttered.

"At any rate," she replied, "you do not see how small you are, or you would not talk of bishops. Heaven help us! That a boy who has done nothing and seen nothing, should talk of the Queen's Chancellor! Go! Go out, you foolish boy, and rule a country, or cut off heads, and then you may talk of such men—men who could unmake you and yours with a stroke of the pen! You, to talk so of Stephen Gardiner! Fie, fie, I say! For shame!"

I looked at her, dazed and bewildered, and had long afterwards in my mind a picture of her as she stood above me in the window bay, her back to the light, her slender figure drawn to its full height, her hand extended towards me. I could scarcely understand or believe that this was my gentle cousin. I turned without a word and stole away, not looking behind me. I was cowed.

It happened that the servants came hurrying in at the moment with a clatter of dishes and knives, and the noise covered my retreat. I had a fancy afterwards that as I moved away Petronilla called to me. But at the time, what with the confusion and my own disorder, I paid no heed to her, but got myself blindly out of the hall, and away to my own attic.

It was a sharp lesson. But my feelings when, being alone, I had time to feel, need not be set down. After events made them of no moment, for I was even then on the verge of a change so great that all the threats and misgivings, the fevers and agues, of that afternoon, real as they seemed at the time, became in a few hours as immaterial as the dew which fell before yesterday's thunderstorm.

The way the change began to come about was this. I crept in late to supper, facing the din and lights, the rows of guests and the hurrying servants, with a mixture of shame and sullenness. I was sitting down with a scowl next the Bishop's pages—my place was beside them, half-way down the table, and I was not too careful to keep my feet clear of their clothing—when my uncle's voice, raised in a harsher tone than was usual with him, even when he was displeased, summoned me.

"Come here, sirrah!" he cried roundly. "Come here, Master Francis! I have a word to speak to you!"

I went slowly, dragging my feet, while all looked up, and there was a partial silence. I was conscious of this, and it nerved me. For a moment, indeed, as I stepped on to the daïs I had a vision of scores of candles and rushlights floating in mist, and of innumerable bodiless faces all turned up to me. But the vision and the mistiness passed away, and left only my uncle's long thin face inflamed with anger, and beside it, in the same ring of light, the watchful eyes and stern impassive features of Stephen Gardiner. The Bishop's face and his eyes were all I saw then; the same face, the same eyes, I remembered, which had looked unyielding into those of the relentless Cromwell and had scarce dropped before the frown of a Tudor. His purple cap and cassock, the lace and rich fur, the chain of office, I remembered afterwards.

"Now, boy," thundered Sir Anthony, pointing out the place where I should stand, "what have you to say for yourself? why have you so misbehaved this afternoon? Let your tongue speak quickly, do you hear, or you will smart for it. And let it be to the purpose, boy!"

I was about to answer something—whether it was likely to make things worse or better, I cannot remember—when Gardiner stayed me. He laid his hand gently on Sir Anthony's sleeve, and interposed. "One moment," he said mildly, "your nephew did not stay for the Church's blessing, I remember. Perhaps he has scruples. There are people nowadays who have. Let us hear if it be so."

This time it was Sir Anthony who did not let me answer. "No, no," he cried hastily—"no, no; it is not so. He conforms, my lord, he conforms. You conform, sir," he continued, turning fiercely upon me, "do you not? Answer, sir."

"Ah!" the Bishop put in with a sneer, "you conform, do you?"

"I attend mass—to please my uncle," I replied boldly.

"He was ill brought up as a child," Sir Anthony said hastily, speaking in a tone which those below could not hear. "But you know all that, my lord—you know all that. It is an old story, to you. So I make, and I pray you to make for the sake of the house, some allowance. He conforms; he undoubtedly conforms."

"Enough!" Gardiner assented. "The rest is for the good priest here, whose ministrations will no doubt in time avail. But a word with this young gentleman, Sir Anthony, on another subject. If it was not to the holy office he objected, perhaps it was to the Queen's Chancellor, or to the Queen?" He raised his voice with the last words and bent his brows, so that I could scarcely believe it was the same man speaking. "Eh, sir, was that so?" he continued severely, putting aside Sir Anthony's remonstrance and glowering at me. "It may be that we have a rebel here instead of a heretic."

"God forbid!" cried the knight, unable to contain himself. It was clear that he repented already of his ill-timed discipline. "I will answer for it that we have no Wyatts here, my lord."

"That is well!" the Chancellor replied. "That is well!" he repeated, his eyes leaving me and roving the hall with so proud a menace in their glance that all quailed, even the fool. "That is very well," he said, drumming on the table with his fingers; "but let Master Francis speak for himself."

"I never heard," said I, boldly—I had had a

moment for thought—"that Sir Thomas Wyatt had any following in this country. None to my knowledge. As for the Queen's marriage with the Prince of Spain, which was the ground, as we gathered here, of Wyatt's rising with the Kentish folk, it seems a matter rather for the Queen's grace than her subjects. But if that be not so, I, for my part, would rather have seen her married to a stout Englishman—ay, or to a Frenchman."

"And why, young gentleman?"

"Because I would we kept at peace with France. We have more to gain by fighting Spain than fighting France," I answered bluntly.

My uncle held up his hands. "The boy is clean mad!" he groaned. "Who ever heard of such a thing? With all France, the rightful estate of her Majesty, waiting to be won back, he talks of fighting Spain! And his own grandmother was a Spaniard!"

"I am none the less an Englishman for that!" I said; whereon there was a slight murmur of applause in the hall below. "And for France," I continued, carried away by this, "we have been fighting it, off and on, as long as men remember; and what are we the better? We have only lost what we had to begin. Besides, I am told that France is five times stronger than it was in Henry the Fifth's time, and we should only spend our strength in winning what we could not hold. While as to Spain—"

"Ay, as to Spain?" grumbled Sir Anthony, forgetting his formidable neighbour, and staring at me with eyes of wonder. "Why, my father fought the French at Guinegate, and my grandfather at Cherbourg, and his father at Agincourt! But there! As to Spain, you popinjay?"

"Why, she is conquering here," I answered warmly, "and colonising there among the newly-discovered countries of the world, and getting all the trade and all the seaports, and all the gold and silver; and Spain, after all, is a nation with no greater strength of men than England. Ay, and I hear," I cried, growing more excited and raising my voice, "that now is our time or never! The Spaniards and the Portuguese have discovered a new world over seas.

'A Castilla y á Leon
Nuevo mundo dió Colon!'

say they; but depend upon it every country that is to be rich and strong in the time that is coming must have part in it. We cannot conquer either Spain or France; we have not men enough. But we have docks and sailors, and ships in London and Fowey, and Bristol and the Cinque Ports, enough to fight Spain over the great seas, and I say, 'Have at her!'"

"What next?" groaned Sir Anthony, piteously. "Did man ever hear such crackbrained nonsense?"

But I think it was not nonsense, for his words were almost lost in the cry which rang through the hall as I ceased speaking—a cry of English voices. One moment my heart beat high and proudly with a new sense of power; the next, as the shadow of a cloud falls on a sunny hillside, the cold sneer on the statesman's face fell on me and chilled me. His set look had neither thawed nor altered, his colour had neither come nor gone. "You speak your lesson well, lad," he said. "Who taught you statecraft?"

I grew smaller, shrinking with each word he uttered; and faltered, and was dumb.

"Come," he said, "you see but a little way; yet country lads do not talk of Fowey and Bristol! Who primed you?"

"I met a Master Sebastian Cabot," I said reluctantly at last, when he had pressed me more than once, "who stayed awhile at a house not far from here, and had been Inspector of the Navy to King Edward. He had been a seaman seventy years, and he talked—"

"Too fast!" said Gardiner, with a curt nod. "But enough, I understand. I know the man. He is dead."

He was silent then, and seemed to have fallen suddenly into thought, as a man well might who had the governing of a kingdom on his shoulders.

Seemingly he had done with me. I looked at Sir Anthony. "Ay, go!" he said irritably, waving me off. "Go!"

And I went. The ordeal was over, and over so successfully that I felt the humiliation of the afternoon cheap at the price of this triumph; for, as I stepped down, there was a buzz around me, a murmur of congratulation and pride and excitement. On every Coton face I marked a flush, in every Coton eye I read a sparkle, and every flush and every sparkle was for me. Even the Chancellor's secretaries, grave, down-looking men, all secrecy and caution, cast curious glances at me, as though I were something out of the common; and the Chancellor's pages made way for me with new-born deference. "There is for country wits!" I heard Baldwin Moor cry gleefully, while the man who put food before me murmured of "the Cludde bull-pup!" If I read in Father Carey's face, as indeed I did, solicitude as well as relief and gladness, I marked the latter only, and hugged a natural pride to my breast. When Martin Luther said boldly, that it was not only Bishop could fill a bowl, it was by an effort I refrained from joining in the laugh which followed.

For an hour I enjoyed this triumph, and did all but brag of it. Especially I wished Petronilla had witnessed it. At the end of that time—*Finis* as the books say. I was crossing the courtyard, one-half of which was bathed in a cold splendour of moonlight, and was feeling the first sobering touch of the night air on my brow, when I heard some one call out my name. I turned, to find one of the Chancellor's servants, a sleek, substantial fellow, with a smug mouth, at my elbow.

"What is it?" I said.

"I am bidden to fetch you at once, Master Cludde," he answered, a gleam of sly malice peeping through the gravity of his demeanour. "The Chancellor would see you in his room, young sir."

### CHAPTER II.—IN THE BISHOP'S ROOM.

THE Chancellor was lodged in the great chamber on the southern side of the courtyard, a room which we called the Tapestried Chamber, and in which tradition said that King Henry the Sixth had once slept. It was on the upper

floor, and for this reason free from the damp air which in autumn and winter rose from the moat and hung about the lower range of rooms. It was, besides, of easy access from the hall, a door in the gallery of the latter leading into an anteroom, which again opened into the Tapestried Chamber; while a winding staircase, starting from a dark nook in the main passage of the house, also led to this state apartment, but by another and more private door.

I reached the antechamber with a stout heart in my breast, though a little sobered by my summons, and feeling such a reaction from the heat of a few minutes before as follows a plunge into cold water. In the anteroom I was bidden to wait while the great man's will was taken, which seemed strange to me, then unused to the mummery of Court folk. But before I had time to feel much surprise, the inner door was opened, and I was told to enter.

The great room, which I had seldom seen in use, had now an appearance quite new to me. A dull red fire was glowing comfortably on the hearthstone, before which a posset stool was standing. Near this, seated at a table strewn with a profusion of papers and documents, was a secretary writing busily. The great oaken bedstead, with its nodding tester, lay in a background of shadows, which played about the figures broidered on the hangings, or were lost in the darkness of the corners; while nearer the fire, in the light cast by the sconces fixed above the hearth, lay part of the Chancellor's equipment. The fur rugs and cloak of sable, the saddle-bags, the despatch-boxes, and the silver chafing-dish, gave an air of comfort to this part of the room. Walking up and down in the midst of these, dictating a sentence at every other turn, was Stephen Gardiner.

As I entered the clerk looked up, holding his pen suspended. His master, by a quick nod, ordered him to proceed. Then, signalling to me in a like silent fashion his command that I should stand by the hearth, the Bishop resumed his task of composition.

For some minutes my interest in the man, whom I had now an opportunity of scrutinising unmarked and at my leisure, took up all my attention. He was at this time close on seventy, but looked, being still tall and stout, full ten years younger. His face, square and sallow, was indeed wrinkled and lined; his eyes lay deep in his head, his shoulders were beginning to bend, the nape of his neck to become prominent. He had lost an inch of his full height. But his eyes still shone brightly, nor did any trace of weakness mar the stern character of his mouth, or the crafty wisdom of his brow. The face was the face of a man austere, determined, perhaps cruel; of a man who could both think and act.

My curiosity somewhat satisfied, I had leisure, first to wonder why I had been sent for, and then to admire the prodigious number of books and papers which lay about, more, indeed, than I had ever seen together in my life. From this I passed to listening, idly at first, and with interest afterwards, to the letter which the Chancellor was dictating. It seemed from its tenor to be a letter to some person in authority, and presently one passage attracted my attention, so that I could afterwards recall it word for word.

"I do not think"—the Chancellor pronounced, speaking in a sonorous voice, and the measured tone of one whose thoughts lie perfectly arranged in his head—"that the Duchess Katherine will venture to take the step suggested as possible. Yet Clarence's report may be of moment. Let the house therefore be watched if anything savouring of flight be marked, and take notice whether there be a vessel in the Pool adapted to her purpose. A vessel trading to Dunquerque would be most likely. Leave her husband till I return, when I will deal with him roundly."

I missed what followed. It was upon another subject, and my thoughts lagged behind, being wholly taken up with the Duchess Katherine and her fortunes. I wondered who she was, young or old, and what this step could be she was said to meditate, and what the jargon about the Pool and Dunquerque meant. I was still thinking of this when I was aroused by an abrupt silence, and looking up found that the Chancellor was bending over the papers on the table. The secretary was leaving the room.

As the door closed behind him, Gardiner rose from his stooping posture and came slowly towards me, a roll of papers in his hand. "Now," he said tranquilly, seating himself in an elbow-chair which stood in front of the hearth, "I will dispose of your business, Master Cludde."

He paused, looking at me in a shrewd, masterful way, much as if—I thought at the time, little knowing how near the truth my fancy went—I were a beast he was about to buy; and then he went on. "I have sent for you, Master Francis," he said dryly, fixing his piercing eyes on mine, "because I think that this country does not suit your health. You conform, but you conform with a bad grace, and England is no longer the place for such. You incite the commonalty against the Queen's allies, and England is not the place for such. Do not contradict me; I have heard you myself. Then," he continued, grimly thrusting out his jaw in a sour smile, "you misname those whom the Queen honours; and were Dr. Stephens—you take me, Master Malapert?—such a man as his predecessors, you would rue the word. For a trifle scarce weightier Wolsey threw a man to rot six years in a dungeon, boy!"

I changed colour, yet not so much in fear—though it were vain to say I did not tremble—as in confusion. I had called him Dr. Stephens indeed, but it had been to Petronilla only. I stood, not knowing what to say, until he, after lingering on his last words to enjoy my misery, resumed his subject. "That is one good and sufficient reason—mind you, sufficient, boy—why England is no place for you. For another, the Cluddes have always been soldiers; and you—though readier-witted than some, which comes of your Spanish grandmother—are quicker with a word than a thought, and a blow than either. Of which afterwards. Well, England is going to be no place for soldiers. Please God, we have finished with wars at home. A woman's reign should be a reign of peace."

I hardened my heart at that. A reign of peace, forsooth, when the week before we had heard of a bishop burned at Gloucester! I hardened my heart. I would not be frightened, though I knew his power, and knew how men in those days misused power. I would put a bold face on the matter.

He had not done with me yet, however. "One more reason I have," he continued, stopping me as I was about to speak, "for saying that England will not suit your health, Master Cludde. It is that I do not want you here. Abroad, you may be of use to me, and at the same time carve out your own fortune. You have courage, and can use a sword, I hear. You understand—and it is a rare gift with Englishmen—some Spanish, which I suppose your father or your uncle taught you. You can—so Father Carey says—construe a Latin sentence if it be not too difficult. You are scarcely twenty, and you will have me for your patron. Why, were I you, boy, with your age and your chances, I would die Prince or Pope! Ay, I would!" He stopped speaking, his eyes on fire. Nay, a ring of such real feeling flashed out in his last words that, though I distrusted him, though old prejudices warned me against him, and, at heart a Protestant, I shuddered at things I had heard of him, the longing to see the world and have adventures seized upon me. Yet I did not speak at once. He had told me that my tongue outran my thoughts, and I stood silent until he asked me curtly, "Well, sirrah, what do you say?"

"I say, my Lord Bishop," I replied respectfully, "that the prospect you hold out to me would tempt me were I a younger son, or without those ties of gratitude which hold me to my uncle. But, my father excepted, I am Sir Anthony's only heir."

"Ah, your father!" he said contemptuously. "You do well to remind me of him, for I see you are forgetting the first part of my speech in thinking of the last! Should I have promised first and threatened later? You would fain, I expect, stay here and woo Mistress Petronilla? Do I touch you there? You think to marry the maid and be master of Coton End in God's good time, do you? Then listen, Francis Cludde. Neither one nor the other, neither maid nor meadow, will be yours should you stay here till Domesday!"

I started, and stood glowering on him, speechless with anger and astonishment.

"You do not know who you are!" he continued, leaning forward with a sudden movement, and speaking with one claw-like finger extended, and a malevolent gleam in his eyes. "You called me a nameless child a while ago, and so I was; yet have I risen to be ruler of England, Master Cludde! But you—I will tell you which of us is base-born. I will tell you who and what your father, Ferdinand Cludde, was. He was, nay, he is, my tool, spy, jackal! Do you understand, boy? Your father is one of the band of foul creatures to whom such as I, base-born though I be, fling the scraps from their table! He is the vilest of the vile men who do my dirty work, my lad."

He had raised his voice and hand in passion, real or assumed. He dropped them as I sprang forward. "You lie!" I cried, trembling all over.

"Easy! easy!" he said. He stopped me where I was by a gesture of stern command. "Think!" he continued, calmly and weightily. "Has any one ever spoken to you of your father since the day seven years ago when you came here, a child, brought by a servant? Has Sir Anthony talked of him? Has any servant named his name to you? Think, boy. If Ferdinand Cludde be a father to be proud of, why does his brother make naught of him?"

"He is a Protestant," I said faintly. Faintly, because I had asked myself this very question not once but often. Sir Anthony so seldom mentioned my father that I had thought it strange myself. I had thought it strange, too, that the servants, who must well remember Ferdinand Cludde, never talked to me about him. Hitherto I had always been satisfied to answer, "He is a Protestant;" but face to face with this terrible old man, and his pitiless charge, the words came but faintly from my lips.

"A Protestant," he replied solemnly. "Yes, this comes of schism, that villains cloak themselves in it, and parade for true men. A Protestant you call him, boy? He has been that, ay, and all things to all men; and he has betrayed all things and all men. He was in the great Cardinal's confidence, and forsook him, when he fell, for Cromwell. Thomas Cromwell, although they were of the same persuasion, he betrayed to me. I have here, here!"—and he struck the letters in his hand a scornful blow—"the offer he made to me, and his terms. Then eight years back, when the late King Edward came to the throne, I too fell on evil days, and Master Cludde abandoned me for my Lord Hertford, but did me no great harm. But he did something which blasted him—blasted him at last."

He paused. Had the fire died down, or was it only in my imagination that the shadows thickened round the bed behind him, and closed in more nearly on us, leaving his pale grim face to confront me—his face, which seemed the paler and grimmer, the more saturnine and all-mastering, for the dark frame which set it off?

"He did this," he continued slowly, "which came to light and blasted him. He asked, as the price of his service in betraying me, his brother's estate."

"Impossible!" I stammered. "Why, Sir Anthony——"

"What of Sir Anthony, you would ask?" the Chancellor replied, interrupting me with savage irony. "Oh, he was a Papist! an obstinate Papist! He might go hang—or to Warwick Gaol!"

"Nay, but this at least, my lord, is false!" I cried. "Palpably false! If my father had so betrayed his own flesh and blood, should I be here? Should I be at Coton End? You say this happened eight years ago. Seven years ago I came here. Would Sir Anthony——"

"There are fools everywhere," the old man sneered. "When my Lord Hertford refused your father's suit, Ferdinand began—it is his nature—to plot against him. He was found out, and execrated by all—for he had been false to all—he

fled for his life. He left you behind, and a servant brought you to Coton End, where Sir Anthony took you in."

I covered my face. Alas! I believed him, I, who had always been so proud of my lineage, so proud of the brave traditions of the house and its honour, so proud of Coton End and all that belonged to it! Now, if this were true, I could never again take pleasure in one or the other. I was the son of a man branded as a turncoat and an informer, of one who was the worst of traitors! I sank down on the settle behind me and hid my face. Another might have thought less of the blow, or, with greater knowledge of the world, might have made light of it as a thing not touching himself. But on me, young as I was, and proud, and as yet tender, and having done nothing myself, it fell with crushing force.

It was years since I had seen my father, and I could not stand forth loyally and fight his battle as a son his father's friend and familiar for years might have fought it. On the contrary, there was so much which seemed mysterious in my past life, so much that bore out the Chancellor's accusation, that I felt a dread of its truth even before I had proof. Yet I would have proof. "Show me the letters!" I said harshly; "show me the letters, my lord!"

"You know your father's handwriting?"

"I do."

I knew it, not from any correspondence my father had held with me, but because I had more than once examined with natural curiosity the wrappers of the despatches which at intervals of many months, sometimes of a year, came from him to Sir Anthony. I had never known anything of the contents of the letters, all that fell to my share being certain formal messages, which Sir Anthony would give me, generally with a clouded brow and a testy manner that grew genial again only with the lapse of time.

Gardiner handed me the letters, and I took them and read one. One was enough. That my father! Alas! alas! No wonder that I turned my face to the wall, shivering as with the ague, and that all about me—except the red glow of the fire, which burned into my brain—seemed darkness! I had lost the thing I valued most. I had lost at a blow everything of which I was proud. The treachery that could flush that worn face opposite to me, lined as it was with statecraft, and betray the wily tongue into passion, seemed to me, young and impulsive, a thing so vile as to brand a man's children through generations.

Therefore I hid my face in the corner of the settle, while the Chancellor gazed at me awhile in silence, as one who had made an experiment might watch the result.

"You see now, my friend," he said at last, almost gently, "that you may be base-born in more ways than one. But be of good cheer; you are young, and what I have done you may do. Think of Thomas Cromwell—his father was naught. Think of the old Cardinal—my master. Think of the Duke of Suffolk—Charles Brandon, I mean. He was a plain gentleman, yet he married a queen. More, the door which they had to open for themselves I will open for you—only, when you are inside, play the man, and be faithful."

"What would you have me do?" I whispered hoarsely.

"I would have you do this," he answered. "There are great things brewing in the Netherlands, boy—great changes, unless I am mistaken. I have need of an agent there, a man stout, trusty, and, in particular, unknown, who will keep me informed of events. If you will be that agent, I can procure for you—and not appear in the matter myself—a post of pay and honour in the Regent's Guards. What say you to that, Master Cludde? A few weeks, and you will be making history, and Coton End will seem a mean place to you. Now what do you say?"

I was longing to be away and alone with my misery, but I forced myself to reply patiently.

"With your leave I will give you my answer to-morrow, my lord," I said, as steadily as I could; and I rose, still keeping my face turned from him.

"Very well," he replied, with apparent confidence. But he watched me keenly, as I fancied. "I know already what your answer will be. Yet before you go I will give you a piece of advice which in the new life you begin to-night will avail you more than silver, more than gold—ay, more than steel, Master Francis. It is this: Be prompt to think, be prompt to strike, be slow to speak! Mark it well! It is a simple recipe, yet it has made me what I am, and may make you greater. Now go!"

He pointed to the little door opening on the staircase, and I bowed and went out, closing it carefully behind me. On the stairs, moving blindly in the dark, I fell over some one who lay sleeping there, and who clutched at my leg. I shook him off, however, with an exclamation of rage, and, stumbling down the rest of the steps, gained the open air. Excited and feverish, I shrank with aversion from the confinement of my room, and, hurrying over the drawbridge, sought at random the long terrace by the fish-pools, on which the moonlight fell, a sheet of silver, broken only by the sundial and the shadows of the rose-bushes. The night air sweeping chill from the forest fanned my cheeks as I paced up and down. One way I had before me the manor house—the steep gable-ends, the gateway tower, the low outbuildings and cornstacks and stables—and flanking these the squat tower and nave of the church. I turned. Now I saw only the water and the dark line of trees which fringed the further bank. But above these the stars were shining.

Yet in my mind there was no starlight. There all was a blurr of wild passions and resolves. Shame and an angry resentment against those who had kept me so long in ignorance—even against Sir Anthony—were my uppermost feelings. I smarted under the thought that I had been living on his charity. I remembered many a time when I had taken much on myself, and he had smiled, and the remembrance stung me. I longed to assert myself and do something to wipe off the stain.

But should I accept the Bishop's offer? It

never crossed my mind to do so. He had humiliated me, and I hated him for it. Longing to cut myself off from my old life, I could not support a patron who would know, and might cast in my teeth the old shame. A third reason, too, worked powerfully with me as I became cooler. This was the conviction that, apart from the glitter which the old man's craft had cast about it, the part he would have me play was that of a spy—an informer! A creature like—I dared not say like my father, yet I had him in my mind. And from this, from the barest suspicion of this, I shrank as the burned puppy from the fire—shrank with fierce twitching of nerve and sinew.

Yet if I would not accept his offer, it was clear I must fend for myself. His threats meant as much as that, and I smiled sternly as I found necessity at one with inclination. I would leave Coton End at once, and henceforth I would fight for my own hand. I would have no name until I had made for myself a new one.

This resolve formed, I turned and went back to the house, and felt my way to my own chamber. The moonlight poured through the lattice and fell white on my pallet. I crossed the room and stood still. Down the middle of the coverlet—or my eyes deceived me—lay a dark line.

I stooped mechanically to see what this was, and found my own sword lying there; the sword which Sir Anthony had given me on my last birthday. But how had it come there? As I took it up something soft and light brushed my hand and drooped from the hilt. Then I remembered. A week before I had begged Petronilla to make me a sword-knot of blue velvet for use on state occasions. No doubt she had done it, and had brought the sword back this evening and laid it there in token of peace.

I sat down on my bed, and softer and kindlier thoughts came to me; thoughts of love and gratitude, in which the old man who had been a second father to me had part. I would go as I had resolved, but I would return to them when I had done a thing worth doing: something which should efface the brand that lay on me now.

With gentle fingers I disengaged the velvet knot and thrust it into my bosom. Then I tied about the hilt the old leather thong, and began to make my preparations; considering this or that route while I hunted for my dagger and changed my doublet and hose for stouter raiment and long untanned boots. I was yet in the midst of this, when a knock at the door startled me.

"Who is there?" I asked, standing erect.

For answer Martin Luther slid in, closing the door behind him. The fool did not speak, but turning his eyes first on one thing and then on another nodded sagely.

"Well?" I growled.

"You are off, master," he said nodding again. "I thought so."

"Why did you think so?" I retorted impatiently.

"It is time for the young birds to fly when the cuckoo begins to stir," he answered.

I understood him dimly and in part. "You have been listening," I said wrathfully, my cheeks burning.

"And been kicked in the face like a fool for my pains," he answered. "Ah, well, it is better to be kicked by the boot you love than kissed by the lips you hate. But Master Francis, Master Francis!" he continued in a whisper.

He said no more, and I looked up. The man was stooping slightly forward, his pale face thrust out. There was a strange gleam in his eyes, and his teeth grinned in the moonlight. Thrice he drew his finger across his lean knotted throat. "Shall I?" he hissed, his hot breath reaching me—"shall I?"

I recoiled from him shuddering. It was a ghastly pantomime, and it seemed to me that I saw madness in his eyes. "In Heaven's name, no!" I cried—"No! Do you hear, Martin? No!"

He stood back on the instant, as a dog might have done being reproved. But I could hardly finish in comfort after that with him standing there, although when I next turned to him he seemed half asleep and his eyes were dull and fishy as ever.

"One thing you can do," I said brusquely. Then I hesitated, looking round me. I wished to send something to Petronilla, some word, some keepsake. But I had nothing that would serve a maid's purpose, and could think of nothing until my eye lit on a house-martin's nest, lying where I had cast it on the window-sill. I had taken it down that morning because the droppings during the last summer had fallen on the lead work, and I would not have it used when the swallows returned. It was but a bit of clay, and yet it would serve. She would guess its meaning.

I gave it into his hands. "Take this," I said, "and give it privately to Mistress Petronilla. Privately, you understand. And say nothing to any one, or the Bishop will flay your back, Martin."

# EVERY-DAY LIFE ON THE RAILROAD.

## THE TIME-TABLE.




IN this island of Great Britain there are over 17,000 miles of railroad; and on these 17,000 odd miles there are carried in the course of a single year nearly 300 million tons of minerals and merchandise, and a number of passengers equal to half the population of the earth. To carry these passengers and goods there are some 34,500 carriages, and over half-a-million other vehicles, dragged by 15,000 engines, which together travel in the course of the year about 290 million miles, or more than three times the distance from the earth to the sun.

The handling of this enormous mileage with the minimum of accident is an ordinary achievement of which we make but little boast, regarding it as hardly worth notice. But nothing like it was known before, and the Roman with all his roads would have looked upon it with amazement.

This mention of the Roman suggests a common allusion we may as well deal with as we go. How often we hear of the roads of the past as better than those of to-day! "Why," say the antiquarians, "cannot you make as good a road as the Romans?" Even admitting the very doubtful inferiority, the answer is complete. The roads of our age are the railroads. It is by them that the traffic of the country goes; our parish roads are but their auxiliaries. The comparison should not be between Roman roads and parish roads, but between Roman roads and railroads. And nowhere in the present or the past can there be found a better road than an English railway line, running at easy gradients through hill and over valley, and perfect in construction in every inch of its course. A comparison of the Appian Way with the London and North-Western, of the roads in Gaul with the competing lines through Cumberland, is certainly not to the advantage of the ancients, wonderful as their work was, considering the conditions with which they had to deal. As in all things else, the modern holds the field. Even the Pyramids of Egypt could be surpassed, if the way was clear for a dividend.

And this brings us to the money question. To make and work our 17,000 miles of line there has been invested as capital close on 840 millions of pounds, a sum exceeding our National Debt by 150 million pounds! If ever the Government become possessed of the railways, as many people hope, a nice little amount will be required. 840 million pounds, whether alive or dead, is not the sort of thing the British taxpayer would care to part with in a hurry. At $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.—the present average railway dividend—the profits would, of course, help considerably to pay consols interest at $2\frac{3}{4}$; but the magnitude of the financial operation will keep it for some time beyond the range of practical politics, and the longer it is so kept, the nearer the arrival of the means of locomotion to which the railways will in their turn give place.

But we can leave the future to take care of itself. This is the railway age. The work done on the line has an interest for every member of the nation. It exercises a powerful influence on the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, the streets we tread, and the thoughts we think.

Taking personal travel first, we find that, on an average, every man, woman, and child in Great Britain takes a railway journey every fortnight. How the millions tell up! In the course of a year the Great Eastern Company conveys $75\frac{1}{2}$ millions of passengers; the Metropolitan carries 71 millions,

the London and North-Western 59 millions, the Great Western 55, the Lancashire and Yorkshire 43, the Brighton 40, the North-Eastern 38, the London and South-Western 37, the Midland 36, the District 34, and the Great Northern, North London, Chatham, and South-Eastern each 28. These are the fourteen chief passenger lines, and among them they account for 600 million travellers.

To estimate the weight of the people is a trifling task we leave to others; compared to the weight of the goods and minerals it is insignificant. In a year the North-Eastern carries 41½ million tons of minerals and ordinary goods, the London and North-Western carries 37½ million tons, the Midland 29, the Great Western 26, the Lancashire and Yorkshire 17, the Great Northern 12; and thus our six largest carriers account for 163 million tons.

The distances these weights are carried are as remarkable. In this island there are five companies with over a thousand miles of railroad apiece. Of these the Great Western trains run 33 million miles on 2,477 miles of line, the North-Western run 40 million on 1,876 miles of line, the North-Eastern run 25½ million on 1,599 miles of line, the Midland run 37½ million on 1,375 miles of line, and the Great Eastern run 16½ million on 1,100 miles of line.

But enough of big figures. Suffice it to say that curiously enough the 17,000 miles of line are traversed 17,000 times in a year, the total mileage amounting to 289,000,000. In other words, there is the equivalent of a train every half hour day and night on every mile of line.

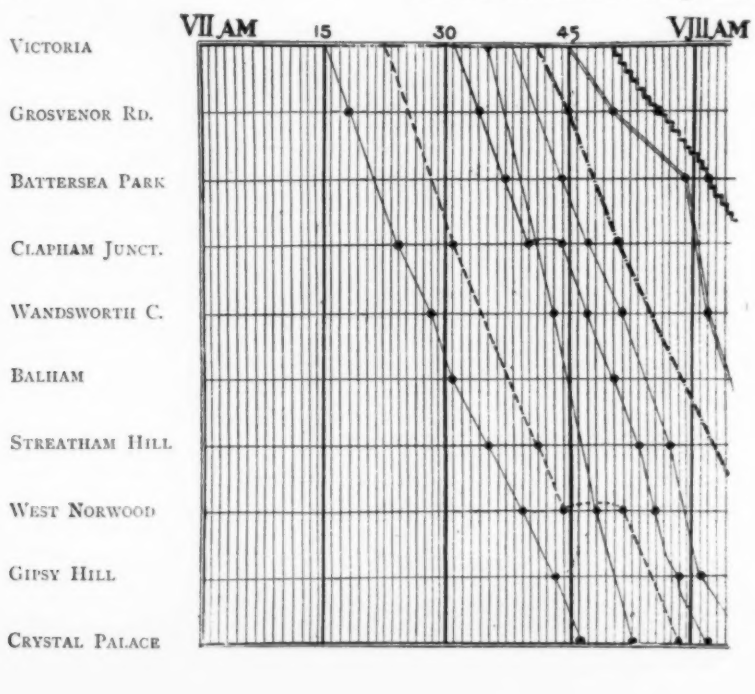
How is it that in so small an area as our railway system 300 million tons can be run hither and thither for nearly as many million miles without frequent disaster? How is it that this huge traffic is carried on with so little danger, that it is actually safer to ride in a railway carriage than to walk to a railway station?

The answer is "Time!" By the time-table the trains come on to the line at workable intervals, and by the time-table they more or less punctually come off it. The signalmen take them in hand as they run, and secure them a safe position, but the main cause of their safety throughout is their keeping time. Would they could keep it better and eliminate accident altogether!

Who made the first railway time-table is not clear. In the early days of railway history, the tables were way-bills like those of the coaches, one bill for each train. The arrangement in columns came in tentatively and gradually, but its originator is undiscoverable. For many years it was the only method adopted both before and behind the railway scenes; but now a diagram system has been introduced for the use of the officials, which some day may even come before the public. The advantages are great. Though somewhat complicated at first sight, it is clearness itself when understood. Let us give a few minutes to this diagram, and have a little practice in "stringing the trains," just by way of making the modern method intelligible.

Let us pin a sheet of paper on to a drawing-board: and, leaving a margin, divide it into twenty-four equal parts. Through the divisions we draw parallel vertical lines, and have thus a vertical space for every hour of the day. Let us further divide each space into half hours, quarter hours, five-minute intervals, and even minute intervals, if our paper will permit us; and let us number our first lines from midnight to noon, and on to midnight again, so as to have what by joining the right and left edges would be a cylindrical clock face.

Now let us divide our marginal line into just as many spaces as there are miles in the line over which we intend to run our trains; and at the proper points on this vertical scale let us write the names of the stations through which our train will



pass. We have thus a vertical scale of distance, and a horizontal scale of time.

As our example, let us take the trains from Victoria to the Crystal Palace. The first starts at a quarter past seven in the morning. Where the horizontal line from Victoria crosses the vertical line from 7.15 we insert a pin; at 7.18, where the line from Grosvenor Road crosses the time line, we insert another pin; as the train does not stop at Battersea Park our next pin will be at 7.24 at Clapham Junction; our next at 7.28 will be at Wandsworth Common; our next at 7.31 at Balham; our next at 7.35 at Streatham Hill; our next at 7.39 at West Norwood; our next at 7.43 at Gipsy Hill; our next at 7.46 at Crystal Palace. Now let us join all our pins by a coloured thread, and let us mark out all the trains of the day on the same plan.

When the trains do not stop at a station the threads will cross the line at the time the trains run through. The ordinary passenger working is thus shown at a glance. Let us plot out the mineral trains in the same way with another coloured thread; let us show the goods trains in the same way with another coloured thread; if there are any "foreign" trains from other lines, or any special goods trains, such as fish trains, etc., we mark them with a different-coloured thread; and so on until the complete day's traffic passing over the down line is shown. If a train has to wait for some minutes at a station, two pins will be used and the thread will be straight between them. Having the trains on the road throughout the day thus displayed, it is obvious that the position a special train or excursion train can be made to occupy is at once discoverable. If a train is to be accelerated or slowed, a shifting of the pins will show how it can be done. If it is to pass another at any station, it must be so arranged as to pass through where the thread from pin to pin is horizontal.

By "stringing the trains" the risk of collision is minimised; until the device was hit upon, dependence had to be placed on figures: now it is placed on diagram, and mistakes are immediately apparent. Some years ago there was a man at a certain terminus who knew the position of every train at every moment at every point of the line. "Where is the 3.30 now?" we would ask. "The 3.30, sir, is now just passing the two oaks on the left-hand side of the White Horse cutting—or rather, it ought to be if all is well." The man was a wonder. He made it his business to master this curious problem of localisation. He was a walking Bradshaw, and something more; but now his feats of memory are easily acquired by means of the board and strings, or rather two boards, for as a rule there is one board for the down traffic and one for the up, each board being about four feet long by half as wide.

The making of a railway time-table is, however, no easy matter. In the winter the goods traffic is heavy and the passenger traffic light; in the summer the goods traffic is light and the passenger traffic heavy; hence it is that the chief alterations are made in spring and autumn. But every month of the year there are changes in both goods and passenger running, and a change in the time of even a single train may mean dozens of changes in the time of connecting trains it communicates with on its course. "A train service," as Colonel Findlay says, "is like a house of cards: if the bottom card is interfered with, the whole edifice is disarranged and has to be built up afresh. Remembering all this, and the pressure under which the work must be done, the wonder is not so much that an occasional error creeps into a time-table as that such marvellous accuracy is, on the whole, arrived at."

There are many things to be thought of. To begin with, the trains must be equal to the traffic, and they must not only be got away from the terminus but brought back again within reasonable hours. As the conditions change, the alterations are made according to suggestions from the staff or outsiders, and the result we see in the difference between a time-table of to-day and one, say, of ten years since.

On many of the lines a report is drawn up setting forth the trains it is proposed to alter, or to abolish, or to add. This is submitted to the general manager and then to the directors, for the change of a train on one line may mean the change of many on friendly or rival lines, and thus have an important bearing on railway policy. After the report is considered, the alterations authorised are made in a copy of the current tables, and all the times at all the stations affected are carefully examined and checked so that none of the existing working is thrown out of gear. The type of railway tables is always kept standing, and when the printers receive the copy for the coming month, all they have to do is to make the corrections. After passing a very careful routine of official revision, the proofs are dismissed and the copies struck off.

The variety of tables used by a great line is considerable. There are first the sheet tables. These are the tables that ought to be among the most prominent decorations of railway station walls, if only the advertising fever would leave us in peace. As it is, they have to be picked out from a mass of very miscellaneous matter, and are generally placed in such badly-lighted positions that a match has to be used at night to read them by. Another peculiarity of these tables is that they are seldom found on the outside of country stations; the would-be passenger arriving before the station is opened being generally unable to ascertain when business will begin owing to the table being exhibited either in the locked booking-office or on the inaccessible platform. Surely on a railway where so much depends on time, the easiest thing to find inside and outside should be the time-table.

Besides the sheets there are the books which all the chief companies have on sale. The Midland print some 40,000 copies of theirs, which are sold to the public at a penny, though they cost nearly fourpence. All companies lose money in the same way, more or less, but the loss on the book is a working expense which cannot well be abolished. These books and sheets are the authorities for the private guides and local tables, of which there are so many in the market. As soon as the proofs are passed for press, duplicates are sent off to Brad-

shaw and others, and these people make their corrections, and start printing a few hours after the official printers, so as to be ready on the first of the month. In return for the proofs the first copies of the guide are usually sent to the railway company, and in some cases as a matter of favour these are looked over and attention called to mistakes. But this is in no case done as a matter of right, it is simply considered to be worth the time, to save from annoyance such of the public as prefer the local guide to the official time-book.

On the North-Western the time-tables are discussed at the Officers' Conference in the third week of every month, and the changes are then ordered. To revise the existing tables, there then proceed to the printers at Newton-le-Willows a "time-table clerk" from each of the ten districts into which the line is divided, and a representative of the Superintendent of the Line to supervise their labours. Each of the clerks writes out the times for his own section, and when these are all settled, the proofs are corrected on the spot, so as to avoid delay in transmission.

But let it not be supposed that the sheets and cards and the penny or twopenny time-tables of the passenger service are the only ones required. Besides these there is the "working time-table" for the use of the company's men, which, on a "heavy" line, forms a good-sized volume of three or four hundred pages. In it are given not only the times of running the mineral and merchandise trains, and the stations at which the waiting and shunting are to be done; but also the times of every train on the line, at every station it stops, and every principal station it passes through without a stop. This is *the* time-table to look at. If the judge were correct in ascribing lunacy to any man who studies Bradshaw for twenty consecutive minutes, the men who work our railways must be in a bad way indeed. Here are all the details, up and down, of the newspaper trains, the mail trains, the expresses, the fasts, the stopping trains, the local trains, the express goods, the stopping goods, the coal trains, and trains unclassified: all duly set forth so that every man concerned in the working of each train must read and learn what his share in that working is to be. Special trains decided upon during the month have, if time permit, special leaflets to be added to this bulky time-table; and if the Queen should come, there will be an extra pamphlet of half-a-dozen closely printed pages, giving the time of the royal train past every signal box from end to end of the road on which it runs.

This royal train would be the finest train in the world if it would only go a little faster. But while ordinary people are in these days carried to the north at a speed of fifty miles and more an hour, the Queen is content to jog along at an old-fashioned thirty-six. Were it not for the "stringing" the interruption to traffic caused by this leisurely progress would be serious. A pilot engine runs a quarter of an hour in front of the train to make sure of a clear line. For half an hour before the train passes a signal box, no engine or vehicle is allowed on the section of the line under the signalman's control. For half an hour no train can cross that section of line, nor can any shunting take place on the lines adjoining it. And after the train has passed nothing is allowed to follow for a quarter of an hour. Further, on the lines alongside, no engines or trains except passenger trains are allowed to travel between any two signal boxes from the time the pilot is due until the train has passed. Every station and crossing is guarded to keep trespassers off the line. All the facing points are bolted so that the train cannot run on to the wrong line; all level crossing gates, when there are no gatekeepers, are locked an hour before the train is due; all along the line platelayers are on the watch to keep the road clear, and on the train itself there are fitters, lampmen, and greasers, alert for any eventuality. No wonder that the working of a train like this requires a pamphlet to itself.

With the gold-printed time-table prepared for the Queen there is given a card showing the gradients of the road. If this were done with other time-tables, many of the mysteries of travel would be made plain. Great is the effect of gradient on velocity; a rise of only 1 in 224 requiring twice the engine power that the level does. The object of the surveyor is to secure a level road, and consequently the older the road the more level it is. It is the newer road which is hilly and picturesque. The Great Northern road to Scotland is fairly level: so to a less extent is the North-Western; but the picturesque Midland is far more up and down, and the engine power used in accomplishing the distance in anything like the time of its rivals is necessarily great; in fact, there is no better work done in the railway world than by the Midland Scotch expresses. During the railway race to Edinburgh the most amusing feature was the crowd of old ladies placidly taking their seats at St. Pancras, congratulating themselves on having avoided the wild antics of the Northern Scotchman and Flying Nor'-Wester. "So dangerous, you know, with their sixty miles an hour." The sixty miles having been fled from, in order that the timid ones might all unknowingly be dragged up the banks of the Waverley route at a laborious forty, and bustled down them at an exhilarating seventy-five. It was indeed a case of ignorance being bliss, particularly about Beattock.

On a straight and level line punctuality is easy; but on a curved and hilly one the difficulties increase rapidly. The effect of a gradient on a train is nowhere more clearly shown than at the Hopton incline on the High Peak Railway, where there is a gradient a quarter of a mile long rising 1 in 14. Up this an engine is just able to draw its own weight of load, and no more. Increase the load ever so little, or let the rails be slippery, and locomotion there is none. This is an extreme instance, but a clear example. Sudden changes of weather, and unexpected rushes of passengers and luggage, make but little difference on the dead level; it is on the "banks" that the engine feels them, and minute after minute is lost.

But the time is made up on the down grade! That is difficult. Let us work out a little sum together. A train travelling sixty miles an hour has to slow to thirty miles an hour in ascending an

incline, say, ten miles long. On the flat she would have accomplished the ten miles in ten minutes; but as she has to slow to half speed, it takes her just double that time to reach the summit, and consequently she loses ten minutes by the ascent. How can she regain this? Take her down the incline at the terrific rate of even ninety miles an hour, and yet she will fail to make it all up. For at ninety miles an hour it will take her forty seconds to do each mile, or six minutes forty seconds to do the ten miles, which on the level she would have done in ten minutes. She therefore loses ten minutes on the ascent, and gains only three minutes twenty seconds on the descent, and thus the gradient means a loss of six minutes forty seconds. In nothing is the value of lost minutes more apparent than in railway working.

To keep the loss at a minimum, the margin of power in an engine has to be a wide one. A rise of 1 in 112 trebles an engine's work; one of 1 in 75 quadruples it; one of 1 in 56 multiplies it five times. If an engine requires 150 horse-power to drag a train along the level, it will have to develop 900 horse-power to drag the same train up an incline of 1 in 45. The sharper the rise, the sooner is felt the effect of a slippery way or an increased load. In this we have the reason of the constantly varying speed at which our long-journey trains are driven, and the reason why between any three stations, at equal distances, the time of the journey differs.

As the engine has a margin of power, so the time-table allows the train a margin of time; but it is obvious that this cannot be very wide without disorganising the traffic throughout the line. Even were trains to be worked entirely by signal, they would still have to start and arrive at definite hours.

The drawing up of the time-table is consequently not the easy matter it would at first sight seem to be. The state of the trade, the state of the road, the state of the steam-power, and a hundred other things, have to be taken into consideration, and the result is a compromise.

Sometimes there is a vested interest which has to be respected, and acts as a worse retarder than even a high gradient. Take Swindon, for instance. When the Great Western opened, it was supposed that as a man was hungry after travelling seventy-seven miles by coach, so would he be hungry after seventy-seven miles by train. The difference in the time of the journey was forgotten by the maker of the time-table, and the Swindon stop then introduced, with the ninety-nine years' lease of the rooms, is now the great obstacle to improvement in the Great Western running—so the Great Western people say. A similar mistake was made at Wolverton on the North-Western, but there, in the absence of a lease, a clearance was effected as soon as the traffic required it. At Wolverton the passengers from Birmingham to London were expected to dine, but the passengers discovered to their astonishment that they were never so hungry as they expected to be, and the Wolverton meal lost patronage. Nowadays, passengers dine at much longer radii, not at Swindon and Wolverton, but at Preston, and Normanton, and Doncaster—that is, if they do not take their meals on the journey in the dining car—and the stop at Wolverton is as much a thing of the past as that at Newton on the Liverpool and Manchester, where all trains were detained ten minutes in order that passengers might "refresh themselves with Eccles cakes"!

W. J. GORDON.

## THE "MONT DE PIÉTÉ" IN PARIS.

### ITS ORIGIN AND ADMINISTRATION.

THAT sombre emporium into which every conceivable article of use or wear, whether valuable or valueless, whether it is the jewelry of the prodigal or the saucepan of the toiler, stealthily seeks admittance, has a name which cannot readily be translated into English and yet retain its meaning, perhaps because the institution has no equivalent either. It has an Italian origin; *il Monte di Pietà* was founded at Perugia in 1462 by the monk Barnabeo di Terni; inexpressibly grieved at the destitution which surrounded him on all sides, the good Father preached a stirring sermon, at the close of which he prevailed upon his audience to open a subscription for a fund to be devoted to loans, at an almost nominal interest, on the deposit of small articles of personal property belonging to the very poor. The first step towards legal pawnbroking was taken; the clergy patronised the undertaking and ensured its existence and future prosperity. In France, Jean Douet de Romp Croissant advocated the adoption of the Mont de Piété as a complement to his system of public assistance; but during the troublous times of Ann of Austria's regency he met with but scant support, and the first Royal Letters Patent providing for a Mont de Piété date only from December 1777. They state that the object of the foundation is to combat usury; to regulate the lending of money on such terms as will make it advantageous to poor borrowers; that the administrators are to be elected by the hospitals, and the valuers of the deposits to be taken from the company of the *Commissaires Priseurs* of the Châtelet of Paris, and that after a lapse of thirteen months the articles not reclaimed shall be sold at public auction, and the produce given to the hospitals.

Since that date, the Mont de Piété has passed through many vicissitudes; but it has weathered even the revolution of '93, the German invasion, the Commune, and is now as flourishing as ever, without any material change having been introduced into its fundamental laws, whatever improvements may have facilitated its working arrangements. The central building is still in the Quartier du Marais, Rue Paradis, the site of its first installation. The whole administration consists of this principal

office, with two supplementary additions, twenty-four auxiliary branches, and fourteen Commissioners. The central house has a second entrance upon the Rue des Francs Bourgeois; it is guarded by twenty-five municipal agents, has a fire brigade attached to it, and also a post of police composed of a sergeant and three subordinates. The building was renovated and added to in 1805, but, with its yellow colour and mean architecture, it is inexpressibly ugly, dreary, and grim.

In order to be able to lend money, the Mont de Piété has to borrow it; the regulations binding the hospitals to provide it with funds are never enforced or conformed to, while the profits are faithfully handed over to them. To meet its demands the Mont de Piété proceeds like the Treasury: it issues bonds at twelve, six, or even three months, the interest of which, fixed by Council, varies from 3½ to 5 per cent. During the siege of Paris it was raised to 6 per cent. These bonds are in great credit among small capitalists, who, on an average, bring forty millions of francs to the Mont de Piété, in whom they have an entire confidence. Only the amount necessary to its daily transactions is kept at its bank, the remainder is deposited in the Treasury at an invariable interest of 3 per cent. The holders of these bonds belong almost entirely to the class of greengrocers, fruit and vegetable growers, job-masters, a class of economical and saving tendencies; the loan is in constant demand; not an hour of the day passes but that some individual or other brings to the bank sums varying from 500 to 1,000 francs, in exchange for which he receives an acknowledgment taken from a book with counterfoils which is scrip or bond. The money at once enters into circulation, for the Mont de Piété lends all it borrows on the same simple system; only it borrows on its own responsibility, and lends on the responsibility of the *Commissaires Priseurs* guaranteed by the funds of their company.

### HOW THE PAWNING IS DONE.

To avoid crowding and obstruction, there are two distinct pawning or *engagement* offices called first and second divisions. In the former, jewelry, precious stones, and valuables of small compass are received; in the latter, the motley collection of other pledges styled "parcels." At the furthest end of a yard a narrow passage leads to a gloomy paved hall; two or three wooden benches stand against the walls, a large glazed cage occupies the back space, provided with a wicket so arranged that the lender and borrower cannot see each other's faces. Behind the partition, in the full light of day, the employés are seated around a horse-shoe table. The Commissaire appraiser placed nearest to the window has by him a magnifying glass, a touch-stone, a bottle of nitric acid, and a pair of scales; next to him is a clerk provided with a pile of printed and numbered receipt forms. Two men in striped linen blouses occupying stools near the table are respectively in charge of a lighted gas-jet, sealing-wax, brown paper, innumerable boxes, stout thread and needles. Hovering between the wicket and the table is an official who weighs the deposits, and together they form the contingent necessary to the conclusion of an *engagement*.

In the slang of the place, every one coming to pawn is *a "public"*; he places his article on the board of the wicket, whence it is taken by the weigher and thrown into the scales; its nature, gold or silver, and weight, is announced aloud before it is handed to the appraiser, who counts the precious stones if there are any, tests it, verifies the quality of the metal, and affixes a value, namely a sum which ninety-nine times out of a hundred is accepted without protest. The writing-clerk gives the "public," now become an *engagiste*, a counter bearing the two last figures of the number on the bulletin of registration, on which is stated at length the value and nature of the deposit, also the sum lent on it; it is signed by the appraiser and dropped through a slit into an adjacent room, where it is taken up by three other clerks who make separate and detailed entries into their respective ledgers. If the sum lent does not exceed fifteen francs it is paid out without further formalities; if it does, a receipt is requested and, moreover, a proof of identity or satisfactory reference; if those are not produced the loan is not tendered, but the deposit retained and inquiries instituted.

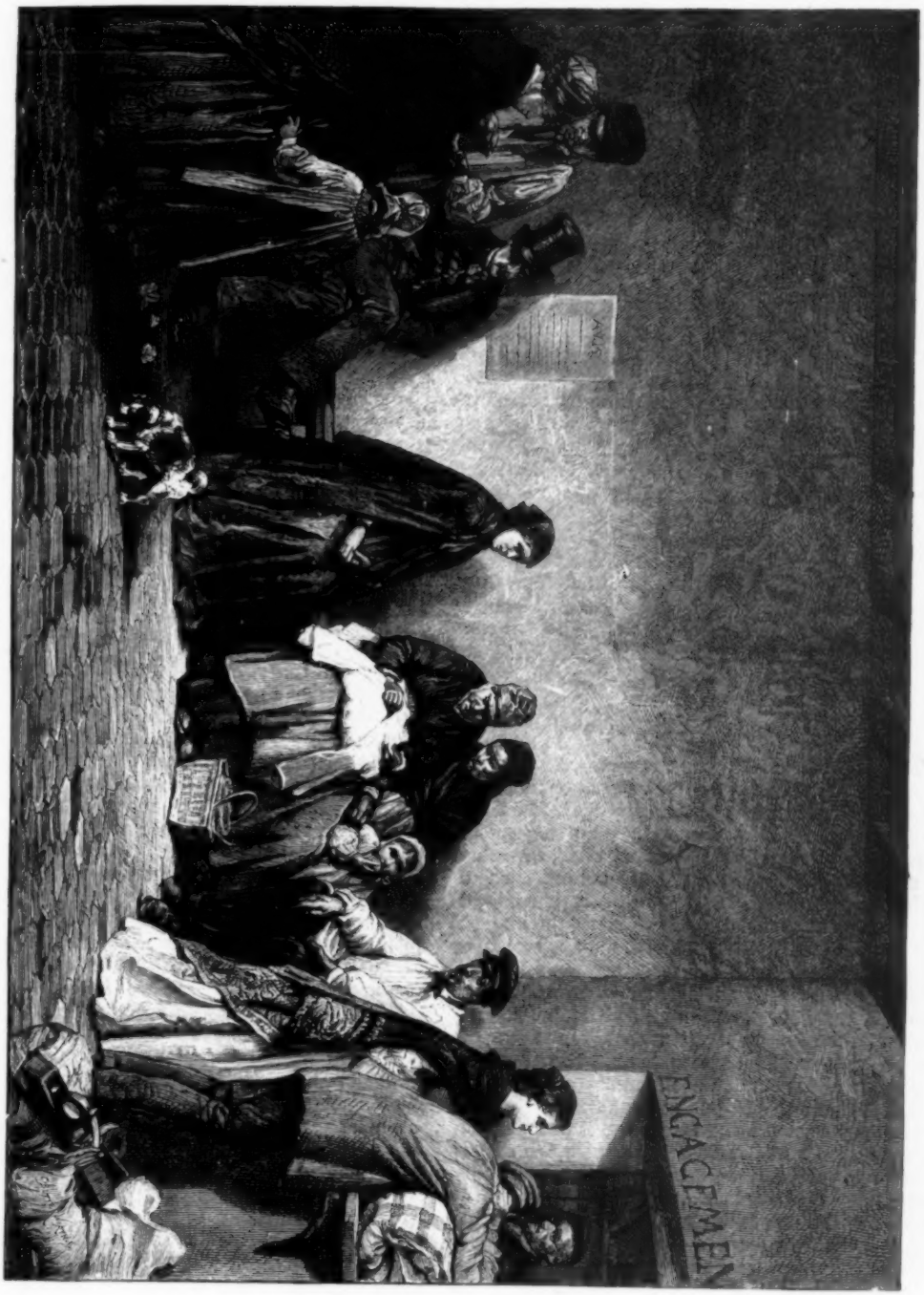
The bulletin of registration is returned to the first office, where it is compared with the deposit therein described, the latter is then placed in one of the boxes kept in readiness and secured with twine if not valued at more than twenty francs; if above that estimation the box is wrapped in paper, fastened with seals, and stamped with the number of the division and the three letters *M. D. P.* Box and bulletin are passed over to the next man in blouse, who sews one to the other, leaving the number as apparent as possible, and puts them in covered hampers in readiness to be conveyed to the warehouses. Sometimes a "public" requires less than the sum offered on his pledge; in those cases the word *requis* is added on all the papers after the figure of the sum paid.

In the second division for miscellaneous articles the proceedings are similar; some of the articles brought are so valueless that it is out of mere charity that the minimum loan of three francs is awarded. In another portion of the building is the office of the Director, where secret *engagements* can be made. The clients there are of various ranks and classes, mostly people who are morbidly afraid of publicity, and fear to be recognised at the common wicket and their names divulged. The article they offer is sent down to the appraisers, and goes through the same routine, but the pledger's name is written on a special book kept under lock and key, and remains known only to the Director.

### THE STOREROOMS.

The Mont de Piété being responsible for the goods warehoused, its storerooms are under watchful supervision; like the pawning offices, they are in two corresponding divisions. The first, for jewelry and sealed boxes, is on the first floor; they are, as they arrive, inscribed in ledgers of which the colours, white, pink, yellow, and green, vary every year; thus supposing it to be yellow, every paper and document for that year is of the same tint; this is to facilitate researches and identifications. When the inscription is made, the warehouse man carries the deposit

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THE MONT DE PIÉTÉ.

(THE GOVERNMENT PAWN-SHOP IN PARIS.)

*(From the picture by Ferdinand Heilbuth.*

to a strange capharnaüm consisting of rows of narrow lanes made by walls of pigeon-holes, and places it in the compartment to which the number of the bulletin corresponds; for greater facility the renewed pledges bear odd, the others even numbers; in the first case the second is carefully sewn over the previous number. Besides these pigeon-holes there are strong iron chests with two keys, one kept by the warehouse custodian, the other by the controller; in these are put away the *four figure* articles, meaning those on which more than a thousand francs have been lent; other safes with a single key receive the deposits valued at five hundred francs. Internally these chests present the appearance of a monstrous almanac, being divided into twelve compartments labelled with the months of the year; then into two more, each representing the fortnights; and these again have three small shelves for five days apiece.

The warehouses for the miscellaneous "parcels" are in a distinct building of three storeys; the packages, which are often large and cumbrous, require a great deal of room. Bedding, of which there are large quantities, is stored under the roof: it especially abounds in the branch offices; in the Rue Servan, for example, there have been warehoused as many as 8,800 mattresses at a time; some depositors bring a dozen at once, probably schoolmasters or lodging-house keepers without pupils or boarders. The lower rooms contain more furniture than any upholsterer's or cabinet-maker's shop; the walls of brick and iron are fireproof. On the ground floor are the carriages and other vehicles, with the heavy iron goods, machines, and a vast number of workmen's tools.

### REDEEMING THE PLEDGES.

The number of deposits averages yearly about 1,800,000, the secret ones only amounting to 4,000. As a rule they remain at the Mont de Piété from seven to eight months, when they are redeemed. The owner presents himself in a large hall, where he is confronted by several wickets, behind each of which are two clerks. His pawn-ticket is received by a controlling official, who calculates the interest per fortnight, except for the first month, which is always charged at six per cent. per annum. He adds three per cent. for keep and "*manutention*," and one per cent. for the Appraising Commissioners, makes up the sum total, and inscribes the figure on the recognisance or pawn bulletin, which he then passes on to his colleague, an employé of the cash office, who has to verify the amount and to collect the money from the depositor, who is now called a *dégagiste*. In exchange for payment, the latter receives a counter with a red or black number according to the division in which his property is stored, and which is in fact a power of discharge. Armed with it he proceeds to the *salle de rendition*, an uninviting apartment provided with forms and over which a policeman watches. Meanwhile the bulletin has been forwarded to the special warehouse designated thereon, the article in question found and delivered to the controller, who verifies that it answers the description and who signs the document. Both are sent up to the *salle de rendition* and given up to the "returning" clerk behind his wicket; he is bound to see that the strings or seals have not been tampered with, and to examine the contents; if they tally with the declaration he stamps the latter with a special seal which stands in lieu of his signature, and the owner is summoned to receive his property.

The time that elapses between the first claiming of the deposit and its delivery is thirty-five minutes, but it has happened as often as five or six times a year that the article released at one wicket by payment has not been waited for at the other, and no explanation has ever been given of this mysterious conduct; those goods are for ever lost to their proprietor, and sold with the unredeemed ones when the moment arrives.

There is a strange fancy for renewing the pledges by paying at the end of the year the interest due; some of the deposits seem fated never to leave the Mont de Piété. One old umbrella had been renewed forty-seven times, when a member of the council of supervision, seeing it always in the same place covered with fresh tickets like scales, took pity on it, paid the expenses, and had it restored to its master, who was incensed at the impertinence of any one daring to offer him alms. A white calico curtain paid for by renewed interest for twenty years was finally sold after having brought in more than seven times its original value. And these are but examples in a thousand.

### THE DAILY AUCTIONS.

The regulations of the Mont de Piété stipulate that the articles pawned shall be kept thirteen months, but this period is usually extended to fourteen, and even in special cases a further limit has been granted to those who petitioned for it; it may, therefore, be said that generally the deposits are not sold before the fifteenth month. The owner is invariably warned beforehand by letter that his property will be sold at such a date by public auction, and informed that should the proceeds of the sale exceed the sum due by him to the establishment, according to the terms of his schedule, the surplus—called *boni*—will be held at his disposal for three months, after which it will go to the hospital funds. The proportion of unredeemed pledges averages five in a hundred for the ordinary loans, and one in a hundred for the secret *engagements*.

The articles doomed to be sold are taken from their place in the warehouses, and carried to a large apartment over the auction room, where they are verified by comparison with the original registration bulletin, and then sent below. The general public always know what category of goods is to be disposed of, as they are classified by an invariable rule. On Monday *bric-à-brac* and books are sold; on Wednesdays the better class of fabrics, laces, and shawls; on Thursdays jewelry and precious stones; on the remaining days the hybrid and miscellaneous "parcels," some of which are also put up on Thursday, when the stock of valuables is exhausted, which generally occurs about three o'clock. Any article put up for sale, even when already bid upon, can be claimed by its legitimate owner at the last second, provided the auctioneer's hammer has not fallen. Of the 370 or 400 articles sold daily, this redemption *in extremis* occurs six or seven times, proving

how dilatoriness in business, even when of vital importance, is an idiosyncrasy of the pettifogging community.

The buyers are characteristically different according to the day, even according to the hour, and have each a distinct physiognomy. On Wednesday the female element predominates: women well, but showily dressed, mostly second-hand wardrobe sellers, having a keen eye for laces, Cashmere shawls, and the better kind of fashionable, little-worn costumes. On Thursdays, during the time when diamonds are offered, the Semitic type is in the ascendant; there are men present who can judge of a stone at a single glance, and detect a flaw with a dead certainty; the Jews form a ring, and if any outsider, tempted by the hope of a good bargain, attempts to bid, the community closes around him, and he is promptly made to recognise the futility of his expectations. On Monday morning the peculiar brogue of the *Auvergnat* dealer in kettles, brass, iron pots, and old iron is heard raising the price by one sou at a time; books have few amateurs, and are promptly disposed of in parcels mostly unexamined by the purchasers; common wearing apparel, chiefly men's, is handled and judged of with marvellous dexterity; but the greatest excitement apparently prevails over the bedding. Mattresses are turned, poked, punched, pricked, smelt, to ascertain their quality, age, and contents; the buying public, in its unclean but expressive popular jocularity, calls the sale of these articles "swinging the bug" (*balancer la punaise*).

The auctioneer or *commissaire priseur* may, at his own risk, give credit to his clients, and exact from them merely a sum on account, not under five francs, but he retains the article on which it has been advanced as a guarantee till the entire purchase money has been paid. The administration does not interfere in these arrangements, which, in fact, are generally profitable, for a considerable amount of deposit money drops into the coffers of the Mont de Piété, and thence to those of the *Assistance Publique*, as the service of the hospitals is now called; while after a specified delay the articles are a second time sent to auction.

### WHY THE DRESSMAKERS PAWN.

A large proportion of entirely new goods are pawned. When an artisan *en chambre*—that is, working at home for a master or factory—dressmakers, and small manufacturers find themselves momentarily embarrassed or pressed for cash, they will not pawn their watch, spoons, clock, or clothes, but any one of the articles they have completed. Perhaps a dressmaker has a dress length given to her to make up for one customer, and a gown half-finished for another; in order to buy buttons and trimmings for the one she will pawn the untouched material, get the things she wants, complete the dress, take it home with the bill, and, if she gets the latter paid, hurry to the Mont de Piété and redeem the other fabric; should she be kept waiting for her money, she pawns something else to go on with her orders, and by these transactions many of those belonging to the infinitesimally small *petit commerce* of Paris are enabled to carry on their profession, and keep the wolf from the door. The whole class of these home workers, and even others who labour on a more extended scale, have experienced the boon which the facility of raising money on the spot is to them, and the Mont de Piété may be called the benefactor of petty trade.

This mission had not been contemplated by the founders of the institution, but it was gradually and insensibly thrust upon it, as the confidence it inspired grew and became more largely spread. The borrowers have—and with justice—an unbounded confidence in the absolute integrity of the dealings at the Mont de Piété, and have more than once realised the advantages derived from applying to it instead of having recourse to the crushing usury of money-lenders, where, under their special circumstances, they would have to pay as much as forty per cent. interest, and incur the risk of an execution in case of non-payment. The interest on deposits amounts in the aggregate to nine and a half per cent.

It has been erroneously supposed that a stagnation in trade, a commercial or financial crisis bringing large failures, must necessarily increase the business of the Mont de Piété; on the contrary, for the reasons stated above, as soon as business is less brisk and no sales are executed, its operations decrease in proportion and it becomes merely an immense storage place.

### THE PEOPLE WHO PAWN.

One class of customers, but not the most numerous, is recruited among the so-called population of pleasure—women of loose morals, students who eschew the lectures, workmen who raise at *ma tante*, not at "my uncle" as in England, the price of a seat at the play, of a longer spell of laziness, of another drunken bout. Among these must be reckoned the gamblers who belong to all the classes of society, and who as a rule bring the most valuable pledges. They have to settle their debts of honour at a very short notice and raise money recklessly; frequently the pledges they bring are women's jewelry which they have obtained by fair means or foul, sometimes with unlooked-for and disastrous consequences. Once a young foreigner living in Paris had lost largely at cards; with his sister's consent he carried her diamonds to the Mont de Piété, received a considerable sum in exchange, paid his debt; but, yielding to his master passion, gambled again, incurred heavier losses, and to meet them disposed of his pawn voucher to a low jobber, who, without his knowledge, immediately redeemed the diamonds, broke up the settings, and sold the stones to a wealthy young fellow who was about to marry. The Mont de Piété is naturally entirely disinterested in such affairs, its own share in the transaction ceases when the correct ticket is handed in, the interest paid, and the pledge returned to the holder. However, after a time, the young foreigner being once more in luck, and his sister claiming her jewelry, he went to the jobber to get back the voucher, only to find the stones beyond his reach. They were traced with the utmost difficulty to a first-class jeweller, who was resetting them for the bridegroom. Fortunately the two men belonged to the same set and were able to come to an arrangement by which the

stones were restored to their original possessor, otherwise it is more than probable that the law would have been called upon to interfere and to demand by what right the depositor of the diamonds had disposed of a recognisance[1] for valuables which did not belong to him.

The very poor do not frequent the Mont de Piété, although at first sight they should seem to be its chief clients. The most flagrant proof of their abstention was made evident on several occasions, but especially in 1871, when England, actuated by a generous sympathy for the sufferings and privations of Paris during the siege, forwarded, as soon as the blockade was raised, substantial and abundant help. Among other sums one of 20,000 francs was sent to be especially devoted to the redemption of workmen's tools supposed to have been pawned during the distressing period of forced inactivity. The British Committee apologised for the smallness of the sum, which must necessarily be ludicrously disproportionate to the exigencies of the case, expressing a hope that it might be further supplemented. The appeal made by the Mont de Piété to the clients belonging to the category to be benefited by the English donation was as loud and public as it well could be, and yet only 2,383 tools were claimed and delivered, the cost of redeeming them amounting only to 13,470 francs, thus leaving a considerable surplus of the fund devoted to their redemption. At that time the warehouses of the institution contained 1,708,547 articles, representing loans to the amount of 37,502,723 francs. The difference between this enormous total and the fractionary figure representing artisans' tools speaks for itself, and disposes of the fiction that genuine destitution pledges its means of livelihood; had it left pledges at the Mont de Piété it would have hastened to recover gratuitous possession of them. The majority of the tools are pawned by the employers. If a man gives work to six or seven hands and has to suspend labour for some cause or other, he dismisses them and pawns the plant till he can replace his workshop on the usual footing. Sculptors will sometimes pledge their chisels or even fragments of a commenced statue or group in a moment of sudden difficulty.

The 20,000 francs sent by England does not constitute the only case when a free redemption of pledges was granted. Almost every Government since 1789 has decreed a similar measure under some pressure or other, the Government of the National Defence and the Commune among the number. The gratuitous liberation is commonly restricted to the loans not exceeding ten to twenty francs. The result has almost invariably proved to be the same: the articles carried off at one wicket are taken to the other to be pawned again. If 4,000 redeemed tickets could be delivered up in a day the Mont de Piété would certainly pay out more than half the number again before sundown, for the simple reason that a five-franc piece is a more acceptable currency than a pillow or an old coat, and that the client who has done without either for a certain time is always anxious to secure the cash instead of the goods.

Inebriety, which fills the mad-houses, sends many customers to the Mont de Piété, who barter all their possessions for the loan that can be converted into alcohol and the pledge which they forget to withdraw. Another, and fortunately not a very numerous, class of the "*publics*" is one which is under the constant and watchful supervision of the detectives, namely, members of the light-fingered community who strive to make the institution a party to their pilferings, but in reality have in it a sagacious and powerful enemy. The Institution is in daily communication with the Préfecture de Police, giving information if suspicious articles are pledged, and instituting minute perquisition in its abundant stores and well-kept ledgers whenever after some important robbery it receives the officially printed list of the missing articles.

### HOW FRAUDS ARE DISCOVERED.

Through the medium of the Mont de Piété circumstances have come to light and facts been exposed which would otherwise have remained concealed, owing to the position of the persons concerned. Without quoting more recent examples, an incident which occurred during the Second Empire is not without interest. It was before the promulgation of the Imperial decree limiting the maximum of a loan to 10,000 francs. A lady of title, belonging by her alliances and connections to the most illustrious families of France, brought to the Mont de Piété several sets of entirely new jewelry, so valuable that she received upon them more than 50,000 francs. The officials, who knew their client by name and reputation, and had felt no scruple in advancing the sum, were startled by an advice from the Police de Sureté, some time after, intimating that stringent inquiries must be instituted, as serious doubts existed as to the legality of the transaction. Various jewellers of honourable status had lodged a complaint. It appeared that, presuming on the confidence inspired by her name, the lady had purchased the jewelry on credit and almost immediately afterwards pawned the sets. The vendors, after several fruitless applications, finding themselves unable to obtain the settlement of the debt, had begun to suspect a swindle, and stated their case to the police, who had at once entered into communication with the Mont de Piété. The scandal was enormous; a vast number of distinguished people were implicated in the affair; the lady had no money, having promptly spent the sum she had raised; the family absolutely refused to be made responsible; the jewellers were clamorous; the Mont de Piété was powerless to surrender the pledge except under the usual forms and payment. But just as legal proceedings were about to be instituted, the action of the law was abruptly stopped. The Prefect of Police had mentioned the case to the Emperor, who from his private purse had paid the money required to redeem the jewels in full and have them restored to the merchants. The strangest part of the story is that Napoleon the Third, deceived by a similarity of names, thought that he was rendering this inestimable

[1] The pawn-ticket is really a receipt to the bearer, and it is sufficient to present it to enter into possession of the article it represents.

service and rescuing from a terrible position a woman whose husband had till then been making violent opposition to his government.

Another time it was discovered that admirably counterfeited pawn-tickets had been passed into circulation and sold as genuine to creditors who, when they went to redeem the articles corresponding to these sham vouchers, found that not a trace of them existed in the storage rooms, and that the duplicates were not in the ledgers. It was ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that all the officials were blameless, and after a protracted search the suspicions of the police fell upon an individual of apparent respectability enjoying a reputation for honesty and filling an important post. It was gradually found that he had under plausible pretexts obtained easy admission to several of the branch offices, that he had given two different names, occupied three domiciles, and moreover frequently resided at a fourth belonging to his mistress. He was arrested in the latter and taken before the commissary of police. He betrayed no emotion even when the accumulated evidence became overwhelming ; quietly putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out his handkerchief in which a pair of compasses were concealed, and plunged the weapon in his heart with so sure an aim that he fell down dead.

### TWO KINDS OF SHARPERS.

The Mont de Piété has to protect itself against two kinds of sharpers whose *modus operandi* is quite different, and who are known under the slang appellation of *Chineurs* and *Piqueurs d'once*. The first are clever swindlers who take out a licence and profess to be dealers in second-hand jewelry. *Chiner* consists in fraudulently enhancing the seeming value of the goods ; it is most frequently done in the following manner :—From a genuine gold watch-chain the *chineur* takes the swivel and a certain number of rings, always selecting those on which the stamp is affixed ; he then adroitly inserts them into a chain of similar design, but which is only brass thickly gilded, and soils or otherwise defaces it to give it the appearance of being old and worn. When it is quite satisfactory he takes it to the Mont de Piété. The appraiser verifies the stamp, and finding it correct he naturally concludes that he holds a real gold chain, weighs it, and names a sum many times in excess of the value of the article. The depositor, provided with false papers, gives a false name and address, and of course never redeems the pledge, so that the fraud is only discovered when the article in course of time is sent to public auction. The Company of the *Commissaires Priseurs* has to bear the loss, and, notwithstanding the extraordinary sagacity of its appraisers, has more than once found itself responsible for large sums loaned on counterfeit articles.

Jewelry is also falsified by pouring lead into hollow cavities of sterling gold so as to double the weight : this operation is called "stuffing." On one occasion a large quantity of gold braid was pawned for 30,000 francs which, although it had deceived the expert, proved to be only a perfect imitation in tinsel.

Some of the more enterprising *chineurs* facilitate their operations by procuring and using sham stamps and trade-marks. One of them, known to the detectives as the "king" of the tribe, had been for years under surveillance, but without ever being caught in the perpetration of an offence. He had been forbidden by the administration to pledge any article whatever, but circumvented this precaution by purchasing licences for four accomplices and sending them to pawn his wares in his stead. The art of *chiner* is not confined to jewelry only, it extends to a wider range and to various subjects. Mattresses with only a thin layer of wool near the ticking are filled with sea-weed ; common calico is covered with a chemical preparation which gives it the glaze of fine Irish linen ; clocks and watches have their works removed and replaced by spurious ones that do not go ; and so on *ad infinitum*, with a marvellous patience and ingenuity that taxes the perspicacity of the Mont de Piété severely, and too frequently meets with ill-deserved success.

The *chineurs* rob the office, the *piqueurs d'once* use it as a receiving house. Formerly this second designation was only applied to the frauds perpetrated by the weavers *en chambre*, who, provided with the materials of their trade by their employers, kept back skeins of wool, silk, or thread, and yet contrived to return the equivalent weight in tissue by leaving the fabric exposed to damp, or rubbing it over with some compound that added to its weight. In time the term was applied to all workers, artisans, or clerks who rob their masters by purloining their goods ; the assistants of jewellers who secrete fragments of gold, of drapers who cut off a few yards of material, of shoemakers who pocket pieces of leather, are all *piqueurs d'once*. Many of the shopkeepers at one time petitioned that the Mont de Piété should be prohibited from receiving new articles, but such a measure would have ruined the petty tradesmen and the private workers who, as explained before, depend as a pecuniary resource on this mode of raising successive loans on the materials at their disposal. Moreover, many of the thefts and larcenies have been traced and the articles recovered by the owners through the agency of the Mont de Piété itself and the judicious precautions it takes to protect property.

The Mont de Piété has a system of "surveillance" which equals that exercised by the Bank of France. Whenever its suspicions are aroused, and sufficient apparent cause exists, the Direction has the right of peremptorily forbidding the *engagement* ; but it disposes of other means which make it sometimes advisable to accept the article, even when strong deductions point to its having been stolen, and likewise to appear satisfied with the name and references supplied, thus succeeding in more surely tracking and exposing the culprits while lulling them into credulous security. On the other hand, the most scrupulous discretion is observed with regard to honest and confiding depositors ; the secret of their names and transaction being religiously kept.

### SUGGESTED CHANGES.

If the institution were to be freed from the vulgar petty rogues who attempt to swindle it, the gain would be small, and by hampering its action

the general public would be the losers; the interest of the public must ever remain the primary consideration. Undoubtedly, like all systems, the Mont de Piété is not perfect, and it is open to many improvements yet. The most important would be to affranchise it from the charge—stipulated in a decree of the year XII—of surrendering all its surplus revenues to the *Assistance Publique*—which took the place of the General Hospitals—without drawing any capital therefrom. From 1806 the Mont de Piété has given to the hospitals over thirty-five millions; had these sums been successively capitalised, it would now be no longer compelled to borrow in order to lend, and could reduce its rate of interest on the loans. Again, if it could get rid of the *Commissaires Priseurs* it would realise a serious economy which would benefit the depositors, who actually pay ½ per cent. on the first valuation, and 3½ if the unredeemed pledge is sold at auction. At present the law is dead against this measure, for it decrees that no article whatever can be sold by public roup within the radius of Paris, except by the auctioneers belonging to the Company of *Commissaires Priseurs*, and that no private individual or public official has any right to interfere. This statute is prudent and wise in principle, as it obviates many irregularities and abuses; but in this particular instance of the Mont de Piété, no inconvenience could arise from repealing it, for the institution created to provide loans to the impecunious at the lowest possible rate of interest is under the direct supervision of the State, submits its books to the *Cour des Comptes*, offers guarantees of unimpeachable integrity and security, and is so situated that it can entrust the valuation of the pledges to its own employés, men whose aptitude for appraising is unrivalled, and who would, moreover, undertake the task at their own risks and perils, with corresponding financial advantages to the public.

Taking average figures for a certain number of years, it has been calculated that the deposits amount annually to about one million five hundred thousand articles, on which about thirty millions of francs are loaned. These figures are, of course, subject to considerable fluctuations, following the condition of public affairs and general prosperity like any other financial operation; but, nevertheless, they convey a fair approximate idea of the strong hold taken by the Mont de Piété on the confidence and in the daily habits of France, and they show how far more extensive and important are its transactions and action than could ever be those of even the most successful private enterprise or of isolated pawnbrokers.

### SUPPLEMENTARY FACTS.

Before concluding this rapid summary a few supplementary facts should be mentioned, which only tend to further illustrate the extreme attention and minute care brought to bear on every branch of this vast and old-established institution.

Pensions are awarded to the officials of every degree after thirty years' service in any municipal function, provided fifteen of them have been spent at the Mont de Piété; the capital is derived from taxations levied on the salaries; provision is also made for the widows and orphans of the employés, the former receiving one third of the computed aggregate salary of the deceased, the latter five per cent. each on the total.

All the men doing duty in the offices or storehouses have to wear the regulation uniform of the establishment, rooms being set apart where they can assume it before beginning work and on leaving it. The hours of work range from 7.45 A.M. to 8.30 P.M., more or less according to the functions and duties.

Certain kinds of articles are never received as pledges, such as military uniforms and effects, crosses of the Legion of Honour, articles bearing the mark or stamp of a public institution, fire-arms, wet or soiled linen, clothes cut out and unmade, books, prints, or photographs of an obscene character, gloves, furs, or fur-trimmed garments.

The salary of the Director of the Mont de Piété is 15,000 fr., a trifling sum compared to the total amount of wages and salaries, which for all the branches of the service reaches the figure of 1,273,000 francs. The last statement of accounts drawn up on March 31 of last year, and which with other documents the writer of this article has been able to examine, owing to the kindness of the Director, estimates the takings throughout the central and auxiliary offices of the Mont de Piété, and from all sources, at 107,223,413,47 fr., and the outlay at 96,740,073,92 fr., leaving a margin of nearly ten millions and a half.

The same documents show that the amount of reserve capital at the State Treasury resulting from the issue of bonds was so considerable in 1886—amounting to 11,810,000 fr.—that the administration decided to stop any further issue, and to refuse all applications for new bonds. Had the Mont de Piété continued willing to accept the money offered by the public, thirty or forty millions more would have found their way to its bank.

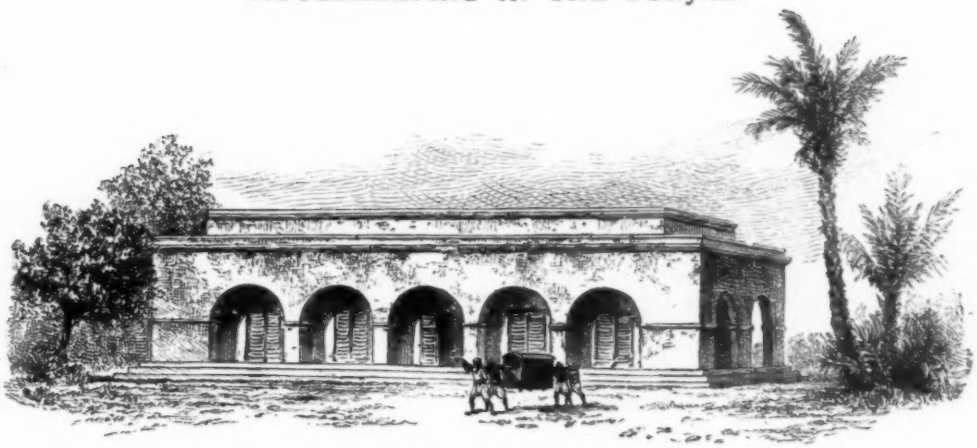
The general statement of business matters sets forth a notable and steady diminution in the number of deposits within the last four years, the public pledging less, and being more anxious to place its savings in the safe keeping of the Mont de Piété. On the other hand, the sale of unredeemed articles has increased, 400,000 having been disposed of in this way above the usual average number. In 1886 475,000 francs were handed over by the administration to the *Assistance Publique*; 2,191,310 articles were pledged, or the pledge renewed, representing a sum of 54,801,399 fr.; 2,338,544 deposits were liberated by the owners, representing a value of 56,614,151 fr.

The council of administration is presided over by the Prefect of the Seine, and consists of the Prefect of Police, three members of the Municipal Board, three members of the *Assistance Publique*, and three citizens inhabiting Paris. The Director is appointed by the Home Secretary—*Ministre de l'Intérieur*—the forty-two other principal officials by the Prefect of the Seine, and the subordinates, servants, and common hands by the Director.

The Mont de Piété is open for business all the year round with the exception of the fourteenth of July, kept as a national holiday, but on Sundays the public are not admitted after twelve.

M. S. VAN DE VELDE.

# HOUSEKEEPING IN THE PUNJAB.



OUR HOUSE IN THE PUNJAB.

BUT what a house! And as to the keeping, nowhere is the instability of human possessions more graphically illustrated than in the Punjab.

Imagine a house with no front door, no back door, no bells, no staircase (for there is no upper storey), no passages, no ceilings. There are no windows, properly so called, but every room has at least four sets of double glass doors, through which those who come and go make their entrance or exit as it pleases them. Before these hang "chicks," —delightful blinds of split bamboo—forming a screen from dust, glare, and curious eyes; or, on winter nights, purdahs—thick wadded curtains of blue and scarlet, stuffed with cotton, admirable for the prevention of draughts. Through the "chicks" only a dim light is admitted to the rooms, making the wide shady verandah a pleasanter place for the Mem Sahib to work or read, and the Sahib to lounge and smoke. Each room opens into the adjoining room; the communicating doors are never fastened; in the hot weather they are set wide open, and a light curtain is hung across the opening.

The floors are covered with a coarse, loosely-plaited matting; beneath is a species of concrete, called "chunam," which soon gets broken away, and the dust forces itself through the matting, covering every article of furniture. Occasionally, beautiful carpets, made at the Agra gaol, or blue and grey dhurries from Umballa, are spread in the centre of the room; but, with the present rate of exchange, there are few Anglo-Indian officials who can afford to risk their speedy destruction by white ants from below, or a deluge of mud from the roof.

The rooms are very lofty, the walls whitewashed, and in the rafters live generations of sparrows, who almost make Anglo-Indians imagine themselves in dear, smoky, grimy London. They quarrel, flirt, chirp, and flutter, from daybreak till dusk, pilfering all provisions within their reach, and sometimes mistaking a lamp for sunrise, when they continue their chirping far into the night. The square corners of the verandahs are filled in to form bath rooms, and there is a hole in the wall through which the water from the oval tin bath is easily tilted, thus



GOVERNMENT SERVANT.

running out to revive the dust and grass of the compound. The gratings that protect these holes are usually missing, so that jungle cats can creep

in and assuage their thirst from the large earthenware chatties without difficulty. Large frogs, too.



KHANSAMAN.

may generally be found hopping about in the damp corners.

The roof is flat and composed of mud, which



SWEEPER.

heavy rain easily penetrates, but the verandahs are usually thatched, giving to a Punjab station quite an Arcadian appearance, in spite of the golden fringe of hornets always buzzing round every bungalow.

These hornets are of two kinds: yellow with orange markings, and a rich velvety brown with lemon bands. The latter are very venomous, but both sting severely, frequently causing a numb sensation and loss of power for some hours, while the pain is sufficiently acute. About noon the hornets are specially active; they will creep through the smallest crannies and carry off materials for their paper-like nests, and at night may often be seen asleep, hanging in clusters from the framework of the doors. Stings are, however, of rare occurrence, and even children escape in a wonderful manner.



SYCE.

Owing to the cold winters, insect life is but sparsely represented in the Punjab. The only real pest are the white ants. They work their way through the walls and floor, throwing up covered galleries, which conceal their operations until they have entirely destroyed books, linen, pictures, and wood-work of every description. The exterior form often remains in hollow mockery, while every particle of the interior has been destroyed. Oleographs, the shadows of their former selves, will remain upon the walls with singular pertinacity, perhaps held in position by these ingenious galleries, till a puff of wind, causing them to fall, reveals the fact that only the upper surface of the picture continues to exist. Thanks to the ravages of these exasperating little creatures, Punjab bungalows are very dilapidated tenements. The first step on hiring a bungalow is to have the beams tested, and, unless this is done,

the family may have been but a few days in occupation before they are aroused in the middle of the night by beams falling on the last remains of an English dinner-service proudly displayed on the sideboard, on the child's cot, or any other valuable possession. The process of replacing beams is very simple. A couple of men will knock a hole in the wall, pull out the rotten timber, and shove in a fresh beam with as much sangfroid as an English carpenter would mend the leg of a chair.

A Punjab household consists of a prodigious number of servants, of various nationalities, castes, and creeds: one or two ayahs for the service of the Mem Sahib, and fourteen or fifteen men-servants—each man exerting himself to combine



MALLI.

the minimum of labour with the maximum of time. The sweeper sweeps the floors, lights all fires, removes refuse of every description, and feeds the dogs and poultry, taking the tiny chickens for a daily walk, and waving a wand to drive away the kites. The bheestie brings water in a great leathern skin for the family, the servants, the horses, cows, poultry, etc. The khitmutgars wait at table, clean the plate, cook the breakfast, make cakes and confectionery. Two are essential, unless the Sahib is a bachelor. A messalji is employed to wash the crockery, spoons, and forks. For this purpose he sits in the compound, with a bowl of water, and is speedily surrounded by the pretty grey squirrels, and a circle of crows, kites, and vultures eager for scraps.

The khansaman is a sort of house steward, who contracts to supply the principal meals at a fixed rate. At an early hour he goes to the bazaar, attended by a coolie wrapped in a solitary blanket, to carry his purchases, and a sleek, well-dressed



DIRZI (TAILOR).

writer to record them in English characters. The cook's house is always a detached building, crowded with myrmidons, who do the actual cooking under



GWALLAH'S WIFE.

the khansaman's direction. The bearer acts as the Sahib's valet and personal attendant, he trims the lamps, and sits in the verandah to receive and

announce visitors, and to summon the other servants. Then there are the dhoby or washerman; the dirzi or tailor, generally clever, but an inveterate dawdle; the syces or horsekeepers, and their attendant grass-cutters; the gwallah or cow-



GRASSCUTTER.

man; and finally the chokydar, who guards the house at night, establishing himself in the verandah with a lantern, a coffee-pot, a charcoal stove, a huge volume of devotions, a resai, and a thick stick. He either rolls himself in the resai and sleeps soundly all night, or, to keep himself awake, chants at the top of his voice wild, melancholy litanies, occasionally clattering round the house in his heavy shoes, effectually waking the sleeping inmates.

No Punjab servant sleeps in the house, and as they all reside in the compound with their wives, children, sisters-in-law, nephews and other relations, their dogs, goats, and occasionally a stray bullock, quite a miniature village is formed. Very picturesque is the appearance at dusk, when the fires, blazing outside each hut, throw into strong relief the groups of men, women, and children huddled round them. During the day the people live out of doors, squatting on the ground in front of their huts. The women are engaged pressing into shape cakes of manure, which, after being dried in the sun, are used as fuel; or in polishing the beautiful brass vessels, used for cooking, eating, and drinking, and which are handed down through several generations.

These huts, called godowns, vary according to the rank of the occupier, but the walls and floor are always of sun-baked mud, and, as a rule, the door is the only aperture through which light and air can be obtained. Hindoos often keep their huts beautifully clean; the Mohamedans, especially Mohamedan women, are always dirty and slovenly, content to live in the utmost filth. By day the family bedsteads, consisting of a low wooden frame with a matwork of rope, are placed outside to air. In the hot weather, the people sleep out of doors on these charpoys, shrouding themselves, after the Indian manner, in a long, white drapery. These motionless, silent figures, waiting for the dawn, have a very weird effect.

Punjabis are desperate gamblers, losing so heavily at cards that they are generally over head and ears in debt to the usurers, a state of affairs they endeavour to retrieve by robbing their masters of money, stamps, and any article convertible into hard cash. If a head servant has committed a theft, and suspicion is aroused, an inferior servant of the same creed will at once confess the crime, his fellow servants will join in accusing the innocent



MOHAMEDAN BOY.

man, letters will be sent through the post, and the most circumstantial evidence brought forward; but though the Mem Sahib may be well aware that the whole is a tissue of lies, she will be quite unable to prove her conviction, nor will efforts to help the innocent man be of any avail. He will prefer a thousand times to undergo the penalty of the English law, rather than incur the displeasure of his own caste and creed.

As of necessity some of the servants are Mohamedans, others Hindoos, the jealousies, cabals, and intrigues are endless, the fiercest hatred

existing between the rival creeds. The Hindoo is turbulent, obstinate, and generally impracticable, but he has not the same skill in lying as the Mohamedan. The Mohamedan is grave, decorous, the essence of seeming respectability, but in reality stealthy, steeped in dissimulation. As to secret correspondence, clandestine negotiations, for these his ingenuity is unrivalled, his curiosity insatiable, his patience in obtaining information unwearied. The Sahib and the Mem Sahib are watched with lynx-like eyes, and where English is not understood, the power seems to exist of guessing the sense by watching the movement of the lips. The foibles, virtues, and vices of every Englishman and woman in the station are thus intimately known to the native population, who will not fail to use the information when occasion serves.

Although intoxicating drinks are strictly forbidden to Mohamedans, there is no doubt that many imbibe whisky on every opportunity. They never, however, lose their grave decorum, and only betray their delinquencies by a peculiar swaying movement somewhat dangerous to the Mem Sahib's crockery.

The Punjabi is slow, sulky, and revengeful, capable of great cruelty, but extremely fond of children, and absolutely devoted to small babies. The women are very helpless, their physical powers of the feeblest order. The men are excellent cooks and wait well at table.

Servants, coming to be engaged, are required to produce "chits," testimonials from former employers. These are easily transferred from one man to his brother, cousin, or nephew, and as no sequence of dates is required, an unfavourable character is at once suppressed.

Wages cannot be considered high. A head servant will receive from Rs. 10 to Rs. 15 a month, inferior servants considerably less, and all find their own food. The rice, dahl (a species of lentil), and parched grain, on which they subsist, are so cheap that after a few months of service they often prefer to retire to the bazaar, and live upon their capital, or else they will "go sick," and provide the Mem Sahib with a substitute. The Mem Sahib pays the same amount, but the substitute is only permitted to retain a bare pittance, the remainder being exacted by the imaginary invalid.

An elaborate system of commission prevails in every department, a high percentage being mercilessly exacted from every pedlar, or box wallah, who enters the compound. The servants have also their own *clientèle* of tradesmen, inventing a thousand excuses to exclude rivals. No rival will ever venture to thrust himself forward, but should the Mem Sahib insist on his being produced, he will himself assure her that his prices are exorbitant, his goods inferior, resorting to any subterfuge rather than enter the lists.

Marriage portions are a real tax upon the Punjabi's resources. Young girls are married as soon as possible. Even a poor man will be expected to find Rs. 30 as his daughter's portion. The Mem Sahib is requested to advance the amount, and these advances make the paying of wages a complicated affair.

All the servants wear white clothes, except during the winter, when an allowance is given for warm clothes. The Punjab winter lasts from November till towards the end of February. The middle of the day is delightfully warm and bright, but the nights are very cold, and even in February, in the shelter of the verandah, the thermometer at 8.30 A.M. will stand at 35°. There are some grey days, especially in the neighbourhood of the great rivers, when it would be pleasant to sit over the wood fire all day; the wind is bitter; and the whole country presents a bare, desolate appearance.



VALET.

Spring, however, comes very suddenly. March is a perfect month, and in April the reapers are busy with the barley harvest. At no season of the year may immunity be obtained from the Punjab dust storms, which, rising with a sudden whirlwind, produce a state of semi-darkness, a terrible din of banging doors, and cover everything with a thick layer of fine reddish dust. The trees sway and groan. Overhead there is a yellow pall like a London fog. Columns and clouds of dust blow along the ground. The temperature falls considerably, and the dust filters into cupboards, through cracks and keyholes. The glass in the dining-room presents the most extraordinary appearance, and even dresses carefully covered look as if they had been sprinkled with a dredger.

From May to November the heat is intense, a

burning, scorching heat, and punkah coolies prove a troublesome addition to a household too numerous already. Three coolies are necessary for each punkah, to relieve each other day and night. The Mem Sahib goes to the hills, though the excessive rains at this season in the hill country make this rather a doubtful pleasure. Her servants, too, will seldom accompany her. They easily contract low fever from the damp. Moreover, every man is passionately attached to his own village, and, as he observes to the Mem Sahib in a sepulchral voice, if he dies away from his own kindred, who will spread the earth upon him? In these migrations, it is necessary to carry lamps, crockery, hardware, etc., as furnished lodgings are unknown. Bedding must always be carried in the Punjab, even in going to a friend's house. Indeed, the entertainment of guests is delightfully easy, as each guest brings his own bedding and his own servants.

In many Punjab households "chuprassis" are kept, confidential servants who are employed to take messages, arrange purchases, and other matters. In the hills four or six "jampans" are necessary to carry the Mem Sahib in her "dandy" along the steep, narrow, mountain roads.

No Punjab servant ever appears with grey hair; most of them affect jet-black hair, eyebrows, and beard, which are re-dyed at regular intervals; but some servants like to adopt a different tint each time. Their eyes are always darkened artificially, and they are fond of chewing betel-nut; but this habit the Mem Sahib soon forbids.

House-rent is not expensive, and firewood and kerosine oil are the only costly items in Punjab housekeeping. Provisions of all kinds are cheap, butcher's meat *2d.* per pound in the plains, *4d.* in the hills. It is small but good, and the diminutive size of the joints a decided advantage in the hot weather. "Hump" is considered a great delicacy, and is very like corned beef. Game is very abundant, especially snipe, woodcock, black partridge, and sand grouse; quails are very plentiful as they pass through on their annual migrations. Owing to the long distance from the coast, refrigerators are little known. The ice-boxes in use are of very clumsy construction. Soda water is often cooled by being suspended from the bough of a tree in a basket filled with wet grass, which a servant swings slowly backwards and forwards to catch the breeze. If milk is purchased from the bazaar, the cow is driven into the compound, and to the edge of the verandah, to be milked in the Mem Sahib's presence. The cow is always attended by her calf, and by the gwallah and his wife. The gwallah's wife, with her long white draperies, magnificent silver ornaments—anklets, armlets, necklets, and earrings—and on her head a pyramid of brass vessels for measuring milk, is one of the most picturesque figures of Indian life.

In Punjab housekeeping, the Mem Sahib will never find that her expenditure weighs very heavily upon her conscience. If she accompanies her husband into camp she will enjoy riding through the country in the fresh morning air. She will watch with a little excitement the transport of her commissariat by a string of some six or eight camels, and the adventures and variety of camp life will afford her plenty of amusement.

After a few years of Punjab housekeeping, she will not be easily discomposed by the minor accidents of life, and she will have learnt that luxuries are by no means an essential part of human existence.

C.

## Fairy Voices.

WHAT do you listen to, O my baby,
As you sit in the light of the setting sun?
For your great blue eyes are wide with wonder,
And the poor dead flowers that you pulled asunder
Fall from your fingers one by one.

Ah! could you tell me, you would answer:
"I hear the sounds that you cannot hear,
For I hear the beat of a mystic measure
That rings from the country of fairy treasure,
And the voice of a melody faint yet clear.

"I hear the horns that the elves are blowing,
I hear the stories the buttercups tell,
And all that the winds and waves are saying,
And what the white clouds whisper in playing,
And the chime of the quivering blue harebell."

Listen and learn while time lingers, darling!
As time flies those whispers will not remain,
For the sound of the years drowns the fairy laughter,
And trouble and heaviness follow after;
You will long for that music, and long in vain.

For there are people, my blue-eyed baby,
Who long as for nought else beneath the sun
For the voices you hear all day in your playing,
Which speak with you in your dreamland straying,
Which for them are over, and past, and done.

But I pray, my darling, that when you are older,
And you, too, have to mix in the world's wild strife,
And your ears are dulled by the hard earth noises,
An echo may come from those fairy voices
To help you to fight in the field of life.

C. G. D.

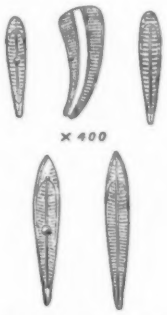
# WINTER RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF MICROSCOPIC LIFE.

BY W. H. SHRUBSOLE, F.G.S.

COLLECTING minute forms of marine life is a truly delightful occupation in fine summer weather, to which the possibility of capturing something rare or new generally adds an additional zest. As the year advances, and winter sets in, most amateur microscopists give up out-door work, and put away their collecting gear, and it necessarily follows that many opportunities of gaining further knowledge of Nature's works and ways are lost.

Regretting this, I determined last year to pursue investigations throughout the winter whenever practicable. This resolve was put into practice, and in the end I was amply compensated for any little discomfort by the abundance, beauty, and variety of the manifestations of life that came under my notice. The narration of a few noteworthy incidents in the course of the winter's out-door recreation may be acceptable to the readers of this journal and, such as it is, it is now submitted.




GOMPHONEMA MARINA.

The first experience worth mentioning occurred on the last day of the old year. The locality was Sheerness Dockyard. I went there in the expectation of examining the exterior of an ironclad in dry dock, and of collecting specimens therefrom. Nor was I disappointed.

It is true that I had some time to wait while preparations for docking the vessel were in progress, and that the atmospheric conditions were not of a very pleasant character. Still, some amusement was gained by watching the work of getting the ship exactly in the right position over the blocks on the floor of the dock, and then of "sharing up" with the object of keeping the vessel on an even keel when unsupported by water.

For this purpose, strong spars were placed between the dock wall and the ship, and fixed in position by wedges driven in by gangs of sturdy shipwrights, who delivered their forceful blows simultaneously all around, as the pre-arranged signals were given by the foreman standing in a prominent position at the head of the dock. When this operation was completed, a pumping engine of forty horse-power began its work of emptying the dock of water.

Taking advantage of one of several "catamarans" or rafts used by the workmen, I got alongside, and found that at and for a few inches below the water line there was a pretty growth of miniature seaweeds, both red and green, samples of which I bottled. Afterwards, with the microscope, I found that the little fronds were covered with diatoms, chiefly of the two species represented in the accompanying figures, arranged in the style of *chevaux de frise*.



SYNEDRA RADIANS.

Although the connection is rather suggestive of parasitism, yet these diatoms are free from the charge of obtaining nourishment from the plants to which they are attached. They are not parasites like Miseltoe, Dodder, etc., but harmless epiphytes.

While examining this belt of vegetation, my attention was diverted by a laughable interlude.

Some sailors and marines returning from leave wanted to get on board, and as the ordinary means of communication had been removed, they appropriated a "catamaran" for the purpose. Now, I found it difficult to balance myself properly on one of these primitive, floating structures, and here were no less than six stalwart fellows on one, and they all in merry mood. Pushing off from the dock wall, they swayed about, and tried to steady themselves by clinging to one another, till the overladen craft gave an awkward lurch, which sent most of them overboard in twelve feet of water. One caught a rope, and was soon out; another very coolly (in every sense of the word) struck out for the landing steps, up which he soon crawled, amid shouts of laughter in which he good-humouredly joined.



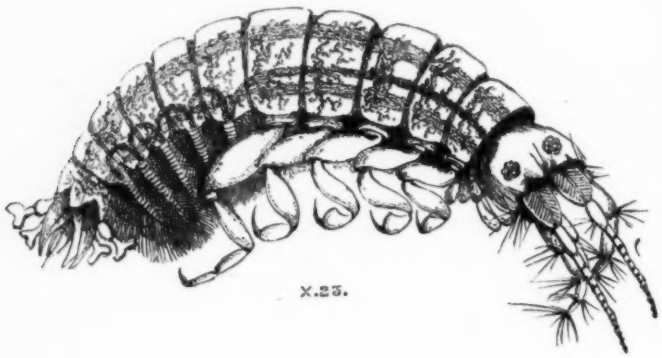

SYNEDRA RADIANS (*magnified 400 times*).

These and other diversions helped to relieve the monotony of waiting for the further lowering of the water. Very slowly, as the level was reduced, different zones of the hull came into view, and a larger area was open for examination. The plants

previously noted had evidently not been able to flourish or even to exist below the line of full exposure to light.

From where the plants ceased, the surface of the hull was plastered with tenacious mud about three quarters of an inch thick.

Scraping some of this off with the finger-tips, it was found by the sense of touch to be full of active life. On laying some in the open hand to facilitate examination with a lens, the wriggling of the little animals it contained tickled so much as almost to cause one to drop the lot involuntarily. The tiny creatures were soon seen and readily recognised as crustaceans of a kind that I have



X.23.

COROPHIUM CRASSICORNE.

always found on ships' bottoms, and nowhere else. From the enlarged representation given above, it will be seen that *Corophium crassicorne* bears evidence of being related to the edible shrimp.

This species used to be considered rare, if not entirely unknown, on the British coast, and the infrequency of its capture may be inferred from the fact that till quite recently there was not a single specimen of it in the National Zoological collection at South Kensington. Those that are now there, I obtained from another ship in this dockyard.

In my opinion, these small crustaceans caused the enormous accretion of mud on the sides of the vessel. How was this accomplished?

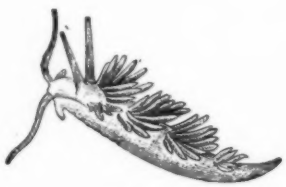
Probably a few wandering individuals first attached themselves to the plants growing along the water-line, and while holding on with some of their pedal appendages, with others they secured floating particles of matter—minute grains of sand and such like—and these they plastered together and fashioned into tubular dwellings closely packed side by side. Extension of the building operations below and around, doubtless followed at equal speed the rapid reproduction of their kind, until at last countless millions of these Corophia had attached many tons of mud to the ship.

The general dull tint of this crust was relieved here and there by darker patches made up of groups of mussels. These when quite young, and in the free and active state, must in their juvenile wanderings have encountered the ship, and become attached to it, mechanically, if not affectionately. When a mussel wishes to fix itself to any solid object, it puts its foot against it, and then puckers the surface of the extended member so as to form longitudinal grooves, along which it exudes a sticky substance that has the property of hardening rapidly on exposure to water or air. On the foot being withdrawn, tough filaments remain as mooring cables. No mussel is content with one connection of this kind. To prevent unpleasant motion, and to avoid insecurity, a second and often a third set of threads are laid out, and so placed that one tightens the others. The careful mollusc is thus moored stem and stern, like a vessel to a wharf.

My attention was called to one dense patch which had entirely covered the grating over the inlet to the ship's fire-engine. Had necessity for the use of fire-extinguishing apparatus arisen, the water supply must have been very much diminished below requirements, which might have led to disastrous consequences. Between the bars of this grating several barnacles had firmly fixed themselves, and thereby lessened the possibility of a full inflow. Other barnacles had actually established themselves on the blades of the screw-propeller! They had thriven there also, notwithstanding the violent whirling they must have experienced whenever the vessel was under steam.

Among the other objects seen were some pendulous, slimy, semi-opaque things, which I saw were anemones. In tanks at home some of these expanded into very beautiful, snowy-white, feathery specimens of considerable size. A few shell-less molluscs, or sea-slugs (*Eolis*), were seen crawling about.

These creatures, in one of their embryonic stages, do possess shells, but on reaching maturity they have to do the best they can without protective covering. They are graceful in form when in water, and delicate in colour, and although unprotected, save by mimicry, which makes it difficult to distinguish them, they manage to kill and eat other animals that happen to be destitute of locomotive power.

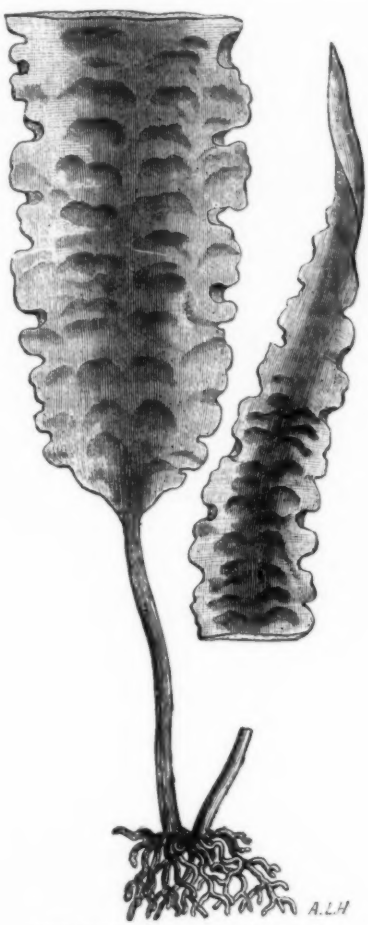


EOLIS.

An interesting feature of their construction is the arrangement of the gills in branching tufts on the back. Such an arrangement in the higher animals would certainly facilitate medical examination, as well as the direct application of remedial measures in cases of disease, but might be attended by some inconvenience to human kind in these bustling times.

A few long fronds of oarweed (*Laminaria saccharina*), and some blades of sea-grass (*Zostera*), were the only other prominent living things, although various marine worms found a comfortable home in the muddy layer investing the ship. In connection with Laminaria, it may be mentioned that there is some reason for supposing the microzoa

known as Peredinia, and classed with the Infusoria, to be the active spores of the familiar oarweed. I have frequently put fronds of this plant into water wherein there were no Peredinia, and more often than not these have afterwards appeared in the tanks. The similarity of colour between the plants and an aggregation of the zoospores strengthens the conviction that these are the outcome of the other. Being furnished with vibratile hairs (*cilia*), by means of which active movements, and therefore distribution, are effected, there is in this respect also a close analogy between these forms




LAMINARIA SACCHARINA (*much reduced*).

and the lively spores which are well-known to proceed from Ulva and other marine plants. Further observation, however, is necessary before the close relationship between the two can be absolutely demonstrated.

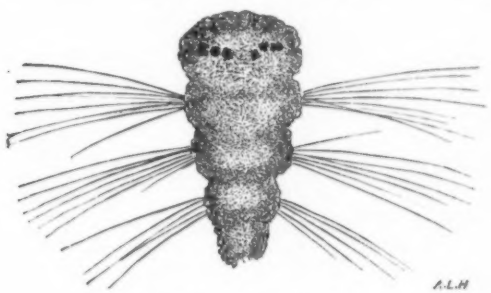
Well, when I found that there was nothing more to be collected, I had time to realise that the so-called dry dock in which I had been puddling for some hours scarcely deserved the name, seeing that several inches of slush covered the stone floor, and that under the bilge of the vessel, water was dripping from innumerable points upon any one moving about there. Yet when suitably clad one takes no harm, and is able thoroughly to enjoy a form of open-air recreation in winter, at once novel, harmless, and inexpensive.

A few days after this dry (?) dock experience, I went afloat in a small boat. Owing to the dense fog prevailing, in a few seconds the land was as invisible as if it were a hundred miles away.

I had with me a pail, and some nets made of very fine calico attached to metal hoops, and ought to have had a compass. The nets were towed behind the boat, and at short intervals lifted out and rinsed in some sea-water in the pail. After several of these rinsings, the water began to lose its transparency, and I knew thereby that I was accumulating a store of microscopic life. When enough had been collected, the boat was headed for land, which was done by listening for the sounds that came from the shore. Presently I landed, and had the pleasure of carrying home my half-pailful of dirty-looking water.

Letting this stand undisturbed for some hours, the minute organisms of a vegetable character and all inorganic particles gravitate as a sediment, leaving clear water above in which are many active little animals frisking about near the surface. Then, by pouring off the clear fluid into another pail, the two classes of microscopic life are easily separated, and the sediment becomes available for examination in leisure moments.

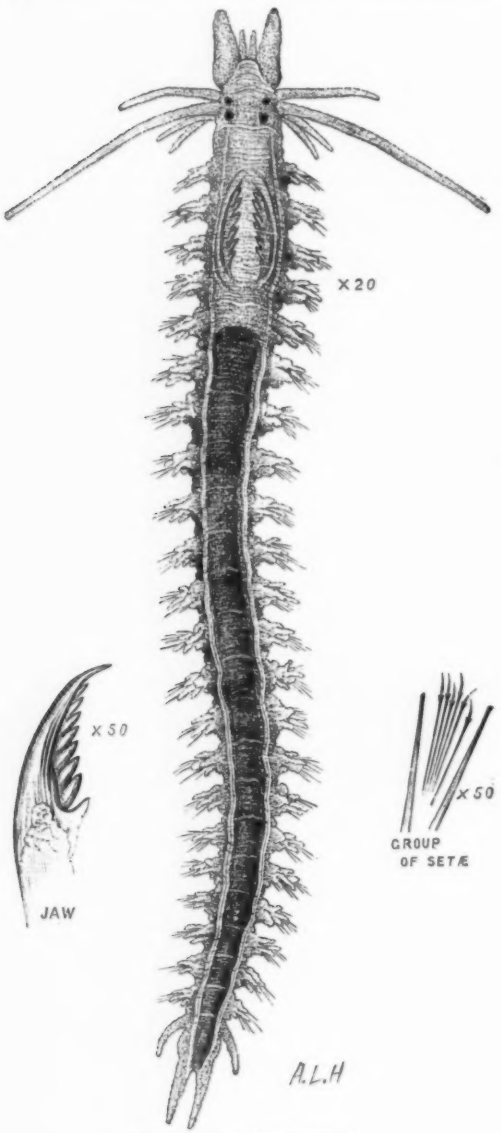
An opportunity having arrived, let us see what the little things skipping about at the surface are like. There is no difficulty in getting at them, for they crowd together and jostle one another at the side of the pail nearest the light. By dipping a glass tube among them, a fair sample of the whole is easily obtained. On the occasion referred to, and notwithstanding the low temperature of the water, there are many very young and fragile creatures that are usually met with in spring and summer. Of this character are those shown below, which are the young of a worm known to science as *Spio seticornis*. This annelid when full grown, and about to give up its roving habits for a




YOUNG OF SPIO SETICORNIS.

sedentary life, forms a dwelling for itself by excavation in almost any kind of rock material it happens to light upon. A striking feature in this worm is the pair of jaws of formidable dimensions which can be everted in front of the head when occasion arises. It works easily in chalk and in shells, and is quite equal to the task of tunnelling in limestone and granite. When it has bored about a half inch

into any substance, it curves its tunnel upward to the surface, and so obtains a second opening to its home, which thus becomes U-shaped. Such an arrangement facilitates cleanliness, and is of service in other ways. Although often closely crowded, these worms avoid encroaching upon each other's perforations. Within the compass of a square inch there may be scores of Spios dwelling,




SPIO SETICORNIS (FULL GROWN).

and this density of population causes the struggle for existence to be rather severe. The casual food supply, in the shape of floating particles of organic debris brought by tidal currents, is eagerly competed for, and in order to secure an ample supply of this prime necessity, first one and then another begin to build miniature turrets over their tube apertures, with any material at hand, so as to be able to overreach others without exposure to possible danger. Yet the advantage thus gained is not permanent, because the less enterprising members of the colony stimulated by hunger soon follow the example, until tiny tubular towers stand up all over the populated area.

When these erections are removed by accident or design, re-construction speedily commences, and by supplying the busy workers with different coloured sand or other suitable substance, the daily rate of progress can be measured when they are kept in a glass tank. Their food is collected by means of two relatively long flexible tentacles (shewn in the illustration much shortened by contraction), which are almost always in motion. Sad to say, neighbours sometimes quarrel when these whip-lash-like appendages interfere with one another's movements. When two happen to seize the same crumb, a fierce contest for sole possession ensues, and as each increases the tension by retiring as far as possible into its burrow, the towers bend over with the strain, and a real "tug of war" takes place, until one or other can hold on no longer. When contact is broken, both disappear sharply by the recoil that takes place.

It is highly amusing to observe that when food is gathered by one of these worms in the ordinary way, the tentacle is not wound around whatever it may be, but the particle is made to travel along the surface of the extended member to the mouth. This peculiar action is due to minute hairs (cilia) arranged in rows, which pass the object onward from one to the other. But at present we have to do with the larval form of *Spio seticornis* whilst it is still free to wander at pleasure. As a full description of its structure might not be interesting to the majority of readers, the figures may as well be left to indicate the great difference that exists between the juvenile and the adult form.

In our pail may also be observed, skipping about with a jerky motion, some immature barnacles which seem to be in a thriving condition, notwithstanding the low temperature of the water. These baby barnacles also present an appearance widely different from that of the stony acorn-shells, familiar to every sea-side visitor, into which they will, if all go well, ultimately become metamorphosed.



BALANUS BALANOIDES (BARNACLE), EARLIEST FORM.

Beside the foregoing, there are other little animals of crustacean affinities, from which, with microscopic aid, many zoological lessons may be learned. But perhaps enough has been said concerning the animals collected, so we will pass on to examine the sediment left in the pail. In dealing with this it is convenient first to wash it into a jar, so as to get it in handier compass. Then, with a dipping tube, a drop may be transferred to a glass slip, covered in the usual manner, and placed in position for scrutiny with a one-inch microscopic objective.

On leaving the shore, I noticed that the water was somewhat turbid, and now the cause of this is seen in the form of countless fragments, chiefly of inorganic debris too small to readily subside. Last

summer's dust is here present, though in another element, progressing towards re-composition in a newer stratum. The eye, however, rests with more pleasure on the graceful forms of numerous diatoms dotted over the field of vision.

It will be remembered that those of this class found growing on the ship's side were adherent to other plants. Here now are examples of sundry kinds that maintain an independent existence, and which, from being generally found in the open sea, may be considered as pelagic. These, now under inspection, exhibit great diversity of form, each having that which is common to its species, while all possess symmetrical beauty which charms the eye and compels admiration.

Truly, those microscopists who become absorbed in the study of this particular class of objects, and are, therefore, sometimes pleasantly spoken of as 'diatomaniacs,' have some reason for the limited range of their investigations.

Prominent among many other diatoms are specimens of more than one kind of Coscinodiscus. These, being discoidal in outline, and filled with rich aurigerous endochrome, are, whilst in the living state, highly suggestive of golden shirt-studs of diminished size.



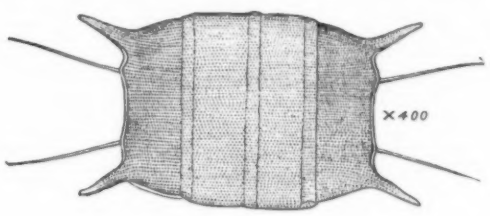
LAUDERIA MOSLEVANA.

The one (*Coscinodiscus concinnus*) figured and described in a previous paper [1] may be taken as a type of the genus, which need not therefore be now described.

The next diatom to claim notice is one (*Lauderia Mosleyana*) which was unknown until collected by the naturalists of the "Challenger" expedition from the surface of the Arafura Sea, north of Australia. Now it turns up here in the estuary of the Thames. This strengthens the evidence already existing as to the wide diffusion of these pelagic single-celled plants.

Many species of these simple organisms seem to be able to adapt themselves to their environment in both hot and cold zones, provided always that the salinity of the water be not above a certain standard.

Some zigzag chains of *Biddulphia aurita* are also visible in every drop examined, and here and there are a few specimens of a closely allied form, *Biddulphia Bayleyii*.




BIDDULPHIA BAYLEVII.

[1] "Leisure Hour," August 1889 (page 534).

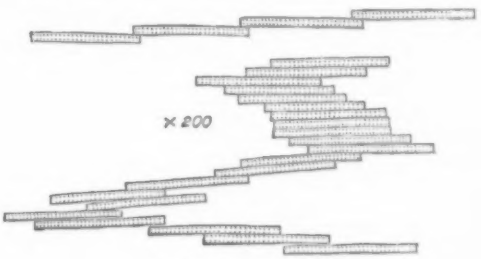
The cylindrical form, having conical ends and long terminal bristles of extreme tenuity, bears the appellation of *Rhizosolenia Setigera* (page 34). Is it not strange that this delicate object, in form but ill adapted to stand rough usage, should be able to preserve its integrity in spite of exposure to the awful force of stormy seas? Its immunity is probably due to its small dimensions.

This diatom increases by duplication in a singular way. Within the cylinder, two new cones begin to grow from each end, having their apices directed towards each other.

They continue to enlarge until the bristles overlap. After a while, the cylinder breaks asunder transversely, and then there are two diatoms where before there was but one. It will be seen that in this way each individual has two generations represented in itself. One end is new, and the other was part of the parent form. (Does not this continual rejuvenescence seem wonderfully like a form of perpetual life? [1]) The fractured end of the old tube drops away, and the diatom with a new lease of life rapidly increases in length and also slightly in breadth.

One stage of this interesting process is represented on the next page.

Another diatom (*Bacillaria paradoxa*), of singular agility in executing remarkable movements, now forces itself into notice. It was found in another drop of the sediment in the pail, and when first closed up between the glasses it remained quiet beneath some particles of rubbish. Whilst at rest, the numerous component frustules lie side by side like so many tiny rods arranged laterally with their ends in line. Non-activity, however, is of short duration. After a while, when the immediate surroundings have become familiar, the rods begin to move in one direction, each one slipping over its neighbour as far as is possible without losing actual contact, until the diatom stretches itself in a slightly curved line across the field of view.




BACILLARIA PARADOXA.

Without loss of time, it begins to close up either at one end or on the centre, just as so many soldiers in skirmishing order might do. Then again, it

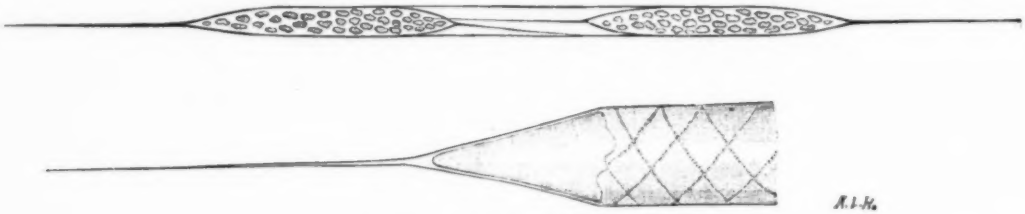
[1] Since writing the above, I have found that the same idea was broached long ago by Ehrenberg, and that Prof. Weismann has recently written:

"Natural death occurs only among multicellular organisms: the single-celled forms escape it. There is no end to the development which can be likened to death, nor is the rise of new individuals associated with the death of the old. Each individual has the power of living on indefinitely, ever dividing, but never dying."

swings round a little so as to be able to make an excursion in another direction, which is necessarily in the same plane, because of the limitations imposed by the glass. These curious extensions and retractions are repeated till the observer becomes tired of watching. When several are seen executing their movements simultaneously, the sight is one that rivets attention, and makes it hard to withhold the conclusion that these agile plants are sentient beings acting under the impulse of will.

I have found this diatom in brackish ditches, but more often in the open sea. In this locality I have collected it at all seasons, and once I proved its existence for an unbroken period of twelve months. It has been as abundant in January as in June, and I have sometimes secured it by merely dipping a bottle when walking along the beach at high water.

Count Castracane, in his Report on the Diatomaceæ, collected by H.M.S. "Challenger," says :— "When the movements of Diatoms are considered, the peculiarities presented by those of the genus



RHIZOSOLENIA SETIGERA (*highly magnified*).

Bacillaria are the most remarkable and mysterious of any. Although various hypotheses have from time to time been advanced to explain such wonderful phenomena, no observer has been able by the most ingenious methods, by the use of the most perfect object-glasses, or the most efficient methods of illumination, to discover any special organs that might bring about such curious results."

This problem has been assiduously worked at by microscopists of many nationalities ever since this species was described by Gmelin in 1788, and still the solution lies in the future. He who may accomplish it may well be proud of the achievement.

Yet one more diatom must be introduced, because of its unique form, and because it represents an entirely new genus. Its figure is that of a narrow segmented band twisted longitudinally in a very open spiral. Like all diatoms, each segment or cell consists of two thin silicious plates in apposition, between which the transparent protoplasm and the colouring matter are contained. This vegetable colouring (endochrome) of golden hue seems to be formed of separate granules arranged somewhat radially in the centre of each segment. Such is the extreme transparency of this diatom that its outline is only with difficulty perceived even when the eye has been attracted by the bright splashes of colour. A detached segment may appear in outline something like an hour-glass, yet if caused to roll over, it will present a very different aspect. The twist appears to be equal in degree throughout. I have never seen more than five or six segments connected. Doubtless, fragility will account for the absence of a larger number in one band.

As there are difficulties in the way of submitting actual specimens to the inspection of readers, and lest it should be supposed that this diatom exists only in the realms of fancy, let me support my assertions respecting it by quoting from a letter sent me by Prof. P. T. Clève, of Upsala University, whom all diatomists will acknowledge as a competent authority. He writes: "The curious twisted form you mention I have seen in the material sent, in separate frustules only. It is evidently a diatom, and belongs to a new genus. The endochrome is perfectly that of a coccochromatic diatom." The name by which I suggest



STREPTOTHEGA TAMESIS.

that it be known is *Streptothega Tamesis* (twisted box from the Thames).

Such are a few of the many minute forms of life that I have found to be available for microscopic study even in the depth of winter.[1]

[1] All the diatoms except Lauderia Rhizosolenia and Streptothega are from Smith's "British Diatomaceæ."

# THE INCOMPLETE ADVENTURER.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "THE NUGENTS OF CARRICONNA," ETC.



"WHITHER ARE WE TENDING?" SAID THE CHEMIST, SOFTLY. "TO THE ENDS OF THE WORLD—TO THE RIM OF CREATION."

## CHAPTER I.—M. ROHAND, ARMAND, AND THE HERO.

M. ADOLPHE ROHAND, chemist and man of science, went slowly up the winding wooden stairs, steep, frail, and not too cleanly, which led to the attic where he had visited the Englishman earlier in the day; the echoes of the dingy Paris street growing fainter in his ears, and its emanations less pungent in his nostrils, as he ascended. It was the third week of May; the air of the narrow staircase was hot and impure, and old M. Rohand panted as he climbed.

On the top floor Armand, the patron or landlord, assistant fencing-master at Duclos' famous *salle d'armes*, a good-looking, thick-set, brown-bearded Provençal, of middle height, and about six-and-thirty years, received him, cap in hand.

"Well, and how is he going on?" inquired M. Rohand.

"Monsieur, he is as snug as a sword in its scabbard."

"It would have been impossible to put it more nicely," observed the chemist, with a smile and a slight inclination of the head; and he repeated the landlord's words to himself with leisurely relish, rounding the sentence off with a little flourish of his hand.

Armand bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment with a swordsman's grace, and led the way into the anteroom, a beggarly apartment, bare of all save the most indispensable furniture, and quite destitute of ornament, unless that term might be held descriptive of a pair of rapiers which glittered on the edge of a table.

Armand inquired whether the visitor would take *une consommation*, devoutly hoping, though for no penurious reason, that he would not.

"Thank you," said the chemist, "I take nothing stronger than coffee."

"For myself," replied Armand, "I cannot take much of it at night."

"Nothing would be more improper on your part than to do so," said the man of science, gravely.

"But one little cup is all that I ever take, monsieur."

"That can do you no harm in the world."

"Then, with your permission, monsieur, I will make two cups at once."

"I thank you a thousand times," answered M. Rohand.

The landlord bowed and withdrew.

Outside the door he took off his shoes, and M. Rohand heard him descending the bare wooden stairs in his stockings. Then he, too, rose from his chair, moved silently across the anteroom, and

stood listening at a door which conducted to an inner chamber. No sound reaching his ear, he pushed the door open and looked in.

Right opposite to him was a common stump bedstead, meanly furnished in the matter of bedding, whose occupant was a long-limbed, powerful young man, verging on the thirties. His long, thick, brown hair gave a certain fictitious distinction and appearance of strength to a face which had an irregular force and fineness of its own. The nameless quality of gentle birth which was stamped upon the features asserted itself above the marks engraven there by the "hard lean hand of poverty." The sleeper had thrust the bed-clothes below his chest, and M. Rohand observed that his nightshirt was much whiter and softer than the sheet above it.

"That was made for him at home," thought he.

A pretty morsel of muslin was draped about the narrow window, on the sill of which a tallow candle with a nodding wick burned with a wan and fading light, like a taper in a skull.

"He bought that himself," muttered the chemist, referring, not to the candle, but to the muslin. "Yes! And there's another token of home!"

His eye had lighted on a small and faded photograph, in a carved wooden frame, of a fair, matronly woman, plump and soft-eyed.

"If his eyes were open," said M. Rohan, "I could tell in a moment if that were his mother."

He went to the bed, which, by the way, was almost the only piece of furniture in the room, and bent attentively over the sleeper.

"The wound is nothing," said the old man; "it was the loss of blood that made him so faint. What I want to know is the effect of the powder. He should wake much better. We are going to see!"

Then the odour of coffee tickled his nostrils, and his ear was pricked by a faint chink of delf in the anteroom.

He went softly out of the bedroom, drawing the door close behind him.

"It has a beautiful smell," he said to the landlord.

Armand smiled pleasantly. "I made it myself. And when I make coffee, Monsieur Rohand, I know what I am making."

"I feel sure of that already, my friend," returned the imperturbable chemist.

"It is so, I assure you, monsieur; I am not a man to boast. As a fencer I am only pretty fair; but when it comes to making coffee, I have no superior. There may be others as good, but there are none better."

"I cannot permit myself to doubt it," answered the chemist.

"Monsieur is polite. I need not remind monsieur that there are ten species of the shrub, of which the most esteemed is a native of Arabia. I have been told that the flowers are of a pure white, but of short duration——"

"As to their duration, it is the same with the life of man," observed the chemist.

"Monsieur is a man of science, and knows what he is talking of," said the landlord. "These flowers, I have been told, are tubulous, and divided into five parts at the top."

"Now I wonder who told him that?" thought the chemist.

"Monsieur Rohand, it is the coffee of Arabia that you have before you. When you are leaving I shall ask you to examine the beans, for I am certain that you will recognise their genuineness at a glance."

"This man's talents are wasted in a fencing-saloon," thought the chemist, as he sipped the malignant mixture with unwrinkled lips. "Tell me," he went on, "has Monsieur Warwick slept quietly since I was here this afternoon?"

"Just as quietly as he is sleeping now. I think that was a good dose you put into him, though I am not given to praising medicine, which is sometimes a worse poison than the sickness you would cure with it—and that gives Nature a double job, you see."

The chemist smiled, and looked very well pleased.

"My medicine is my own," said he. "We shall see what it will do."

"He was very weak when we had him to bed," said Armand.

"I fancied him strong for a man who had lost so much blood from the arm."

"But you don't know his strength as I do. You should see him in the *salle d'armes!* He is like one of those performing fellows when he lifts the weights. There are those who would advise him to train for the 'variety' stage, but he would have knocked me over if I had suggested it. These English think so much more of their gentility than of art. Though, to be sure, he is not wanting in *esprit*, and I believe that if I could talk in the style that he does I could persuade him that there is a great, and even a noble, career in the big-weight business. You can marry money in it always. But these last few weeks he has fallen away a good deal. Shall I tell you what I think he wants?"

"He wants nothing but what I have given him!" answered M. Rohand, with a significant gesture.

"I hope we are going to prove that, monsieur."

"But tell me, my friend," pursued M. Rohand, "surely this is not his *métier* that you speak of?"

"If you come to that," replied Armand, "I think everything is his *métier*. He is, as they say, *homme qui fait tous les métiers*, or, in another manner of speaking, *homme à tout faire*, which comes to the same thing."

"Now that is very interesting," said M. Rohand; "but if I may without impropriety suggest it to you, his friend, M. Warwick's skill in all callings does not seem to have met with more than the proverbial reward."

"I must tell you," Armand answered, "that it is my belief he came a cropper here in Paris some years ago, and has never quite righted himself since then. What the affair was he has never told me, but one of the pupils at the *salle d'armes* said once that he had heard it was a failure in music."

"The first time I heard him speak," observed M. Rohand, "I was immensely struck by the admirable timbre of his voice. So you think that he failed in music? There can scarcely be any failure more saddening to an ardent youth; and

when at that age—for he must have been very young then, M. Armand—what is most relied on fails most surely, there is almost always some mark left upon the nature. But he seems of a sanguine temperament, and not one to pine for an irrevocable past."

"There you have him, *jusqu'au bout de ses ongles!*" cried Armand. "Pine! Not much!"

"That is well. And M. Warwick is now engaged in the practice of the foil at Duclos'?"

"He has been with us about five weeks. The only Englishman I have ever seen who fences as if it were an instinct with him, as the saying is. How it happened that he let me stick him in the arm to-day I can't imagine. You see, we had a little argument about duelling, of which, by the way, M. Warwick strongly disapproves. I wanted to demonstrate a particular thrust after the Italian School, and called in Italian *Stoccata di Cartoccio*, which was strange to him. We took up those rapiers there, having no foils to hand, and fell *en garde*; crossing our swords, as usual, *en carte*. I asked him to make a feint *de coup droit*. Slipping back with my left foot, and resting on my left hand, I made a half lunge, which took him unawares while he turned his wrist *de seconde*, and—well, that's how it was done, monsieur. But I tell you, I'm not well pleased about it, for he was very weak when we put him to bed."

As he spoke, there was a brisk and springing movement in the bedroom.

"Hullo, there! Armand, where are you? I want some drink."

The echo of the big vibrating voice made nothing of the slender partition between the bedroom and the anteroom.

"It is his old voice!" exclaimed the landlord.

"It is the medicine I gave him!" said Monsieur Rohand.

They went at once into the bedroom, where they found the patient sitting up on his stump bed, pale but energetic.

"Ah, M. Rohand!" he cried, "are you here again? It is very kind of you. I say, what was that you gave me this afternoon? You are a magician, I think, for I'm sure that is an elixir. Armand, *mon brav'*, ask M. Rohand what he will allow me to drink. You have been giving him some of that vile coffee; it is the most notorious compound I ever drank."

Armand, nothing abashed, shook his fist vehemently at the patient, and said that M. Rohand should see the beans for himself.

M. Rohand waved this debatable topic aside, with a delicate motion of his flexible white hand. The hand discovers age more unmistakably than any other portion of the body; but although M. Rohand's was the hand of an old man, it showed no signs of feebleness. He seated himself upon the bed, with a soft "Pardon," and proceeded to take the young man's temperature.

"It is excellent," he said; "you are already feeling greatly better, I think. You shall have some drink, of course; I will prepare it for you myself."

"What do you say to another dose of the reviver, monsieur? It is bread and meat and wine in one," laughed Guy Warwick.

A smile, mingled of pleasure and gratification, broke over the lean visage of the chemist, wrinkled the lips, which by this movement showed a set of even and well-preserved teeth, and stirred the grey hairs of his pointed beard.

"Ha! You feel that? Yes, I shall give you another dose of it immediately. M. Armand can perhaps find me a slice of bread-and-butter?"

"A slice of bread, monsieur? Yes, certainly."

"With butter," added M. Rohand.

At this, Armand began privately to wink and grimace at the patient, with an air of great discomfiture. Guy, his knees gathered up under the bedclothes, his elbows resting on them, and his cheeks in his hands, feigned not to observe these signals; but his large eyes twinkled as if in enjoyment of some secret joke.

"You hear, Armand?" he said. "M. Rohand wants a slice of bread-and-butter for the medicine."

Armand, however, rose to the occasion.

"Monsieur will not be offended," he said, addressing the chemist, "if I observe that we have no butter in the house. For a long time past I have impressed upon Monsieur Warwick that butter does not agree with him. It certainly spoils the muscle. As a man of science, monsieur will no doubt say that I am right."

The chemist, who appeared to accept this explanation in the best of faith, replied that the bread without the butter would serve his purpose.

"Then get the bread, *mon brav'*," said Guy; "for you see that I am desperately ill, and in want of sustenance."

Armand fetched a roll of bread and a clean napkin from a cupboard in the anteroom, and spread the napkin on the end of a high deal box against the bed. M. Rohand meanwhile had taken a small paper packet from a leather case in his inner pocket; and unfolding the packet, which contained a small quantity of a fine black powder, not unlike very small gunpowder, he laid it on the box, and cut two thin slices from the roll. With these and the powder he made a sandwich, which he handed to Guy.

"Eat that," said he, "and you will want nothing stronger than water to drink."

Guy swallowed his sandwich, and asked for another. M. Rohand made a second, which was despatched with equal gusto. Then Guy drank his water, and said:

"Now, what is this surprising powder?"

"It is the simplest thing in the world," answered the chemist.

"But what is it?" persisted Guy.

"That I shall tell you another time," responded M. Rohand; "and now be so kind as to hold out your arm. The bandage seems to be a little displaced."

Guy extended his right arm, which was bandaged from the elbow to the wrist. The wrappings scarcely concealed the beautiful shape of the limb, whilst they made more manifest its large and rounded strength.

"*Voilà*, monsieur!" observed Armand. "Is butter the food for a man with an arm like that?

No, no! If I had my way with him, I would feed him upon the blood of bulls."

M. Rohand gave a sudden start, and turned about and looked hard at the Provençal.

"What do you know of the value of blood?" he asked sharply.

"*Mais*, monsieur, it is the life; and I have been told that extraordinary things can be done by the infusion of the blood of animals into the veins of men."

"Certainly you have been told some very strange thing," returned the chemist, dryly; "but there are better and less gross ways of using blood than that."

"Monsieur is a man of science, and I am only a teacher of fencing," answered Armand.

Then M. Rohand went to work again upon the bandage, which had become a little loose. He unwrapped a portion of it, and looked at the arm.

"It does not pain you?" he asked. "There is no inflammation at all."

"It feels almost as well as ever, except that it's a little stiff," Guy replied.

"That is of necessity; but it will pass. It is healing beatifully."

"But how long shall I be fixed up like this? It's the sword-arm, you see, monsieur, and a man of my profession might as well be coffined at once as deprived of that."

"Well! I should think so!" put in Armand. "Monsieur here would not be worse off with the loss of his two eyes."

"It will be necessary to hang up the foil for a little while. That I must say. But not for long, I trust."

"Certainly not," said Guy, "or the powder is not what you and I know it to be—ha, monsieur?"

The old chemist smiled again.

"The powder will do its work, I hope," said he; "but, as I said before, there is no magic in it. And now I shall leave you for the night."

"I am enormously indebted to you," said Guy, as he gave his hand to M. Rohand.

"Do not speak of it, I pray," said the old man. "Apart from the pleasure I feel in having been of some little service to you, I have an interest of my own, which I assure you is quite selfish. To-morrow, perhaps, I shall ask leave to tell you more of that. And now, adieu. Sleep all you can."

And Monsieur Rohand took his cane and rusty hat, with the old-fashioned straight French brim, from the corner in which he had placed them, and bowed himself out somewhat precipitately, lest Armand should remember the coffee-beans.

"Sleep? Sleep all I can? No doubt! Does that good-natured old gentleman know us, Armand?"

"To-day I saw him for the first time," answered Armand.

"And I also," said Guy. "Then we may take it that he does not know us. Look here, *ma vieille branche*, put your eleven stone on the end of the bed and answer my questions. How many weeks' rent do I owe you?"

Armand held up three fingers without speaking.

"Three weeks? And I am ten days to the bad at the café. How much is there in the cash-box?"

Armand got up and took from the cupboard an old teacup, with a saucer for a cover. Turning it upside down, he counted the money on the saucer.

"Seven francs fifty," said he.

"And it will be a fortnight at least before I can fence again."

"I should say three weeks," returned Armand. "But M. Rohand recommends you to sleep."

"*Mon cher*," said Guy, "I shall not sleep comfortably to-night. The restaurant can wait; Père Berton has had his pickings out of me. But you are as hard up as I am, and you can't afford to house me *à titre gracieux*."

"*Assez, assez!*" broke out Armand. "The position is changed. The wound wipes out the debt. If there is a debt left now, it is from me to you. The rest we can talk of to-morrow. I am going to bed. *Bonne nuit!*"

"All right," said Guy, putting out his wiry hand. "*Bonne nuit!* We neither of us are poetical, and we won't affect sentiment. *Bonne nuit!* Wake me before you go out to-morrow."

## CHAPTER II.—"VISIONS OF GLORY, SPARE MY ACHING SIGHT!"

BUT Armand had been sweating a good two hours in his leathern doublet in the *salle d'armes* before Guy awoke.

It was M. Rohand who broke his slumbers, by letting fall his cane upon the floor; a piece of carelessness of which he had never before been guilty, and which annoyed him the more that he was just then engaged upon an essay on sleep in which he had set himself to establish that act as a proof of the divinity of the soul.

"*Ma vieille branche!*" began Guy, but seeing that the "old branch" was M. Rohand and not Armand, he changed his tone, and gave him a big-voiced welcome.

Guy had a twinge of scruple when he permitted himself to think of the doctor's bill, but he appreciated the old man's polite good-nature, was curious and enthusiastic about his mysterious medicine, and felt a spring-like freshness of pleasure in the making of a new and original acquaintance.

"And how are you this morning?" began M. Rohand, in a tone and with an air of more than formal interest.

"Oh, I am better than ever!" responded Guy. "Ever so much better. You are not going to keep me in bed any longer, I hope, monsieur?"

"I think you had better remain where you are for to-day, at all events. To-morrow I hope to have the pleasure of releasing you from your couch. Be so kind as to show me the arm. Yes, it is progressing in quite an astonishing manner. Your general condition is, as I think, excellent; and that, you see, is a great assistance."

"Well, I can't say that I have been pampering myself," answered Guy, with his rich musical laugh. "I am always more or less in training, because that happens to be something of a necessity with me at present. But in future, monsieur, I intend to live solely upon medicine. Now, whose medicine do you think?"

"Aha! Aha!" The chemist raised his right

hand with the fore-fingers uplifted, and smiled curiously, arching his eyebrows with an expression of mystery. Then he drew close to the bedside the black leathern portmanteau painted with Guy's initials, which was the sole substitute for a chair; and, becoming very serious, he said:

"Whether you jest or not I cannot tell; but this I can assure you, that medicine of mine, as you call it, does indeed contain all that is necessary to re-invigorate a weakened frame, and much of what is necessary to maintain life in health and vigour."

"There is no stuff of jesting in my thoughts, monsieur; I give you my word. What makes me so entirely curious to know more about this thing is, as I have already told you, that I myself am even now feeling its virtues within me. That is why I want you to tell me the mystery of it."

"I shall do so," returned M. Rohand; "but of mystery there is indeed none, save only the great and impenetrable mystery in which life itself is involved."

Here he paused, and seemed to lose himself in ardent reflection. Then he spoke abruptly, and said: "What a piece of architecture is the human skeleton! You call it ugly, and a thing to shudder at; but in its perfect adaptation to the ends it serves, there is not anything more beautiful. Then the muscles, so exquisitely modelled, clothing the bones, layer upon layer. The nerves next, to carry the bidding of the brain to the muscles. What mechanism for you! But what can they all do—bones, muscles, nerves—without sustenance? What sustains, what feeds, what nourishes them, *hein?*"

"The blood," answered Guy, wondering what this physiological discourse portended.

"You are right," said M. Rohand; his voice rising and growing more animated. "It is the blood. Did you perhaps observe me start last night, when Armand indulged us with the expression of his high belief in the nutritive and stimulating properties of blood?"

"I did; but——"

"Is it not blood that carries in its crimson stream the food of the bones, the muscles, the nerves, the brain, and every organ of the body? Is it not upon a strong and perfect circulation of this fluid that a high degree of mentality is dependent? Does it flow swiftly, with hissings and muffled roarings, and concrete quickly in a state of rest?—then it is all right with you! And what a difference there is between the liquids of the animal economy in animals of the simplest structure and those that are highest in the scale of being! The life-fluid of the former seems to be only water charged with a certain amount of organic particles. In the higher animals, the humours are of quite another nature; and there is one, distinct from all others, whose sublime destiny it is to nourish and sustain the body: it is the blood!"

"Still on the scent of blood, monsieur! Do you mean then to tell me that this substance here——"

"*Chut! Paix!* What have I said concerning this substance here? I insist that I have made no discovery; I have invented no elixir. But let me tell you a little story, M. Warwick. I am old, and childless, and alone in the world. That is nothing; my studies have absorbed the greater portion of my life, and have filled it almost to repletion—almost, but not quite. It is well, in the midst of abstract speculation, to keep oneself ever so little in touch with the human world; if not at many points, at least at one. To what end does the man of science work, if not to render happier the lot of his fellow-men? He, then, who loves most is likeliest (if otherwise capable) to achieve most for his race. I have only one love, apart from my work, but it has sufficed me for twenty years. Two years ago, my granddaughter, the only child of my only son, was wasting slowly before my eyes. The doctor told me that this vitalising fluid we have spoken of might save her, if she would but take it. I knew that he was right. But in its crude and gross form it was impossible to her; she was delicate, sensitive, and shrinking. To please me, she tried it; but it was useless, and she went on wasting. I will not see her in the article of death, thought I, and went to work, experimenting. For a whole year I experimented, working night and day. I had entered my science for a match with death. In the end—it was a year precisely—this powder here resulted from my labours. It saved Estelle, who has health now that neither riches, nor travel, nor medicine could have procured for her. Monsieur, I can let ambition slide; I have never entertained it; I am clear of it. Wealth does not entice me, nor fame. To have put back death from the couch of one I love is achievement enough for me. In a few lesser cases, I have added to my first success; but I have made no effort to draw public attention, and I and the doit that my science has wrung for me from nature remain unknown. But I am resolved of its worth, and am satisfied."

It was midday, and the chiming of clocks proclaimed it. Armand's step was heard upon the stairs. M. Rohand got up from the portmanteau.

"M. Warwick," he said, "I shall perhaps see you again in the afternoon."

"Come by all means, M. Rohand," answered Guy. "You have given me something to think about. I have a notion, and am going to develop it. Don't fail to come this afternoon; I shall have something to say to you. I see a great deal more in this than you have suggested. As for riches, good men have asked Heaven for them before now; yes, and dwelt secure by them when they had got them. Who is not disposed to abuse them, need not tremble at the prospect of them. . . . But I am more than ever puzzled to know the precise nature of this extraordinary reviver."

Armand entered as M. Rohand withdrew.

"*Mon cher,*" said Guy, "this fencing business isn't bad for bread and cheese, but it's not the thing to live by. Get out my togs. I'm going to balance myself on my feet. A very little of the perpendicular goes a long way to prove its unsuitability as a position for action. If I had spoken that in English I could have put it less clumsily. Don't give me the right leg of my trousers first; the left-leggedness of man joins with his right-handedness to attest his superiority in the animal world. I tell you, we are going to be enormously

rich. There is nothing like science. That chemist doesn't know how much he is going to do for us."

"He has dosed you with too much powder" said Armand.

"Wait till he doses you!"

"I'm afraid of magic."

"What, and a Provençal!"

"Yes; but a good Catholic too."

"Shave me, and say no more."

When M. Rohand returned in the afternoon, he found six feet one of enthusiastic impatience awaiting him. Guy, in a scarecrow suit, with his wounded arm in a sling, his heavy hair combed back from his forehead, and a long red scratch on his chin (the chief result of Armand's attempt with the razor, for his cheeks were very scrubby), was seated on the edge of the table, making passes at the wall with a rapier held in his left hand; and had something the air of a youthful and muscular Don Quixote.

"Why, you've been in the wars again!" said M. Rohand, pointing to the scar on Guy's chin.

"Yes, he's been carving me again. I let him shave me. The man's a sort of butcher. Sit down, monsieur, if you please. I am sorry for the scantiness of the furniture here, and—which is worse—what there is of it is not too sound; but if you will take that chair there—no, don't move it, please, it's safe just there. Monsieur, we are alone, and must have some profound and pregnant talk."

Guy had begun to pace the room, with large, impetuous strides, the rapier swinging in his left hand, and every now and then he made a motion as though he would comb his hair with it. Altogether M. Rohand was a little perturbed, wondering whether the effects of the powder were about to manifest themselves in some strange and unprofitable manner. The constraint of his position added to his disquietude, for after Guy's admonition he had not allowed himself to sit comfortably, and supported himself to some extent by leaning upon his cane.

"Now, M. Rohand," said Guy, "will you not tell me something as to the nature of this great balsam of yours? I ask for no secret at present; but give me some general knowledge of it."

"I have come prepared to do so," replied the chemist. "Here"—drawing a paper from his pocket—"is a little statement which contains all, except the secret of production. Read it, M. Warwick, read it."

Guy took and read the paper eagerly.

"Fee-Fo-Fum!" he exclaimed. "It is as I conjectured, but it is even more surprising."

M. Rohand rubbed his hands softly together and smiled.

After two or three turns in the room, Guy planted himself in front of M. Rohand, excitedly pricking a semi-circle in the floor with the point of the rapier.

"Have you thought," said he, "of the millions of our fellow-creatures who have claims upon you by virtue of your invention of this surprising concoction? All the weak, ailing, sickly, unfortunate, and poor-blooded of both sexes, in all climes under the sun, must hear of you. Did you not say this morning, to what end does the man of science work, if not to render happier the lot of his fellow-men? This, as the fruit of your labour, it is now in your power to do. What do you say, monsieur? Is it not a grand, a magnificent prospect? Will you tell me that two cures are enough for you? *Nom d'un chien!* I would have you strength-giver to the universe!"

"*Doucement!* Whither are we tending?" said the chemist, softly.

"To the ends of the world—to the rim of creation!"

"*Plaît-il!*"

"*Tenez!* You are not a whole believer in it, then? But no, I wrong you. The trouble is that you do not see, as I do, all that lies within it."

"Its virtues are there," said M. Rohand. "My satisfaction is in them; but to exploit them in the commercial sense—no, that is what I cannot do. We French have not your English gift that way; the genius of commerce is not ours at all. We have not the wealth of your capitalists, and we have not their money-making instinct."

"Wealth? Wealth is to be commanded, monsieur. Instinct? Leave that to me!"

The admirable politeness of M. Rohand permitted him never a smile; but it was droll in a grim way. Guy was so deplorably shabby; there was not a feature of him, save his brilliant eyes, that did not announce his aching poverty; and he stood there, jauntily confident, pricking with excitement, and swaggering like a buccaneer.

"I have thought it all out!" cried he, menacing M. Rohand with the rapier. "You will understand when I have explained it to you."

"*Tout beau!* my dear friend, I do not follow you. You lead me into strange ground. I am a poor old plodder in the humblest by-ways of science; what has such little science as mine to do with great commercial emprises?"

"*Pardon! Pardon,* Monsieur Rohand! Are not all the practical arts with which commerce is concerned grounded upon the abstract sciences? And here we have not to do with anything of abstract science, but with a ready-made invention, in which there is the possibility of wealth untold. Keep first in your mind the good that you are to do to humanity. That's a splendid thing in itself, of course; we're both agreed about that. But there's something else; think of all the money that is in it!"

"Money? Is that where you are, *mon ami?* But what do you mean?"

"I mean," exclaimed Guy, springing from the table, and covering the floor with a stride, his left arm waving wildly, "I mean that there must be thousands and thousands of pounds to be made out of this. It is a silver mine, a gold mine, a diamond mine. We must have a company—a powerful company—in Paris or London, with a chairman, and directors, and a manager—which, now that I come to think of it, would be the very post for me. The prospectus, a draft of which I shall make this very night, will draw the public in legions. The newspapers will write it up in ecstasy. We shall have our agents all over

the world. It will be called 'Rohand's Restorer,' or 'Guy's Reviver,' or something of that sort. I don't suppose there was ever such a rage for anything as there will be for this powder of ours. You, of course, as the inventor and the possessor of the secret of manufacture, will be vendor to the company. You must ask at least a quarter of a million in cash, and a million or two in shares. What I shall ask as managing director I don't know; but it is quite certain that our fortunes are made. Why don't you speak, monsieur? But perhaps you are too much excited by the thought of the stupendous future that is before you. Be calm, however, I beg of you. Take a pinch of the powder and a gulp of water. At a moment like this, with the wealth of continents almost within our grasp, it is absolutely necessary," continued Guy, who was now literally tearing about the room, "to keep in check those currents of violent emotion that set in the direction of the brain. But if you are really as excited as I believe you to be, M. Rohand, it would be better to explode at once, and then immediately regain your equanimity. Speak to me; speak, M. Rohand!"

M. Rohand, with fixed considerate face, sat placid in his chair.

"You have a gay and swift imagination, my dear friend," he said. "In the space of a moment or two you have sown this little powder of mine broadcast over the earth, and enriched us both with the profits of it. But your apples of gold do not tempt me. Once, perhaps, they might have done—though, indeed, I cannot fancy it. I am not vain enough to be ambitious, and alas! I cannot kindle my old embers at the fires of your enthusiasm."

"Courage, however! Courage, monsieur! I shall have you blazing yet. Ha! you begin to smoke a little already, I am sure. This benignant balsam, this peerless prophylactic, will overspread the Eastern and the Western hemispheres in an incredibly short space of time. Done up in small packets—on each of which will be inscribed the name of Rohand—and otherwise prepared in a variety of palatable forms, such as biscuits, lozenges, tablets, and the like, the demand for it will be such that we shall at first experience difficulties of no ordinary kind in meeting it. This, however, will presently be done to perfection through the agency of the great company which is to be established for its distribution. You shrink from the notion of a vast commercial undertaking (and there is no question that this one will be on a scale almost stupendous), you are not covetous of profit, you will not go down into the muddy pool of speculation. Monsieur, I honour you for those sentiments, and exhort you at once to sweep from the unsullied surface of your mind all thought and consideration of filthy dowlas. Leave those thoughts to me: I can entertain them without danger, and even contemplate them without abhorrence. Fix your mind firmly and entirely upon the nobler aspects of the enterprise. Let your fancy dwell steadily upon the image of a project commercial in its seeming purport, but destined in fact to bless mankind incalculably. What do I mean by that! I mean that the life-giver shall be sold at a ridiculously low price, which will bring it within the reach of the sickly, the weak, the unbraced, the prostrate, the moribund, and all who are on their last legs, or worn to the stump. The chairman of the company shall be a person whose heart is in the right place, who would rather give the healer away to the tottering pauper than announce a dividend at the annual meeting. I have not such a person in my mind, and it might not be easy to come upon him; but rest assured, monsieur, that he shall be found. The wide and weltering sea of mortal suffering shall be our element; the vessel we will sail it in is already secured to immortality as 'The Rohand;' and Pity on the prow and Compassion at the helm shall direct its course. *Eh bien, monsieur, que dites-vous?*"

"That I am lost in admiration of your eloquence, and as incapable as ever of believing in the golden future you have imagined for me."

"Then it remains for me to realise it alone."

Guy, still smoking, cast aside the rapier, and seated himself on the table, with an air of decision. He thrust his left hand into the pocket of his blue serge jacket with a gesture peculiar to him when he was altogether in earnest. There was a hole in the pocket, and his hand went through, and stuck out beneath his jacket. Guy contemplated his knuckles and did not care a stitch.

"Tell me, monsieur," he went on, "at what price do you value the secret of your invention? For how much will you sell it to me?"

The old chemist shifted on his chair, and very nearly came to grief in doing so. He recovered his balance with the aid of his cane, and looked curiously at Guy, his grey and straightened visage wearing an expression of amused perplexedness "This is quite serious, then,—*on ne badine pas?*

"Monsieur!"

"Ah! Pardon! Forgive me, M. Warwick!"

"The price, monsieur; the price of the secret?"

Again M. Rohand shifted on his chair, but this time more warily than before. His quiet eye took in the wretched appearance of the little ante-room, and returned with mild scrutiny to the long-limbed, buoyant, and beggarly figure of the Englishman, who conjured up millions at a breath, with a chasm in the pocket of his jacket. Was there a deeper magic in the powder than its inventor had suspected, and were these its manifestations?

One question after another entered the old man's mind. After all, the Englishman might be serious; he appeared, indeed (as he himself would have said), to be quite terrifically in earnest. There was no tempting M. Rohand to engage in speculative enterprises; his world and that into which Guy had sought to lure him were too widely sundered. But suppose he were to humour his imaginative patient? Then came the question, "But who is he? I know nothing of him."

Accordingly, M. Rohand threw out a delicate feeler on this important subject.

"Ah, to be sure," said Guy. "Monsieur, look at me well. Observe my attire. A moment ago I thrust my hand into my pocket, and, as you perceived (though you were polite enough to seem not to do so), it went clean through the bottom. I will

not ask you to scrutinise my apartment, for so observant a man as you are must have done that already. How have I come to this estate? What guarantee have you that I am not seeking to cozen your secret out of you, and then make of it what I choose; turning my back on you, my friend, my benefactor? Seven years ago I came to Paris, the most ardent and one of the most promising students of music the world had ever seen. I had the rudiments of a voice, monsieur, that would have shaken Paris—and after Paris, the world. I was to be a greater than Mario. Ah, monsieur, what you, and Paris—and the world have lost! Yes, and what I have lost too!"

Here, for one instant, there was a quaver, or perhaps only a semi-quaver, in the young man's voice; and he paused an instant with his large eyes wide open, and his lips tightly closed. Then he went on again at a headlong pace, and with all his old extravagance of tone and gesture.

"I had abandoned everything for music. With a voice like mine, it would never have done for me to waste myself on any other pursuit. Had I done so, Nature herself would in some way have exclaimed against me, and forced me to my destiny. So I practised, and practised, and practised. I ate and drank beside my piano, but I never slept over it. Enough; the day came when I learned that all had been in vain. I had toiled, well indeed, but not wisely. I had submitted myself to a strain that was no longer to be endured; my voice was going from me, even before I had proved it in public. Week by week it failed me, till at length I had to accept the knowledge that the Paris which I was to have taken with ravishment would never know me as a singer. Ah! what a bitter knowledge! It was then that the pillars of our planet seemed to fail me. As a singer of the second rank, I might still have tasted some renown; but I live in extremes, and scorned the concert-room. I have given lessons at a franc an hour, I have posed as model to an artist, and for some time past, monsieur, I have been fencing in a public *salle d'armes* on a stomach not too well lined. If you had ever fenced with lusty young men on an empty stomach, monsieur——However, you see I am sturdy enough."

"And your friends in England, monsieur, if I may venture to allude to them?"

"Ah! you are willing to believe that I have friends, Monsieur Rohand; yes, I have; but they—well, they know that I am in Paris; they will hear of me next as the promoter of one of the most extraordinary enterprises of the age."

"Monsieur," smiled the old man, "to humour you, since you are so bent upon this affair, I will agree to sell you the secret of the powder for five hundred pounds."

"What!" exclaimed Guy.

"I say," repeated M. Rohand, quietly, "I will sell it to you for five hundred pounds."

"Impossible! I will not hear of such a thing! Do you take me for a common robber? Multiply the amount by twenty, and I will then think of engaging with you."

Here M. Rohand, for the first time since Guy had seen him, permitted himself to laugh outright, a kindly and good-humoured laugh, but a little cracked, to be sure.

"No," he said, "the thousands shall be for another time. You think, then, it is so easy to promote such an affair as you talk of?"

"In a general way there are, no doubt, difficulties connected with these things; but with this—no, no. I walk into the money market, and am immediately surrounded by all the wealthiest and most honest capitalists it contains. My sole trouble will be in selecting them, and especially the one whose heart is in the right place, for the post of chairman."

"Well," returned M. Rohand, "you shall have your way so far as making the attempt is concerned; but I insist upon my price of five hundred pounds, and not a penny more."

There was some further talk between them: tempestuous, declamatory, full of exhortation, protestation, entreaty, and the noblest and most magnificent upbraiding on Guy's part; calm, orderly, and restraining on M. Rohand's.

Then they descended the stairs in company, and in the street they parted faithfully. M. Rohand returned home.

Guy mounted the stairs again with hot steps, forgetful of his slinged arm, and took from its hiding-place, at the back of the cupboard in the anteroom, the teacup which Armand had examined once before that morning. Its store had not increased since.

"Seven francs and a half," murmured Guy, with a tragic gesture; "it is my whole capital, but it will bring me limitless wealth." He dropped the loose silver into his pocket, and again descending the stairs, walked rapidly to the nearest telegraph office, where he handed in the following message:

"Please send five pounds. Urgent.—Guy."

This telegram was addressed to Mrs. Warwick, Deershott, Surrey.

### CHAPTER III.—THE CURATE LENDS FIVE POUNDS.

WHEN Mrs. Warwick received her son's telegram, she was considering how to sow two-shillings-worth of red-daisy seed to the best advantage. The red-daisy seed, the garden plot, and the garden itself, passed right out of her mind (I speak in metaphor, of course); and she dismissed at the same moment the question that had concerned her for a week past: whether it would be more economical to have the garden kept in order by contract, or to borrow the curate's mowing machine on Saturdays, and pay the hire of a casual boy.

"There's a shilling to pay on it, ma'am," said the messenger, handing the telegram over the hedge.

"Oh! then it can't be for me, I'm sure," observed Mrs. Warwick, staying her outstretched arm, for shillings were very scarce with her at that time.

"Dun'no, ma'am; but there's your name on it," returned the boy.

Mrs. Warwick took the telegram and turned towards the house, telling the messenger to wait.

"Now who can have sent a telegram?" asked

Mrs. Warwick, divided betwixt petulance on the score of the shilling, and curiosity to know the contents of the message. "Grace!" she called, "Grace, come here at once. Here's a telegram, and a shilling to pay for it; shall we take it or not?"

"Is it sent to us, Mamma?" said the young lady who answered to the name of Grace, putting out of a bedroom window a face whose features, though much softer and less strongly marked than Guy's, bore a stronger resemblance to his than to her mother's.

"There's Warwick on it," said Mrs. Warwick; then dropping her voice to a whisper, she added: "but the question is whether we've a shilling to spare."

"No, of course we haven't, Mamma," responded Grace; "but I suppose we must take the telegram all the same."

And they both went into a fit of laughter, and Mrs. Warwick opened the telegram.

"Well," said Grace, "what is it?"

"It's from Guy, and he wants five pounds!" gasped Mrs. Warwick.

This was serious; extremely so.

"Well, give the boy his shilling, Mamma—that's the first thing to be done. I've got one in my pocket; here, catch it, Mamma."

The shilling was paid, and the boy dismissed, and Grace came down from her bedroom, very nearly overturning in her haste the big pot of musk that was blooming luxuriantly on the table in the diminutive hall.

Mrs. Warwick had seated herself on her favourite bench on the small terrace facing the tiny lawn, the greatest part of which was overshadowed by one of the giant elms bordering the still country road that passed through the village of Deershott.

"What in the world can have happened to him?" she began, as Grace sat herself down beside her mother. "It must be something quite out of the common, you know, for he has never sent to us for money before."

"No," said Grace, "he hasn't; and so, by hook or by crook, we must send it to him, Mamma."

"Yes, dear, of course," answered Mrs. Warwick; "but the hook or the crook is just the question."

Mrs. Warwick knitted her smooth white brow, and turned upon her daughter a pair of keen brown eyes, with an expression partly of regretful doubt and partly humorous.

Grace looked at her mother with a very similar expression in *her* eyes, which were a shade lighter in colour, and a little less vivacious.

They had never quite made up their minds to consider themselves poor; living in the prettiest little retreat imaginable, in circumstances and amid surroundings which were entirely free from temptations to extravagance; visited by such society as that sequestered district boasted, and rarely called upon to make any but the most modest disbursements.

"We have not got five pounds, Mamma," said Grace.

"No, dear, we haven't."

"The garden will have to wait, of course. I don't think it looks so badly. We don't really want a man."

"I don't think we do, dear," said Mrs. Warwick, with the suspicion of a sigh. Her heart was shared between her children and her garden.

"How much money have we, Mamma?"

"I have four pounds thirteen. How much have you?"

"I have one and tenpence."

"We ought to get Uncle George's cheque to-night."

"That is as much as to say we shall not get it for another week."

"Yes," said her mother, "and we ought not to spend it in less than thirteen weeks."

"Mamma, did it ever strike you that we are outrageously poor?"

Mrs. Warwick glanced down at her costume, while cogitating an answer to this question.

"Yes, Mamma, I know that," observed Grace, following the direction of her mother's eyes. "But you must admit that we dress just a little beyond our means."

"Cambric is cambric, my dear," deprecated Mrs. Warwick.

"Yes, Mamma, but it wants a great deal of washing."

"It was only last week, dear," returned Mrs. Warwick, "that I made up my mind we must cut down the washing-bill."

"We might go into black, you know," said Grace; "somebody might have died."

"My dear child, there is nothing more extravagant than mourning. But we must make up five pounds for Guy."

"There's Mr. Craig," said Grace, lifting her eyes over the hedge.

"He has come for something," said Mrs. Warwick; "but I forget what."

"It doesn't matter what he has come for," said Grace; "he is the very man we want."

"His good nature is extraordinary," said Mrs. Warwick. "If we could borrow a pound from him, we could eke out the thirteen shillings till Uncle George's cheque comes."

"If we were only sure which of us he intends to propose for," whispered Grace, with a smile, as the curate slammed the wicket in the hedge behind him, and advanced along the path, "that favoured one might ask the loan without hesitation."

Mr. Craig took his hand from behind his back, and prepared to raise it to his expansive wide-awake. He was short, and smooth of face, and his frock coat, cut like a gaberdine, descended mid-leg. He had a smiling face devoid of features, and a rather long head, almost devoid of hair. He looked forty, and was verging on eight and twenty. He had been six months in the parish, and had trained a choir, and formed a cricket club out of the raw material of one of the least sophisticated villages in the county.

"Mrs. Warwick," he said, exposing a bald crown as he lifted his wideawake, "I never saw you and Miss Grace so idle before at this time of day."

I think this curate was doubtful which of these two ladies he loved the better. You may remember that Helen of Troy had but one rival, who was her daughter Hermione.

"We are not idle," replied the full and pleasant

voice of Mrs. Warwick; "we are busy and worried beyond everything."

"Your worries I beg to be permitted to relieve you of, and then you can go on pleasantly with the business."

"But it is the worry that is the principal part of the business," put in Grace.

"That's a nuisance," returned the curate; "but here I am, you see, free both of worries and of business; and," casting his eyes on the telegram, "I declare I don't believe I have seen one of those things for years."

The curate had a curious droop of the eyelids, which gave a slightly ridiculous expression to his small, good-humoured face.

"The telegram is the cause of it all," said Mrs. Warwick.

"Of course it is," responded Mr. Craig, with a chuckle; "I guessed that straight off, don't you know. I'll tell you whom it's from, if you like."

"It is from Guy," observed Mrs. Warwick.

"Yes, and he wants—oh, well now, I daresay he wants a hundred pounds at least. I should if I were in Paris."

"Oh! Mr. Craig," said Grace; "what would you do with a hundred pounds in Paris?"

"You shall not make him answer such a question," said Mrs. Warwick; "but it is not a hundred pounds that Guy wants, it is five."

"Which is the same thing, in a manner of speaking," responded Grace.

"Oh but, pardon me, not in a correct manner of speaking," said Mr. Craig, elevating his eyebrows with a smile. "I could lend a person five pounds myself; but if it came to a hundred—well, you might as well expect me to be the Mint. Meanwhile," added the curate, getting up from the grass on which he had seated himself in front of the ladies, and growing a little red, as he dived into his pocket, "there is a purse here with a five-pound note in it, which is very much at the service of our young friend in Paris. I am only astonished, if I may say so, at the exceedingly modest nature of his application. I have been told," he went on hurriedly, in his good-natured anxiety to cover the little awkwardness of the situation, "that there are places in Paris where it costs nearly as much as that to get your hair cut."

"It is really very kind of you, Mr. Craig," said Mrs. Warwick. "I am expecting my quarterly dividends every day from my brother, who is my trustee, when I shall be able to repay you. As for Guy, I don't think he will get his hair cut with it. I shouldn't be surprised if he were going to make his fortune. He always thinks he is, and I am sure that he will do it one day."

On the afternoon of that day, the letter-carrier who took up the Deershott post-bag at Miss Barton's universal village stores was admonished by that careful postmistress that it contained a registered letter for Paris.

"We must get Guy's room ready," said Mrs. Warwick to her daughter that evening. "I feel certain that he will be home immediately."

## It is Well.

A TRANSLATION FROM BERTHE DE CALONNE.[1]

No more I see thee, O sun of flame and glow!
  Yet feel the grey days' pallor all unsweet;
I have had pain; I need some gladness now.
No more I see thee, O sun of flame and glow!
  But I have thy heat.

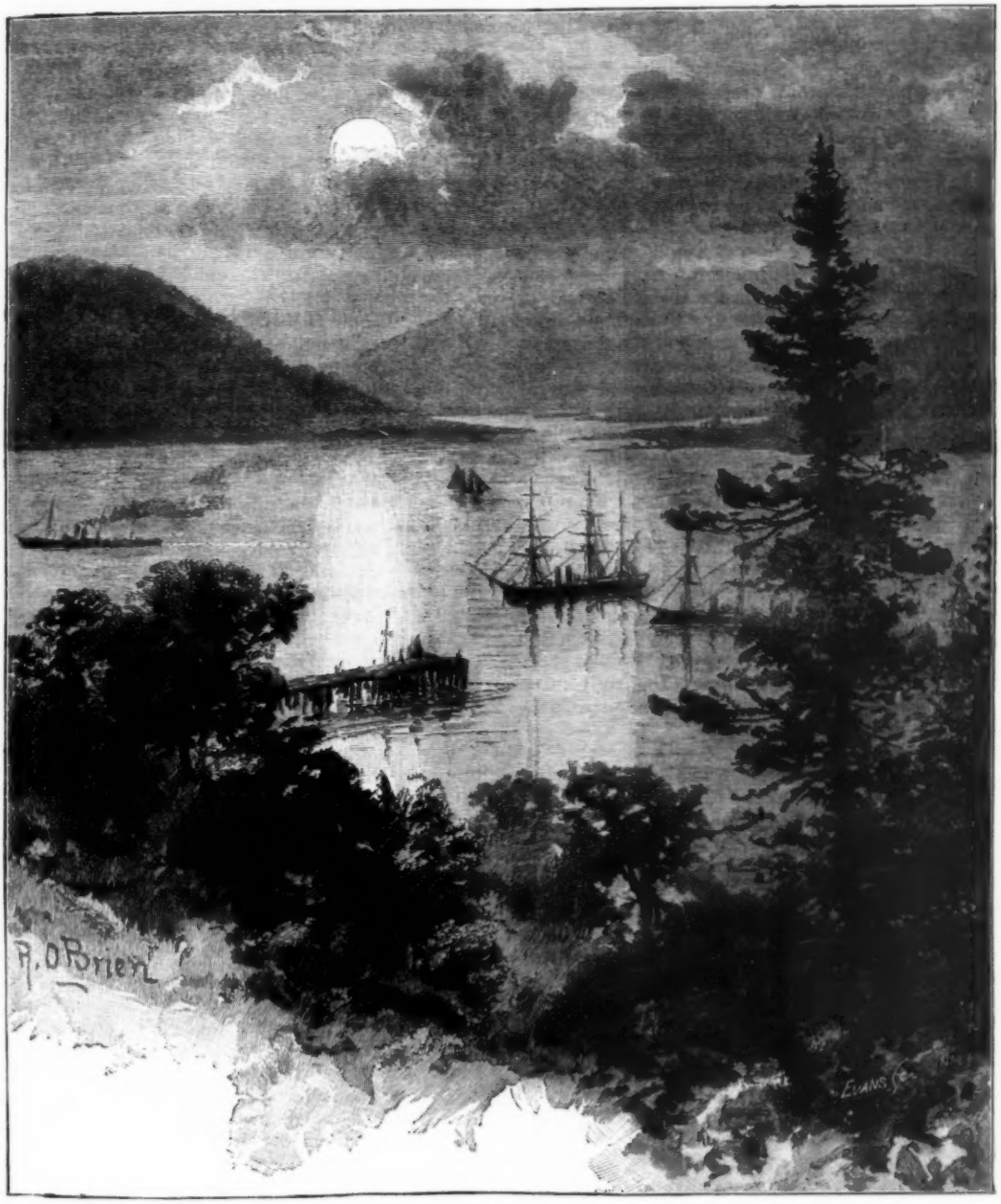
No more I see the splendour of the rose,
  But God hath chosen each one's lot—content!
Not sheen, but soul of things for me He chose.
No more I see the splendour of the rose,
  But I have her scent.

I see it not, thy look that loveth me;
  The look I feel is on me. What of this?
It matters not; regret were blasphemy.
I see it not, thy look that loveth me,
  But I have thy kiss.

Closed are mine eyes, but what of shadow or gloom?
  Oh, too much light have I around, above,
For any darkness on my life to come!
Closed are mine eyes, but what of shadow or gloom,
  When I have love?

EMILY H. HICKEY.

[1] From the French of a blind and deaf poetess. The book *Dans ma Nuit* was reviewed, and this poem ("Qu' importe?") quoted in the *Spectator* of August 23.




ESQUIMALT HARBOUR.

FEW persons have a right conception of the magnificence of the six hundred miles of Canadian territory that form the first stages of the journey from Vancouver on the west to Toronto on the east. We question if it be surpassed by any highland scenery in the world. It is only five years since it was opened up to the public by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Canadian Pacific is itself one of the wonders of the world; and whether or not it was a wise thing for a young country like Canada to undertake so vast an enterprise, it has done more than all previous undertakings to raise the colony, and draw to it the wonder and admiration of the world. Certainly, it

could have been no ordinary colony that dared to undertake a railway of more than four thousand miles from end to end, and that has carried it through hundreds of miles of country as rugged and wildly mountainous as if it had been heaved into existence for the very purpose of making a railway impossible.

For my part, I cannot concur in the remark of a fellow-traveller who professed to look with indifference on all modern railway engineering, because, he said, railway construction was now reduced to a mere matter of calculation—so many cubic feet to be excavated, so much rock to be blasted, so many bridges and viaducts to be built. That was the engineer's problem ; while that of the directors was very similar—so much money to be raised. Might not the same thing have been said four thousand years ago of the Great Pyramid, or yesterday of the Forth Bridge? Calculation, however accurate, would do but little without the genius that conceived, the skill that planned, and the patience and courage that executed these mighty works. The fact that the human spirit was not paralysed by the mere thought of carrying a railway across hundreds of miles of as rough country as the convulsions of Nature ever left behind them is a remarkable testimony to human pluck. No doubt the engineer has lately assumed a most useful partner—dynamite. Without tons of dynamite the task of blasting rocks would have been too slow to admit of his work being finished for perhaps half a century. But allowing for all this, allowing for the multiplication table, and for dynamite, and for the example of previous enterprises on a smaller scale, we cannot but hold to our opinion that the Canada Pacific Railway is one of the wonders of the world.

Most travellers from Great Britain move across Canada from east to west ; it fell to the present writer to take the opposite course, and travel from the Pacific to the Atlantic. It had been our fortune to spend two or three delightful months in California. From San Francisco we travelled northwards through those regions of picturesque glory—Northern California, Oregon, and Washington Territory. From Tacoma, the capital of Washington Territory, we sailed through Puget Sound, with its finely wooded shores and islands, reaching Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia, after a day's sail. And in praise of Victoria we have not a little to say. It is charmingly situated on the western shore of the Pacific ; the water rolls gently into numberless little creeks and bays, and round many a wooded headland, with its play of life, and that bright smile in sunny weather that charms away all your dulness, if you have any, and makes you "rejoice with them that do rejoice." Esquimalt Harbour is one of the finest in the world, and seems to promise a wonderful future in connection with the trade to China and Japan, which has but recently begun, but begun with prospects of success that San Francisco is uncomfortable at the very thought of.

Perhaps some readers may need to be informed that Victoria is not situated on the mainland, but on the island of Vancouver ; and that Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific, is not situated on the island of that name, but on the mainland. It seems a fantastic way of tumbling names about, but there is no end to the fantastic tricks in new settlements, many of which get their names while as yet there is no King in Israel. If you desire a pleasant sensation, walk on a fine day to the seaside, and from the cliff that overhangs the sea, gaze on the far-off range of the Olympian hills, with their snowy peaks gleaming in the sunshine, and the stretch of calm blue water between, the very image of purity and peace. The climate is charming, and there is hardly a trace of winter. A Scotch servant-girl thinks the seasons must run in a different order here from that which they follow at home, for she has reached March and it seems summer still. Victoria has profited greatly by the minerals lately discovered in its neighbourhood, and some of its citizens own fabulous wealth. Of one of the richest of them the story runs that one night, having slept on the ground, he observed in the morning that his hands were unnaturally black. It was coal-dust that did it, and it was a happy accident for him that it left its stain on his fingers, for the seams of coal of which he became possessed were vast and valuable, and they speedily made him a millionaire. A railway running through grand forests connects the capital with the coal region. Poverty seems actually unknown in Victoria. A clerical brother told us that he did not know how to dispose of the old clothes of his family. We cannot say that in every case great wealth has proved a great blessing, or that no cases have occurred of the old story of gold-bags sinking their possessors in the depths of evil, and becoming a curse.

But our business is to get to Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We board a steamer about midnight, and arrive at Vancouver in the morning. If ever a town was the offspring of a railway pure and simple, that town is Vancouver. Six years ago the country round was unbroken forest. On the completion of the railway in 1885 a little town was run up, but in June, 1886, a great fire reduced every house to ashes. When we saw Vancouver, it was a fresh, bright city of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, with long streets, handsome warehouse blocks, elegant hotels, spacious churches, and snug pretty villas stretching away into the suburbs. One cannot but ask whether it has not been "boomed" more than is meet, and whether there will be no reverse of fortune soon to bring it down from its perilous elevation.

The neighbouring town of New Westminster is one of older date, although it is not many years since it got its present name. New Westminster is a great centre for the lumber trade ; it has vast sawmills, and an interesting sight it is to see how machinery can be taught to lay its fingers on vast logs of timber, and in an incredibly short space cut them up into any form that may be desired—from the rough batten to the frames and mouldings of doors and windows. And there is another famous industry at New Westminster—that of salmon-canning. Wherever fishing may have

proved a failure of late years, it has certainly not been at New Westminster. The salmon are caught in tens of thousands, and canned as soon as caught. Here, too, machinery does its part adroitly, sorting the fish and cutting them into lengths suitable for the can. But machinery cannot altogether dispense with human fingers. The workers in the cannery, which was most obligingly shown to us, were mostly Chinese and Indians. There is no concealing the fact that in packing the cans they handled the bits of fish very freely. Perhaps it is not wise to show the process to strangers, for it does not increase their love for canned salmon. But it was not an answer very flattering to our countrymen we got from the proprietor when we asked him why he did not employ more of his own people. He could not trust their steadiness or their regularity, he said, and the business was one that admitted of no delay. Whatever might be bad about the Chinese, they did not drink, and they came regularly to their work on Monday mornings. Is there nothing ominous here for the British workman?

We leave Vancouver at midday, going on board the Canadian Pacific Railway, and are speedily in motion eastward. And very soon we get a sample of the kind of country through which the engineer has to pick his way. For a considerable distance we traverse the ravine of the Fraser River. The road has seldom a chance of a level course, but is carried along sides of mountains, and over deep ravines, and through tunnels in solid rock, or is notched into the face of the cliff. The cañon of the Fraser is sometimes a gorge so deep that the sunlight barely reaches the dark and angry waters that struggle beneath. Already the picturesque form of the hills with their feathering of trees arrests our admiration, and as we get nearer to the heart of the mountains we are more and more charmed with the magnificent combination of mountain, forest, and stream, always changing, but always beautiful. Most persons have heard of the incredible multitude of salmon that frequent the Fraser. When you look at the black shoals that are moving up, hundreds and thousands in every little reach, you can almost believe the story of the man who said he had crossed the river by stepping on their backs! And you can understand very readily a tradition of the north of Scotland, that once on a time salmon were so abundant in the rivers there that domestic servants used to make a bargain with their mistresses that it was not to be given them for dinner oftener than twice a week.

These trestle bridges that cross the ravines every few hundred yards are wonders in their way. The forest furnishes logs in abundance, and the bridge is built up of logs horizontal and perpendicular, tier upon tier, till it attains the proper level. I have counted as many as ten tiers or storeys. No wonder they need to be carefully watched. A slight subsidence of the trestles at the foundation, or a slight dislocation at any part of the structure, would have very serious effects. There are hundreds of men constantly watching the line, and commonly a man at every bridge, so that the risk of accidents is comparatively slight. The truth is, there are so many bridges that the most nervous passenger would have to give up being frightened. No nerves will stand a shock every second minute; they must find rest in some form. And the best rest is just to trust that all is well; nor is this a very difficult attainment, since every bridge that you pass in safety affords a new security for the future.

After passing through the Fraser gorge for many miles, a strong steel bridge at last carries us across it, and after shooting through tunnel upon tunnel, we come on Kamloops Lake, and then the valley of the South Thompson River, a treeless region of farms and cattle-ranches. Peeps of the Shusweep lakes flash on us as we go, till plunging into another deep and narrow gorge we pass right through the mountains of the Gold Range, at the end of which the broad bosom of the Columbia River spreads before us. If the atmosphere had been clear, we should have had something to say of the magnificent snow-clad mountains which ought to be seen in the distance, but the dense smoke caused by the forest fires shut out that feature, one of the finest in the landscape, and compelled us to content ourselves with the nearer glories.

Crossing the Columbia River, we next encounter the famous Selkirk chain, probably the most magnificent of all the mountains of the province. We dash through another series of dark gorges, then begin to climb. The incline is too steep for a direct ascent, and we are compelled to proceed by a series of curves or loops all round the mountain slopes. The mountains grow in grandeur and variety the further we penetrate into them, till at length at Glacier Station we seem to have reached the very glory of glories. At the foot of "Sir Donald," a pyramid of native rock that shoots up to a height of nearly eight thousand feet, stands the favourite hotel, Glacier House, looking out on the great glacier of the Selkirks. The hotel is a favourite resort of tourists when they have a few days to spare. The glacier from which it derives its name is the largest in the range. Ascending a little higher, we reach a broad level area, surrounded by mountains of every variety of magnificent form, locked in the arms of the glacier, making us sigh, but sigh in vain, for time to loiter among them and become acquainted with their glory.

Descending the eastern side of the Selkirks, we pass along the Beaver valley, through more cuttings and tunnels, and light again on the Columbia River, which pursues a very roundabout course to the spot where we last left it. The broad valley of the Columbia separates the Selkirks from the range of the Rocky Mountains. The view of the two ranges, one on either side, their flanks clothed with rich foliage, but their summits shooting far aloft and wrapped in perpetual snow, is very grand. We pursue our unwearied course up the western slope of the Rockies, but before we reach the highest point we pause at a spot which has become pre-eminent for its beauty even in a region where there is so much to admire.

This is Banff, the great national park of Canada; for Canada is not to be behind the United States in the matter of a national park; and if the one has its Yellowstone and its Yo Semité, the other has its Banff. The name is insignificant; it ought to have been in three syllables at least, with a full rich sound, such as the Indians would have given it; but a railway director had sprung from the pretty little county town at the mouth of the Deveron in Scotland, and the great park of Canada was named after it—Banff.

The park embraces an area of more than twenty miles, by ten or twelve. The village at the railway-station is surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, range upon range converging to it or radiating from it, and affording so many outlets that, when good roads are constructed along them all, there will be an endless variety of walks and drives. Moreover, Banff is famous for its sulphur springs, which are said to be very efficacious in the cure of rheumatism; so that, in addition to its other attractions, it is becoming a sanitary resort for rheumatic sufferers. At one place the water, clear as crystal, fills a great natural basin in the limestone rock large enough to give swimmers a tolerable range; at another, it bursts from the ground so hot that you can hardly dip your finger in it. But to persons in full health the sulphur springs are little more than a natural curiosity; the great attractions are the scenery and the air. Nothing can be finer than to gaze from the balcony of the Canadian Pacific Hotel on the piles of mountains rising to heaven in every variety of striking form, the soft clothing of the pine forests below contrasting with the masses of bare rock above that seem to have suggested the name of the Rocky Mountains. For here, many a

"Ben-An heaves high his forehead bare."

The Bow River lends a great charm to the view, lighting it up with that bright look which relieves the gravity and solemnity of the mountains. Though as yet the park is barely five years old, some considerable drives have already been made in it. The furthest is one of about ten miles to the Lake of Miniwonga, a name that, in the language of the Indians, denotes the lake of evil spirits. It is hard to say what infatuation seized those who, in place of this fine name, called it the "Devil's Lake." The road to Miniwonga is partly along the Bow River; it passes a pretty cascade close under the hotel, and it would be a most pleasant drive but for ever-recurring bits of burnt-up forest, which have always a disorderly appearance, but, as an American friend remarked, will be put right by-and-by, when the housemaid has had time to do up the room.

We spent a few pleasant days at Banff, and greatly enjoyed the Sunday service in one of the churches of the village. When we left Banff, proceeding eastward, we soon reached the highest point which the railway attains in the Rockies—just a mile above the sea-level. The traveller has no choice but to do this part of his journey in the night. He loses the descent of the Rockies and the new town of Calgary, and in the morning finds himself on the edge of a measureless prairie. Before we emerged from the Rockies we had entered the North-West Territories, in one of which (Alberta) the national park is situated. The North-Western Territories are under a prohibitory law, with some few exceptions, and, though there are some grumblers, I think the general testimony is that it has been a great gain to the Indians, and likewise of service to new mining settlements, where strong drink has been wont to make such havoc.

When you leave the magnificent Rockies behind you and enter the monotonous prairie, life seems to become terribly dull. All is now flat as the ocean—no vestige of hill or dale. The soil has a thin sandy look, although here and there you see extensive enclosures that mark out certain large experimental farms belonging to the railway company, and which are under the management of Sir Lester Kay. What may be the result of this experiment we are unable to say, but as yet but little of the western part of the prairie is taken up. And the farmers do not get all the produce to themselves. That active and well-made animal the prairie wolf, that you see hovering about the yard, must have a fowl or a lamb should he find either about the place. But though the prairie wolf, the antelope, and other animals of the smaller sort remain, the buffalo is gone. A few years ago they were here in myriads, now not a hoof is left behind. Here and there along the line you see heaps of well-bleached buffalo bones, collected by the Indians as they roam over the prairie, to be turned into charcoal and used in the process of purifying sugar. And at some of the railway-stations you find groups of Indians, male and female, with their long black hair and coloured blankets, offering polished buffalo horns for sale. Times are changed since they roamed over the prairie in pursuit of the living animal, with a courage worthy of the children of the desert. It is humiliating to see them reduced to a miserable traffic in the dead creatures' bones!

Darkness falls again, and as there are no forests to kindle, our engine sparks must be content with the prairie grass. And a pretty sight it is, though not like the blaze of the forest. The grass is dry and the flame is bright, and when a puff of wind plays on it the flame waves and curls with great vigour along a wide extended line, giving a vivid idea of the destruction that must fall on every inflammable thing that is exposed without protection to its fiery kiss.

At daylight we are in the famed province of Manitoba, with its splendid soil and kindly welcome to farmer settlers. The thriving farms we pass on every side, the frequent villages and towns along the line, the huge "elevators" for storing grain, and many other tokens of prosperity, show that we have entered on a highly productive and attractive region. True, it is summer, and every one admits that the great drawback to Manitoba is its winter. Cold, very cold, it is undoubtedly, yet by no means intolerable. And what capabilities there seem to lie in that fertile soil which extends hundreds of miles in this direction and in that! Is it a mere dream that Manitoba is destined

to afford sustenance to ten or twenty times as many inhabitants as the whole of Canada contains to-day?

By-and-by we run into an ample railway-station, and on its signboard we read WINNIPEG, and when we emerge from the station we find ourselves in a delightful little town—no, we beg pardon, a spacious city, for it has streets a hundred and twenty feet wide, and its population is between twenty and thirty thousand. Its origin is but of yesterday—it is not yet out of its teens. When the capabilities of Manitoba were appreciated by the public, its fortune was made at once. Observe its gorgeous city hall, its banks and insurance buildings, its handsome churches and schools, all signs of prosperity. Not unbroken prosperity, indeed, for it has known somewhat bitterly that Fortune is a fickle dame. It could not be allowed to grow in peace. Those incorrigible gamblers, speculating capitalists, must "boom" it, running up the price of land to a monstrous figure, then selling it to "greenhorns," who are miserably swindled, and get a painful explanation of what is meant by "shearing the lambs." But Winnipeg is now recovering from this unfortunate experience, and we believe it will have a prosperous future. In no new city is there such a regard for the Sabbath or such a habit of church-going. And in the matter of liquor and licences it is also fortunate; a law that gives even a minority of the inhabitants in a locality the right to prevent the licensing of a saloon if they believe it to be fraught with mischief, greatly restricts the number of licences, and in a corresponding degree advances the order and prosperity of the place.

There are interesting spots about Winnipeg. There is Fort Garry, or rather a tall gateway denoting the site of the old establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company for collecting furs, before the spade or the plough was thought of in Manitoba. There is Kildonan, so named from a Highland parish in Sutherlandshire famed for its cruel evictions in the early part of the century, where a new home, very unlike the old, was provided for its expatriated Celts. There is St. Boniface, a French Canadian settlement, with chapel and school, college and hospital, where French is spoken, where the streets are all "Rues," and where, much to the scandal of the Manitobans, French is taught in schools, and the French language has the same privileges as in Quebec. It was when the Confederation was being settled that this was conceded to Manitoba, but the sagacious Manitobans now see in the arrangement a ruinous principle, and have begun a hard fight to withdraw the privilege. There is Silver Hill, the farm of Sir Donald Smith, with its herd of half a dozen tame buffaloes. And there is Manitoba College, where, true to their Scottish instincts and traditions, the early settlers established a seat of learning coeval with the foundation of the city. No man or woman from the old country, or from any country, would have cause to complain if Providence should cast his or her lot under the ordinary conditions in Winnipeg.

From Winnipeg to Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, the ride is through a prosperous agricultural region, on whose inviting features we have no room to dwell. Nor can we enlarge on our delightful sail over Lake Superior, in the course of which we were several times out of sight of land.

From Lake Superior to Lake Huron we passed through a canal, to avoid the rapids, and as we moved slowly along we had ample opportunity to admire the sunset, and the glory which the sun was throwing alike on the St. Marie Sault of the American side and the St. Marie Sault of the Canadian. The navigation is difficult, and we had to lie-to for the night. Morning found us on pretty Lake Huron, passing wooded shores and sunny islands, but as the day advanced the wind freshened, and we had a taste of what a great inland lake might become under the lash of a storm. But evening brought us to the shelter of the beautiful Georgian Bay, and at midnight we went ashore in prosperous Ontario.

For four hours we ran past rich farms and smiling farmhouses till we pulled up in the heart of Toronto. Description of so well known a city is superfluous; and we shall only say, in conclusion, that after traversing a region of such varied interest and beauty we can never regret the choice that made the Canadian Pacific the line of our journey from the west to the east of Canada.

W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

# PRESENTED TO THE KING.

THIS nineteenth century in which we live is often spoken of by its critics as a very utilitarian age. Nothing is of much account, they say, which has not got some strictly practical end in view. The first consideration, when it is a question of embarking on any fresh enterprise, is, Of what use will it be?—or, with the more plain-spoken ones, Will it pay? Undoubtedly there is some truth in this accusation. Ours *is* a commercial age, and the commercial spirit affects everybody more or less, and is apt to colour our views of other things than those immediately connected with pounds, shillings, and pence.

In few ways, perhaps, does this characteristic of our times come out more strongly than in our estimate of the value of learning. Learning pure and simple, and for its own sake, has gone out of fashion. Everybody knows a little of everything nowadays. One learns just so much of any given subject as will serve his turn, and not a fraction more; and when the turn is served the learning acquired slides away like the proverbial water off the duck's back, and is presently forgotten.

Especially has the fashion changed with regard to those "fancy styles"—to borrow the hairdresser's phrase—of learning which were so dear to the hearts of a bygone age, and won their possessors so much distinction. Translations of the Bible into twenty, thirty, or forty different languages; Latin odes in celebration of some event or person of the day or hour; treatises discussing the uses of the divining-rod and the existence of unicorns and mermaids—these and kindred freaks of learning, the production of which were the effort and the glory of many a life, are to the present age mere childish follies, the pursuit of which would be an absurd waste of time. We have left them behind us with the samplers and the tapestry work on which our grandmothers expended their precious hours and still more precious eyesight.

One principal cause which has driven these studies and accomplishments out of court is the lack of time which is such a universal complaint at the present day.

> "What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
> What leisure to grow wise?"

are questions which, whether definitely put or not, still haunt all but the few who are either too lazy or too resolute to let themselves be drawn into the vortex. It was in country places, far from trains and telegrams, and in days before the penny post existed, that such pursuits found their students and their familiar haunts. They are crowded out of existence nowadays.

In the life of a family of whom some account was given, not long since, in the pages of this magazine, certain of these bygone and maybe unprofitable pursuits played a large and important part. When Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, having been driven from London by the great plague of 1625, settled with his mother upon the manor she had bought in the desolate shire of Huntingdon, and gathered his family about him, he devoted one of the rooms in his once "crazy" but now renovated house to the cultivation of a gentle art which demanded a considerable amount of skill and labour, although chiefly of a mechanical sort.

This apartment is described in Dr. Jebb's Life of Ferrar as "a long, fair, spacious room, which was all coloured over with green pleasant colour, varnished, for the more pleasure to their eyes, and a chimney in it for more warmth, as occasion served." This room was further decorated with texts and wise sentences, painted on the upper part of the walls for the edification of those who laboured there; so that, as George Herbert expresses it in his "Country Parson," "even the walls are not idle, but something is written or painted there which may excite the reader to a thought of piety." Conspicuous among these was Nicholas Ferrar's chosen motto, "Flee from evil and do good, and dwell for evermore;" and such wise saws as "Innocency is never better lodged than at the sign of Labour," spurred on the workers below to more ardent diligence.

This workshop was known in the Ferrar community by the name of the "Concordance Chamber"; and the work to which it was dedicated was the compiling of harmonies of different parts of the Bible, or of the whole Bible in different languages, and the binding of these and other books in velvet and leather, embroidered, stamped, and gilded, and finished off with "stately strings."

These harmonies, which were the pride and glory of Little Gidding, were most highly thought of in their day, and valued at very considerable prices. Their actual manufacture needed no more than industrious and skilful fingers and a considerable manipulation of scissors and paste; but the arrangement of the books required, in some instances, an accurate knowledge of the Gospel history, and in others a familiarity with four, twelve, twenty-six, and even fifty different languages! The "painful hands," as King Charles called them, which carried out the work were those of the seven Miss Colletts, the "virgins of Gidding," or the "Arminian nuns," as they were variously called by their admirers and by their detractors.

In size and shape these harmonies were mostly, it appears, a large folio. The leaves were made of a very stiff and costly white paper, and on these the letterpress—cut out of ordinary copies of the Gospels—was arranged in parallel columns, with fine red lines ruled between each column and all round the margins. The headings of the chapters,

titles, etc., were written in a small neat hand; and the pages were embellished with pictures, in many of which the backgrounds have been cut away with the most elaborate care, so that the blank leaf supplies the ground. During a long journey abroad which Nicholas Ferrar had made in his youth, he had laid in a vast stock of Scripture prints, Italian, Flemish, and German, from which supplies were drawn to illustrate the books. Part of the furniture of the "Concordance Chamber" consisted of a pair of presses, in which the sheets of the books, when finished, were rolled; and so powerful, we are told, were these machines that, when a page had been in their grip, "the whole looks as though it were printed on one uniform surface."

Special care was bestowed on the title-pages of the harmonies. They were variously decorated; with, for instance, a print of a wreath of flowers, delicately cut out, or with a ring of little pictures; and in the centre was a long and sonorous title, written out by hand in ornamental lettering. Here is a sample of how these title-pages ran. "The actions, doctrines, and other passages touching our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as they are related by the four Evangelists, reduced into one complete body of history; wherein that which is severally related by them is digested into order, and that which is jointly related by all or any of them is first expressed in their own words, by way of comparison; secondly, brought into one narration, by way of composition; thirdly, extracted into one clear context, by way of collection;" etc., etc.

These "patchwork harmonies," as a contemporary chronicler of the Ferrars contemptuously calls their handiwork, seem hardly adequate to have been the serious employment of a group of intelligent and well-educated men and women. One is inclined to be amused nowadays at these solemn old Bible picture-books, with their long-winded titles and elaborateness of arrangement; at the "harmony of all the prophets," which is to "confirm the Christian and convince the Jew;" at the Gospels in eight several languages, which are "so done and contrived for the use and benefit of all such as are desirous with sureness, ease, speed, and pleasure to attain to the knowledge of these languages." We cannot forbear smiling at the childlike simplicity and assurance with which they set forth their claims; the ends proposed are so vast in proportion to the means.

But in their day these productions were taken entirely *au grand sérieux*; and such became their fame that it reached the ears of royalty itself, as the Ferrars' friend and chronicler, Turner, Bishop of Ely, tells us. "The fame of this performance was so great that the King in his progress, lying at Apthorpe, seven miles from Gidding, despatched a gentleman, one of his servants, to entreat (which was the very word of that gracious prince) a sight of that concordance, which he heard was so great a rarity; promising to send it back again ere many days passed, after he should have perused it. Mr. Ferrar being at that very time, by an extraordinary necessity of business, called up to London, the family consulted, and concluded his Majesty's pleasure ought to be readily obeyed, though they thought so mean a piece unworthy the sight of a King. The gentleman, apprehending some demur about the delivery of the book, protested, if he had it not then, he knew the King before he slept would send him again for it." (Mayor's "Cambridge in the 17th Century," p. 266.)

This precious volume was not restored to its owners for several months, and when it did reappear was "apostilled" in the margin in many places by the King's own hand, and was accompanied by a request from his Majesty, "that he may have one of those books for his own use." "Whereupon," Bishop Turner tells us, "the gentlewomen set about it, and in a year's time (1635) they finished one for the King, binding it with their own hands after a fashion altogether new and extraordinary. Which being presented by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury (Laud) and Dr. Cosins, the then Master of Peterhouse in Cambridge, the King admired the rare contrivement for the mechanical part within and without, and for the curious pictures, but most of all for the exquisite method that brought the gospel story into the most perfect harmony that ever was framed. After a full view he was pleased to say it was a present for the greatest king on earth."[1]

This very book, which was handled by Laud and extolled by Charles, can now be seen in the British Museum, and a curious and interesting relic it is of bygone skill and taste. It is a folio volume, massively bound in leather now nearly black with age, and tooled all over with delicate patterns in gold, a ring of little gold hearts surrounding the sacred monogram in the centre of the cover. The stiff pages within are no longer as white as when the virgins' fingers were busy upon them; the red borders have faded, and the written titles are sunk and brown with age. The "fine pictures" which so delighted King Charles are set about on the pages according to the fancy of those who handled the paste-brush, and often interfere greatly with the sequence of the text. One page is filled with little prints from pictures of the Virgin and Child another is headed, "To which are added divers other conjecturals touching His Infancy," and contains some dozen or more of small prints of allegorical and legendary subjects illustrating the holy home and childhood at Nazareth—*e.g.* Christ as a child carrying a basket of carpenter's tools in His hand and bearing on His shoulder the cross, spear, and other instruments of His Passion. Another represents the Saviour as a youth in the carpenter's shop receiving a vision of the cross brought down to Him by an angel; St. Joseph is at work at his bench, and in the background the Virgin Mother sits sewing. A very funny Flemish or German print, in a different group, shows us the three kings being warned in their dream not to return to Herod. There is a monarch in bed, with his crown on, and the royal garments on a stool at the bedside with the sceptre laid on the top; an angel is jogging him by the elbow. Through a

[1] According to Peckard's "Life of Nicholas Ferrar," it was Mary Collett who bound this book entirely with her own hands. Lovers of "John Inglesant" will remember her portrait in that book.

doorway another angel is bending over another king, who has his crown and sceptre laid on a little table by his bed.

Besides this very remarkable book the British Museum possesses two other specimens of the handicrafts of Little Gidding. One is a harmony of the Acts, dated 1637, also a large and dignified book "adorned with a stately garnish of pictures," but altogether less interesting than the one first described. The other is a concordance of the Books of Kings and Chronicles which owed its existence to a suggestion—not to say command—of the royal Charles himself. It was on the occasion of the presentation of the first book that the King suggested the second, and in the following words, according to the Ferrars' historian, Dr. Jebb:

"And then, turning to my lord of Canterbury, 'What think you,' said he, 'my lord? Shall I obtain a second favour from these good people? I have another suit to them: the matter is this. I often read over the lives and actions of the Kings of Judah and of Israel in the books of Kings and the Chronicles; the latter was a supply to the former, and in them I find some difficulties in the reconciling them together. I should desire that these good people would make me such a book as would bring these two books into one full and perfect history, and yet so as I may see them each several and apart at the same time to be read; they will easily understand my mind, I know. Will you let them know my pleasure?' And so, my lord's grace and Dr. Cosins assured the King it should be done. And intimation hereof being sent to Gidding, they presently fell to their work, which was completely finished in another year, bound up in purple velvet richly gilt, and by Mr. John Ferrar's own hand presented to the King, who in the meantime had often demanded when his book would be ready." (Jebb's Life, p. 268.)

This book was sent to the British Museum from Windsor by George II. It is a very large and splendid volume, bound in dark leather, stamped with gold lines. Within, the pages show signs of great care and skill in their general arrangement; and the handwriting of the titles, footnotes, etc., is far better than that of the earlier works. The red border-lines prevail, as in the earlier harmonies, but there are no illustrations. The date on the title-page is 1637.

The King received his commission with a delight that seems almost childish in its outspoken simplicity. "What," he cried, on seeing the Archbishop entering the room with "a stately great book in his two hands," "shall I now enjoy that rich jewel I have thus long desired? Have you, my lord, brought me my book?" When the volume had been laid before him and the lords in attendance had clustered round in attitudes of respectful admiration, Charles lavished his praises on his new possession in the quaint stilted language which was the fashion of that day, calling it "a diamond," "a most rare crystal glass," and vowing that it should be "my companion in the daytime, and the sweetest perfume bags that can lie under my head in the night." "And so," says the chronicler, "after some more talk the lords had of Gidding, the King took up the book, and went away with it in his arms."

One would naturally imagine that the harmony-making would have ceased at the death (in 1637) of Nicholas Ferrar, who was not only the founder and director of the Little Gidding community, but also its inspiring genius in every matter, whether religious or secular. But Ferrar was evidently one of those rare spirits who have the gift of training others, not only to need them, but also to do without them. His ardent soul had long dwelt in a most frail tabernacle, which every day must have given him warnings of its speedy dissolution; and he had made ready for his departure by training up his young nephew (another Nicholas Ferrar) to fill his place, as far as possible, when he should be called away. Young Nicholas Ferrar, who seems to have been in every sort a kindred spirit to his uncle, was the elder son of John Ferrar, and must have come to Little Gidding as a child of but seven or eight years old. This little lad was "entirely loved" by his uncle, who would not permit him "to be anywhere brought up but at Gidding, and under his own eye," so that all the most susceptible years of young Nicholas's life had been spent under the inspiration of one whose rare and beautiful nature must have been peculiarly congenial to his own.

The acquirement of foreign languages, ancient and modern, seems to have been the study towards which Nicholas Ferrar the elder especially directed the attention of his diligent nephew; "being," says John Ferrar in his Life, "a study that his wise, judicious uncle, Nicholas Ferrar, had put him upon, finding him every way fitted naturally for such knowledge." Hence, when a letter came to Gidding, some time after the elder Nicholas's death, "from a person of honour," saying that the Prince of Wales was very desirous of having a concordance made for him like the one which had been presented to his father, young Nicholas and his cousins, "laying their heads together, thought a concordance of four several languages would be most useful and beneficial and pleasant to the young Prince's disposition." (Life, p. 124.) *Our* knowledge, gathered from history, of Prince Charles's disposition would make us inclined to doubt whether any religious work, whether in fifty languages or in one, would have been in the least in accordance with it; but at any rate he seems to have followed the fashion of his day in treating the handiwork of Little Gidding with deep respect, and thought fit to pose as very desirous of possessing a sample of it.

The community, then, "uniting their heads and hands lovingly together," presently produced their offering for the Prince, in the shape of a concordance of the Gospels in "four several languages," embellished with "a score of rare pictures," and magnificently bound in green velvet.

When this work was completed and ready for presentation, it was thought fitting by its makers that "it should not go single and alone, but to stay awhile till Nicholas Ferrar, junior, had finished and ordered four other pieces of works, being businesses of many and several languages . . . . written

by his own hand and so composed by his head and industry." (Life, p. 126.)

The account of how these five "pieces" were laid before the King and Prince is given with much circumstance in John Ferrar's Life of his famous brother. Young Nicholas carried them himself to London (accompanied apparently by his father), and arrived there in the Holy Week of 1640. It was less than a fortnight before the meeting of the famous Short Parliament; and a few months only before the impeachment of Laud. The political atmosphere was full of storms; and difficulties of every sort were thickening round the unfortunate King. Such a scene as this of his interview with the gentle scholar enthusiast of Little Gidding is like one of those halcyon days which, by their strange beauty and tranquillity, forebode tempests to come. It is a fitful ray of winter sunshine, gleaming out with all the brighter radiance because of the thunderclouds which hang ready to swallow it up.

Young Ferrar, having reached London and placed himself under the wing of Archbishop Laud, was directed by him to be "in such a room at Whitehall" on the following afternoon, being Maundy Thursday. Accordingly, Nicholas and his box of treasures were in waiting when the Primate appeared. John Ferrar shall tell us of the introduction. "'Come,' said he (Laud), 'in God's name. Follow me where I go;' and led them into a room, where the King stood by the fire, with many nobles attending him. When the King saw the archbishop enter the room, he said, 'What, have you brought with you those rarities and jewels you told me of?' 'Yea, sire,' replied the archbishop, 'here is the young gentleman and his works.' So the archbishop, taking him by the hand, led him up to the King. He falling down on his knees, the King gave him his hand to kiss, bidding him rise up. The box was opened; and Nicholas Ferrar first presented to the King that book made for the Prince; who, taking it from him, looking well on the outside, which was all green velvet, stately and richly gilt all over, with great broad strings, edged with gold lace, and curiously bound, said, 'Here is a fine book for Charles indeed! I hope it will soon make him in love with what is within it; for I know it is good.'" (Life, p. 127–8).

This precious volume having been approved by the King, and the royal permission to present it to Prince Charles (who was then at Richmond) having, with much ceremony, been craved and received, it was restored to its maker, who, "carrying it to the box, took out of it a very large paper book, which was the fourth work, and laid it on the table before the King. 'For whom,' said the King, 'is this model?' 'For your Majesty's eyes, if you please to honour it so much.' 'And that I will gladly do,' said the King, 'and never be weary of such sight as I know you will offer unto me.'"

This book was the Gospels in eight different languages; and it was followed by "the fifth work," a part of the New Testament in no less than twenty-four languages; at the sight of which astonishing performance King Charles's admiration seems to have overflowed. "'What is this?' he said. 'What have we here? The incomparablest book this will be as ever eye beheld. My lords, come, look well upon it. This finished must be the emperor of all books. It is the crown of all works. It is an admirable masterpiece. The world cannot match it. I believe you are all of my opinion.' The lords all seconded the King, and each spake his mind of it."

The King next passed to wondering how "a young man of twenty-one years of age should ever attain to the understanding and knowledge of more languages than he is of years; and to have the courage to venture upon such an Atlas work, or Hercules labour." The court, in obedient chorus, re-echoed their monarch's astonishment, and said, "except they had seen, as they did, the young gentleman there, and the book itself, all the world should not have persuaded them to the belief of it."

A fresh idea seemed presently to have occurred to King Charles. He turned to the archbishop, and in a long-winded speech which it is not worth while to quote, half playfully suggested that perhaps after all this young student was less remarkable than he seemed to be, and did not understand all the tongues which were represented in his book, nor could "English them, word for word, properly." This suggested doubt put his kind patron, the archbishop, "somewhat at a stand," and he looked anxiously upon Nicholas Ferrar, "to see what he could say for himself in this kind." The young scholar, however, proved fully equal to the occasion. "Bowing himself to the ground at his Majesty's feet," he craved permission to produce "what will and may fully satisfy your Majesty." Then, stepping to his treasure-box, he produced another volume, which he had purposely concealed at the bottom of it, and gave it into the King's hands. This book was a copy of St. John's Gospel, also in the twenty-four languages, but with each chapter translated, word for word, into English or Latin.

"Lo!" cried King Charles, "here is an ample proof and manifestation, wittily contrived; and I am fully satisfied in all things. He could never have done this but that he is a master of them all." The lords echoed their Amen to this, in dutiful refrain; and the gentle student's innocent triumph was complete.

Royal interviews are apt to be short, and although this one must have been an exception to the rule, Nicholas was at length dismissed, "with a cheerful royal look" and a command to return "after the holiday" to my lord of Canterbury, from whom, said the King, "you shall know my good approbation of yourself and all you have done; and he shall signify to you my will and pleasure, what I will have you to do, and where you are to go."

We cannot here follow Nicholas to Richmond, whither he repaired on the following day (Good Friday), presented his offering to Prince Charles, dined with the Prince's tutor, Bishop Duppa, and "divers young lords," and was honoured with a long conversation with the Prince in the afternoon. But the sequel of that visit to London has a pathetic interest about it, and may be worth telling briefly here.

It was evident that young Nicholas's fortune was made. On Easter Eve he went with his father to

Lambeth Palace, to let the Archbishop know "what had passed at Richmond, for so he had given order;" and there Laud, taking the elder Ferrar aside, assured him that he need have no further care for his "hopeful son," either in the present or the future. "The King," said Laud, "will take him from you into his own protection and care, and make him his scholar and servant, and hath given me order, that after the holidays being past I should send him to Oxford, and that there he shall be maintained in all things needful for him at the King's proper charge. . . . Assure yourself he shall want nothing. In a word, the King is greatly in love with him; and you will have cause to bless and praise God for such a son."

Poor King Charles! It is hard to think how, had this young student lived to claim the royal promise, the King would presently have found the wherewithal to make it good; but a greater King, whose "scholar and servant" Nicholas had been all his life, had a different purpose for him.

One of those fevers which were always lurking about the close, ill-drained London of that day, had laid its deadly grip upon the lad. "On Easter Day," says the Life, "he was desirous (having found himself not well the day before) to receive the Communion at Paul's, whither he went early in the morning, and communicated; and, returning home, had little appetite to his dinner, eating little or nothing. He went yet to a sermon in the afternoon; but at night grew somewhat worse. And on Monday morning his father, with all care and diligence, went to a learned physician, who came and visited him and gave him what he thought fitting; but he grew worse and worse. Then was another physician joined to the first. They consulted, and prescribed things for him, but he mended not; but with great patience and cheerfulness did bear his sickness, and was very comfortable in it to all that came to visit him, wholly referring himself to God's good will and pleasure, only telling his friends, and the Bishop of Peterborough, Doctor Towers, that loved him dearly, and came to visit him twice in that short time, that he was in no way troubled to die and to go to Heaven, where he knew was only peace and quiet, and joys permanent; whereas all things in the world were but trouble and vexation, and death must be the end of all men, and that he that went soonest to Heaven was the happiest man." (Life, pp. 140, 141.) "Good cousin, are you not grieved to leave this world; you are now so young, and in the flower of your youth and hopes?" was a question to which he gave a cheerful and ready answer. "No, truly; I leave all to God's good will and pleasure, that is my best Father, and knoweth what is best for me." And the only thing which cast a shadow over his tranquil death-bed was the dark cloud of trouble and disorder which daily hung more threatening over the nation. "For then," says the Life from which we have been quoting, "tumults began, and the bishop of Canterbury's house at Lambeth was one night assaulted by a rabble of lewd people, which when Nicholas Ferrar was told one morning, as he lay in his sick bed, 'Alas! alas!' said he, 'God help His church, and poor England! I now fear, indeed, what my dear uncle said before he died is at hand, that evil days were coming, and happy were they that went to heaven before they came.'"

Could this gentle soul have foreseen what ruin and desolation the "evil days" were presently to bring to Little Gidding; could he have pictured the sacked chapel and plundered and deserted house, his lamentations would have been yet deeper. But for him the evil days came not, nor did the years draw nigh when he should say, "I have no pleasure in them." On the 19th of May, 1640, "God took him away, who died praying and calling upon God, 'Lord Jesus, receive my soul! Lord, receive it! Amen.'"

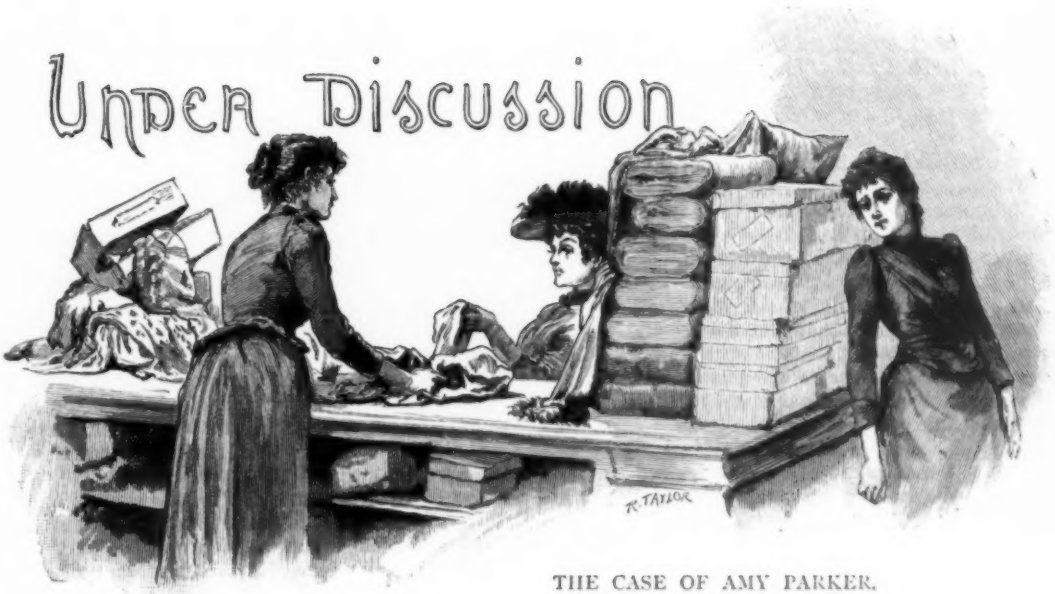
It may be of interest to mention that the Stuart and Tudor Exhibitions, held at the New Gallery, in London, in the winters of 1889 and 1890, both contained examples of the bookbinder's art as practised at Little Gidding. Among the treasures of the Stuart collection were a Bible and Apocrypha which had belonged to Charles I., bound by the Collett sisters in red velvet, and richly embroidered with the royal arms and other devices in coloured silks and gold and silver thread; and also another Bible of King Charles's, similarly bound, but, unlike the other, still rejoicing in a set of those "stately strings" of broad ribbon, edged with gold lace, which seem to have caught the royal fancy so much. This Bible now belongs to Lord Bute, and is a fine specimen of the Little Gidding bookbinding.

The Tudor Exhibition had a smaller but very pretty and choice example—a little book of prayers, or meditations, composed by Queen Katharine Parr, and bound—as the catalogue has it—by "the nuns of Gidding."

In the printed proceedings of the Archæological Society, there is an interesting paper to be found, by Captain Acland-Troyte (read January 26th, 1888), giving an account of all the still extant Little Gidding harmonies which he believes to be genuine, and about which he has been able to collect information. Of these he has discovered eleven (including one described by him in a subsequent paper, and the three in the British Museum); and as one of these was only brought to light two years ago, after the death of a lady who had had it in her possession for many years, it is possible that happy accidents may at some future time reveal other specimens of these remarkable old books, which may yet be lurking on forgotten shelves of libraries, or in musty cupboards of old family houses.

MARY E. PALGRAVE.

# Under Discussion




## THE CASE OF AMY PARKER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS," "NOT BY BREAD ALONE," ETC.

"WHAT are you thinking about, Pleasance," I asked, as we two women sat together in front of the fire in our little snuggery, where we have our cosiest meals, and welcome those whose interests lie closest to our hearts. We are not sisters nor kinswomen, though we dwell together, and though nothing but death is likely to separate us. I loved Pleasance first for the sake of somebody else, who seemed to look at me through her eyes, and whose tones I often hear in her voice. I am a widow and she is a maiden, but we have each had our "story," though some commonplace people might not think so, seeing that we are both cheerful and comfortable in our middle age, and that Pleasance has the sweetest and gayest laugh I ever hear.

"What are you thinking of, Pleasance?" I repeated. And as she roused herself, she turned towards me a face so unwontedly grave that I instinctively added, "What is your trouble?"

"Ah," she answered, rather wistfully,

> "Only the troubles of others
> Cast their shadows over me!"

"That is a very big 'only,'" I echoed. "For my part, I never found any of my own troubles so heavy, and so weary as other people's are. I suppose that is because every trial has a consolation and a strength within it which outsiders can't realise. Or perhaps it is because we seldom concern ourselves much with other's woes, until woes of our own have worn off the edge of our animal spirits and energies. But who are the 'other people' at present, Pleasance?"

"I am thinking over the case of Amy Parker," she answered. "Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!"

I felt my own face grow as sad as Pleasance's. "Is there any new development?" I asked.

"She was here while you were out this afternoon," Pleasance answered. "I should not know her to be the girl she was. If I had not known her before, I fear I should almost shrink from her now. But I remember what she used to be and might have been!"

"Ah, the Father knows that of everybody," I said, "and I incline to think there is no mere 'might have been' with Him, but always 'may still be' also"; and then I asked, "Amy has taken no situation yet?"

"No," said Pleasance. "I do not think she will ever take another situation. She is quite wrenched away from her old self. But she has got work—ill-paid and precarious, and ready to fail any day. Yet it is much to be thankful for."

Then we sat awhile in silence. Amy Parker was an old favourite of Pleasance's. She had been in her Sunday-class, and from the beginning Pleasance had taken special interest in her, on account of her pathetic history. Amy's father had been originally a clever working-man, whose talents had somewhat opened up his way in the world. He had married in the rather ill-defined class to which he had risen, a pretty, penniless girl, good, and ready to do her duty to husband and children. But she was of fragile physique, and utterly unable to cope with or face the situation, when his sudden death left her and three little ones absolutely unprovided for. She was ashamed to beg, her "education" was slight when put to practical tests, and for wash-tub, white seam, and other resources of humbler women, she was absolutely unfit. Before the terrible prospect, reason failed, and she became

the helpless inmate of an insane asylum, while the three little ones were distributed among somewhat reluctant relatives, scattered over the United Kingdom.

Amy, the eldest, fell to the care of the kindest among them, her mother's mother, then a neighbour of ours, dependent on a tiny annuity which would die with herself, but which, meanwhile, she was quite ready to share with her little grand-daughter.

It was thus that we first knew Amy.

We had some previous acquaintance with her grandmother, old Mrs. Spring, a gentle-mannered, cheerful body, who had found philosophy wherewith to face her own sorrows and trials, and whose little weaknesses we should never have observed, had not her relation to the little girl brought them into prominence. Mrs. Spring was of that temper commonly called "sweet," which is the very frequent disguise of an unreasoning and unyielding obstinacy. Now she clung tenaciously to her gentility—a good enough thing if kept in its proper place, subordinate to the real rights and needs of human life. She could not bear that her little Amy should run any risk of being confused with "working-class" children. I fear she scrimped her modest tea-table that Amy, even when quite a small girl, should never go without gloves. I fear she would have reared Amy up without any calling or trade, vaguely "trusting" that something would turn up before her own death should leave the girl to beggary. Possibly she would have thought there was pious faith in thus refusing to face the future, forgetful that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" does not imply negligence of present duty, but may rather be read as insisting on its cheerful performance, unhampered by doubts and fears. But Amy's father's brother, a plain north-country mason, and in manners rather a blunt hard man, interfered at this point. His wise insistence pained the old lady so much that Amy never forgave her uncle, and allowed her dislike for him to form a prejudice against his class, and against all the ways of thought first presented to her through him.

However, an opening was found for Amy's activity. It seemed quite providential.

Though our district is so near London, yet, owing to its being rather aside from the main railway line and not having yet started a branch line, it has retained some independent corporate life. It is true that our few "fashionable" families toil up to the "West End" to secure the newest "modes," but, owing to our modest little cottages being numerous, and their rents but moderate, we have attracted quite a little society of retired elderly people and thrifty and thriving young couples who are content to deal at local shops, where "one's ways are understood," and where the perilous processes of "making over" can be conducted almost under one's own personal supervision. One such shop was kept by an old lady and her young niece, who required just such further assistance as Amy Parker was qualified to give.

Mrs. Spring professed herself quite satisfied. The arrangement enabled Amy still to live with her, going and returning to her employment. It is true the hours were long, because the shop, to its elderly proprietors, was really parlour and reception-room. But leave of absence was readily given when asked for, for soirée or lecture, and every Wednesday Amy was allowed to depart in time to attend the meetings of a little local Literary Society. When customers were not actually to the fore, Amy and the niece sat, busy, at a work-table in a little recess.

Amy blossomed into a very gentle, gracious young woman. She was not a great reader, but she was always ready to be interested in subjects placed before her. She took an early morning class in our Sunday school, and was punctual and popular as a teacher. Moreover, she was evidently awakened to the fact that our work on the side of good must be done at all times and in many lines. Most of the customers whom she served were elderly ladies intent on their own "ways," or economical mothers desirous chiefly of what would "wear best." Still, even our quiet district was not without its little factory where worked a few rough girls, too apt, after the manner of their class, to waste money on useless finery. If any of these found their way to Amy's shop, they were at least shown the best value for their money, and persuaded to buy it. It was Amy's kind advice in some of these little matters which began a friendship between her and the orphan Bessie Day, in the course of which Bessie confided that she "would like to go into domestic service," only that "no lady would look at such as her," which ended in Amy introducing her to the notice of Pleasance, whereby Bessie is in our kitchen, one of the most painstaking and faithful maids we have ever had.

Alas! when Mrs. Spring died, rather suddenly, the even tenor of Amy's busy life was brought to a standstill.

It seemed to Pleasance and me that the girl's late employer was inclined to make re-arrangements which would have found room for Amy in her house as well as in her shop. But Amy had plans of her own. When she had first entered on her business life, her grandmother had remembered a former acquaintance who had been "head lady" in a fashionable millinery saloon. Mrs. Spring had brushed up the somewhat faded intimacy, and had taken this person's opinion on Amy's present and future. The ex-"head lady" utterly despised our local shop; it was, to her mind, entirely beneath a girl of Amy's talents and appearance. She was sure that her own influence could secure Miss Parker a far better opening at any moment, but Mrs. Spring would hear of nothing that should separate her grandchild from her. Yet she asked for and got the promise that when she died, the ex-head lady would do her best to promote Amy's interests. And Amy announced this to us, with a mild determination which reminded us of old Mrs. Spring herself. It seemed to have root partly in a natural feeling that it was dutiful to her dear grandmother to follow out the plans she had laid down, and partly in the consciousness that by doing so she would run counter to that objectionable uncle, who had yielded but a gruff approbation to her application even to such simple and serviceable "gewgaws and flummery" (that was what he called them) as she had dispensed in our local shop.

In all honesty, Pleasance was obliged to tell Amy that she did not think her determination wise in her best interests, and that it was contrary to the advice Pleasance would have given. But Pleasance found herself in a miserable minority. Everybody, even our rector and his wife, applauded "the young woman's legitimate desire to better herself." We even heard the quotation, "He that is diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." Nobody took any notice of Pleasance's meek observation that there might be varying definitions of kingships and of meanness! And I could not help recalling Mr. Ruskin's caustic remark that many of us are apt to send our young people into temptation under the name of "an opportunity."

When Amy realised that her representations and persuasions did not change Pleasance's conviction, I think she was vexed with us and felt us antagonistic to her, forgetting that it was she and not we whohad suddenly reversed our previous attitude. The approbation of everybody else convinced her she was right. (It generally does, though it is hard to know why!) And consequently, there was a little coolness about her during her departing days; yet she was a kind creature with sweet ways, and she made a bunch of the last flowers she was to gather from her grandmother's little garden, and brought it over to us.

Then away she went to a big establishment in a fashionable West-End thoroughfare. She might as well have gone to the ends of the earth for aught of her old life that she could carry with her! The "young people" employed with her were numbered by scores. They lived on the premises, and were, perhaps necessarily under such circumstances, ruled with that impersonal and martinet discipline that must always be applied to regiments. Nearly all came from country places, and had no exterior social ties beyond such as they might form haphazard for themselves. Amy had told us that her "hours" would be no longer than those to which she was already accustomed. But she had quite forgotten that there were no more goings to and fro to her grandmother's cosy meals; none of the business errands which had often formed part of her former informal duties, none of the old easily-obtained off-evenings. The customers were not of the old friendly sort, familiar in church and lane as well as in the shop. Most of these were lavish in their expenditure, while they were greedy of bargains; they were heedless of the trouble they gave; the beautiful, well-mannered girl before them might have been a wooden automaton for all the notice they took of her. There she stood from nine in the morning till nine at night, save when in her turn she retired to the stuffy dining-room, to snatch as much or as little of the contract food as her appetite could accept.

At nine o'clock she was freed—freed to stretch her cramped, aching limbs in the darkling streets, with such companionship as she found at hand among girls as jaded and excited as herself.

Sunday brought a little rest, but scarcely any real refreshment. Everybody was lazy, everybody was pre-occupied with finery. The services at the parish church were cold and ponderous, and how was one to resist an afternoon ramble in Hyde Park, even though it generally led to rencontres and repartees which did not increase one's self-respect?

The thought must have often come to Amy, "I am working to live, but is such life worth working for?" And then perhaps the question went deeper. "How is it that the woman who works from dawn to dusk never fares so well or wears so richly as the woman who idles away all her days: that the good things of the world drift apart from its workers to this man's extravagant wife or that man's expensive daughter—or, indeed, to those terrible women whom poor Amy learned to recognise among her most extravagant and exacting customers, women who made her acquainted with ways of speech and thought of which she had never dreamed, and over whose histories her fellow shop-girls often giggled, with scoffs that were strangely envious in their tone.

It is no use shirking these facts. These are the object lessons which in London stand daily before the face of thousands of thoughtless but still innocent girls. When we older and wiser people exhort such to beware of chance acquaintances, to be steady and quiet going, and to hold themselves aloof from all frivolity and flirtation, do we realise that, practically, we are asking them to be heroines and saints, prepared to forego all brightness for the present, and to face a future of loneliness and ultimate destitution? There are many, thank God, who can and do rise to such expectation, and the Father knows them and loves them, and writes their names down among His other martyrs. But has He no searching discipline for the state of society that treats such holocaust as a matter of course?

Alas for poor Amy! From her old happy life she had brought but a brighter face and archer manners and a more craving heart than had many of those about her—and alas! not altogether loftier aspirations, and by no means a stronger will.

What wonder that her pulse beat faster when she found herself observed and addressed by one whose handsome face, and winning tongue, and courtly way charmed her at once? It was so different from being snubbed by "the firm" and ordered about by the shop-walker. Yet it seemed only to restore her, from an insulting inferiority, to the natural position of her sex. He loved her: he said so; and of course he would marry her: why not? True, he was a gentleman's son; but her father would have made her a gentleman's daughter, if he had only lived long enough! "There would be no *mésalliance* in the matter," she said to herself, holding high her fair, light head, and thinking in the grandiloquent language of the trashy novelettes with which the tired girls were wont to amuse themselves. And besides, romance of this very kind was the typical legend of the order to which she belonged, the one wild hope shot across its grey reality: though what a will-o'-the-wisp it generally is, and to what dismal swamps it may lead, let those declare whose sad duties reveal to them the secrets of our Houses of Refuge, and of the hospital wards of our great unions.

And so for a while she walked in a strange, glorified mist, which shut out all the quiet, whole-

some joys and duties of the old life, even as it shut out all definite thought of the years to come. She could not remember, and she could not foresee! Such a mist rises sooner or later over most of our lives, but then not all of us are walking on a precipice over an abyss!

She could not remember! Yet perchance these old wholesome joys and duties laid gentle hands upon her from behind. For she made no deadly stumble where so many have utterly fallen. There came an awful day of revelation and humiliation, when she discovered that her heart had been but a plaything, and that it was now flung back to her lest its blood should stain the dainty hands that tossed it! There were women's spiteful tongues, there was a terrible outbreak of rage and pain and misery, there were proprieties far more outraged by this than they would have been by the decorous ruin of a soul, and then Amy found herself deprived at once of situation and home!

I think it was the last remnant of her native sweetness which saved her from the false pride which would have withheld her from us. It would not have been difficult to help her but for the damage wrought on her very nature. That gentle, sunny girl, ready to please and serve others, was transformed into the wild, hard woman. She could conform to no household ways, she could not control her powers of work, but would sometimes toil with terrible strength and then relapse into a dull, half-slumbrous lethargy. She had left off going to church; she often spoke bitterly as if she had lost faith both in God and man; and she cut herself off from all the ways of human intercourse except what were necessary to secure the pittance for which she toiled. But she showed a strange persistent craving for occasional interviews with Pleasance, from which she seemed to gain no benefit nor comfort, while they left traces of weariness and grief on Pleasance's face for hours and even days afterwards.

"I don't think I ought to be quite so sad about Amy to-day," said Pleasance, rousing herself from her reverie. "She has been speaking to me much more frankly than she has done before. She has given me a great deal to reflect upon. I think I can see what was the unbearable thing about her existence in that place. It had no unselfish aims; it was not really human. Souls must starve if they are offered nothing else but food and finery; and when they are starving, they go clutching after any garbage of a more emotional nature. Amy was telling me that the only girls who seemed ever able to avoid talking nonsense, and amusing themselves with worthless books and companions, were girls who steadily maintained some duty towards others beside themselves. One of these was regularly sending her mother half her salary, and another was a young woman who spent her hours after work—from nine till eleven, remember!—in mending and making for her brothers, young lads in city offices."

"I should think Amy could have found something similar to do if she had been inclined," I observed.

"Ah!" said Pleasance, "such work is always ready for eyes that are developed to see it and hands that are trained to find it! But this is rarely the case in our earlier years, when it is the order of nature that we should be receiving the very training and development necessary for this end. One can never get these satisfactorily where people of one sex, and of about the same age, aptitude, and status, are herded together. It is this which makes the very best of our Girls' Friendly Societies and Young Women's Christian Association Agencies and Homes (excellent as they are as adjuncts, and admirable as they may be in the warfare against certain evils) but poor substitutes for the old homely ways when the 'prentice or the workwoman had her share in her employer's small household circle, and enjoyed all the rights—including occasional frictions and frowns—of genuine home life. Sometimes I am almost afraid that these organisations may be used so as to cloke the evil of the growing tendency to swamp the individual into the mass. A girl leaves her own home in some remote town or country place, and her former teachers and friends, instead of surrounding her with their personal introduction and solicitude, are now apt to feel that it is quite enough that she belongs to such and such a society, whose local agent's duty is to look after her. But sometimes, who is looking after the local agent? She may be a fine lady, who spends months at a time in travelling, or who may have lapsed into semi-invalidism and be quite unable to follow up any girl who fails to give account of herself. I have known such cases. But supposing such agent to be all she should be, still a mere stranger, with a touch of officialism in her very position, cannot compare with some old 'friend's friend,' the influence of whose every accent and word is to keep the girl in touch with the best and tenderest associations of her life."

"Then what is to be done, Pleasance?" I asked; "I don't deny what you say—that the misuse of these schemes may actually tend to increase some of the evils they are intended to mitigate. But the old order of life has passed—or is passing. The desire of cheapness, and the habit of deriving income from investment in Limited Liability Trading concerns, have bred new methods of commerce, all tending to the huge factory or the vast store. And how are working girls and their friends to resist this state of things?—even if they are inclined—which many of them are not, for you must remember that Mrs. Spring herself had hankered after this promotion for her grandchild, and that Amy voluntarily accepted it."

"Ah, poor things!" said Pleasance, "we cannot expect such to be first in reconsidering values of things! They are surrounded by a public opinion which lays supreme stress on luxury, pays honour to idleness, and worships money as the means to these ends. Everybody who does not protest, both by precept and practice, against this prevailing public opinion, is doing his little utmost to forge these chains, which drag down thousands of lives into utter ruin! Against this force, what is called 'philanthropic effort' is but like the medical assistance called in, often too late, in acute disease. Public opinion itself, with its concurrent 'custom,' is as the diet and sanitation of the normal life, and we know that if these are bad, they

simply furnish the doctor with cases of sickness which his drugs alone will never restore to health!"

"And, of course," I admitted, "in many cases, there is no choice. It is simply a matter of being driven to seek work where work is. In a letter which came to me last week, there was a sentence which I think bears somewhat on this very point. The writer remarked that it seems to him that many of the so-called improvements in society have been merely changes in the appearance of the burden borne by the weak. And when one reflects over this, one sees that the terrible realities of tyranny and slavery have not altogether disappeared along with their names. Are there not in all large cities to-day many 'homes' quite as foul and as dreadful as the worst dungeons in which feudal lords immured their prisoners? Are there not lives wellnigh as powerless in the clutch of mammon as in that of Planter Legree himself? I begin to feel that we must regard all 'schemes' for the benefit of any particular class as mere cisterns of water set beside a path in a time of drought and ever liable to pollution or exhaustion. There is no security for the wayfarer's permanent refreshment save as the living waters of divinely implanted love and justice are set aflowing from human hearts."

"How many wrongs would begin to be set right," cried Pleasance, "if even those women only who believe themselves to be Christians would at once make a vital matter of conscience of their dressing, and their buying, and their expenditure! Why must they do all their shopping in big cities, asking only where things are made in the best style for the lowest rates, but never asking where the conditions of life are best for human beings? How often do we hear any establishment recommended because its workpeople are so well treated and so comfortable? We all cry out when a sad story reaches our ears, but how many of us seriously ponder whether any of our ways are helping to create sad stories? Are we zealous to search out from what sources our money is derived? If our dividends go up, do we scrupulously inquire how is this? Are we watchful to trace out the influences of our expenditures?"

Said I, "Nothing I have heard for a long time has pleased me more than a circular which came in the other day, in which a manufacturer sought to recommend his wares by describing the healthfulness of his factory and the pleasant surroundings of his 'hands'! It seemed to me like a straw telling the turn of the tide! If employers of labour feel that the public is as favourably observant of actions of consideration and kindness towards their employed, as it is of lowered prices or enlarged 'displays,' that will be the inauguration of a new order of things. The employers, of course, ought to do their Christian duty, whether they gain or lose. But still the duty lies first with the public to see that they do it, and then that they do not lose thereby."

"There are houses of business—all honour to them!" said Pleasance, "where much consideration is shown to the workwomen, a pleasant sitting room provided, furnished with piano and books. But, of course, the value of these things depends, after all, on the human influences which either supplement them or fail to do so. It is emphatically true that man, nor woman either, 'does not live by bread alone,' not even in the forms of 'comfort' and 'amusement.' The human soul can never be satisfied but with ways of life which lead to personal duty, to the interpenetration of mutual interests, to self-devotion and self-sacrifice."

"I suppose we should be told that all this 'is not business,'" I remarked. "Ah, the materialism with which Christianity has really to contend is not the materialism of sceptic philosophers; it is, as has been well said, 'the materialism that puts thinghood above manhood; that does not know that things were made for man, not man for things—that God gives us, not labourers to build our railroads, but railroads to build our labourers'—not women to make dresses and sell ribbons, but clothes and shops to train women!"

"But the radical reforms which will come of growing right thought everywhere must come, oh, so slowly!" sighed Pleasance. "And is there nothing that can be done at once by each of us as we individually wake to the realisation of these evils? You know that at every little light, even a farthing candle, other lights may be kindled."

"The real need," I said, "seems to be that these lives shall get opportunities of natural living. Now, I can't think it is natural that anybody should never be in the open air or able to enjoy exercise except after dark. Where young people are kept employed in great numbers till eight or nine o'clock, might it not be possible to allow them, by relays, some daily relaxation at more seasonable hours? Might not arrangements be made by which each should have, every month, one whole day 'off'? In such a huge wilderness as London this would enable many to visit homes and friends which they cannot even reach in their abbreviated 'after hours.' It is this lack, and this craving, which forms the excuse for our ever-increasing Sunday traffic, that subtlest enslaver which ever put out its hand upon the labourer."

"And speaking of Sunday," said Pleasance. "Do you not think the needs of these young people might be kept more in view than they are on that day? I don't think any household endangers its Sabbath rest and peace by admitting a 'stray' on that day; and the more regularly that 'stray' comes the better, as he or she will then have their own place in the household ways, and no risk of falling out of the exigencies of the household life."

"The worst of it is," said I, "there may be often some difficulty in bringing together the right household and the appropriate 'stray.' Of course, where there is prior personal tie of any kind, all is well. But some of these young people come up to great towns as friendless as if they came from the moon."

"Might not the churches take them in hand a little more than they do?" asked Pleasance, meditatively. "Why should not church organisation include some plain, pleasant room open between services, and under bright, sensible supervision, to make welcome strangers, and turn them into friends and neighbours? Members of the congregation might be invited to drop in, too; it would offer a field of service for those who have no aptitude for

Sunday school teaching. And I think it would be a blessing all round, for among older and well-established people there are many lonely souls, who suffer in their isolation quite as much, though not as dangerously, as do the young and struggling."

"I think I have heard of some effort of this sort," I remarked. "The minister had the room made as homely as possible with books and pictures, and there was a piano, and his daughter was there, ready to promote hymn-singing or any other plan for combined interest."

"There is something else I would like to say," said Pleasance, very earnestly. "It is that when any young person arrives anywhere, there should be no time lost in putting her in touch with good, friendly influences. I know many ministers, even, who are terribly dilatory in following up such cases. They take for granted too readily that the young stranger was not depending for welcome on them alone. Nothing should be taken for granted in such matters. It should be ascertained, by whoever has the chance of so doing, that the girl has at least one home-like opening into natural, happy life. And one such opening is often quite enough, for others will soon open from that as they do from real homes. There is even harm done by the fussy philanthropy which would multiply such openings to distraction. That only tends to dissipation."

"Yes," I said, "and that is where the girls' own good sense and feeling must come in to help them. If they would have friends, they must show themselves capable of friendship, and not merely ready to run after every will-o'-the-wisp of novelty and amusement. They must remember that their freedom is necessarily limited by their power to use it well. If arrangements could be made for afternoon exercise or the suggested 'day out,' they must realise the importance of punctuality and reliability, of discretion in manners and conduct. It is very sad, but it is true, that every class suffers through the misconduct and folly of its baser members."

"Oh dear me," sighed Pleasance. "I say again that when one sees how reform can only truly come by the growth of right thought and right action in so many people of such different kinds, one realises how slow true reform must be! And all the while there are people who must go on suffering!"

"Ay," I assented, with an indrawn breath. "But remember, after all, suffering is not the worst part in life, for in it we are made partakers with Christ. It is the making others suffer which is the evil that has no consolation! Any who find that to win honest bread they must accept something very like martyrdom, may remember that, by patience and courage and cheerfulness, they have it in their power to win also a martyr's crown! Independence and honesty are as precious in God's sight as many of the truths for which confessors laid down their lives. Therefore, to be called on to suffer, and even die, to secure these, is no mean destiny! But it must be for independence and honesty—in the struggle for necessary bread, and not to secure an extra ribbon or to gratify a vain wish to be 'genteel.'"

"Yes," said Pleasance, "every day I see more plainly that the growth of 'the Kingdom of God' rests with the determined individual endeavour to do the right thing in each individual case. The same 'facts' do not mean the same things at different times, in different places, and with different individuals! We may heap up statistics, and plan philanthropic organisations, or secure legislative enactments, but, after all, the only value any of these things have, lies in the number of individuals within them who are honestly striving to press home on every occasion the great Christian principle, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' It seems to me that under the influence of that law, problems of human life now so intricate that they can scarcely be stated would gradually resolve themselves into utter simplicity. And it seems to me, also, that there is no other way to master them, and that any such attempt is only loss of time and further waste of human pain. See! this principle at once gives us something to go upon in our bewilderment over the case of Amy Parker. If we were in her place, what do we think we should like done for us?"

"If I were in her place," I said, "I think I should like to be helped to busy, stirring work in quite a change of surroundings, and of a kind which would not draw other people's attention on me, but would insist on my taking a good deal of interest in them. When life breaks us up as it has broken her, we can scarcely be mended; we must generally be made into something new!"

"I wish she could see it was her duty to begin again, just where she left off, only wiser, if sadder, by experience. But it would require much strength of character to do this successfully, so that I am not sure we have the right to demand it of another," mused Pleasance. Then she looked up with a question in her face. She said:

"Can we find a niche for her in Mr. Bryant's emigration party?"

# "YANKEE DODGES."

NO disrespect for the great nation over the water is intended by the above title—quite the reverse.

The word "dodge"[1] is used as signifying a clever contrivance or a neat way of getting over some natural obstacle, and the number and ingenuity of such "dodges" in America must excite our admiration.

The following papers are a product of but a two months' visit to New York, and can therefore only deal with the matters which first impress a stranger —with things more than with people.

The first word in the title I acknowledge is inadmissible, since the New Yorkers are not strictly speaking "Yankees" at all, that cognomen being the exclusive property of the New England States.

Nor, perhaps, is New York even a characteristic *American* city, owing to its cosmopolitan nature: "Cosmopolis," it has been called. Germans and Irish form a very large proportion of its inhabitants.

Still, as few, if any, of the dodges one sees in New York are met with in the Fatherland, and certainly none of them in Ireland, one is forced to the conclusion that the American-born New Yorker is answerable for most of the clever contrivances and schemes of which his city is full.

To study American *character* one should perhaps go to a more exclusively American town, but the results of the national *inventiveness* are probably as well exemplified in New York as in any other place in the States.

To people who have been in America these pages will have little interest, since they only describe those things which the most casual visitor must notice and remember, but which none have yet thought worthy of much description.

American politics, social life, and religion have been described again and again by men competent to speak of them. The natural resources of the country, its rivers, mines, and manufactures have also been written upon by those who have had time and opportunity to collect information. Men who have spent years in travelling in the States have written far more fully and ably than is possible to one who was merely a business resident of New York for two months; but their books contain few "dodges," for they ceased to notice the little things which were at first new and strange, but which, by constant usage, they came to take as matters of course. We at home have learnt all about Minnesota wheat-growing, and the progress of democracy, but little about the trivialities which a visitor first notices, and which cause him to feel at once that he is in a strange country.

There is something novel and curious to an Englishman in everything he sees in America. All bears the mark of ingenuity—of an ingenuity untrammelled by custom or tradition. I venture to hope then that those who have not crossed the Atlantic may feel some interest in an unpretentious account of what first interested a stranger, while those contemplating a visit may perhaps be saved the humiliation of expressing or showing astonishment on their first arrival in a country the natives of which are never astonished at anything.

## I.—TRAVELLING AND COMMUNICATIONS.

One of the leading ideas in the American mind is to "get there." It is not as a rule a patient mind. In America there are comparatively few scientific investigators and discoverers (the Lick Observatory notwithstanding), while inventors swarm; research interests them chiefly as it leads them to their goal.

It will be surmised from this that travelling in the States is made easy and rapid. New York, for instance, is one of the most convenient cities in the world to get about in. Its geography has been made so simple, that a stranger can find his way anywhere after a short study of the map, while the means for conveying him to his destination are many and rapid.

The town is built on a wedge-shaped island (Manhattan Island), about fifteen miles long and two miles wide in the centre. This is traversed lengthwise by, roughly speaking, twelve "Avenues," numbered consecutively from the east side. These avenues are crossed at right angles by streets, numbered consecutively from the south or "down town" end of the island.

The space enclosed between the intersections of two adjacent avenues with two streets is called a "block," and is of course filled with houses fronting both avenues and streets. Each block contains twenty houses (or numbers rather) on its avenue faces, and one hundred on its street faces. Owing to the difference in the size of the houses it generally happens that all the twenty or one hundred numbers are not required; but whether this be so or not, the first house on the next block up the avenue will carry a number twenty above that borne by the first house in the last block, while on the street face the numbering of every block will commence with an even hundred. This reads rather like a riddle, but the little sketch which shows four blocks containing different numbers of houses will explain it. It will be seen that one corner house on the avenue face of one block is numbered 400, and, although there are only twelve houses in that block, the corner house in the next block carries the number 420, and so on, on the street side.

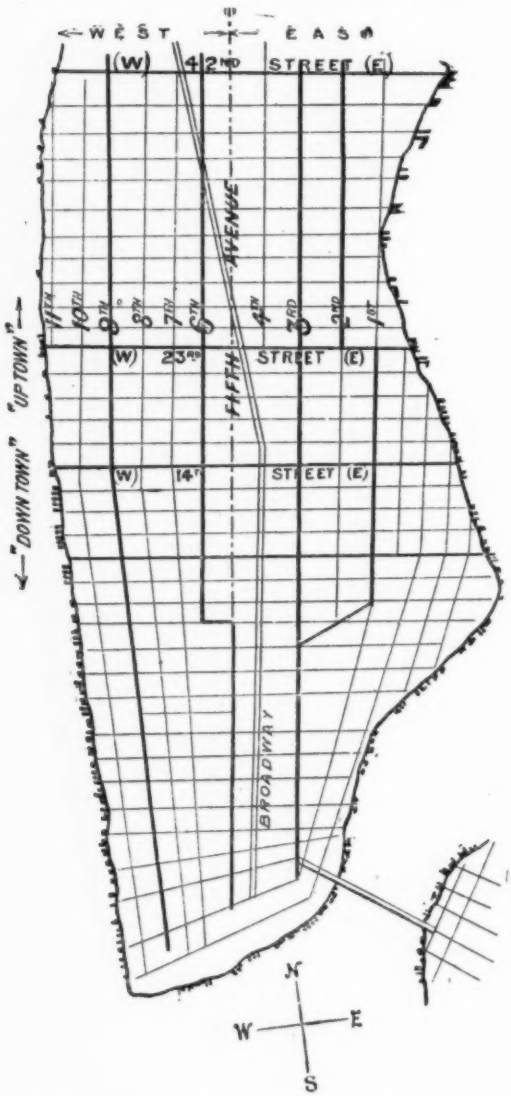
[1] The word "Dodge," originally only used as a verb, has of late years come into use as a substantive, and has acquired another and more pleasant meaning than its first.

Once it almost invariably had a sinister application, witness Dickens's "Artful *Dodger*," and Antony's speech, when, after Actium, he complains that he must make what terms he can with his conqueror, and "*dodge* and palter in the shifts of lowness."

Now, however, when used as a noun it is not always in a bad sense; we often speak of a "good dodge" or a "clever dodge," and mean thereby a successful eluding or overcoming of some difficulty in a neat and simple way. Thackeray says, "Some who have a taste for good living have many harmless arts, by which they improve their banquet, and innocent *dodges*, if we may be permitted to use an excellent phrase, that has become vernacular since the appearance of the last dictionaries."

It is in this later sense I desire to use the word.

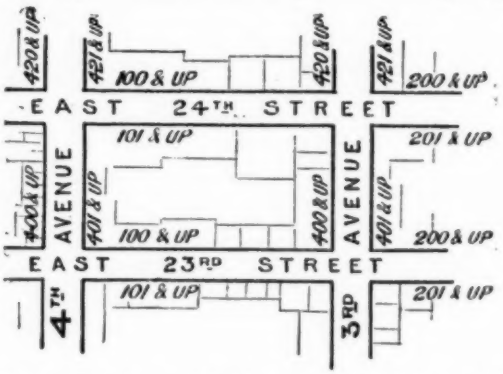
The central Avenue (Fifth), shown by a dotted line on the map, forms a dividing line between the East and West portions of the Streets, and the street numbers start from it in each direction. Suppose a man wants to find 419 W. 13th Street. He knows it will be four blocks and nineteen numbers along thirteenth street west of Fifth Avenue, that is, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. If he want 1137 Sixth Avenue, and happen to be standing opposite




No. 37 on same avenue, he knows ne has to go $\frac{1100}{20}$ or 55 blocks up the avenue—and takes a car.

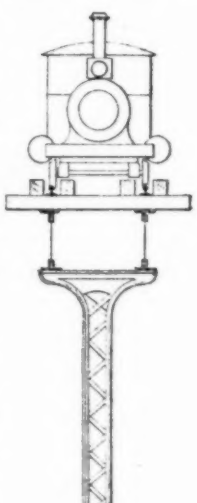
This "block" system is carried out in all the large towns, and could only be employed in a new and rapidly grown country; in Chicago it is very perfect, as after the great fire the city was most methodically laid out. It is more romantic to live in "The Limes, Beechwood Terrace, Walnut Road, S.W.," than to have as one's address plain unvarnished "Number 27 W. 110th St.," but the stranger does not always appreciate the romance in finding his dark and lonely way to the aforesaid "Limes."

Having arranged his city so that he knows exactly where any house in it is, the New Yorker has supplied himself with ample means of getting




there. He is so "fixed up" with railways and tramcars and elevators that he never need walk a hundred yards, nor scarcely ever ascend a staircase.

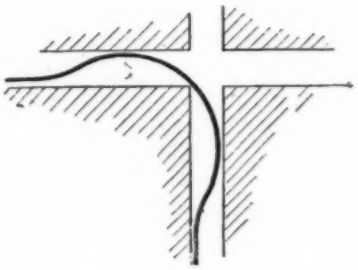
Along four of the New York Avenues—those shown in thick lines on the map—run the elevated railroads. These remarkable structures are peculiar to New York, and there is nothing else like them in the world, although there is soon to be one at Liverpool. They run along over the streets about on a level with the first-floor windows—sometimes over the "sidewalks" and sometimes over the roadway. There was great opposition to them at first, not so much from the first-floor-window people, whose privacy and outlook were lost, as from the horse-car companies, whose dividends were threatened. Some horse-cars (i.e. tram cars) were built with an upper storey in order to demonstrate the impracticability of putting any structure over the street; but the City government decided for the railroad, and the car people had to cut their vehicles down again.



As engineering works the elevated roads are rather striking. Each train consists of about five cars (each car about 40 feet long, and constructed, like all American rolling stock, on the "bogey"[1] principle) and an engine, and the road is supported on what look very slender wrought-iron columns. In many cases the up and down roads are braced together, but on some avenues, notably on Ninth, they are not connected, and look somewhat top-heavy, as the accompanying section shows. The curves are terrific, as the road frequently turns a street corner, and New

[1] A vehicle carried at each end by a four-wheeled truck, pivoted to allow easy travelling round curves, is said to be built on "bogeys.

York streets are not very wide. The line is "bulged" at such places to make the curve more easy, and is stiffened sideways by an outer line of columns and girders.



The fare all over each line is the same—5 cents, or 2½*d.*—and there is only one class, for all are equal in America. You take your ticket as you enter the little station at the top of the steps which lead up from the streets, and drop it into a glass box as you step on to the platform, and that is the end of it as far as the passenger is concerned. You can then ride wherever the train will carry you, and are never bothered to "show your ticket," and thus avoid the endless searching of many pockets which such a demand generally entails. Some of the lines are eight miles long, with twenty or thirty stations on them, but the fare for the whole distance is five cents, just as it is from one station to the next.



Each station is worked by two men, one who issues the ticket, and a second who watches the glass box to see that people drop their tickets therein, and opens the exit door when a train arrives.

The long cars composing the trains have doors only at the ends, and the admission of passengers is managed as follows: The space between every two cars is bridged by a platform and closed by small gates. To give flexibility in rounding curves, the gap between the gates is closed by collapsible iron lattices, working on the "handytong" principle. Four conductors travel with each train, and control the gates and entry of passengers, preventing ingress of late comers by summarily slamming the gate in their faces in the most approved Metropolitan Railway fashion. From the platform the passengers pass into the cars and seat themselves, if there is room; or stand up in the central gangway, and hold on to leather straps hung from the roof, if the seats are all occupied. At certain times in the day the cars are crowded to excess, people occupying every inch of standing room along the "aisle" as well as every seat.

On leaving a station the conductors, who always travel on the stage, put their heads in at the door at the ends of the car, and shout out the name or number of the next stopping place, so that passengers intending to alight there may make their way towards the doors and be ready to get out the instant the station is reached. One has to be quick in getting out, as the stoppages are short. When all have alighted, and people getting into the train are "all aboard," the conductor rings a bell, and when the engine-driver has received three rings, one from each conductor, he starts the train.

The cars are comfortable; the seats run along both sides, and are partitioned off to avoid crowding. The cushions on seat and back are covered with plaited rush covers, which keep very clean.

The trains run very quickly after one another, and there is no system of signalling, except at the curves. The driver of one train simply keeps his eye on the tail of the train in front of him. There have been very few accidents, although people were afraid to trust themselves on the roads at first.

A heavy baulk of timber is bolted down on each side of each rail, so that in case of an engine leaving the rails it would — perhaps — run along on the cross sleepers between these guides until stopped.

In some parts of the city, notably at 110th Street, the elevated roads run at a great height—fifty or sixty feet—above the street, owing to depressions in the ground level. The stations are here reached by elevators or lifts, and the iron supports of the railway are very fine pieces of work, strong and yet exceedingly light.

The "Elevateds" are a terrible nuisance and eyesore to the streets they pass over, making them noisy, dark, and dirty, for the little engines vomit forth showers of unburned coal, although they make no smoke. Passengers in the cars are requested by a printed notice "not to expectorate from the car windows"—a very necessary warning.

These railways pay exceedingly well, being filled all day long, and crowded in the mornings and evenings. They are all under one company—the "Manhattan Railway Company."

Beside the "Elevateds," New York is well served by trams or horse-cars, as they are called. These need no special remark, save that they are smaller than ours, have no seats on top owing to the "elevated road" girders, and that the fares are uniform, all being five cents.

The cars in New York have not the swivelling body which is so common in our north-country towns, but the car is run on to a turntable or the horses are moved round at the end of the journey.

The conductors and drivers only work about twelve hours a day, and out of that get from one to three hours for meals. Their pay is about 8*s.* per diem, and they look a smart set of men.

The companies usually pay large dividends, in spite of the competition of the elevated roads. The habit of riding to save time is so rooted in the American that all kinds of conveyances pay well. The Broadway Car Co. runs about 200 cars; each car makes about five round trips and takes about £6 a day.



The value of the property is shown by the fact that this Company have just agreed to pay the City Fathers $150,000 per annum for the exclusive right of running a cable road to replace the present horse track. It is high time this was done, for, there being no regulations as to overcrowding—it is a free country—the present cars are often most uncomfortably full, to say nothing of the excessive strain on the horses at starting.

Cable cars are not at present much used in New York except on Tenth Avenue. In other towns, notably Chicago and Detroit, they are the rule, while in Boston electric cars predominate. The cable cars are worked on the same principle as the line down Highgate Hill, while the electric ones are run in several different ways—by a current passing through an overhead wire suspended from girders crossing the streets and pressed by a wheel on the top of the car; by currents transmitted through the rails, and otherwise.

The possession of a splendid line of quays half round the town—quays alongside which the largest ocean liners can lie and discharge their cargoes within a few yards of the merchants' warehouses—is what the New Yorkers have gained by building their city on an island.

In other respects the insular position is a disadvantage. Most of the termini of the great mainland railways are situated across the river, while communication with the immense sister city of Brooklyn and thriving Jersey City is hindered by the necessity of crossing the water.

The rivers must not be bridged—except by such stupendous and lofty structures as the Brooklyn Bridge—or the harbour would be ruined. The water is so deep that the approaches to any tunnel would have to be gradients of extravagant length, unless passengers were lowered and raised by elevators, and that process would take *some* time even in New York.[1]

But the inhabitants are not to be beaten by such trifles as these; get to the other side they must, and "get there" quickly and frequently, too; and so by a magnificent system of ferries they have practically annihilated the north and east rivers.

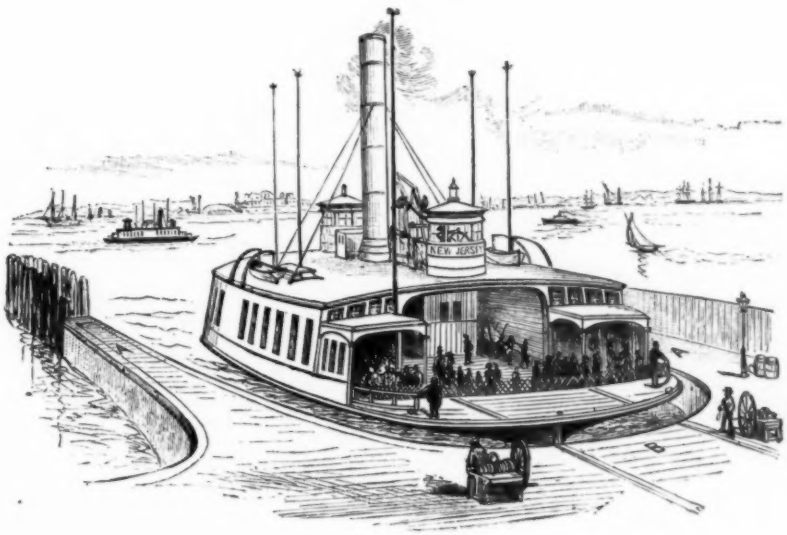
The ferries are strange-looking craft, but most convenient and well managed. The paddle-wheels are practically invisible, as the superstructure comes out level with the boxes. The boats look like beetles crawling on the top of the water, the "walking beam" on top heightening the resemblance, as it looks like the creature's legs working.

The engines are single cylinder low pressure beam, with a ten or twelve foot stroke. One would think this type of engine unsuited to the frequent startings and stoppings, but the engineers, by constant practice and the aid of an indicator which shows them the position of the crank, always manage to stop with the latter off the "dead centre."

The ends of the boats are rounded and fit into a reverse-shaped dock, into which they are guided by floating wooden walls, A A. The stage B can be adjusted in height to suit the boat whether she be full or empty. When the boat is fairly into the berth two hooks are fastened to her and she is pulled tight up to the dock with windlasses; then the whole width of dock and boat becomes a gangway, and there is no bother with gang-planks or foot-bridges. The boats are double-ended, with two rudders, so no time is lost in turning round and "coming alongside"; they simply run to and fro in a straight line between their docks.

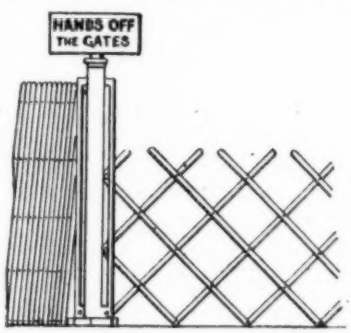
[1] Some tunnels, however, are now in progress.

Carts and carriages are conveyed in the middle of the boat, and the passengers in two long saloons on either side—one of these being devoted to smoking. The state of the deck in these smoking compartments is such that a man is constantly at work sweeping them. America is free, and if the free-born consume cob-nuts or oranges they throw the shells or peel down promiscuously. The



practice of chewing renders a certain habit common, and here again the "free" pavement or deck is at the service of every citizen. The admirable politeness of Americans is at once an explanation of, and a contradiction to, facts like the above.

Some of the boats which run to the more distant suburbs, such as Staten Island, have two decks and an open-air promenade, and are lighted by electricity. All are heated in the winter time. Fares again are all the same, except in a few of the




long distance boats, and again there is only one class. Passengers are kept from leaving the boat, before she is properly moored and hauled up, by collapsible gates worked on the "handytong" principle, as between the cars on the "Elevateds." A notice is put up, "Hands off the gates," which is as well, for when the boats approach the stage, the passengers, in their anxiety to "get there," all press up close to this barrier, be the weather what it may. The deck man, having finished his hooking and hauling, claps these gates together with a bang, and then is the time when the unwary foreigner's fingers are apt to suffer, as every rail of the gate becomes a trap. Still it is a fine "dodge," for the gate folds up and occupies no room and the loss of a few fingers is a trifle compared to the complete "telescoping" process one risks under the falling drawbridge of a Liverpool ferry.

Some of the ferry boats are specially constructed for the conveyance of freight trains. A double line of rails is laid on the deck, the train run on to the boat from the quay, ferried across, and run off on to the rails at the other side. In many parts of America this system is carried out to still greater perfection, passenger trains being transported bodily on the same principle—the passengers retaining their seats during the voyage.

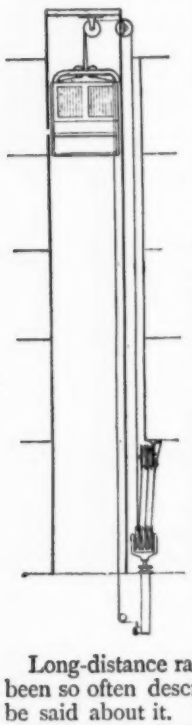
The Brooklyn Bridge does not fall within the scope of this article; it is not a "dodge," but a beautiful and graceful piece of engineering. It has been often described. The fourteen-inch cables are made up of a large number of steel wires, not twisted as in a rope, but each stretched across separately, so as to bear its due proportion of the strain. The span is about 1,700 feet, and the bridge looks a miracle of lightness. Passengers are carried over by cable cars, while there is a roadway for vehicles, and footpaths for pedestrians.

The ferries, the horse-cars, and the elevated roads constitute the principal modes of conveyance in New York. Carriage and cab traffic is small, owing to the badness of the streets. A cab-owner's repair bill must be very heavy, and the "one-horse shay" a great desideratum. The streets are paved with granite "setts," and each "sett" is two inches—sometimes an inch and a half—out of level with its neighbour. The result is picturesque, but trying.

The state of the streets is partly owing to the constant pulling about they undergo at the hands of

subway, telegraph, electric light, and steam heating companies, all of whom have their connections beneath the surface, and partly to the City Government, some of the members of which will not look after the contracts.

The value of land in New York has produced very high houses and offices. An office building of thirteen or fourteen floors is common, and this fact has led to a wonderful development in passenger elevators or lifts. The fastest go five hundred feet per minute, and in starting the descent one feels like the Tom Brown boy, tossed in a blanket, and "leaving all his inside sticking to the ceiling." The lifts are generally worked on a reverse block system: power being sacrificed for speed.



A hydraulic ram is connected to the many-sheaved pulley, and the speed of the ram is of course multiplied at the end of the steel wire-rope, to which the "cage" is attached, as many times as there are sheaves in the block. Power is obtained from the town main if the pressure be sufficient. If not, a small pumping-engine is put down.

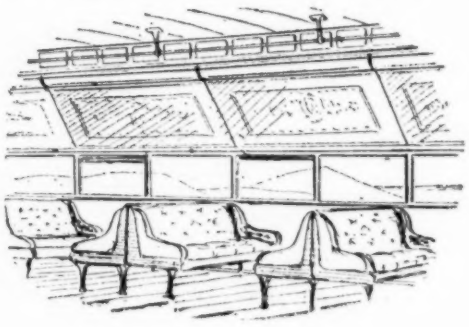
The sketch shows an ordinary arrangement of passenger elevator. These lifts are inspected and tested periodically by the makers, and the owners are held responsible by law if any accident happens through breakdown or neglect. Most of the elevators are fitted with safety catch apparatus in case of breakage of ropes.

Long-distance railway travelling in America has been so often described, that little that is new can be said about it. The Pullman cars on our Midland Railway give but a faint idea of its comfort. The American cars are about seventy feet long, and nine or ten feet wide. They are most luxuriously fitted up, while on the "vestibule" trains the space between the cars is covered by a flexible leather passage way (as in our English Post-Office trains), so that one can walk right through the train without opening a door.

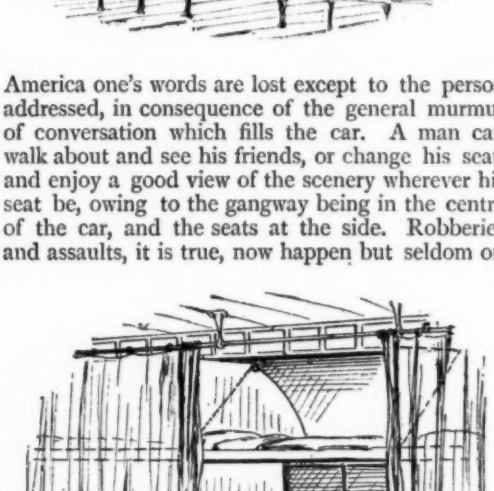
Every car, except the dining-car, is used for sleeping as well as for day travelling. The berths are very wide, about three feet, which is quite necessary, as, owing to the presence of ladies in the same car, one has to dress in the bunk behind the screenage of the heavy curtains.

All the windows are double, to lessen noise and exclude dust; the vehicles are most beautifully "sprung," and travel as easily as our coaches, in spite of the asserted inferiority of American "tracks." In fact, there are many worse berths for a tired man than one in an American "sleeper," and few better.

The day travelling also is surely more pleasant than ours. There is a prejudice here against the long car system, on account of its supposed want of privacy. As a matter of fact, however, is it possible for two friends to converse with any comfort in an English "compartment" without most of the other occupants hearing every word they say? In



America one's words are lost except to the person addressed, in consequence of the general murmur of conversation which fills the car. A man can walk about and see his friends, or change his seat, and enjoy a good view of the scenery wherever his seat be, owing to the gangway being in the centre of the car, and the seats at the side. Robberies and assaults, it is true, now happen but seldom on



English roads, but such as do occur are the direct fruit of our "private" system.

The season-ticket business is rather differently worked from ours. The ticket is a card for so many journeys, each journey being represented thereon by a star or spot. The conductor walks through the car during the journey and punches a spot out of each traveller's ticket. Hence the idyll—

> "Punch, brother, punch with care,
> Punch in the presence of the passengare."

All the bother of "showing your season," which rare event generally occurs when the precious document has been left at home in some other coat, is avoided, while the company dispenses altogether with the services of ticket collectors pure and simple.

W. E. BUCK.

# Varieties.

**Educated Apes.**—In an article in the "Leisure Hour" on Delagoa Bay railway, the writer gave personal testimony to the fact of a chimpanzee being taught to do useful work on the line. The "Revue Scientifique" has been discussing the question whether the apes of Africa can be taught to do things which they have hitherto been supposed incapable of learning. Emin Pacha told Mr. Stanley that he had seen apes carrying lighted brands as torches during night journeys. From Purchas' book of travels, a quotation is given from André Battel, who in 1625 says he saw a number of apes sitting round a fire, but it does not appear that they lighted it, but only took advantage of a camp-fire that had been left by travellers. In the Zoological Gardens, the chimpanzees and other anthropoid apes have been certainly found capable of acquiring various knowledge, as indeed may be observed in humbler specimens of monkeys, in companionship of Italian organ-grinders. Some of these show almost as much intelligence as well-trained dogs.

**The Queen of Roumania's Confirmation Hymn.**—Many of the readers of our recent paper on "The Royal Couple of Roumania" will be glad to be informed that "The Life of Carmen Sylva," as translated from the German by Baroness Deichmann, has been recently issued (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.). It abounds in interesting and stimulating facts, and is enriched by occasional translations from her poems, some of which are from the pen of Sir Edwin Arnold. One such we give. It is part of a poem written in 1860, shortly before her confirmation. "I am sure," she had written to her brother a few months before, "you can understand what I feel in having entered into the year in which I have to bind myself with a promise before the altar to become a responsible member of human society. I think of it with real apprehension, for I am not yet ripe for it." Her poetic journal of that time, we are told, revealed a soul longing for God. Sir Edwin Arnold thus translates:—

"Praise ye the Lord who in mightiness hath wrought ye,
Praise Him who safely with blessings hath brought ye,
Praise Him, thou earth! and thou star of the sky!
Let what hath being the Lord glorify!

I will give thanks to Him, Father of Life,
I in His way will walk, faithful in strife;
I for His light will seek, guiding us all,
Him I will love, for without Him I fall."

**Doing one's very best.**—In a speech of Mr. Gladstone upon the dignity and duties of labour, he spoke of the efforts to be made in every department of work to attain to the highest excellence attainable. There is a story told, he said, of Dr. Johnson which is a little applicable to the case. We all know more or less about Dr. Johnson; it is a name very dear to the hearts of the people of this country, and very justly so. He was a grand specimen of the English character. He had a most extraordinary faculty of conversation; perhaps he was the greatest conversationalist that ever lived. Somebody said to him once, "Dr. Johnson, how did you acquire this extraordinary faculty of excellence in conversation that you have?" Dr. Johnson replied, "I am not aware of any method by which I acquired any excellence of that kind, if I possess it, except this, that when I have had anything to say I have always tried to say it in the very best manner that I could." There is the true principle of technical education—there is the principle that will live and will glorify labour; there is the principle that will raise the working men of this country in the best sense and in the best manner—namely, by means of a power, of an energy springing up within themselves, and devoted by themselves to the improvement of their condition by the improvement of their work. Mr. Gladstone added some strong words about the tendency of "the British workman" in modern times to scamp his work. On being afterwards called to task for this remark, Mr. Gladstone said that he made no special reference to manual labour, but to every kind of work, even political and educational work, all things tending to hinder "thoroughness" in an age of so much hurry and commotion.

**Cardinal and Prince.**—In the discussions arising out of the precedence given in an unofficial list of members of a public commission to Cardinal Manning next to a prince of royal blood, the question was complicated by the respect due to age and personal character. But when a similar claim of precedency was asserted as a matter of right by Cardinal Taschereau at a public dinner given in Canada to H.R.H. Prince George of Wales, he was very decidedly and properly told that his precedence could not be admitted, and the Prince-Cardinal absented himself from the loyal demonstration. We are glad that this firmness was shown by Englishmen in Canada, although it is important there to conciliate the Roman Catholic population. Titular dignitaries of foreign appointment require to be reminded of their proper place in this English realm. Cardinal Taschereau, being placed below Admiral Watson and General Ross, but before the Protestant Bishop of Quebec, quoted the case of Cardinal Manning. Lord Stanley, the Governor, and Prince George were disposed to yield, but the Admiral and the General said they held the Queen's Commission, and would not give place to the nominee of a foreign Power.

**Flower Emblem of United States.**—The floral emblem of the United States of America has again been under discussion in the press, and no consensus of opinion can be obtained. Some say "the golden rod"; but there are several plants so named, and no species is in wide and general cultivation in North and South. The architect of the American Clock Tower and Fountain at Stratford-upon-Avon, the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs of Philadelphia, wishing to introduce floral emblems in the ornamental work of the international memorial, could not find any flower recognised as representing the States; and after much consideration the leaves of maize or Indian corn seemed to be the most obvious and characteristic feature of American as contrasted with English vegetation. The Indian corn is familiar throughout the States, east and west, north and south, and a more graceful as well as useful product of the soil could not be taken as the national floral emblem. It appears as such in the Stratford memorial to Shakespeare.

**Marianne North.**—A series of papers on famous "Lady Travellers" lately appeared in a popular periodical, and among these was not found the most remarkable and interesting person of the time in this department, Marianne North. Botanist and artist, it was by her magnificent collections of plants, and her equally magnificent paintings, that she was known to the few, while other travellers of less daring and adventure have become known more widely by their books. Three times Miss North travelled round the world. In 1871 she first visited the United States, Canada, and the West Indies. In her next wanderings she visited South America, and more particularly Brazil, from which in 1877 she returned with marvellous specimens and drawings of rare or new plants. Japan, the Himalayas, California, Java—all regions of the globe she seems to have traversed, and for the last ten years the display of her sketches has been one of the most attractive features for visitors to Kew Gardens. The gallery bearing her name was built at her own cost, and generously given for national use. A portrait, with memoir by her friend Amelia B. Edwards, appeared in the "Queen" of Sept. 13, 1890.

**Lord Carnarvon.**—The first public appearance of the late Earl of Carnavon was as mover of the Address in the House of Lords at the opening of the session 1854. The Earl of Derby made very flattering reference to this speech, saying that it was "characterised by a facility, grace, and modesty, promising to make the speaker an ornament of the House."

Lord Carnarvon, throughout his career, more than justified the high expectations formed of his ability and his character. He held with distinction various important offices, including the Secretaryship for the Colonies, and the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. Three times in his public life, his independent spirit and keen sense of honour led him to resign office in the administration through conscientiously differing from his colleagues. He was always far more a patriotic than a party man, and from his moderation and honesty he was spoken of as the Lord Falkland of his time. He was a very laborious man, considering the infirm health that he had to contend with, and few men so conspicuous in public life have possessed more sound knowledge and literary culture. His loss will long be deeply regretted by all who knew his talents and his worth. We are glad to notice that the first public function undertaken by the young earl was inaugurating a parish room on the estate, when in graceful words he referred to the old friendship of the Vicar, Canon Portal, with his father since their college days.

**Master Cutler of Sheffield.**—The last Master installed was the 267th chief of this ancient Guild. A very important personage he is; and that beyond his own town and jurisdiction. There is a story that at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London to all the mayors and chief magistrates of England the Master Cutler was placed by an ignorant usher in an ordinary place at one of the long tables. A superior official saw the blunder in time, and sent the usher to rectify it by conducting the Master Cutler to high place at the table of honour. The messenger humbly apologised for the mistake, adding to the apology this candid aside: "I thought you was only one of them country mayors," inserting an epithet more emphatic than polite.

**Guernsey State Independence.**—The "Home Rule" independence of the Channel Islands had an amusing illustration lately. H.M.S. "Fire Queen" arrived at Guernsey with Admiral Sir John E. Commerell, K.C.B., V.C., Flag officer at Portsmouth, making the annual inspection of the Channel Island stations. The "Fire Queen" took up a convenient berth at the side of the chief pier of St. Peter's port harbour. The place being wanted for one of the mail steamers, the harbour-master politely requested the officer in charge of the "Fire Queen" to remove to another mooring. The officer as politely refused to budge, saying that the "Fire Queen" was a Government ship and was in a Government harbour. The local official begged to inform him that the "Fire Queen" had no special privilege, as the harbour belonged to the State of Guernsey, and not to England. "Where did you get the money to make the harbour?" was the rejoinder. "We borrowed it, and pay it back by harbour dues," was the unanswerable statement, and the Admiral's yacht had to move.

**St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.**—The Roman Catholic cathedral in New York, a city which, from the number of its Irish inhabitants, might more fitly be called New Cork, is to have fifteen bells, weighing in all 30,000 lbs. The bells are the gifts of various persons and communities, and will each be inscribed with name of the donor. The church itself is indebted for no inconsiderable proportion of its building-fund to the donations of Protestants and Europeans. Every Irish hotel servant has a collecting-book, and for many years there has been a well-organised system of begging donations from all frequenters of hotels, the request for a small sum being rarely refused; and the writer confesses to have himself contributed, admiring the zeal and overcome by the importunity of these humble assistants of their Church. The same worldly wisdom has been shown in regard to all the public edifices of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

**Forth Bridge.**—According to the statement presented to the Forth Bridge Railway Company, the total cost of the structure has been £3,322,640.

**Electric Traction.**—There has been a successful commencement of working tramcars by electricity in North London. The application of electricity to traction has for some time received far more important development in the United States. At the commencement of this year there were in operation in different States 200 electrical tramroads, having a collective length of 1,641 miles, with 2,346 motor-cars travelling thereon. Further extensions are being rapidly made; thus, one company alone has 39 additional roads, of a collective length of 385 miles, under construction, to be worked through the agency of storage-batteries. The idea cherished by Siemens, of utilising the power of Niagara, appears about to be realised at no remote time. In like manner the tides of our English coasts could be used for obtaining power, to be conveyed by conductors.

**Sedan Day.**—The anniversary of the Battle of Sedan has become more than ever a national holiday throughout all Germany, as well as in Berlin. The Bourse and all public offices are closed; processions with music and banners, sports, and every kind of entertainment, with fireworks and torchlight marches at night, mark the celebration of the conclusion of the war by the decisive day of Sedan. There is nothing of the spirit of Chauvinism or military boasting in this holiday, but a thankful recognition of wanton invasion being repelled, and peace secured by the defeat of the restless aggression of France.

**Patent Medicines.**—Since 1860 the Government stamps on patent medicines have increased from £43,000 to £220,000 per annum. It is estimated that the "British public" pays at least a million and a half sterling for these nostrums, some of which are harmless enough, yet help to swell the return. Some persons wish to abolish the stamp. On the contrary, it would be advisable to increase the amount, and to extend the use of a Government stamp to many other articles which the rich and the unwise are willing to pay for. A larger revenue could be easily gained with no hardship to any person. The patentees of quack medicines and articles are almost invariably very wealthy.

**Telephonic Progress.**—The operations of the National Telephone Company will illustrate our progress in telephonic intercommunication. That company has now 22,743 exchange lines, besides nearly 5,000 private lines; its exchanges number 272 and its call offices 526. The number of instruments under rental in England has now reached 99,000. But, important as this figure is compared to our use of the telephone a very few years ago, it sinks into insignificance by the side of the number of instruments under rental in America, which at the beginning of the present year had reached 222,430, being an increase of 16,675 over the number in 1889. Only thirteen years have elapsed since the telephone was first exhibited as a practically workable apparatus to members of the British Association at the Plymouth Meeting, and the number of instruments now at work throughout the world may be estimated as considerably exceeding a million.

**Chinese in Australia.**—In 1881 there were in all the Australian colonies less than 44,000 Chinese. Notwithstanding the strong efforts to repress immigration, the number has increased on the whole by nearly four thousand, the number now being 47,435, an increase of 3,727. In Victoria the decrease has been from 12,128 to 11,290; in Queensland from 11,229 to 7,691 (due probably to Kanaka or Polynesian labour); in New Zealand from 5,004 to 4,515. On the other hand, the number of Chinese has increased in New South Wales from 10,025 to 10,521; in South Australia from 4,151 to 6,650; in Western Australia from 145 to 625; and in Tasmania from 844 to 1,000. The numbers may be useful for reference in statistics of future Australian population.

**A Wonderful Old Woman.**—In Plot's "Staffordshire" there is record of an old woman, Mary Cooper, who saw five generations of her descendants. She lived at King's Bromley, near Rugeley. The saying about her was, "Rise, daughter, go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter has got a daughter."

**A Fiji Jubilee.**—In recent years there have been numerous jubilee and centenary celebrations, but not one has been more remarkable than is recorded in the history of the Fiji Islands. Christianity was first introduced into Fiji in 1835, and in 1885 the jubilee was celebrated. An aged missionary, James Calvert, went out from England expressly to take part in the rejoicings and thanksgivings. In a little book "From Dark to Dawn in Fiji" (Partridge & Co.), by R. Vernon, the event is described:—Mr. Calvert had now reached the age of seventy-two, but he was still hale, showing no sign of decay from the many changes, sufferings, and toils to which his long missionary career had subjected him. His love for Fiji had not diminished with advancing years; his warmest affections were there, and he became possessed with an ardent longing to see his beloved people again, and take part with them in rejoicing over the triumphs of the Gospel during these fifty years. Accordingly, the veteran toiler set out on a voyage round the world, and spent forty happy days in Fiji, where he took a prominent part in many services, being glad to witness the progress made in every branch of mission work, and the general prosperity and stability of the people in spiritual matters. Referring to this visit, Mr. Calvert remarks—The latest statistics to hand show extraordinary results of Christian work; and it is remarkable that where there was not a single Christian in Fiji in 1835, when the mission commenced, in 1885, when the jubilee was celebrated, there was not an avowed heathen left in all the large group of eighty inhabited islands. The returns show that in 1885 there were 1,322 churches and other preaching places, 10 white missionaries, 65 native ministers, 41 catechists, 1,016 head teachers and preachers, 1889 local preachers, 28,147 Church members and 104,585 attendants on public worship, out of a population of 110,000.

To-day cannibalism, widow-strangling, and infanticide are unheard-of cruelties. And the vitality of the work is proved by the fact that the oversight of all the Church in Fiji is undertaken by the Australian Wesleyan Conference, which supplies heartily devoted white missionaries, who work side by side with ordained native ministers and preachers. The Fijian Church is likewise continually sending native missionaries to other distant islands, to preach Christ in other tongues.

**Australian Memorial in St. Paul's.**—One of the most graceful acts of Lord Rosebery during last season was the unveiling of a memorial tablet to Mr. Daley, an Australian statesman. His Lordship made an address, in which he called attention to the fact that the tablet was the first memorial erected in the Cathedral to a colonist, and said it was, therefore, a milestone in the path of those having faith in the federation of the Empire.

**Tonquin to the Chinese Frontier.**—A new trade route has been established to Yunnan, through French territory. A steamer, called the "Yunnan," has been specially built for navigating the Red River or Songka, and reaches Taokang, which is close to the Chinese frontier, not far from Mongtze, an ancient and important trade centre. By this route, it is stated that French goods will reach Yunnan from the port of Haiphong in Tonquin in twenty-six days, instead of forty by the old route.

**Christ's Hospital.**—The new governing body of Christ's Hospital, London, approved by the Queen in Council, by an order dated August 15, comes into operation on January 1, 1891. To this new Court is referred the scheme for removal of the "Blue Coat School" to some rural or suburban site. The change of St. Paul's school from the City to Hammersmith has been a successful move, and no doubt the removal of Christ's Hospital to another site would be an advantage. The old associations will live in history, and in the biographies of distinguished "Blues." What will be done with the old site in Newgate Street remains to be seen. The value of the ground must be enormous, but we hope it may fall into the hands of none who will not preserve the grand hall, one of the finest architectural structures in London. This imposing appearance it owes largely to the edifice rising from a lofty basement, and not (as in most London buildings) squatted on the low level of the soil. Whitehall Chapel is in similar way elevated, and thus both these edifices have a grandeur beyond what their mere architecture presents.

**Personal Influence.**—It is one of the healthiest features of our day, that all thinking people are growing sensitive about their influence. To many the chief dread of sin arises from perceiving that they cannot sin themselves without directly or indirectly involving others; and it would be to them the greatest of satisfactions to be able to believe that they are doing good to those with whom they are brought into contact, and not harm. This is a feeling worthy of the solemn nature of our earthly existence, and it ought certainly to be one of the guiding principles of life. Yet it is not without its dangers. If allowed too prominent a place among our motives, it would crush the mind with an intolerable weight, and cause conduct to appear so responsible that the spring of energy would be broken. It might easily betray us into living so much for effect as to fall into hypocrisy. The healthiest influence is unsought and unconscious. A man may strive for influence and miss it. But let him grow within himself—in self-control, in conscientiousness, in purity and submission—and then he will not miss it. Every step of inward progress makes us worth more to the world and to every cause with which we may be identified. The road to influence is simply the highway of duty and loyalty. Let a man press nearer to Christ, and open his nature more widely to admit the energy of Christ, and whether he knows it or not—it is better perhaps if he does not know it—he will certainly be growing in power for God with men, and for men with God. "Abide in Me, and I in you: as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me." *Stalker's "Imago Christi."*

**Paris as a Seaport.**—The probable success of the Manchester Ship Canal has revived the serious consideration of making Paris a seaport. M. Ives Guyot, Minister of Public Works, has been authorised by the Council of State to make full examination of the scheme proposed by the French engineer, M. Bouquet de la Grye. The shipowners and merchants of Havre will watch this inquiry as anxiously as those of Liverpool did the early discussions on the Manchester Canal.

**Welsh Bible Recovered from the Bottom of the Sea.**—A Welsh paper, the "Genedl," contained lately a singular letter written from the Rev. J. Mostyn Jones, of Oak Hill, Jackson County, Ohio, U.S. Mr. Jones says he has an old Bible, belonging to a seaman named Enoch Shields, given to him by some friend in Llantrisant. The ship foundered in the Pacific Ocean, and none of the crew were ever heard of. Many years afterwards some divers brought up a safe from the captain's cabin of the lost ship, and in it was a Welsh Bible. The divers gave it to the first Welshman they met with, a blacksmith in San Francisco. After passing through several hands, it was brought by a Mr. Roberts to Mr. Jones, when in California, and he now writes in hope of the relic being claimed by some relative of Enoch Shields. Failing this, it will be placed in some public library.

**Protection of Animals from Cruelty.**—In "Notes and Queries" for August 30, 1890, it is stated on the authority of Mr. Moncure Conway that there was no society for protection of animals from cruelty, either in Europe or America, till Mr. Darwin published his "Origin of Species." Mr. Conway's statement was made in a Chicago paper. There was a society in Edinburgh long before the appearance of Darwin s book, and we believe that in London and in New York also were similar institutions. What connection Darwin's theories have with humanity to animals is not apparent.

**Revaluation of Property.**—In London the increase of value, as appears from the report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, has been large and steadily progressing. Throughout the country there is in some respects advance, but in others diminution. In 1879-80, the annual value of lands assessed under Schedule A. for income was £69,548,000; now it is only, or little over, £58,000,000, a decrease of £11,548,000 in the decade. House property has everywhere increased in value. The increase is also great for "trades and professions," and in the claims of property assessed under Schedule D. the increase in ten years is about £40,000,000.

**M. Edouart's Silhouettes.**—In ten years M. Edouart cut more than 50,000 silhouette portraits, about 10,000 of them being children. He made duplicates of all for reference, with little memoranda. His reference portraits occupied fifty large books. He travelled for many years afterwards, and probably produced, in all, above 100,000 portraits. In 1849, on returning from America, the "Oneida," in which he was a passenger, was wrecked in Vazon Bay, off the island of Guernsey, and the vast collection went to the bottom of the sea. Mr. Andrew Tuer gives this information in "Notes and Queries." He had a narrow escape, and was hospitably welcomed in the house of the Lukis family in that island. To Mrs. Lukis he presented about a dozen volumes which were recovered from the wreck. He died at Guinnes, near Calais, in his seventy-third year, in 1861. Many of his portraits have been engraved in books of biography.

**Memorial to Robert Browning in Wales.**—A tablet in memory of Robert Browning has been placed in a church near Llangollen. In the autumn of 1886, Mr. Browning spent upwards of two months at Llangollen, and during his stay there the old man walked every Sunday, in fair weather or foul, to the little church of Llantysilio, one of the oldest in Wales. The poet and his sister occupied the pew of Sir Theodore Martin, whose place, Bryntysilio, which the Queen visited last year, is not far off. A tablet has been placed by Lady Martin on the wall close to the spot where he was accustomed to sit, bearing the following inscription: "In memory of Robert Browning, poet (born 1812, died 1889), who worshipped in this church ten weeks in Autumn 1886, by his friend Helen Faucit Martin." This graceful tribute to the veteran poet's memory reminds us of the tablet near the place where Dr. Johnson used to worship in St. Clement Danes in the Strand.

**Forth Bridge Traffic in October.**—There were at the beginning of October, about six months after the opening of the bridge, at least 140 trains crossing daily. There is no limit as to speed in the passenger trains, but those with freight are limited to 25 miles per hour. As there is only a space of about 30 inches between the tracks and the pathways on the bridge, a limitation of speed seems a proper precaution.

**Gordon Hall, Tientsin.**—A Municipal Hall was opened last summer at Tientsin, by the Viceroy Li Hung Chang. The Hall is called after General Charles Gordon. The Viceroy, in his speech on the occasion, made warm and eloquent reference to the services and the character of the great Englishman to whom China owed its safety during the Taeping rebellion. Li Hung Chang very soon forgot Gordon's misunderstanding with him, and always retained a high estimate of his friendship. No one more sincerely mourned his death at Khartoum than the Chinese Viceroy, who sent a handsome donation for the Gordon memorial.

**Carbonised Peat.**—A patent, of Canadian origin, has been with considerable success worked in preparing peat for fuel resembling coal. The prepared fuel is as dense as coal, ignites as readily, and burns steadily with clear flame. This carbonised peat has the advantage of being almost or wholly free from sulphur. For smelting purposes and for furnace fires it is eminently suitable. The ash remaining after combustion is far less than that of any coal. As there are nearly three million acres of bog-land in Ireland, there ought to be a great industrial resource here. What is wanting is enterprise, as well as security for capital. For peat-moss litter there is also a great demand, but it all comes from Holland and France instead of from Ireland, where any quantity could be cheaply made.

**Conditions of Labour.**—Although the French abstained from showing much interest in the Berlin Conferences on similar questions, the Government of M. Carnot has appointed an inquiry by the Minister of Commerce into the conditions of labour in France. Schedules of questions will be widely distributed among all employers of labour, and various methods are to be taken to obtain accurate information about wages, times of work, dress, food, disease, provident clubs, and every department of statistics bearing specially on the working classes. M. Jules Roche will propose that this inquiry should be carried out at the national cost, whatever may be the result as bearing on legislation.

**Clarence Peak, Fernando Po.**—M. Rogozinski, whose name is already connected with exploration in the Cameroons, in a communication to the Paris Geographical Society, has described his ascent of the Clarence Peak, in Fernando Po, which has only twice before been ascended by Europeans—in 1843 by Beecroft, and in 1860 by Pellon and Man. The slopes of the mountain are described as extremely steep and rugged, where the hands have to work as well as the feet, and where it is sometimes impossible to find a level spot to pitch a tent. The lower slopes are covered with forests of tree ferns and rubber trees, while streams dash down by violent and savage cascades to the low-lying lands along the shore. The forests are gradually succeeded by slopes which are quite treeless save for a few acres of arbutus. In the higher regions, where even the grass ceased, the bearers began to desert one by one, unable to bear the solitude and desolation, and fearing to face the spirits of the mountain in company with the white man. It was also found that the guide had lost his way, and much time was lost finding it again. However, at 2 p.m. on January 15, the travellers stood on the summit of the Clarence Peak, after more than a week's climbing. Remnants of the post erected by Pellon in 1860 were found. Although a crater is distinguishable, all other traces of volcanic action have disappeared in the course of centuries. During the descent a collection of mosses and parasitic plants was made for the University of Lemberg, and a number of orchids were also collected.

**Round the World in fifty-three Days.**—A post-card despatched from the London Guildhall post office, on May 17, in honour of the Penny Postage Jubilee, went viâ United States to Japan, and thence viâ Brindisi back to London, the journey taking sixty-eight days, arriving July 24. This record has since been beaten. A card sent in the reverse direction to Singapore (viâ Brindisi), thence to Hong Kong and San Francisco, across America, reached London in fifty-three days. The cost was 3½*d.* The card bore request to postmasters to forward without delay.

**Fawkes of Farnley Hall.**—Among the notable art-sales of last season was a selection of the Turner water-colour drawings, which have long been precious treasures at Farnley Hall, Yorkshire. Some of Turner's most celebrated works were sold at Christie's on this occasion. Among them was the "'Victory' returning from Trafalgar," which was bought by Mr. Agnew for £2,152 10*s*. Another was a small replica of the picture which hangs between the two Claudes in the National Gallery. Turner sold this picture to Lord de Tabley, and afterwards bought it back when brought to auction in order to bequeath it to the nation. The Farnley Hall small copy sold for a thousand guineas. The "Windermere" picture sold for £1,260. The "Lake of Geneva from above Vevey," put up at £1,000, fetched £2,625. A large number of Rhine landscapes were in the collection. The total brought by the day's sale was £24,361. It is now generally known that the notorious Guy Fawkes was a scion of the family of Fawkes of Farnley.

**Biological Laboratories.**—At the Congress of the British Medical Association, held at Birmingham in 1890, Mr. Lawson Tait, F.R.C.S., President of the Mason College, had the courage to utter a strong protest against what he called "that senseless system of biological training which had set in as a fashion at Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh." Mr. Lawson Tait's eminence as a surgeon, and as a man of philosophical spirit, entitles his opinion to consideration on this matter. The voice of all the greatest surgeons and best teachers of physiology, until recent years, was opposed to the performance of experiments and demonstrations on living animals in points sufficiently elucidated by clinical observation and pathological researches.

**Bradshaw's First Guide Books.**—The early editions of "Bradshaw" are sought for as rare and curious records. The first number issued was on October 19, 1839, relating to the northern part of England; the second, on the southern districts, on October 25 of the same year.

# Household Queries.

To Correspondents.—At the commencement of a new volume we again find it necessary to explain what is the scope of these Notes and Queries and what is not admissible. They are intended to embrace topics of some general Family or Domestic interest. We must decline to reply to questions of personal medical advice, or of mere curiosity, or concerning charitable institutions, or the disposal of work, or generally to queries of any merely *personal* character whatever. However urgent some of these may be to the senders, they cannot be given consideration here in space belonging to the general reader; nor are we able to undertake solutions of all sorts of such individual difficulties. Such queries are therefore necessarily unnoticed. Correspondents would also do well to observe that we are obliged to go to press about the 1st of each month for the issue of a month later, and the "early replies" so often asked for are therefore impossible.

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**Poultry.**—Deaths.—*Kindly advise me what to do with my fowls. One morning last week I found a young hen dead in the roost, which appeared as if it had fallen off the perch. On arriving home a few days afterwards, I found another hen dead in the nest-box, which appeared in good health the day before. The perches are about one inch round?*—The perches are too small, but this had nothing to do with the deaths, and your other arrangements are right enough. The deaths are most likely due to apoplexy, and this probably to overfeeding. There might be congenital heart-disease, but the other is more probable.

Next Year.—*Do you think I ought to invest in any more fowls this year? I have just bought four pullets, and have now eight hens and a cock, all Leghorns. Dorkings, I believe, are rather apt to have an illness called "bumble-foot." Are Hamburghs good all round? I find Leghorns excellent layers, but bad sitters. One of the hens has taken it into her head to sit now. I suppose it is much too late to let her? The new pullets were hatched on April* 18, *when will they begin to lay? I have no grass run, but they seem to do pretty well?*—You had better stop at what you have. Hamburghs are not suitable except on grass. Leghorns are non-sitters, and yours could not be depended on, and it is much too late. Your April pullets ought to lay by the end of October, if not earlier.

**Berries.**—*Would you be so kind as to inform me how to preserve berries (rowans, for instance) through the winter for decorative purposes?*—We do not know any way in which this can be done. If it could, there would be no market for artificial ones, which are very cheap now.

**Deposit in Kettle.**—*We use a large iron kettle for boiling water, but in a short time, owing to the hardness of the water, the inside of the kettle becomes incrusted with a thick coat, which makes the water twice as long in boiling. Can you inform me of any simple mode of removing this crust?*—Hard waters differ so much that we cannot be sure, but if you dissolve half an ounce of sal-ammoniac in the kettleful of water, and simmer gently for half an hour after it boils, the crust will probably be so softened as to be removed with little difficulty.

**Worms in Furniture.**—A correspondent writes strongly confirming our own advice against the use of paraffin oil as destroying the polish as well as the worms. He says he has since tried a preparation supplied by *W. Johns, of Northgate Street, Ipswich*, which answered the purpose admirably, and promotes the polish of the wood with slight rubbing. He thinks that no worm or even moth can exist where this preparation is used. Several preparations have now been warranted by the experience of various readers for this emergency, and the subject has, we think, been sufficiently treated, for which thanks are due to those who have assisted.

**Linoleum.**—*Kindly inform me what is the best way to clean linoleum. I have covered the hall and kitchen floor with this material, and am doubtful as to the way it should be treated?*—It should be washed with soap and water, without soda, and wiped dry with a cloth. If it is the "indurated" kind, in which the pattern goes right through, there is a "reviver" sold, which, after such washing, may be applied occasionally, but it is little use for the ordinary kinds.

**Stains in Marble.**—*Kindly tell me what will clean and take stains out of white marble?*—We can add nothing on this subject to the directions which were given in part 455 for November 1889.

**Silk Belts.**—*I would be glad to know how to clean white silk Petersham belts. Is there any way of doing them at home?*—You can get a very fair result by washing with soap and water, and ironing out *whilst wet* with a *hot* iron.

**Hard Water.**—*I should like to know some easy way to soften hard water, and also to know what constitutes the difference between hard and soft water?*—Hardness depends on the presence of lime or magnesia in some form, but the form and treatment differ. Lime carbonate (chalk) dissolves very little indeed, unless there is carbonic acid also in the water. If so, half an hour's boiling drives most of the gas off, throws down the chalk, and makes the water much softer, at the expense of fur in the kettle. For making tea, a pinch of carbonate of soda is an old and effectual remedy for most hard waters; and there are also preparations sold, such as "anti-calcaire," which are more or less useful. They mostly depend on Dr. Clarke's process, which consists in *adding* lime to water with chalk in solution. The free lime combines with the carbonic acid which has held the chalk in solution, forming more carbonate, when the whole is thrown down. But such expedients are useless when sulphate of lime is the cause, and you must therefore be guided by your own local analysis.

**Glazing Linen.**—*Kindly let me know how to put a glaze on starched linen without using a "glazing iron," if possible?*—You cannot put a really good glaze on without. The nearest you can get to it will be by the use of a little borax and spermaceti in the starch as described in a previous number, and to use your iron freely with very heavy pressure.

**Small Skins.**—*Would you kindly say how to preserve water-rat skins; and would any other rat's skin be preserved in the same way?*—Tack out on a board, fleshy side upwards, and carefully remove all superfluous matter down to the skin. Then rub in well arsenic soap, obtainable at any bird-stuffer's. Be careful not to leave it about, or let it get into any scratches; or use india-rubber gloves or finger-stalls.

**Knitting.**—SHAWL.—*Kindly give me a knitted pattern for shawl in Shetland wool; a lacelike superior pattern would be valued?*—The following is an old and favourite pattern, but has been recently republished in "Weldon." *For centre of shawl.*—Cast on stitches sufficient for the width of shawl, any number divisible by six, with one additional stitch to keep the pattern straight, and four extra for edge stitches. 155 stitches with Shetland wool will make a nice shoulder shawl, measuring with border about a yard square, and will require about 5 ozs. of wool. More would be required of Andalusian, as, being thicker, it weighs heavier. Commence by knitting 4 plain rows. *1st pattern row:* Knit 5*, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 4, repeat from * to the end of row. *2nd row:* Knit 2, purl all along, and knit the last two stitches. *3rd row:* Knit 3*, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 1; repeat from *, and there will be 3 stitches to knit at the end of the row. *4th row:* Same as the second row. *5th row:* Knit 2, knit 2 together,* make 1, knit 3, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat from *, and when you get 4 stitches from the end of the row, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2. *6th row:* Same as the second row. Repeat from the first row till the shawl is the size you desire it to be. Knit 4 plain rows. Cast off. This pattern is very light and pretty worked with Shetland wool, and a pair of No. 10 bone knitting needles. If a warmer shawl is desired, Andalusian wool may be used and No. 9 needles. *For the border.*—Cast on 19 stitches. *1st row:* Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 2, and knit 2 together six times, knit 1. *2nd row:* Knit 3, purl 1 and knit 2 five times, purl 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1. *3rd row:* Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 20. *4th row:* Cast off 6, knit 15, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1. Repeat for the length required to go round the shawl, and sew on, allowing nice fulness at the corners. The border should be knitted with the same wool as used for the shawl, but needles one size finer.

COCKATOO WOOL.—*Kindly say where the "cockatoo" wool may be obtained which was mentioned in the August part. I have tried every fancy-wool shop near without result?*—It is new, and will probably be more known soon, but you could get it of the manufacturers if necessary, who are the Wharfedale Fancy Knitting Wool Co., Burley-in-Wharfedale, near Leeds.

**Preserved Tomatoes.**—*Oblige by giving a good reliable way of preserving tomatoes for winter use, I having tried bottling them as gooseberries are done, and boiling them down with pepper and salt, in both cases the tomatoes have gone mouldy?*—Here is one way: Cut the tomatoes into pieces, and simmer them gently over a slow fire till they are reduced to a pulp. Squeeze the juice from this pulp, boil it until it is as thick as cream, and then pour it into small bottles. Place these in a large boiler with cold water up to their necks. Bring the water to the boil, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour, then lift the bottles from the fire and let them remain in the water till it is cold. Cork securely and wax the corks. Store in a cool dry place. The tomatoes boiled whole might probably succeed if you were particular enough to exclude every particle of air, pressing the cork into an over-full bottle while boiling hot, so that water was forced out, and then waxing over cork and neck with sealing-wax dissolved in spirit; especially if you added a very little salicylic acid.

**Marriage Customs.**—CARDS.—*Please inform me if it is correct to send cards without bride-cake?* Quite correct. All changes in marriage customs lately are in the direction of more liberty and more sense.

MARKING.—*Should articles like linen, silver, and cutlery marked before marriage be in the gentleman's or lady's name?*—Linen often bears the initial of the wife's *Christian* name, with that and surname of the husband. Otherwise the surname is the husband's. Questions of this kind should be decided by common sense, and marking is for the very purpose of denoting the *family* things belong to. The exceptions are only a few, due to an absurd and foolish, if not wrong, feeling of self-assertion, which augurs ill for the future of those who insist on it.—Your other question is no business of ours.

**India Rubber Plant.**—*Could you kindly inform me as to the treatment of an India Rubber Plant, whether it requires much water and much sun, and when is the proper time for cutting it down, also a good book on fern-growing?*—You should not cut it down at all. It does want water, and there must always be some in the saucer which the pot stands in; also the leaves must have all the dust gently sponged off them every few days. The plant requires literally nothing more, unless it may need re-potting in a larger pot after a while when it has grown. If a strong plant to begin with, and properly established in its pot, hardly anything gives less trouble. You may probably find all you need for the present about ferns in "Ferns and Ferneries," published for sixpence by Marshal, Japp and Co, London. It is handy and practical.

**Parroquets and Love-birds.**—*Will you tell me where I can get a pair of parroquets or love-birds?*—As dependable a dealer as any is Mr. Hawkins, Bear Street, Leicester Square.

**Sorrel Soup.**—*Can you kindly give a receipt for sorrel soup? The French excel in this potage, but you seldom find it in this country. Some years ago the chef at Romano's made a splendid bowl that always gave satisfaction?*—It is not a favourite in England, certainly. The following is a French recipe, but we cannot say if it is the same of which you have such a favourable recollection: Take as many sorrel leaves as will half fill a vegetable dish, blanch them, chop fine, and put them in a saucepan with ½ lb. of butter, 2 quarts of medium stock, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil up gently, and, when boiling, add the yolks of 6 eggs beaten up with a little milk, and a little of the butter saved from the other. Cut a French roll into slices, and pour the soup on them in a tureen.

**Varnishing.**—(1) *Having made a small cabinet out of cedar-wood, I want to know of a nice bright varnish. I don't want to change the colour, just something to give it a brilliant polish.* (2) *What shall I do with a very expensive silver-mounted flute just starting to crack in the middle. I have had it in a very dry place?*—(1) Ask for either pale oak or pale furniture varnish. (2) The flute you had better not meddle with, but take to a shop; you may, however, succeed in filling the crack with thin glue. It must not be kept as you have done.

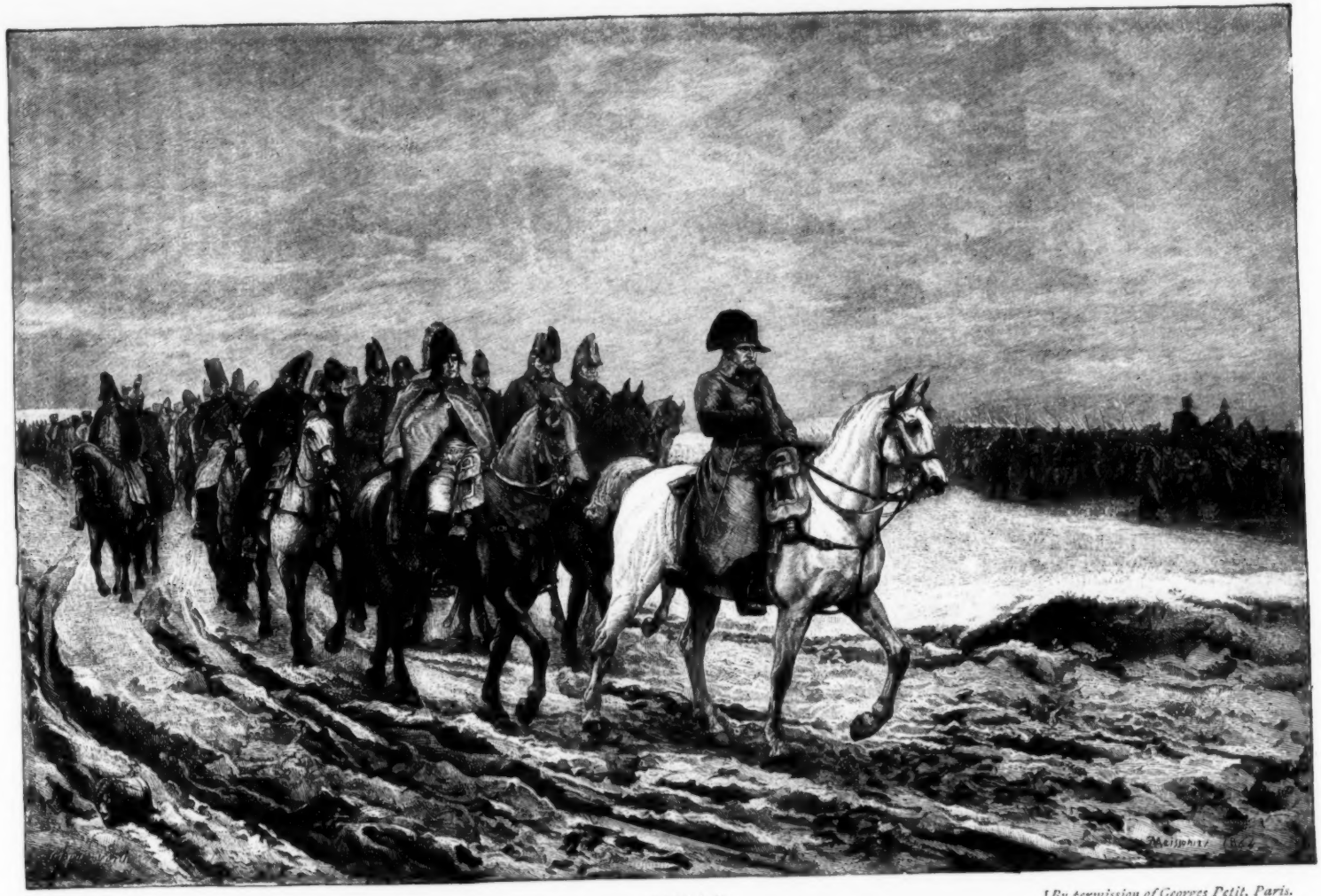
**Gas Stoves.**—*Can you inform me if there are any gas cooking stoves so arranged that the meat shall not be exposed to the fumes of the gas while cooking; and the upper part of the stove (used for boiling) so shut in that the fumes may not escape and contaminate the air of the whole house, as the one I now have does?*—There are plenty of stoves which roast free from gas fumes, but no "shutting in" can preserve the air from contamination. What does that for a kitchener, and must do it for gas, is to carry the burnt gas away by flues overhead. That is the mistake people make. As to stoves, write to Messrs. Sugg and Sons for a pamphlet.

**Sawdust.**—*Please tell me if the sawdust of the pine would be of any use as a disinfectant, either in small bags or scattered about in rooms?*—It would be quite inoperative, except that it might have some slight tendency to keep away fleas.

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## Astronomical Almanack for November.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | ☉ rises 6.56 A.M. |
| 2 | ♋ | 22 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 3 | M | ☉ sets 4.28 P.M. |
| 4 | T | ☽ 3 Quarter 4.13 P.M. |
| 5 | W | ☽ greatest dist. from ♁ |
| 6 | T | Clock after ☉ 16m. 16s. |
| 7 | F | Venus an evening star |
| 8 | S | Pegasus S. 7.47 P.M. |
| 9 | ♋ | 23 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 10 | M | Lord Mayor's Day |
| 11 | T | Half-Quarter Day |
| 12 | W | New ☽ 1.38 P.M. |
| 13 | T | Mars near Jupiter |
| 14 | F | ☉ rises 7.19 A.M. |
| 15 | S | ☉ sets 4.9 P.M. |
| 16 | ♋ | 24 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 17 | M | Mars and Jupiter near ☽ |
| 18 | T | ☽ least distance from ♁ |
| 19 | W | ☽ 1 Quarter 0.45 P.M. |
| 20 | T | Orion's belt S. 1.31 A.M. |
| 21 | F | Daybreak 5.30 A.M. |
| 22 | S | Twilight ends 6.2 P.M. |
| 23 | ♋ | 25 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 24 | M | Jupiter S. 4.28 P.M. |
| 25 | T | Clock after ☉ 12m. 50s. |
| 26 | W | Full ☽ 1.23 P.M. |
| 27 | T | Pleiades S. 11.14 P.M. |
| 28 | F | ☉ rises 7.42 A.M. |
| 29 | S | ☉ sets 3.54 P.M. |
| 30 | ♋ | ADVENT SUNDAY |



"1814."

[*By permission of Georges Petit, Paris.*

AFTER THE PICTURE BY MEISSONIER

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF, ETC.



I DREW MY SWORD AND ADVANCED TOWARDS HIM.

[By permission of George Petit, Paris.

"1814." AFTER THE PICTURE BY MEISSONIER

## CHAPTER III.—"DOWN WITH PURVEYORS!"

THE first streak of daylight found me already footing it through the forest by paths known to few save the woodcutters, but with which many a boyish exploration had made me familiar. From Coton End the London road lies plain and fair through Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford. But my plan, the better to evade pursuit, was, instead, to cross the forest in a north-easterly direction, and, passing by Warwick, to strike the great north road between Coventry and Daventry, which, running thence south-eastward, would take me as straight as a bird might fly through Dunstable, St. Albans, and Barnet, to London. My baggage consisted only of my cloak, sword, and dagger; and for money I had but a gold angel, and a few silver bits of doubtful value. But I trusted that this store, slender as it was, would meet my charges as far as London. Once there I must depend on my wits, either for providence at home, or a passage abroad.

Striding steadily up and down hill, for Arden Forest is made up of hills and dells, which follow one another as do the wave and trough of the sea, only less regularly, I made my way towards Wootton Wawen. As soon as I espied its battlemented church lying in a wooded bottom below me, I kept a more easterly course, and, leaving Henley-in-Arden far to the left, passed on towards Leek Wootton. The damp dead bracken underfoot, the leafless oaks and grey sky overhead, nay, the very cry of the bittern fishing in the bottoms, seemed to be at one with my thoughts; for these were dreary and sad enough.

But hope and a fixed aim form no bad makeshifts for happiness. Striking the broad London road as I had purposed, I slept that night at Ryton Dunsmoor, and the next at Towcester; and the third day, which rose bright and frosty, found me stepping gaily southward, travel-stained indeed, but dry and whole. My spirits rose with the temperature. For a time I put the past behind me, and

found amusement in the sights of the road; in the heavy wagons and long trains of pack-horses, and the cheery greetings which met me with each mile. After all, I had youth and strength, and the world before me; and particularly Stony Stratford, where I meant to dine.

There was one trouble common among wayfarers which did not touch me; and that was the fear of robbers, for he would be a sturdy beggar who would rob an armed foot-passenger for the sake of an angel; and the groats were gone. So I felt no terrors on that account, and even when about noon I heard a horseman trot up behind me, and rein in his horse so as to keep pace with me at a walk, step for step—a thing which might have seemed suspicious to some—I took no heed of him. I was engaged with my first view of Stratford, and did not turn my head. We had walked on so for fifty paces or more, before it struck me as odd that the man did not pass me.

Then I turned, and shading my eyes from the sun which stood just over his shoulder, said, "Good-day, friend."

"Good-day, master," he answered.

He was a stout fellow, looking like a citizen, although he had a sword by his side, and wore it with an air of importance which the sunshine of opportunity might have ripened into a swagger. His dress was plain; and he sat a good hackney as a miller's sack might have sat it. His face was the last thing I looked at. When I raised my eyes to it, I got an unpleasant start. The man was no stranger. I knew him in a moment for the messenger who had summoned me to the Chancellor's presence.

The remembrance did not please me; and reading in the fellow's sly look that he recognised me, and thought he had made a happy discovery in finding me, I halted abruptly. He did the same.

"It is a fine morning," he said, taken aback by my sudden movement, but affecting an indifference which the sparkle in his eye belied. "A rare day for the time of year."

"It is," I answered, gazing steadily at him.

"Going to London? Or may be only to Stratford?" he hazarded. He fidgeted uncomfortably under my eye, but still pretended ignorance of me.

"That is as may be," I answered.

"No offence, I am sure," he said.

I cast a quick glance up and down the road. There happened to be no one in sight. "Look here!" I replied, stepping forward to lay my hand on the horse's shoulder—but the man reined back and prevented me, thereby giving me a clue to his character—"you are in the service of the Bishop of Winchester?"

His face fell, and he could not conceal his disappointment at being recognised. "Well, master," he answered reluctantly, "perhaps I am, and perhaps I am not."

"That is enough," I said shortly. "And you know me. You need not lie about it, man, for I can see you do. Now look here, Master Steward, or whatever your name may be——"

"It is Master Pritchard," he put in, sulkily; "and I am not ashamed of it."

"Very well. Then let us understand one another. Do you mean to interfere with me?"

He grinned. "Well, to be plain, I do," he replied, reining his horse back another step. "I have orders to look out for you, and have you stopped if I find you. And I must do my duty, sir; I am sworn to it, Master Cludde."

"Right!" said I, calmly; "and I must do mine, which is to take care of my skin." And I drew my sword and advanced upon him with a flourish. "We will soon decide this little matter," I added, grimly, one eye on him and one on the empty road, "if you will be good enough to defend yourself."

But there was no fight in the fellow. By good luck, too, he was so startled that he did not do what he might have done with safety; namely, retreat, and keep me in sight until some passers-by came up. He did give back, indeed, but it was against the bank. "Have a care!" he cried in a fume, his eye following my sword nervously: he did not try to draw his own. "There is no call for fighting, I say."

"But I say there is," I replied, bluntly. "Call and cause! Either you fight me, or I go where I please."

"You may go to Bath for me!" he spluttered, his face the colour of a turkey-cock's wattles with rage.

"Do you mean it, my friend?" I said, and I played my point about his leg, half-minded to give him a little prod by way of earnest. "Make up your mind."

"Yes!" he shrieked out, suspecting my purpose, and bouncing about in his saddle like a parched pea. "Yes, I say!" he roared. "Do you hear me? You go your way, and I will go mine."

"That is a bargain," I said quietly; "and mind you keep to it."

I put up my sword with my face turned from him, lest he should see the curl of my lip and the light in my eyes. In truth, I was uncommonly well pleased with myself, and was thinking that if I came through all my adventures as well, I should do merrily. Outwardly, however, I tried to ignore my victory, and to make things as easy as I could for my friend—if one may call a man who will not fight him a friend, a thing I doubt. "Which way are you going?" I asked amicably; "to Stratford?"

He nodded, for he was too sulky to speak.

"All right!" I said cheerfully, feeling that my dignity could take care of itself now. "Then so far we may go together. Only do you remember the terms. After dinner each goes his own way."

He nodded again, and we turned, and went on in silence, eyeing one another askance, like two ill-matched dogs coupled together. But, luckily, our forced companionship did not last long, a quarter of a mile and a bend in the road bringing us to the first low, grey houses of Stratford; a long, straggling village it seemed, made up of inns strewn along the road, like beads threaded on a rosary. And to be sure, to complete the likeness, we came presently upon an ancient stone cross standing on the green, I pulled up in front of this with a sigh of pleasure. for on either side of it, one facing the other, was an inn of the better class.

"Well," I said, "which shall it be? The Rose and Crown, or the Crown without the Rose?"

"Choose for yourself," he answered churlishly. "I go to the other."

I shrugged my shoulders. After all, you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and if a man has not courage he is not likely to have good fellowship. But the words angered me, nevertheless, for a shabby, hulking fellow lounging at my elbow overheard them and grinned; a hiccoughing, blear-eyed man he was as I had ever met, with a red nose and the rags of a tattered cassock about him. I turned away in annoyance, and chose the "Crown" at hazard; and pushing my way through a knot of horses that stood tethered at the door, went in, leaving the two to their devices.

I found a roaring fire in the great room, and three or four yeomen standing about it, drinking ale. But I was hot from walking, so, after saluting them and ordering my meal, I went and sat for choice on a bench by the window away from the fire. The window was one of a kind common in Warwickshire houses; long and low and beetle-browed, the storey above projecting over it. I sat here a minute looking idly out at the inn opposite, a heavy stone building with a walled courtyard attached to it; such an inn as was common enough about the time of the Wars of the Roses, when wayfarers looked rather for safety than comfort. Presently I saw a boy come out of it and start up the road at a run. Then, a minute later, the ragged fellow I had seen on the green came out and lurched across the road. He seemed to be making, though uncertainly, for my inn, and, sure enough, just as my bread and bacon—the latter hot and hissing—were put before me, he staggered into the room, bringing a strong smell of ale and onions with him. "*Pax vobiscum!*" he said, leering at me with tipsy solemnity.

I guessed what he was—a monk, one of those unfortunates still to be found here and there up and down the country, whom King Henry, when he put down the monasteries, had made homeless. I did not look on the class with much favour, thinking that for most of them the cloister, even if the Queen should succeed in setting the abbeys on their legs again, would have now few attractions. But I saw that the simple farmers received his scrap of Latin with respect, and I nodded civilly as I went on with my meal.

I was not to get off so easily, however. He came and planted himself opposite to me.

"*Pax vobiscum*, my son," he repeated. "The ale is cheap here, and good."

"So is the ham, good father," I replied cheerfully, not pausing in my attack on the victuals. "I will answer for so much."

"Well, well," the knave replied with ready wit, "I breakfasted early. I am content. Landlord, another plate and a full tankard. The young gentleman would have me dine with him."

I could not tell whether to be angry or to laugh at his impudence.

"The gentleman says he will answer for it!" repeated the rascal, with a twinkle in his eye, as the landlord hesitated. He was by no means so drunk as he looked.

"No, no, father," I cried, joining in the general laugh into which the farmers by the fire broke. "A cup of ale is in reason, and for that I will pay, but for no more. Drink it, and wish me Godspeed."

"I will do more than that, lad," he answered. Swaying to and fro my cup which he had seized in his grasp, he laid his hand on the window-ledge beside me, as though to steady himself, and stooped until his coarse puffy face was but a few inches from mine. "More than that," he whispered hoarsely; and his eyes peering into mine were now sober and full of meaning. "If you do not want to be put in the stocks or worse, make tracks! Make tracks, lad!" he continued. "Your friend over there—



"SO THE WORD IS—GO."

he is a niggardly oaf—has sent for the hundredman and the constable, and you are the quarry. So the word is, Go! That," he added aloud, standing erect again, with a drunken smile, "is for your cup of ale; and good coin too!"

For half a minute I sat quite still; taken aback, and wondering, while the bacon cooled on the plate before me, what I was to do. I did not doubt the monk was telling the truth. Why should he lie to me? And I cursed my folly in trusting to a coward's honour, or a serving-man's good faith. But lamentations were useless. What was I to do? I had no horse, and no means of getting one. I was in a strange country, and to try to escape on foot from pursuers who knew the roads, and had the law on their side, would be a hopeless undertaking. Yet to be haled back to Coton End a prisoner—I could not face that. Mechanically I raised a morsel of bacon to my lips, and as I did

so, a thought occurred to me—an idea suggested by some talk I had heard the evening before at Towcester.

Fanciful as the plan was, I snatched at it; and knowing each instant to be precious, took my courage in my hand—and my tankard. "Here," I cried, speaking suddenly and loudly, "here is bad luck to purveyors, Master Host!"

There were a couple of stablemen within hearing, lounging in the doorway, besides the landlord and his wife and the farmers. A villager or two also had dropped in, and there were two pedlars lying half asleep in the corner. All these pricked up their ears more or less at my words. But, like most country folk, they were slow to take in anything new or unexpected; and I had to drink afresh and say again, "Here is bad luck to purveyors!" before any one took it up.

Then the landlord showed he understood.

"Ay, so say I!" he cried, with an oath. "Purveyors, indeed! It is such as they give the Queen a bad name!"

"God bless her!" quoth the monk, loyally.

"And drown the purveyors!" a farmer exclaimed.

"They were here a year ago, and left us as bare as a shorn sheep," struck in a strapping villager, speaking at a white heat, but telling me no news; for this was what I had heard at Towcester the night before. "The Queen should lie warm if she uses all the wool they took! And the pack-horses they purveyed to carry off the plunder—why, the packmen avoid Stratford ever since as though we had the Black Death! Oh, down with the purveyors, say I! The first that comes this way I will show the bottom of the Ouse. Ay, that I will, though I hang for it!"

"Easy! easy, Tom Miller!" the host interposed, affecting an air of assurance, even while he cast an eye of trouble at his flitches. "It will be another ten years before they harry us again. There is Potter's Pury! They never took a tester's worth from Potter's Pury! No, nor from Preston Gobion! But they will go to them next, depend upon it!"

"I hope they will," I said, with a world of gloomy insinuation in my words. "But I doubt it!"

And this time my hint was not wasted. The landlord changed colour. "What are you driving at, master?" he asked timidly, while the others looked at me in silence and waited for more.

"What if there be one across the road now?" I said, giving way to the temptation, and speaking falsely—for which I paid dearly afterwards. "A purveyor, I mean, unless I am mistaken in him, or he tells lies. He has come straight from the Chancellor, white wand, warrant, and all. He is taking his dinner, now, but he has sent for the hundredman, so I guess he means business."

"For the hundredman?" repeated the landlord, his brows meeting.

"Yes; unless I am mistaken."

There was silence for a moment. Then the man they called Tom Miller dashed his cap on the floor and, folding his arms defiantly, looked round on his neighbours. "He has come, has he!" he roared, his face swollen, his eyes bloodshot. "Then I will be as good as my word! Who will help? Shall we sit down and be shorn like sheep, as we were before, so that our children lay on the bare stones, and we pulled the plough ourselves? Or shall we show that we are free Englishmen, and not slaves of Frenchmen? Shall we teach Master Purveyor not to trouble us again? Now, what say you, neighbours?"

So fierce a growl of impatience and anger rose round me as at once answered the question. A dozen red faces glared at me and at one another, and from the very motion and passion of the men as they snarled and threatened, the room seemed twice as full as it was. Their oaths and cries of encouragement, not loud, but the more dangerous for that, the fresh burst of fury which rose as the village smith and another came in and learned the news, the menacing gestures of a score of brandished fists—these sights, though they told of the very effect at which I had aimed, scared as well as pleased me. I turned red and white, and hesitated, fearing that I had gone too far.

The thing was done, however; and, what was more, I had soon to take care of myself. At the very moment when the hubbub was at its loudest I felt a chill run down my back as I met the monk's eye, and, reading in it whimsical admiration, read in it something besides, and that was an unmistakable menace. "Clever lad!" the eye said. "I will expose you," it threatened.

I had forgotten him—or, at any rate, that my acting would be transparent enough to him holding the clue in his hand—and his look was like the shock of cold water to me. But it is wonderful how keen the wits grow on the grindstone of necessity. With scarcely a second's hesitation I drew out my only piece of gold, and unnoticed by the other men, who were busy swearing at and encouraging one another, I disclosed a morsel of it. The monk's crafty eye glistened. I laid my finger on my lips.

He held up two fingers.

I shook my head and showed an empty palm. I had no more. He nodded; and the relief that nod gave me was great. Before I had time, however, to consider the narrowness of my escape, a movement of the crowd—for the news had spread with strange swiftness, and there was now a crowd assembled which more than filled the room—proclaimed that the purveyor had come out, and was in the street.

The room was nearly emptied at a rush. Though I prudently remained behind, I could, through the open window, hear as well as see what passed. The leading spirits had naturally struggled out first, and were gathered sullen, and full of dangerous possibilities, about the porch.

I suppose the Bishop's messenger saw in them nothing but a crowd of country clowns, for he came hectoring towards the door, smiting his boot with his whip, and puffing out his red cheeks mightily. He felt brave enough now that he had dined and had at his back three stout constables sworn to keep the Queen's peace.

"Make way! Make way, there, do you hear?" he cried, in a husky, pompous voice. "Make way!" he repeated, lightly touching the nearest

man with his switch. "I am on the Queen's service, boobies, and must not be hindered."

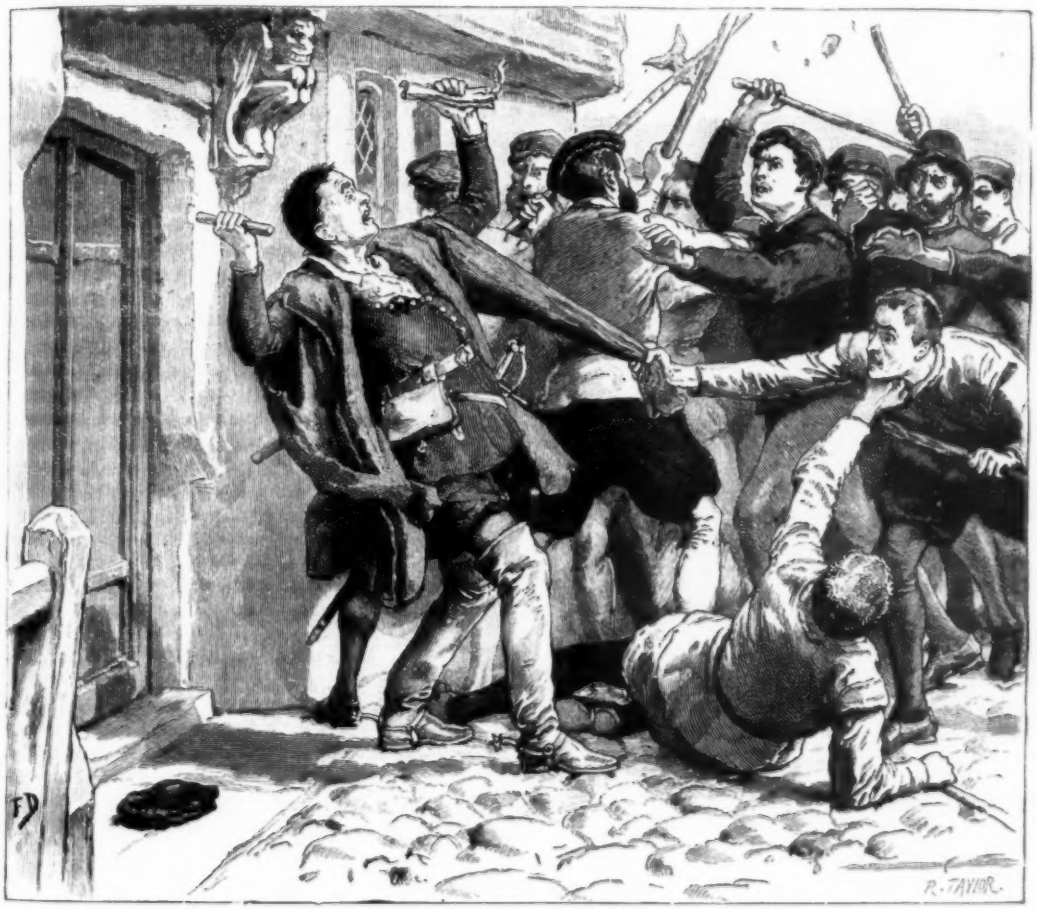
The man swore at him, but did not budge, and the bully, brought up thus sharply, awoke to the lowering faces and threatening looks which confronted him. He changed colour a little. But the ale was still in him, and, forgetting his natural discretion, he thought to carry matters with a high hand. "Come! come!" he exclaimed angrily. "I have a warrant, and you resist me at your peril. I have to enter this house. Clear the way, Master Hundredman, and break these fellows' heads if they withstand you."

"What man?" quoth Tom Miller, eyeing him fixedly.

"The stranger who came in an hour ago, and is inside the house."

"Him, he means, who told about the purveyor across the road," explained the monk with a wink.

That wink sufficed. There was a roar of execration, and in the twinkling of an eye the Jack-in-office, tripped up this way and shoved that, was struggling helplessly in the grasp of half-a-dozen men, who fought savagely for his body with the Hundredman and constables.




I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIM, WILD-EYED AND FRANTIC WITH FEAR.

A growl as of a dozen bull-dogs answered him, and he drew back, as a child might who has trodden on an adder. "You fools!" he spluttered, glaring at them viciously. "Are you mad? Do you know what you are doing? Do you see this?" He whipped out from some pocket a short white staff and brandished it. "I come direct from the Lord Chancellor and upon his business, do you hear, and if you resist me it is treason. Treason! you dogs!" he cried, his rage getting the better of him, "and like dogs you will hang for it. Master Hundredman, I order you to take in your constables and arrest that man!"

"To the river! To the Ouse with him!" yelled the mob. "In the Queen's name!" shouted the officers. But these were to those as three to a score, and taken by surprise besides, and doubtful of the rights of the matter. Yet for an instant, as the crowd went reeling and fighting down the road, they prevailed; the constables managed to drag their leader free, and I caught a glimpse of him, wild-eyed and frantic with fear, his clothes torn from his back, standing at bay like some animal, and brandishing his staff in one hand, a packet of letters in the other.

"I have letters, letters of state!" he screamed

shrilly. "Let me alone, I tell you! Let me go, you curs!"

But in vain. The next instant the mob were upon him again. The packet of letters went one way, the staff was dashed another. He was thrown down and plucked up again, and hurried, bruised and struggling, towards the river, his screams for mercy and furious threats rising shrilly above the oaths and laughter.

I felt myself growing pale as scream followed scream. "They will kill him!" I exclaimed, trembling and preparing to follow. "I cannot see this done."

But the monk, who had returned to my side, grasped my arm. "Don't be a fool," he said sharply. "I will answer for it they will not kill him. Tom Miller is not a fool, though he is angry. He will duck him, and let him go. But I will trouble you for that bit of gold, young gentleman."

I gave it to him.

"Now," he continued with a leer, "I will give you a hint in return. If you are wise, you will be out of this county in twelve hours. Tethered to the gate over there is a good horse which belongs to a certain purveyor now in the river. Take it! There is no one to say you nay. And begone!"

I looked hard at him for a minute, my heart beating fast. This was horse-stealing. And horse-stealing was a hanging matter. But I had done so much already that I felt I might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. I was not sure that I had not incited to treason, and what was stealing a horse beside that? "I will do it!" I said desperately.

"Don't lose time, then," quoth my mentor.

I went out then and there, and found he had told the truth. Every soul in the place had gone to see the ducking, and the street was empty. Kicked aside in the roadway lay the bundle of letters, soiled but not torn, and in the gutter was the staff. I stooped and picked up one and the other—in for a lamb, in for a sheep! and they might be useful some day. Then I jumped into the saddle, and twitched the rein off the hook.

But before I could drive in the spurs, a hand fell on the bridle, and the monk's face appeared at my knee. "Well?" I said, glaring down at him—I was burning to be away.

"That is a good cloak you have got there," he muttered hurriedly. "There, strapped to the saddle, you fool. You do not want that, give it me. Do you hear? Quick, give it me," he cried, raising his voice and clutching at it fiercely, his face dark with greed and fear.

"I see," I replied, as I unstrapped it. "I am to steal the horse that you may get the cloak. And then you will lay the lot on my shoulders. Well, take it!" I cried, "and go your way as fast as you can."

Throwing it at him as hard as I could, I shook up the reins and went off down the road at a gallop. The wind whistled pleasantly past my ears. The sounds of the town grew faint and distant. Each bound of the good hack carried me farther and farther from present danger, farther and farther from the old life. In the exhilaration and excitement of the moment I forgot my condition; forgot that I had not a penny-piece in my pocket, and that I had left an unpaid bill behind me; forgot even that I rode a—well, a borrowed horse.

### CHAPTER IV.—TWO SISTERS OF MERCY.

A YOUNGER generation has often posed me finely by asking, "What, Sir Francis! Did you not see *one* bishop burned? Did you not know *one* of the martyrs? Did you *never* come face to face with Queen Mary?" To all which questions I have one answer, No, and I watch small eyes grow large with astonishment. But the truth is, a man can only be in one place at a time. And though, in this very month of February 1555, Prebendary Rogers—a good, kindly man, as I have heard, who had a wife and nine children—was burned in Smithfield in London for religion, and the Bishop of Gloucester suffered in his own city, and other inoffensive men were burned to death, and there was much talk of these things, and in thousands of breasts a smouldering fire was kindled which blazed high enough by-and-by—why, I was at Coton End, or on the London Road, at the time, and learned such things only dimly and by hearsay.

But the rill joins the river at last; and ofttimes suddenly and at a bound, as it were. On this very day, while I cantered easily southward with my face set towards St. Albans, Providence was at work shaping a niche for me in the lives of certain people who were at the time as unconscious of my existence as I was of theirs. In a great house in the Barbican in London there was much stealthy going and coming on this February afternoon and evening. Behind locked doors, and in fear and trembling, mails were being packed and bags strapped, and fingers almost too delicate for the task were busy with nails and hammers, securing this and closing that. The packers knew nothing of me, nor I of them. Yet but for me all that packing would have been of no avail; and but for them my fate might have been very different. Still, the sound of the hammer did not reach my ears, or, doing so, was covered by the steady tramp of the roadster; and no vision, so far as I ever heard, of a dusty youth riding Londonwards came between the secret workers and their task.

I had made up my mind to sleep at St. Albans that night, and for this reason, and for others relating to the Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, in which county Stony Stratford lies, I pushed on briskly. I presently found time, however, to examine the packet of letters of which I had made spoil. On the outer wrapper I found there was no address, only an exhortation to be speedy. Off this came, therefore, without ceremony, and was left in the dirt. Inside I found two sealed epistles, each countersigned on the wrapper, "Stephen Winton."

"Ho! ho!" said I. "I did well to take them."

Over the signature on the first letter—it seemed to be written on parchment—were the words, "Haste! haste! haste!" This was the thicker and heavier of the two, and was addressed to Sir Maurice Berkeley, at St. Mary Overy's, Southwark,

London. I turned it over and over in my hands, and peeped into it, hesitating. Twice I muttered, "All is fair in love and war!" And at last, with curiosity fully awake, and a glance behind me to make sure that the act was unobserved, I broke the seal. The document proved to be as short and pithy as it was startling. It was an order commanding Sir Maurice Berkeley forthwith in the Queen's name, and by the authority of the Council, and so on, and so on, to arrest Katherine Willoughby de Eresby, Duchess of Suffolk, and to deliver her into the custody of the Lieutenant of the Tower, "These presents to be his warranty for the detention of the said Duchess of Suffolk until her Grace's pleasure in the matter be known."

When it was too late I trembled to think what I had done. To meddle with matters of State might be more dangerous a hundred times than stealing horses, or even than ducking the Chancellor's messenger! Seeing at this moment a party of travellers approach, I crammed the letter into my pocket, and rode by them with a red face, and a tongue that stuttered so feebly that I could scarcely return their greetings. When they had gone by I pulled out the warrant again, having it in my mind to tear it up without a moment's delay—to tear it into the smallest morsels, and so get rid of a thing most dangerous. But the great red seal dangling at the foot of the parchment caught my eye, and I paused to think. It was so red, so large, so imposing, it seemed a pity to destroy it. It must surely be good for something. I folded up the warrant again, and put it away in my safest pocket. Yes, it might be good for something.

I took out the other letter. It was bound with green ribbon and sealed with extreme care, being directed simply to Mistress Clarence—there was no address. But over Gardiner's signature on the wrapper were the words, "These, on your peril, very privately."

I turned it over and over, and said the same thing about love and war, and even repeated to myself my old proverb about a sheep and a lamb. But somehow I could not do it. The letter was a woman's letter; the secret, her secret; and though my fingers itched as they hovered about the seals, my cheek tingled too. So at last, with a muttered "What would Petronilla say?" I put it away unopened in the pocket where the warrant lay. The odds were immense that Mistress Clarence would never get it; but at least her secret should remain hers, and my honour mine!

It was dark when I rode, thoroughly jaded, into St. Albans. I was splashed with mud up to the waist, and wetted by a shower, and looked, I have no doubt, from the effect of my journeying on foot and horseback, as disreputable a fellow as might be. The consciousness too that I was without a penny, and the fear lest, careful as I had been to let no one outstrip me, the news of the riot at Stratford might have arrived, did not tend to give me assurance. I poked my head timidly into the great room, hoping that I might have it to myself. To my disgust it was full of people. Half-a-dozen travellers and as many townsfolk were sitting round the fire, talking briskly over their evening draught. Yet I had no choice. I was hungry, and the thing had to be done, and I swaggered in, something of the sneak, no doubt, peeping through my bravado. I remarked, as I took my seat by the fire and set to drying myself, that I was greeted by a momentary silence, and that two or three of the company began to eye me suspiciously.

There was one man, who sat on the settle in the warmest corner of the chimney, who seemed in particular to resent my damp neighbourhood. His companions treated him with so much reverence, and he snubbed them so regularly, that I wondered who he was; and presently, listening to the conversation which went on round me, I had my curiosity satisfied. He was no less a personage than the Bailiff of St. Albans, and his manner befitted such a man; for it seemed to indicate that he thought himself heir to all the powers of the old Abbots under whose broad thumb his father and grandfather had groaned.



NO LESS A PERSONAGE THAN THE BAILIFF OF ST. ALBANS.

My conscience pricking me, I felt some misgiving when I saw him, after staring at me and whispering to two or three of his neighbours, beckon the landlord aside. His big round face and burly figure gave him a general likeness to bluff King Hal, and he appeared to be aware of this himself, and to be inclined to ape the stout king's ways, which, I have heard my uncle say, were ever ways heavy for others' toes. For awhile, however, seeing my supper come in, I forgot him. The bare-armed girl who brought it to me, and in whom my draggled condition seemed to provoke feelings of a different nature, lugged up a round table to the fire. On this she laid my meal, not scrupling to set aside some of the snug dry townsfolk. Then she set a chair for me well in the blaze, and folding

her arms in her apron stood to watch me fall to. I did so with a will, and with each mouthful of beef and draught of ale, spirit and strength came back to me. The cits round me might sneer and shake their heads, and the travellers smile at my appetite. In five minutes I cared not a whit! I could give them back joke for joke, and laugh with the best of them.

Indeed, I had clean forgotten the Bailiff, when he stalked back to his place. But the moment our eyes met, I guessed there was trouble afoot. The landlord came with him and stood looking at me, sending off the wench with a flea in her ear; and I felt under his eye an uncomfortable consciousness that my purse was empty. Two or three late arrivals, to whom I suppose Master Bailiff had confided his suspicions, took their stand also in a half-circle and scanned me queerly. Altogether it struck me suddenly that I was in a tight place, and had need of my wits.

"Ahem!" said the Bailiff, abruptly, taking skilful advantage of a lull in the talk. "Where from last, young man?" He spoke in a deep choky voice, and, if I was not mistaken, winked one of his small eyes in the direction of his friends, as though to say, "Now see me pose him!"

But I only put another morsel in my mouth. For a moment indeed the temptation to reply "Towcester," seeing that such a journey over a middling road was something to brag of before the Highway Law came in, almost overcame me. But in time I bethought me of Stephen Gardiner's maxim, "Be slow to speak!" and I put another morsel in my mouth.

The Bailiff's face grew red, or rather, redder. "Come, young man, did you hear me speak?" he said pompously. "Where from last?"

"From the road, sir," I replied, turning to him as if I had not heard him before. "And a very wet road it was."

A man who sat next me chuckled, being apparently a stranger like myself. But the Bailiff puffed himself into a still more striking likeness to King Henry, and including him in his scowl shouted at me, "Sirrah! don't bandy words with me! Which way did you come along the road, I asked."

It was on the tip of my tongue to answer saucily, "The right way!" But I reflected that I might be stopped; and to be stopped might mean to be hanged at worst, and something very unpleasant at best. So I controlled myself, and answered—though the man's arrogance was provoking enough—"I have come from Stratford, and I am going to London. Now you know as much as I do."

"Do I?" he said, with a sneer and a wink at the landlord.

"Yes, I think so," I answered patiently.

"Well, I don't!" he retorted, in vulgar triumph. "I don't. It is my opinion that you have come from London."

I went on with my supper.

"Do you hear?" he asked pompously, sticking his arms akimbo and looking round for sympathy. "You will have to give an account of yourself, young man. We will have no penniless rogues and sturdy vagabonds wandering about St. Albans."

"Penniless rogues do not go a-horseback," I answered. But it was wonderful how my spirits sank again under that word "penniless." It hit me hard.

"Wait a bit," he said, raising his finger to command attention for his next question. "What is your religion, young man?"

"Oh!" I replied, putting down my knife and looking open scorn at him, "you are an inquisitor, are you?" At which words of mine there was a kind of stir. "You would burn me as I hear they burned Master Sandars at Coventry last week, would you? They were talking about it down the road."

"You will come to a bad end, young man!" he retorted viciously, his outstretched finger shaking as if the palsy had seized him. For this time my taunt had gone home, and more than one of the listeners standing on the outer edge of the group, and so beyond his ken, had muttered shame. More than one face had grown dark. "You will come to a bad end!" he repeated. "If it be not here, then somewhere else! It is my opinion that you have come from London, and that you have been in trouble. There is a hue-and-cry out for a young fellow just your age, and a cock of your hackle, I judge, who is wanted for heresy. A Londoner too. You do not leave here until you have given an account of yourself, Master Jack-a-Dandy!" The party had all risen round me, and some of the hindmost had got on benches to see me the better. Among these, between two bacon flitches, I caught a glimpse of the serving-maid's face as she peered at me, pale and scared, and a queer impulse led me to nod to her—a reassuring little nod. I found myself growing cool and confident, seeing myself so cornered.

"Easy! easy!" I said, "let a man finish his supper and get warmed in peace."

"Bishop Bonner will warm you!" cried the Bailiff.

"I dare say—as they warm people in Spain!" I sneered.

"He will be Bishop Burner to you!" shrieked the Bailiff, almost beside himself with rage at being so bearded by a lad.

"Take care!" I retorted. "Do not you speak evil of dignitaries, or you will be getting into trouble!"

He fairly writhed under this rejoinder.

"Landlord!" he spluttered, "I shall hold you responsible! If this person leaves your house, and is not forthcoming when wanted, you will suffer for it!"

The landlord scratched his head, being a good-natured fellow; but a bailiff is a bailiff, especially at St. Albans. And I was muddy and travel-stained, and quick of my tongue for one so young; which the middle-aged never like, though the old bear it better. He hesitated.

"Do not be a fool, Master Host!" I said. "I have something here—" and I touched my pocket, which happened to be near my sword-hilt—"that will make you rue it if you interfere with me!"

"Ho! ho!" cried the Bailiff, in haste and triumph. "So that is his tone! We have a tavern-brawler here, have we! A young swash-buckler! His tongue will not run so fast when

he finds his feet in the stocks. Master landlord, call the watch! Call the watch at once, I command you!"

"You will do so at your peril!" I said sternly. Then, seeing that my manner had some effect upon all save the angry official, I gave way to the temptation to drive the matter home and secure my safety by the only means that seemed possible. It is an old story that one deception leads inevitably to another. I solemnly drew out the white staff I had taken from the apparitor. "Look here!" I continued, waving it. "Do you see this, you booby? I am travelling in the Queen's name, and on her service. By special commission, too, from the Chancellor! Is that plain speaking enough for you? And let me tell you, Master Bailiff," I added, fixing my eye upon him, "that my business is private, and that my Lord of Winchester will not be best pleased when he hears how I have had to declare myself. Do you think the Queen's servants go always in cloth of gold, you fool? The stocks indeed!"

I laughed out loudly and without effort, for there never was anything so absurd as the change in the Bailiff's visage. His colour fled, his cheeks grew pendulous, his lip hung loose. He stared at me, gasping like a fish out of water, and seemed unable to move toe or finger. The rest enjoyed the scene, as people will enjoy a marvellous sudden stroke of fortune. It was as good as a stage pageant to them. They could not take their eyes from the pocket in which I had replaced my wand, and continued, long after I had returned to my meal, to gaze at me in respectful silence. The crestfallen Bailiff presently slipped out, and I was left cock of the walk, and for the rest of the evening enjoyed the fruits of victory.

They proved to be more substantial than I had expected, for, as I was on my way upstairs to bed, the landlord preceding me with a light, a man accosted me, and beckoned me aside mysteriously.

"The Bailiff is very much annoyed," he said, speaking in a muffled voice behind his hand while his eyes peered into mine.

"Well, what is that to me?" I replied, looking sternly at him. I was tired and sleepy after my meal. "He should not make such a fool of himself."

"Tut, tut, tut, tut! You misunderstand me, young sir," the man answered, plucking my sleeve as I turned away. "He regrets the annoyance he has caused you. A mistake, he says, a pure mistake, and he hopes you will have forgotten it by morning." Then, with a skilful hand which seemed not unused to the task, he slid two coins into my palm.

I looked at them, for a moment not perceiving his drift. Then I found they were two gold angels, and I began to understand. "Ahem!" I said, fingering them uneasily. "Yes. Well, well, I will look over it, I will look over it! Tell him from me," I continued, gaining confidence as I proceeded with my new rôle, "that he shall hear no more about it. He is zealous—perhaps over zealous!"

"That is it!" muttered the envoy, eagerly; "that is it, my dear sir! You see perfectly how it is. He is zealous. Zealous in the Queen's service!"

"To be sure; and so I will report him. Tell him that so I will report him. And here, my good friend, take one of these for yourself," I added, magnificently giving him back half my fortune—young donkey that I was. "Drink to the Queen's health; and so good-night to you."

He went away, bowing to the very ground, and, when the landlord likewise had left me, I was very merry over this, being in no mood for weighing words. The world seemed—to be sure, the ale was humming in my head, and I was in the landlord's best room—easy enough to conquer, provided one possessed a white staff. The fact that I had no right to mine only added—be it remembered I was young and foolish—to my enjoyment of its power. I went to bed in all comfort with it under my pillow, and slept soundly, untroubled by any dream of a mischance. But when did a lie ever help a man in the end?

When I awoke, which I seemed to do on a sudden, it was still dark. I wondered for a moment where I was, and what was the meaning of the shouting and knocking I heard. Then, discerning the faint outline of the window, I remembered the place in which I had gone to bed, and I sat up and listened. Some one—nay, several people were drumming and kicking against the wooden doors of the inn-yard, and shouting besides, loud enough to raise the dead. In the next room to mine I caught the grumbling voices of persons disturbed, like myself, from sleep. And by-and-by a window was opened, and I heard the landlord ask what was the matter.

"In the Queen's name!" came the loud, impatient answer, given in a voice that rose above the ring of bridles and the stamping of iron hoofs, "open! and that quickly, Master Host. The watch are here, and we must search."

I waited to hear no more. I was out of bed, and huddling on my clothes, and thrusting my feet into my boots, like one possessed. My heart was beating as fast as if I had been running in a race, and my hands were shaking with the shock of the alarm. The impatient voice without was Master Pritchard's, and it rang with all the vengeful passion which I should have expected that gentleman, duped, ducked, and robbed, to be feeling. There would be little mercy to be had at his hands. Moreover, my ears, grown as keen for the moment as the hunted hare's, distinguished the tramping of at least half-a-dozen horses, so that it was clear that he had come with a force at his back. Resistance would be useless. My sole chance lay in flight—if flight should still be possible.

Even in my haste I did not forsake the talisman which had served me so well, but stayed an instant to thrust it into my pocket. The Cluddes have, I fancy, a knack of keeping cool in emergencies, getting, indeed, the cooler the greater the stress.

By this time the inn was thoroughly aroused. Doors were opening and shutting on all sides of me, and questions were being shouted in different tones from room to room. In the midst of the hubbub I heard the landlord come out muttering, and go downstairs to open the door. Instantly

I unlatched mine, slipped through it stealthily, sneaked a step or two down the passage, and then came plump in the dark against some one who was moving as softly as myself. The surprise was complete, and I should have cried out at the unexpected collision had not the unknown laid a cold hand on my mouth, and gently pushed me back into my room.

Here there was now a faint glimmer of dawn, and by this I saw that my companion was the serving-



MY SOLE CHANCE LAY IN FLIGHT

maid. "Hist!" she said, speaking under her breath, "Is it you they want?"

I nodded.

"I thought so," she muttered. "Then you must get out through your window. You cannot pass them. They are a dozen or more, and armed. Quick! knot this about the bars. It is no great depth to the bottom, and the ground is soft from the rain"

She tore, as she spoke, the coverlet from the bed, and twisting it into a kind of rope helped me to secure one corner of it about the window-bar. "When you are down," she whispered, "keep along the wall to the right until you come to a haystack. Turn to the left there—you will have to ford the water—and you will soon be clear of the town. Look about you then, and you will see a horse-track, which leads to Elstree, running in a line with the London Road, but a mile from it and through woods. At Elstree any path to the left will take you to Barnet, and not two miles lost."

"Heaven bless you!" I said, turning from the gloom, the dark sky, and driving scud without to peer gratefully at her. "Heaven bless you for a good woman!"

"And God keep you for a bonny boy," she whispered.

I kissed her, forcing into her hands—a thing the remembrance of which is very pleasant to me to this day—my last piece of gold.

A moment more, and I stood unhurt, but almost up to my knees in mud, in an alley bounded on both sides, as far as I could see, by blind walls. Stopping only to indicate by a low whistle that I was safe, I turned and sped away as fast as I could run in the direction which she had pointed out. There was no one abroad, and in a shorter time than I had expected I found myself outside the town, travelling over a kind of moorland tract bounded in the distance by woods.

Here I picked up the horse-track easily enough, and without stopping, save for a short breathing space, hurried along it, to gain the shelter of the trees. So far so good! I had reason to be thankful. But my case was still an indifferent one. More than once in getting out of the town I had slipped and fallen. I was wet through, and plastered with dirt owing to these mishaps; and my clothes were in a woeful plight. For a time excitement kept me up, however, and I made good way, warmed by the thought that I had again baffled the great Bishop. It was only when the day had come, and grown on to noon, and I saw no sign of any pursuers, that thought got the upper hand. Then I began to compare, with some bitterness of feeling, my present condition—wet, dirty, and homeless—with that which I had enjoyed only a week before; and it needed all my courage to support me. Skulking, half famished, between Barnet and Tottenham, often compelled to crouch in ditches or behind walls while travellers went by, and liable each instant to have to leave the highway and take to my heels, I had leisure to feel; and I did feel, more keenly, I think, that afternoon than at any later time, the bitterness of fortune. I cursed Stephen Gardiner a dozen times, and dared not let my thoughts wander to my father. I had said that I would build my house afresh. Well, truly I was building it from the foundation.

It added very much to my misery that it rained all day a cold, half-frozen rain. The whole afternoon I spent in hiding, shivering and shaking in a hole under a hedge near Tottenham: being afraid to go into London before nightfall, lest I should be waited for at the gate and be captured. Chilled

and bedraggled as I was, and weak through want of food which I dared not go out to beg, the terrors of capture got hold of my mind and presented to me one by one every horrible form of humiliation, the stocks, the pillory, the cart-tail. So that even Master Pritchard, could he have seen me and known my mind, might have pitied me; so that I loathe to this day the hours I spent in that foul hiding-place. Between a man's best and worse, there is little but a platter of food.

The way this was put an end to, I well remember. An old woman came into the field where I lay hid, to drive home a cow. I had had my eyes on this cow for at least an hour, having made up my mind to milk it for my own benefit as soon as the dusk fell. In my disappointment at seeing it driven off, and also out of a desire to learn whether the old dame might not be going to milk it in a corner of the pasture, in which case I might still get an after-taste, I crawled so far out of my hole that, turning suddenly, she caught sight of me. I expected to see her hurry off, but she did not. She took a long look, and then came back towards me, making, however, as it seemed to me, as if she did not see me. When she had come within a few feet of me, she looked down abruptly, and our eyes met. What she saw in mine I can only guess. In hers I read divine pity. "Oh, poor lad!" she murmured; "oh, you poor, poor lad!" and there were tears in her voice.

I was so weak—it was almost twenty-four hours since I had tasted food, and I had come twenty-four miles in the time—that at that I broke down, and cried like a child.

I learned later that the old woman took me for just the same person for whom the Bailiff at St. Albans had mistaken me, a young apprentice named Hunter, who had got into trouble about religion, and was at this time hiding up and down the country; Bishop Bonner having clapped his father into gaol until the son should come to hand. But her kind heart knew no distinction of creeds. She took me to her cottage as soon as night fell, and warmed, and dried, and fed me. She did not dare to keep me under her roof for longer than an hour or two, neither would I have stayed to endanger her. But she sent me out a new man, with a crust, moreover, in my pocket. A hundred times between Tottenham and Aldersgate I said "God bless her!" And I say so now.

So twice in one day, and that the gloomiest day of my life, I was succoured by a woman. I have never forgotten it. I have tried to keep it always in mind; remembering too a saying of my uncle's, "that there is nothing on earth so merciful as a good woman, or so pitiless as a bad one"

## Home.

A LITTLE room with scanty grace
Of drapery or ordered ease;
White dimity and well-scrubbed boards—
But there's a hum of laden bees
And sunshine in the quiet place,
And scent that honeysuckle hoards.

Outside, the little garden glows
With sun-warmed leaves and blossoms bright;
Beyond lie pasture, elm, and wood
Where trail the briony and wild rose,
Where grow the blossoms of delight
In an inviolate solitude.

Through that green land there blows an air
That cools my forehead even here
In this sad city's riotous roar;
And from that little room I hear
The echo of a life-long prayer,
And the world's voice is heard no more.

E. NESBIT

# ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

## AND THEIR TALES FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE bookstalls round the Odéon are one of the characteristic sights of Paris. Here the genuine "People" are attracted like a swarm of bees, under the belief that those brilliant spots of yellow, red, and blue conceal abundant supplies of intellectual honey. How many books and pamphlets they turn over, sipping a drop here and a drop there! What appears ever a perennial and attractive flower, one from which no one ever turns away disgusted, or poisoned, or saddened, but which yields both fragrance and honey, refreshing and invigorating—what but Erckmann-Chatrian's popular delineations of the greatest period in French history, 1789–1815, the famous "Romans Nationaux."

The very name of these respectable authors has about it a flavour at once national and romantic. Its composite character recalls the two main elements which go to make the French people, and there is a mystery about the hyphen which gives free scope to the imagination. How seldom, however, does the imagination, until put on the right clue, guide us truly! How few would suppose that these writers, so well acquainted with the national life of their country and the workings of the human heart, shunned "Society," so called. When they lived in Paris, they were not to be found in the *salons*, literary or artistic, or on the Boulevards. When all the world was crowding there, they were sufficient company to themselves, and preferred to discuss their stories together in some obscure *estaminet* in the suburbs over a glass of beer and a pipe.

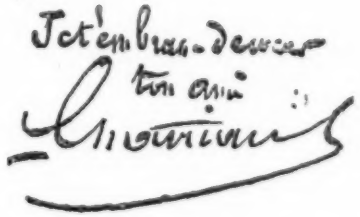
Could you have had a peep into that *estaminet* on the heights of the Faubourg St.-Denis, you would have seen two men as unlike in appearance as any pair could well be. One, Italian in aspect, with a great mane of hair, but otherwise not remarkable; the other a thorough Teuton, with a long oval face, high forehead, and very bald, dressed in the old Alsatian costume—plush breeches, coloured waistcoat, flowing coat with metal buttons, big shoes, and a great Alsatian felt hat. The first, Alexandre Chatrian, *ci-devant* glass-maker, schoolmaster, and finally railway *employé* and novelist; the second, Emile Erckmann, one time law-student, finally novelist, sawyer, and small landowner.



Such were the members of a literary partnership whose works are stamped with so striking an individuality that it is difficult indeed to imagine them the composite work of two persons, capable at

last of falling out and entering again into distinct existence. This forty years or so partnership commenced about 1848 at Phalsbourg in Alsace, the scene of so many of their stories; the good genius who brought them together being the professor of rhetoric at the Phalsbourg College, M. Perrot. They were both fugitives from the occupations in which their parents had placed them. Chatrian, then about twenty-two years of age, had not only learnt the ancestral art of glass-making (his family being one of those brought in the seventeenth century by Colbert from Italy into France for the purpose of nationalising that industry), but he had been sent to Belgium to perfect himself in the art. However, the longing for a literary career had seized him, and, throwing all up, he returned to Phalsbourg and supported himself by teaching. Erckmann, four years his senior, was a law-student at the Ecole du Droit in Paris, but working in it with so little heart that he took five years to pass his examinations. Meanwhile he had spent most of his time at the College of France and the Sorbonne, and had already published something.





This common desire for a literary career was the first link in their friendship; similar sentiments on various points in religion and philosophy, science, literature, and art, forming a chain sufficiently strong to bind them together during the greater part of their lives as one mind in two bodies. Certain domestic experiences had been similar—not only the antagonism each felt to the occupation for which their parents designed them, but both their families had suffered painfully in the invasion of 1814. Chatrian's mother, her infant in her arms, was watching her young husband being led away a prisoner, his hands tied behind his back, when a Uhlan dashing by struck his spear into her breast. In the same year, during the bombardment of Phalsbourg, Erckmann's elder sister was born. The terrors of the moment permanently affected her mind; for fifty-six years she lived in an imaginary world; then in 1870, the Germans coming again to Phalsbourg, the sound of the cannon awoke the memories of her birth-time, and she flew into the thick of the fight cursing "the bad soldiers who had come to burn her poor little town." Erckmann speedily arrived, and she died in his arms.

This life sorrow of Erckmann was in 1848 only in an early stage, but already a trouble severe enough to render the two young men sympathetic in their hatred to war and love to the country which had suffered so terribly from it, and in all probability would do so again.

Thus it was not only community of opinion, but an ardent sympathy for the People always suffering from somebody's selfishness and folly, and peculiarly for the People they knew best, that of Alsace. I use this word advisedly, because there are no authors who have more completely limited their sympathies to the People than Erckmann-Chatrian. Everybody who has read their works knows that they rarely pass beyond that great zone of life which

takes in the world's workers. "Society," about which the bulk of novelists write, has no place whatever in their works.

The great wars of the Empire have been Erckmann-Chatrian's theme, and, as far as I know, no writer except Tolstoï ever made military matters more interesting or rendered these murderous struggles more matters of living history. But where are the generals who usually absorb all the glory of such narratives? Even Napoleon is but an apparition, a great malign influence whom the folly of men has placed in such a position that he can play with human lives as a gambler with his fortune. But these ardent patriots—these rejoicers in anything that makes for the *true* glory of France—have no sympathy to spend on Napoleon as a man. To the joys and sorrows of those who by their ambition or circumstances get outside the great zone of life they remain absolutely unaffected.

On the other hand, you will meet no such heroes in their books as Oliver Twist or Jean Valjean. The pariahs of society, *les Misérables*, do not seem to have occupied their thoughts. They see that such was the condition of honest people before the Revolution of 1789, but they appear to entertain the belief that that great change put it into the power of every Frenchman to live a worthy, respectable life, and to reap a fair reward in exchange for a life of useful industry.

Their world is limited to the great middle class, understanding that word to apply to all who are not living on other people in some form or another. In depicting this world, in showing the stuff

> "Its life is made of, its true joys and griefs,
> What things are daily bringing grief or joy
> Unto the hearts of millions of the race,"

Erckmann-Chatrian have spent their lives, and the great popularity of their works is an answer to the fable that this sphere is dull and uninteresting.

The representatives of this great main stream of life—the People in the 1789 sense—Erckmann-Chatrian found in their own fatherland, Alsace; and in sketching their lives and revealing their innermost motives and feelings, they have centred their studies on the particular spots most connected with their own lives—Phalsbourg, the birthplace of Erckmann and the scene of their schoolboy days; the Vosges Mountains and Forests, the home of Chatrian; the valley of the Zinzell, where Erckmann now possesses, or lately possessed, a saw-yard and some fields and copses. Their love to their early home is as remarkable in its warmth, continuance, and effects, as that of Jules and Emile Breton, the painters, for the home of their nativity, and has broadened out in the case of Erckmann-Chatrian into a most intelligent patriotism, one of those purifying sources rendering their works such that the publishers[1] of "The Conscript of 1813" can honestly boast, speaking of Erckmann-Chatrian's "Romans Nationaux," that "not a word in these epics, at once so ingenuous and profound, will wound the conscience of the citizen or alarm the modesty of the fireside. Here," they say, "are books, here is a moral aliment that may be safely placed before the whole family; father, mother, children, grandparents, can read together, and, after having read, they will one and all feel the better and the stronger."

However, their work was slow enough in getting recognition, and it was only by aid of one *coup de main* after another that they even got them into print. The "Bourgmeistre en Bouteille" was published in "L'Artiste" as a translation from Erckmann by Chatrian, with a biographical notice of the author. "Dr. Mathéus," after having been multiplied into six copies, and hawked all over the country, was forced into publication in the *Revue de Paris* by a friendly director, and "Hugues le Loup" appeared in the *Constitutionnel* through the friendly plotting of a maker-up of pages on that newspaper. The last-named work ensured Erckmann-Chatrian a public, and henceforth there was no difficulty with their writings.

Heine has been called a French German, so Erckmann-Chatrian are rightly described as German Frenchmen. In their earlier works, the Germanic character of the country whence they sprang is very manifest, but, as they proceed, their style and matter become more and more thoroughly French. Their earlier tales are very simple in form, but at times extravagantly grotesque and even horrible, something of the character of those of Edgar Poe and of Hoffmann, besides being influenced by certain metaphysical notions, very interesting to students and suggestive to scientific inquirers, but which, if stated plainly, would as little obtain credence as the wonderful stories they relate with such apparent veracity. One such notion reappears very frequently, for example, both in the "Buried Treasure," in "Maître Daniel Rock," and in "Feudal Education," and even as late as in the "Invasion." It is the notion that the spirit of an old race reappears again and again in the neighbourhood of its first prowess and glory, finding its dwelling-place in some of its descendants, or, failing them, in those whose heart and soul are in the old times. In "Daniel Rock" you feel that the authors themselves believe this; but when you come to the "Invasion," though the idea has taken a still grander form, it has lost its reality, and has become something bordering on superstition and lunacy. However, in "Feudal Education," Erckmann-Chatrian seemed to have found a rational explanation of this atavism, or revival of the mediæval ancestor of an old family.

"Daniel Rock" is valuable because it enables us to see that these authors, who in their later and more important works show themselves the very personification of the genius of the Revolution, understood and sympathised with the spirit that looked lovingly and reverently to the past, feared and even detested the new ideas; shows, too, that before they wholly gave themselves to the defence of the Revolution, they had seen how easily in the hands of bad men it could work new evils. Nevertheless, they were in no doubt when they wrote this book, as the concluding words show.

In Erckmann-Chatrian's earlier stories, the moral purpose only appears here and there, and sometimes, as in the "Buried Treasure" and in "Dr. Mathéus," it can hardly be said to exist at all. In

[1] Preface to *Le Conscrit de* 1813. J. Hetzel et Cie., Paris.

the "Contes des Bords du Rhin" even, where a distinct moral is inherent in the story, as in the "Juif Polonais," it leaves little impression owing to the nightmare character of the whole series. But the ethical side of their work seems gradually to have laid hold of them, and the belief that was in them from the beginning gained more and more strength, causing them to cast aside all that had its roots elsewhere, in order that they might live for the convictions it forced upon them, and for these alone. These convictions are most fully set forth in the "Histoire d'un Paysan," wherein they tell the story of the exodus of the French people from a servitude, not to one, but to a thousand Pharaohs, from the tyranny not of one strong despotism, but of several ill-assorted despotisms, followed by a struggle to maintain their liberty against the great powers in Europe. Erckmann-Chatrian wished that the French People should possess a history of these great events such as they should read and understand, and so written that they could not again be easily deceived by clever intrigues or by a military adventurer. "I," says Michel Bastien, the supposed author of the work, "am a man of the People, and I work for the People. I wish to say to them, 'If you are anything, if you are able to move freely to and fro, to work in your calling without worry, to set up for yourself, to rise in the army, in the civil service, or in any career you please, even to the highest ranks, you owe it to those who made the Revolution and struggled in its defence.'"

And knowing only too well that this great movement had for a whole century been subjected to innumerable dangers from the ambition of powerful men and the constant opposition of the various parties who lost their privileges in 1789, Erckmann-Chatrian laboured indefatigably to explain these things to their fellow-toilers, exposing above all the terrific perils and horrible disasters into which the two Empires led France. This, as regards Napoleon I., has been the object of three out of the four stories which comprise the "Romans Nationaux," the "Invasion," the "Conscrit de 1813," and "Waterloo;" and the "Plébiscite" and the "Blocus" do the same for Napoleon III. Nor have they forgotten the other influence against which the Revolution has had to struggle—the reaction led by the Jesuits. This reactionary influence in all its underhandedness, striving to drag the People back into the old darkness by getting possession of the schoolmaster, they have shown up in their story of the times of the Restoration called "Le Sous-Maître."

When Edgar Quinet was giving his famous courses of lectures, "Les Jésuites" and "Ultramontanisme," at the College of France, the one thing that most oppressed him was the thought that beyond those walls there was a dense mass of ignorance which no effort of his could penetrate, where his voice could by no manner of means be heard. Erckmann-Chatrian came to dissipate that ignorance, and to popularise the very ideas Quinet despaired of seeing understood by the rural populations.

If Erckmann-Chatrian's works are looked at in the light in which I have placed them, their limitations will be better understood and more fairly judged. The change described as taking place in them as to matter and style would naturally lead to their being less and less imaginative and more and more distinguished by common-sense. If any of the old mystical ideas crop up, then they are put into the mouth of some one whose reason is clearly overthrown by a disordered imagination. Thus every sane mind, however narrow or imperfectly educated, can, if it wishes, understand all they say. Thus, too, the characters introduced are simple, well-known, common types. There is, for example, always a love story gently threading the work, but it is of the simplest, most ordinary character. Indeed, it would seem part of Erckmann-Chatrian's plan to take the most unromantic of characters as representative of the mass of the people, and make him and the troubles of his heart the centre of a great national drama. It is an amazingly true idea, for such is life; each individual member of Humanity stands in this position to the history of his times. The most perfect example of this is to be found in the "Conscrit de 1813" and "Waterloo"; but Joseph Bertha is a type repeated in many of their works—the Erckmann-Chatrian hero, a young fellow, poor, ingenuous, timid, faithful as lover or friend, thoroughly honest and good-hearted. Their typical heroine, on the other hand, is a young girl with more force of character, more natural courage, sterner principles, more devotion to her country. Such is Marguerite Chauvel in the "Histoire d'un Paysan"; but the highest type of the character is a young woman who follows the Revolutionary army as a *cantinière* in 1792. Madame Thérèse is, in fact, the finest female character Erckmann-Chatrian have drawn, and is so perhaps because she is only a rendering of the highest type of French womanhood.

As all Erckmann-Chatrian's leading male characters, from the boy to the old man, are but varieties of the same type, so it is with the female characters. In each story there is some old woman who is Madame Thérèse, old, stern, more or less ignorant, more or less inclined to bigotry and superstition, more or less vindictive; and the acts of this old woman tend to be good or bad as she is under Republican or clerical influence. Such in the better sense is Catherine Lefèvre in the "Invasion." Such in the bad sense is Michel Bastien's mother in the "Histoire d'un Paysan." And this leads us to note that among all Erckmann-Chatrian's female types we cannot find the true house-mother in the English sense. The loving, tender-hearted parent, anxious, provident, is always the father or the uncle, or, failing these natural guardians, he appears as the good master. Indeed, the finest and most complete type in this way is the old watchmaker in the "Conscrit," to whom Joseph Bertha is apprenticed. As a rule, Erckmann-Chatrian's characters are "mitherless bairns"; only in one case is the mother fully drawn, and she is a bigoted termagant. On the other hand, Erckmann-Chatrian never give us an unkind father or uncle, except in the case of the Brothers Rantzau, whose selfishness, pride, and consequent enmity to each other, yield to nothing but their love for their children. Probably this affection between the men of different generations in a family has been their

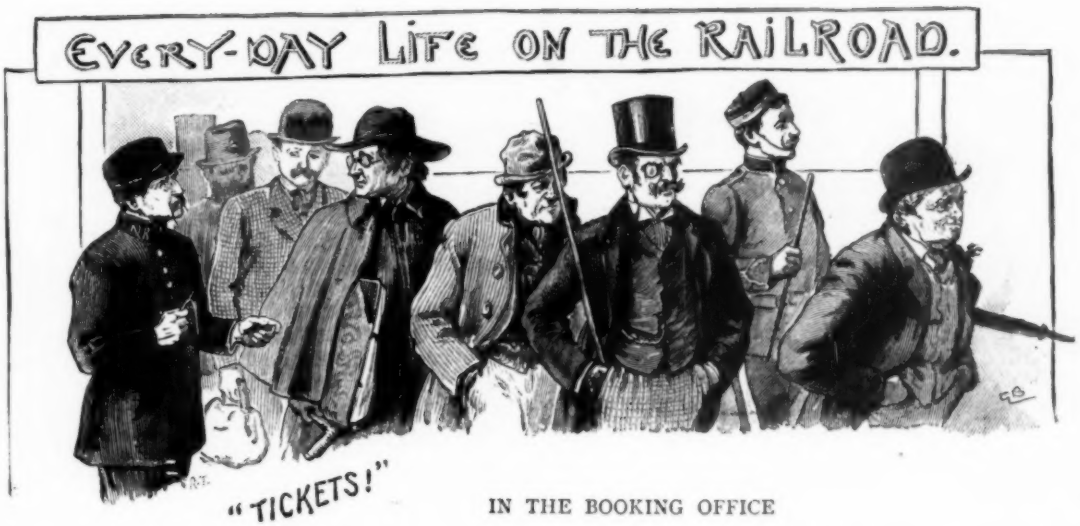
own experience. Chatrian's first care, it is said, on becoming prosperous, was to secure more comfort to his old father, who, thus tenderly looked after, lived to a good old age. But I believe it is also a national characteristic.

These are the main characters on the Erckmann-Chatrian stage. Of others, distinctly drawn, we may mention Chauvel the Calvinist, the model Republican Deputy to the National Assembly in 1789; and the various types of French soldiers, from the swaggerer and bully to the man who, forced to fight, develops quite a genius for soldiering. Then all sorts of trade and artisan life are brought before us, especially as seen in Alsatian villages and small towns. All is touched off with humour, a humour which in its first outbreak was inclined to exuberance, but, gradually settling down, has become restrained, caustic irony, giving zest to the otherwise simple homeliness of the narrative.

Without doubt, the individual characters in Erckmann-Chatrian are a long way from being creations which touch the heart and remain impressed for ever on the memory, as those, for example, of Tolstoï. But if their flight is not high, it is strong and well-sustained. Besides, if they do not touch the deeper problems of existence, it is something to have devoted their lives to the task of teaching their fellow-countrymen the dignity of labour, the joy of a pure fireside, the glory of a life spent in fulfilling humble duties honestly and thoroughly well, the iniquity of sacrificing the good of a people to personal ambition, the folly of idolising men of genius, the horrible criminality of any war other than that forced upon a people in their own defence, and doing all this in such a manner that everybody is willing to listen, and no opening given for any one to find serious fault. Though their works are but of yesterday, Erckmann-Chatrian belong already to the past. This arises from the limitation of their views, the impossibility for them to go beyond the doctrine set forth in the "Rights of Man." But while the Revolution asserted the rights of the individual in the teeth of the whole world, it gave, as Erckmann-Chatrian themselves make us feel, a most powerful impetus to that common life which men experience as members of a nation or of the human race. Never has the idea of Nationality been such a power as in the present century. In its name events wellnigh miraculous, so little could human reason have expected them, have been accomplished. And still more the bond of brotherhood between men, as men, has become immeasurably stronger than ever was known in any previous age of the world. All this indicates that something more is wanted than the liberation of the individual, and the effort to evoke in him a sense of his dignity, his duty as a man. The nineteenth century has made us feel that men exist not only as individuals but as nations. And yet the science of morals moves so slowly that only very great thinkers have seen that it is just as necessary to evoke conscience in nations as in individuals. We see the result, at this moment, after a century of absolutely unexampled progress in civilisation: the so-called Christian nations look out on each other armed to the teeth, strengthening all their bolts and bars, and spending the greater part of their resources in forging new and frightful means for each other's destruction. Thus, while men as individuals everywhere and in all lands bewail this horrid state of things, and take each other lovingly to the heart, the respective nations to which they belong view each other as bandits, or even as wild beasts against whose predatory instincts it is necessary to be ever on the watch. There can be no way out of this but by awakening in each nation a conscience, and by appealing to it. This Erckmann-Chatrian's "Romans Nationaux" tend to do, though not so perfectly as might have been done had the authors had the thought as clearly in their minds as the writer of the Book of Exodus had. It does seem strange that, with such a wonderful history as that of Israel before us, we should find it so hard to understand that nations must remain savage heathens until they acknowledge the voice of Conscience compelling them to act as good individual men act, not by what seems for their immediate interest, but by their sense of Right and Wrong. And the existence of this Conscience and the necessity of evoking it Erckmann-Chatrian's books make us feel more clearly than ever.

Few lives are without their tragic side, and Erckmann-Chatrian's career is no exception. After more than forty years' friendship, their partnership, so fruitful of good, ended in a very sad manner. About two years ago the health of M. Chatrian began to decline, but in a way not easy to understand in its first stages. It proved in the sequel that form of mental ailment in which the sufferer believes himself persecuted, and it took the turn so often seen—the man most loved becoming the object of suspicion, opposition, and calumny. The saddest part was that neither they themselves nor their friends seem to have been aware of the true state of things until the estrangement became public. In this state of mind the sufferer talked and wrote against his old friend until a young man who was warmly attached to Chatrian wrote an article in the *Figaro*, which, among other things, charged Erckmann with a want of patriotism in living in Germany. This charge was probably the reason which induced M. Erckmann to bring an action for libel, as it certainly tended to destroy his credit with his countrymen. When the case came on in the Courts of Justice in Paris, it appeared that Erckmann lived in Alsace because the doctor said it was necessary for his health to live in the air in which he had passed his childhood, and in proof of his entire want of sympathy with the conquerors of Alsace it was stated that he had never learnt to speak their language. But what, of course, best cleared the whole matter up was the statement made by M. Chatrian's counsel concerning the state of his client's health. The Court gave M. Erckmann heavy damages against the *Figaro* and against the author of the article. M. Chatrian did not long survive the trial, dying on the 3rd of September last. Who does not sympathise with this tragic close of a friendship so unique and so prolific of good to others?

RICHARD HEATH.




IN THE BOOKING OFFICE

TAKE a sheet of pasteboard as large as Hyde Park, cut it up into slips an inch and a quarter wide and two and a quarter inches long, and you will have rather less than the number of railway tickets used in this island during the last twelvemonth. Put the slips end to end, and you will have a ribbon that will reach right round the world.

This is the jubilee year of the railway ticket. But we are so accustomed to consider the existing as the original that we require an effort to realise a pre-ticket period. It seems as remote from us as the days of barter from those of pounds, shillings, and pence.

A clerk will "book" 800 passengers an hour; in the days when he had really to book them, to write their names in a book, he would have thought the 800 a good day's work. The saving of labour has been enormous, and, unlike most inventions, the ticket remains much as it was at first. It is still numbered and dated, as it was then; and its only changes have been in colour and the words printed on it.

In 1839 an ingenious Friend who had failed in business had obtained a situation as booking-clerk on the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. He had to book the passengers as the passengers were booked for the old mail-coaches—that is, to write out their names in full, fill in particulars of the date and station and class, and tear off the ticket from a printed sheet. It was a very natural arrangement, but cumbrous, and one day as he was walking in a certain Northumbrian field, and reached a certain spot in that field—the spot being known to this day—an idea occurred to him of quite another "spin down the ringing groove of change" to that to which he was accustomed.

"Why all this fumbling and spelling of people's names? Why not treat them anonymously and number them? Why not a strip of stiff paper, of pasteboard, printed with names of stations and class, consecutively numbered for accounting purposes, and dated on the day of issue to prevent fraud? Two machines could do it!"

And off went Thomas Edmondson to think it over with his friend Blaylock, the watchmaker; and together they made the first machines. But to get the new system introduced was not easy. The Newcastle and Carlisle directors would have nothing to do with it; they were content to leave well alone; and they left it, with a view of profiting by other people's experience. Edmondson had to look elsewhere, and soon secured two strings to his bow—a short one near home, and a longer one. The short one was a part of the Manchester and Leeds line, on which he was permitted to give his invention a trial; the longer one was in the West.

On Midsummer Day, 1840, there was opened what is now a portion of the Midland system, the line between Bromsgrove and Cheltenham. This was a part of the old Birmingham and Gloucester, famous among English railroads as having been the first to get its Bill through Parliament in the first year of application. At the outset it was a forlorn hope amongst railways. Its shareholders were obtained by months of canvassing, and great was the joy whenever a share was sold. The engineer was engaged on the curious terms of "no success, no pay!" and in order to keep down the expenses of opposition the line was taken well out of range of assault from the magnates of the towns on the road. It was this consideration which took it a mile and a half from Cheltenham and straight up Bromsgrove Lickey.

Bromsgrove Lickey is the steepest gradient on a main line in this island. It rises 1 in 37 for two miles; and yet, unlike all other steep inclines on the older roads, it has always been worked by locomotives. Brunel and George Stephenson said no locomotive could get up it; and in days when it was thought inevitable that there should be stationary engines to drag the trains up out of Euston and Liverpool, it was not a little startling to find an engineer stoutly declaring that up the Lickey he would send his train, and ropes he would have none. And up

he went; but even to-day so great is the effort that in ascending the gradient an extra engine has to come behind the train and push, while the front engine pulls its hardest; an arrangement which necessitates the keeping of five engines to do nothing but this "banking," at a cost of something like £1,000 a year apiece.

All the same, Brunel and Stephenson were correct within a certain limitation. By "no engine" they meant "no existing English engine." But Captain Moorsom had been in America, where he had seen engines go up even sharper gradients, and it was with American bogie engines, having driving wheels of only three feet, that he drew his first trains up the Lickey. These engines have long been superseded, the last of them used to be on the Tewkesbury branch—which was at first worked by horses—but they are worth remembrance. They were not the first bogies, for the bogie was invented on this side of the Atlantic, and there were bogie engines on the Dundee and Newtyle line as early as 1833.

Now an engineer who could work on the "no cure, no pay" system, who had enterprise enough to run a railroad up the Lickey, and pluck enough to put American engines on the line, was evidently the sort of man to welcome something new in booking. And so to him did Edmondson apply, with the result that a ticket-rack was set up at Bromsgrove and at all the other stations to Cheltenham by the old road which went to the east of Worcester. The terms for the use of the invention were half-a-sovereign per mile of road per year; and at these terms, other companies rushing in where the Manchester and Leeds, and Birmingham and Gloucester had not feared to tread, Thomas Edmondson soon grew rich. But an honest man was Edmondson as well as an ingenious one. As soon as he had the funds he called his old creditors together, and paid his debts in full, and then with a clear conscience he resigned himself to live on his royalties, find other uses for his money, and make many a pilgrimage to the spot of earth on which he had conceived his happy idea.

He had a brother, a distinguished schoolmaster, who, being also a railway-minded man, was progressive enough to introduce the study of Bradshaw into his academy's curriculum, and set his pupils to work out problems in cross-routes and connections. Both Edmondsons have been credited with having devised an arrangement which rocked the cradle and churned the butter at the same time, but we believe the honour is really Thomas's, who had invented many things before he dated his ticket and booked himself to fame.

On the Midland the little bits of pasteboard are made at Paisley and are supplied in boxes of 50,000 each. Most of them are in four plain colours for singles, first and third, and up and down; next come the four returns, each of two colours; and then comes a miscellaneous assortment of combinations of stripes and hoops for excursion work. How many varieties there are on the Great Western we know not; but many years ago, during Banbury Fair, the clerk giving an extra tug at a ticket which had stuck brought down the rack with a crash. Such a scene of beauty as the floor of the office then presented will not soon fade from the memory. In a confused heap lay firsts, seconds, thirds, parliamentaries, expresses, excursions, singles and returns, to probably every station on the system. To sort them was impossible with the crowd clamouring at the window, and the staff had to set to work to write the tickets from counterfoil books, and ever afterwards bless Thomas Edmondson.

As a rule, every station has a stock to last six months. The ticket rack is a case of tubes, each just large enough to allow the tickets to slip down it. In every tube is a column of tickets, differing from each other only in being consecutively numbered; at the lower end is an opening just large enough to permit a ticket to be drawn out. Tickets are usually numbered up to 9999 and then a new series begins, and the series letter or number is one of the printed marks. Between large stations a series is soon run through; but there have been tickets of such little use that even only five have been printed at a time.

Before the booking begins the numbers of all the bottom tickets are taken, and as each ticket is sold the next to it is drawn slightly forward. As the ticket is issued it is dated in the dating press to prevent fraud and to ensure its being used within a certain time. When the train has gone the projecting tickets show the tubes that have been worked; in each of these the number of the projecting ticket, less the number noted before the train was booked, gives the number sold, and in this way the "train book" is made up, and not only is the cash taken arrived at, but the amount and class of traffic to each station by each particular train.

Every day the totals of the train books are entered in the summary book, and this gives the day's takings, which either go to a larger station or are paid into the bank. Every month the starting and closing numbers of every tube of tickets are entered in a book, and a copy of this goes to the Audit Office. Everything has to balance, no matter how large the transactions may have been. And railway takings run into large sums, as we have seen. At Euston each booking clerk takes in the year over £50,000, and this by simply issuing these little bits of pasteboard through the office window.

Tickets are "examined" to keep passengers from going on the wrong road; they are "nipped" and "punched" to stop their being used twice; and they are "collected" at the journey's end as a check on the booking clerk and others who might lend themselves to a swindle. After collection, they are arranged in consecutive order and returned to the Audit Office. All through-tickets go to the Railway Clearing House. If a passenger takes a ticket, say, from London to Perth, the ticket comes back next day to London, and each of the companies over whose lines he has travelled is credited with the proper proportion of his fare. Such is the simple system of passenger booking, designed to give the minimum of trouble to the travelling public, and generally thought well of. There are, however, a few ignorant persons who strive to cripple it by travelling without tickets, or losing their tickets, or putting them to uses for

which they were not intended. But with the spread of education, and the increase of idiot asylums, such people become fewer; and every year there is a slight increase in the percentage of tickets returned from the collectors in good condition.

It is said that a collector can take 4,000 tickets an hour; but how many season-ticket holders is he able to recognise in the same time? In truth, there are a large number of "seasons" who are thoughtlessly unreasonable in this matter. "The moon looks on many brooks; the brook sees but one moon." The collector looks upon many ticket-holders; the ticket-holders see but one collector, and expect him to be as well acquainted with them as they are with him. What a task this recognition must be! There are ten companies having each more than 20,000 season-ticket holders. The North-Western has as many as 54,000, the South-Western nearly 40,000. Altogether there are a million and a quarter season-ticket holders in Great Britain, and to recognise these there are about 2,000 ticket-collectors! If we can in some slight degree mollify the anger of the hasty at being asked to show a ticket even every morning, we shall not have wasted space in pointing out that these figures average but one collector for each 625 faces!

On the North-Western the "seasons" return about an eighteenth of the passenger takings; on the Brighton, they yield almost a seventh, and the Brighton is doing its best to make the proportion even greater. Its first and second ordinary tickets return half a million a year, and its first and second seasons bring in nearly £180,000, or more than a third of the ordinaries. For three pounds one can travel first class for a week from any station to any station on the system. It is not a large line, having but a mileage of 435, but for £60 a passenger can travel for a year first class, all over it; and between London and Brighton, its chief termini, a first-class annual ticket costs but £30, or one shilling and tenpence a day.

Another great "season" line is the South-Western, distinguished above all lines for having for years issued third-class seasons to certain stations. Another is the Great Eastern. But these are much larger affairs, the one having twice the mileage and the other more, but on neither is the proportion of seasons to ordinaries so great as on the "model," whose gamboge engines are the trimmest south of the Thames. And, by the way, if these engines were not named after the stations, the advertisement of the line would be just as telling, and a fruitful source of confusion would be avoided. The other practice of painting up on the Brighton engines the name of the driver and the distance run is an admirable one, though the mileage looks small when compared, say, with the Great Western locomotives, one of which, the "Lord of the Isles," ran no less than 789,300 miles with the same boiler! The passenger engines of Great Britain run 152,000,000 miles a year, the goods engines run 125,000,000 miles. People who are astonished at the rows of figures in the Brighton "cabs" may perhaps realise the magnitude of railway work if they remember that the mileage of every engine on the Brighton line would have to be added together and multiplied by thirty to get within measurable distance of what the rest of the united companies accomplish in a year.

One more note before we leave this subject of passenger booking. Disregarding Ireland, as we have done throughout, for that island of struggle is still in the dark ages of railway story, a year's return shows that our season-ticket holders are as numerous as the whole population of New York; that the first-class passengers are twenty-three times as numerous; that the second-class passengers are more than double the first-class; and that the third class are nearly eight times as many as all the rest put together. Their number is easily remembrable; to the weak in democratic faith it is as the number of the beast, being, in millions, 666!

But enough of the passenger for awhile. Let us see how it is with the goods. The railway company after all is but a common carrier, and it is its goods traffic which will remain with it longest and which it does best. We have heard of railway travelling as inferior to walking, riding, coaching, and ballooning; we have not yet heard of its inferiority to any mode of land transport for goods. And it so happens that in no other country in the world is there anything approaching the efficiency of the goods service of Great Britain.

Think for a moment what a goods traffic means. Take no account of the minerals, which are generally in truck loads in large numbers and easily dealt with. Think of the miscellaneous consignments of all weights, shapes, and sizes which as a rule are received, packed, carried, and delivered with the regularity of the letter-post. Think of the distribution to hundreds of stations of single packages and packages by the score; of shirtings bought in Manchester at noon, and loaded in New Zealand liners before the following breakfast; of wool bought in London one day and sorted out in the Bradford mill at the beginning of business the next; of boots bought in Northampton one afternoon and on their way down Channel the day afterwards; of perishables—vegetables, meat, fish, butter, eggs—and general merchandise from Dundee, Glasgow, Newcastle, Grimsby, Holyhead, everywhere, bought or ordered one day and delivered hundreds of miles away before nine o'clock next morning.

For its goods business in London alone, one railway, the North-Western, requires 640 horses, in addition to about the same number employed by its agents. Over three hundred of these are kept at Broad Street. In order to see how a goods station is worked, to Broad Street let us go. Here are seventeen acres furnished with lines affording room for 820 trucks, and the average trade is 456 loaded waggons inwards and 508 loaded waggons outwards per day. To load and unload these there are 54 hydraulic cranes and 129 manual cranes, besides the lifts and hydraulic capstans.

The theory of railway booking is for every passenger a ticket, for every parcel a consignment note. As the vans enter the gates they are stopped

and the consignment notes they bring are stamped. Were the notes not officially stamped at the outset, false notes might be substituted on the road, and the goods diverted into the wrong hands. Should there be a package without a note, one is made out for it; should a whole van-load have but one note, a separate note is made out for each consignment.

Along the front of the fourteen arches runs a platform to which the vans draw up. The notes are handed to the checkers who are in charge of the gangs of unloaders; and as the packages are removed they are checked with the note and weighed on the machines. Down every arch is a platform, on each side of which a train is being loaded for a particular district; each "run" is numbered, and the checker has the packages wheeled away to the proper arch. With it goes the note, which is taken possession of by another checker, and with it the package is run down close to the proper truck. When the package is on board the note is sent to the Shipping Office, where it is dealt out to an invoice clerk, who enters it on an invoice to the station to which it is addressed, and these invoices are handed to the guard in charge of the train. Every note is consecutively numbered, and the entry on the invoice has this number, so that the whole history of the package can be traced. The note is kept in the Shipping Office, the invoice is taken away by the guard and handed over at the unloading.

The waggons that have brought goods in the morning take goods back in the evening; up to noon the work is mostly inwards, after noon it is all outwards.

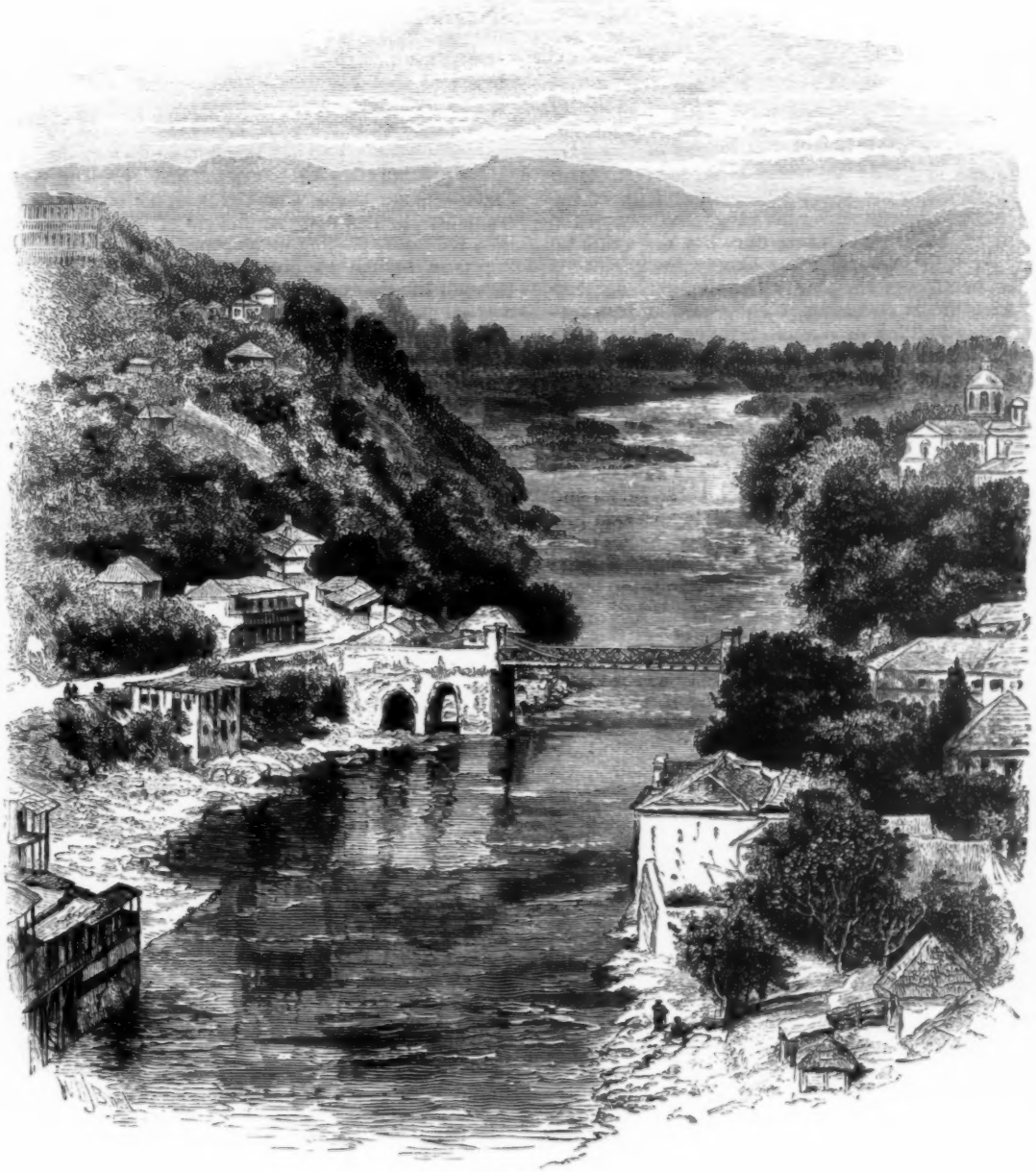
When the goods come in, the invoices are received at the Delivery Office, where they are copied, numbered, timed, checked as to rates and extensions, and marked with the position on the platform where they are to be placed. By means of letters and numbers on the columns that hold up the station roof London is mapped out into districts, and thus the marking clerk's task is facilitated. He passes on the invoice to other clerks, who enter up the van delivery sheets. From these the vans are loaded, and in this way the load of a single truck can be divided among twenty carmen, and packages from twenty trains can find their way into a single van. When the vans are ready the cartage department takes possession and horses them, and away they go with the delivery sheets to the group of streets they serve.

How quickly these incoming goods can be dealt with can be made clear from the story of one train. The Scotch "Meat" leaves Carlisle at 8.51 P.M., being ten minutes after the Scotch "Mail," and at this interval it pursues that train all the way to Willesden, where it runs off to Broad Street and begins to unload at a quarter to four in the morning. The Metropolitan Meat Market contains nearly 250 stalls, all of which receive meat from the railways, and it is the custom of the market that the railway companies not only deliver, but hang the meat and have it all in order before the arrival of the salesmen. Thus one of the waggons of our train may have thirty sides of Scotch beef for delivery to as many consignees in as many different parts of the market, while other meat may have arrived by other trains for the same consignees; and this all has to be sorted and gathered and despatched so that no two vans will be simultaneously delivering at any one of the Smithfield stalls. Here is a nice little problem in goods management, which is quietly solved every market, and that so quickly that no matter how early the salesman may arrive, the meat that was 300 miles away when he went to bed is hanging up round him ready for sale!

Out of Broad Street after 7.27 at night there is a goods train every quarter of an hour up to 11.20, the last one taking trucks for nineteen different places. No sooner is it out of the way than the trains begin to run in. As it is with Broad Street, so it is with the other London stations, and so in a less degree with the stations in the manufacturing towns. Broad Street is but an example; a similar state of affairs exists on the Midland, the Great Northern, the Great Western, the Great Eastern. All night long the goods trains are running at higher speeds than Continental expresses, and in the small hours of the morning they arrive, bringing a steady stream for the most part, but now and then an almost overpowering flood. The unexpected is generally perishable; it may be herrings from Peterhead or Yarmouth, or meat or fruit from Glasgow or Liverpool, or "578 tons of green peas from Maldon," or "68 truckloads of broccoli and 12 tons weight of narcissus" from Penzance. But, whatever it may be, the bulk of it has to be delivered before the clock strikes nine.

W. J. GORDON.

CROSSING THE MAMISSON.



KUTAIS.

TO arrive at Vladikavkaz is a welcome relief after the long and weary journey across the monotonous steppe from the valley of the Don. It is a relief, even though (as was our case) the afternoon of arrival is wet and gloomy, and nothing is seen of the mountains save a mist-shrouded outline of the wooded foot-hills. For the time soon comes when the clouds disperse and reveal the famous long line of snowy summits, stretching east and west as far as the eye can reach.

Vladikavkaz is a squalid and commonplace town. One can easily overstay its sights; even Murray records none. Its only "sight" is the fantastic beauty of the range of high peaks—*that* can never be wearisome. It is a sight that must affect even the people who live there. Perhaps it deepens their civic consciousness, or makes them long to turn their poor little town into a grand æsthetic capital.

Nothing out of the common can be done in

Russia unless you are furnished with a "document," pronounced "dokoo'ment." My document called upon all whom it might concern to supply me with all lawful requirements, as horses, guides, food. Armed with this paper and supplied with two days' provisions, I left Vladikavkaz *en route* for the Mamisson Pass.

At first we trotted over a sunny expanse of plain below the northern foot-hills. The hoary foreheads of Kazbek and his compeers stood out clear against the blue sky—a long row of gleaming summits, majestic in their enthroned strength. Lower we saw the shining glaciers, still lower the high sloping pasturages where the Ossete shepherds feed their flocks. During our first day's ride we fell in with many of these Ossete mountaineers. The number of them who live a purely contemplative life is enormous. They stare at you, presumably to drink in Western manners. They seem never to do a harder stroke of work than to stand in the sun and twiddle a piece of bark in their fingers. Life on such terms seems so easy that perhaps it would be unsafe to change it. Our first resting place was the Cossack village Ardonsk. To reach it we had to cross a multitude of little streams. It was so pleasant to rush our horses into them, and have our sun-parched faces and hands splashed with the cold drops. We got into the wake of home-driven cattle, and they crushed underfoot the wild thyme, and mint, and southernwood, and many another sweet-scented herb besides, and the delicate aroma came about us and dwelt with us all through that sun-lit evening. One remembers, and loves to recall, these little incidents of a first day's ride. I also remember how on that day the sun sank in a mellow glory of interfused colour, and I recall how mysterious the hoary mountains looked, with their lofty granite walls and cliffs of ice softened in the prevailing light of evening.

In Ardonsk I was sumptuously entertained by our Cossack host—tea and cakes, cheese and butter and cream—full, heaped-up hospitality. What a time we had after supper! I was the centre of interest to a number of half-tamed, stalwart fellows who sat around me, questioning me and being questioned in return. I cannot recollect by what gradations our conversation trenched on the land of dreams, on magic and ghosts. My entertainers had a rich repertory of wonderful, creepy stories. One brawny fellow in a red shirt possessed such elocutionary power, and such command of his eyes and other features at the horrible places, that he gave me cold shivers more than once. He *was* an artist, and I am sure he took delight in seeing me squirm under that terrible basilisk eye of his. One or two of their tales I took down just as they were told me—queer stories, reminding one of Scottish Highland legends.

"That great mountain there, Kazbek—you notice it out of this window. You can see it has a double peak. When the sun is bright on the mountain in May, and when the snow is purest, a gigantic dove, pure as the snow, comes and hovers over the slope between the peaks, and rests a wing on each summit. Whoever sees this dove we count worthy of heaven; as only those who are pure in heart, and whom God has called from the wicked ways of the world, can ever hope to see it."

"About twenty years ago, two hunters were hunting bears in the forests of the foot-hills. You cannot see the place from here; it is round the corner of that big brown rock. They came to an isolated rock, deep in the woods and thickly hidden with trees. In the face of the rock they noticed a cave. The day was hot, so they entered it, and casting their eyes around they saw behind them a square stone, which proved, on nearer examination, to be a door on hinges. A strong push sent the door creaking inwards, and, with a burning pine branch to give them light, they crept through the doorway. They found themselves in a spacious cavern, but to their amazement they found they were not alone. At a long table, covered with old-fashioned drinking-cups and vessels containing food, sat or reclined a great company of men, motionless and silent as the grave. The two hunters approached and saluted the company. They received no answer, nor was there sign that their salutation had been heard." Here the fellow in the red shirt (it was his story) fixed his eye on me. "They touched the man nearest to them. To their horror, he crumbled to powder beneath their touch. In terror, they returned to their village and told what they had seen. Their story spread, and a large party, among them the village apothecary and the clergyman, was formed to investigate the truth of the startling story. The cave was again reached and re-entered, and there were the silent revellers. Each when touched collapsed and fell to the ground, a handful of dust. The tables and chairs, the dishes and wine-cups, were of the same unsubstantial and pulverous character. The visitors were awe-struck: neither the science of the apothecary nor the divinity of the clergyman could fathom the mystery. Terrified and amazed, they returned home to tell the adventures to their neighbours."

These are both Ossete stories. Here is one by a Cossack: "When we had troubles many years ago with the mountaineers, we used to set sentries at the corners of the village. Once a young fellow called Ambrose Ivanitch was on sentry at the outpost looking along the mountain road. A fair-haired girl spoke to him, and offered him a rouble to buy her a cross to hang round her neck. Ambrose promised to purchase the cross, but instead of keeping his promise he took the first opportunity of spending the money on drink. A month elapsed and he was again on duty, when the girl approached him a second time, and offered him five roubles for the cross. Again he promised, and again he failed to perform what he had promised. When next he went on sentry the girl was there, waiting for him. Seizing him angrily by the arm, she wrote some characters in a strange language on the sleeve of his coat, and suddenly departed. The Cossack's conscience smote him. He remembered how he had deceived the poor girl, and went to the priest for consolation and advice, and to show him also the unknown letters on his arm.

These the priest succeeded in deciphering. They told how the writer was a lost soul in hell, who was permitted to visit the earth for a short hour once in each month, and that this or a greater boon would be extended to her and to others, provided she could persuade some one to buy her a cross; that she had given the Cossack a chance of doing this pious action, but instead of using the opportunity he had got drunk; that now she must go back into increased torments, but promised to return at some future time to give some other Cossack a chance of faithfully carrying out her behest; finally that eternal blessedness would reward him who might be the means of alleviating her terrible torments. So until this day the Cossacks on sentry at that station are always on the look-out for the fair-haired girl, and vow they will be truer to their trust and their religion than was their comrade of long ago."

Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the morning as we rode from Ardonsk over the plain towards the mountains. Before sunrise we saw how the highest peaks were first touched with the faint flushings of the dawn, then the lower mountains, lastly the foot-hills and the plain. The curtain of mist shrouding the mountains from our sight was raised, the majesty and terror of the frowning crags were manifested, the granite received its bright steel glint, and the porphyry its scarlet, the glacier and ice-cascade shone with their wonderful blues, and the high pastures sparkled like emeralds.

Alagir, a large village, half Russian and half Ossete, situated at the mouth of the deep glen through which runs the road across the mountains, was our next resting place. The country round Alagir was exceedingly beautiful, the hills of exquisite outline, and thickly covered with forest. Here we delayed for some hours until fresh horses were procured. After long haggling this matter was arranged, and we started for Klibs, the last village on the northern side of the pass. But before leaving Alagir I must not neglect to mention its silver-mines. Two of the best are in working order, one the property of the Government, the other owned by a Greek. The yearly output of the Government mine is from 1,100 to 1,400 pounds weight. Every third year the silver is sent under military escort to the mint at St. Petersburg.

Leaving Alagir, we passed through fine park-like scenery, with fair well-grown trees rising from plentiful grass. Flowers were in great abundance: meadows, rocks, and mountain-sides were covered with them. Among the trees I noticed thickets of honeysuckle, wild vines, clematis, yellow azaleas, and white rhododendrons, and crowding every crevice and cranny of the rocks ferns of all shapes and sizes. The scenery was never magnificent, but there was an indefinable charm about it. Everything was vividly green, but the brilliant verdure of grass and tree was merged in the deep Tuscan blue of the hills, and streaked with faint grey wreaths of smoke from charcoal-burners in the hazy hollows.

Almost all day long our road was bordered by these great generous trees, and as we gradually ascended, their verdurous vistas led us on to pine forests. In the light of the setting sun that even ing, the yellow-knotted branches of these pines blazed scarlet, and the granite rocks overhead seemed to lose some of their sternness and to become more fantastic than ever in form, and incomparably richer in colour. And between each cluster of rocks we had glimpses of fair meadows with their shepherded flocks, and of clear rivulets murmuring between their crevices among the flowers.

We arrived at Klibs late at night. The village was perched high up on an overhanging rock. Faintly outlined against the stars were the black lines of the squat Ossete houses and the flanking trapezoid towers which are so common a feature in all Caucasian villages. Everything was as silent as the tomb until our guide yelling our arrival wakened every dog in the village. The barking of the dogs wakened the villagers, and there soon followed a moving of lights and a murmur of sleepy voices. From high up the rock an answer at length came. A long and animated conversation followed, carried on at the top of their voices, between the guide and the villagers. It was explained who and what I was, and that I desired shelter for the night. Before long, two huge and hirsute Ossetes appeared at my side, and told me that I might climb up to their house. They assisted in tethering the horses and in carrying the baggage. It was a nasty scramble up the face of the rock. In the dark I knocked my shins and arms and head against the projecting obstacles in my path, and I fear I used language stronger perhaps than was necessary in depreciation of the Ossetes and their wretched village of Klibs. At the top of the rock we were met and welcomed by our host, the headman of the village, and given shelter for the night. I do not wish to say a disparaging word of our host's hospitable intentions. I am sure he did his best. But his wretched stone hovel contained not one single article of comfort. Its three rooms were small, dark, and malodorous, and swarmed with noxious vermin of all sorts that clung to us for days afterwards. My bed was a rough greasy board and a foul sheepskin. What with the active vermin and the extreme cold, sleep was out of the question, so I beguiled the night with inquiries into the internal management of Ossete village communities, and points of Ossete law. They are not subjects of thrilling interest, but as our host was a great authority on such matters, I took careful memoranda of all he had to tell me. Reading over these notes now, I find them neither interesting nor novel, and unsuitable for a sketch like this.

As everything connected with our lodging at Klibs conduced to early rising, we found no difficulty in being in the saddle before daybreak. After an hour's ride we were in the snows, following a narrow and ill-defined track of horses' feet. We were rapidly ascending. On a hard platform of snow we rested for breakfast. The view was superb. The snowy crests were flushing in the low rays of morning; behind us great black jagged rocks rose grandly from the snow. Higher up, the

range of cliffs looked desolate and threatening. Icicles over 100 feet long were hanging from them, and masses of blue ice jutted over their edges and frowned down on us. The highest peaks were almost free of clouds, only a wreath or two of light vapour haunting them, ready to flee as the sun rose higher. We had much difficulty in getting the horses up what remained of the climb. They plunged and floundered about in the snow helplessly. When the top of the pass was finally reached, and I looked down at what we had accomplished, I was amazed that the horses had been able to climb so steep and slippery an ascent. Only Ossete horses could have done it. At the summit we had another rest, then a pleasant walk across a snow saddle brought us to the edge of the southern declivity. Here we noticed the military survey board and an announcement on it that this point was 9,400 feet above the level of the sea.

When about to begin the descent the guide informed me that I might make a considerable short cut by skirting under a snow cliff to the left, and join him and the horses further down. As the "short cut" looked formidable and uninviting, I naturally inquired whether in the guide's opinion the snow was hard enough to bear my weight. As he assured me there was no danger, I turned under the snow cliff which rose on my right to a height of about 60 feet, and which hung in places at such an angle over the ledge on which I walked that I was obliged to crawl under it on my hands and knees. To the left a broken snow slope led down to the platform where we had breakfasted, 1,500 feet below. All went fairly well until I missed my footing and stumbled against the cliff. In this way I dislodged a quantity of snow from overhead, and the impact of this on my head and shoulders caused me to lose my balance, and sent me sprawling and sliding down the slope. After a slide of 250 feet I checked my descent by impinging against a friendly rock that stuck up through the snow. I was a good deal shaken and astonished. I called to the guide for assistance, but the rocks between us prevented him seeing my plight, and I had to console myself with copious expressions of his sympathy. So I picked myself up, and after an hour's painful climbing I managed to reach the place where the guide was waiting with the horses. I had had enough of short cuts.

The descent was quickly made, and we experienced no difficulty in reaching the lower ground. Myriads of snowdrops and ranunculus, of blue gentians and anemones and blue-bells, studded the emerald turf that clothed the mountain-sides below the snow. Innumerable springs and streams clear as crystal, either trickling in filtering threads through the rich grass, or tumbling down over the rocks from their reservoirs among the mountains, gathered themselves together into the head waters of the Rion. A two hours' ride along a wonderful zigzag road cut in the face of the mountain brought us to the picturesque village of Grushavi.

Further on we entered a magnificent pine forest—not the twisted and knotted trees of the northern side, but majestic self-contained pillars fit for "the mast of some great ammiral." They stood by the roadside and by the river's edge, and clothed the mountains until their way was stayed by the great Caucasian cliffs far overhead. Every perilous ledge where footing could be won held serried companies of these spectral trees. They were so close together that the sun could not reach their bases. Their gloom was all their own: a solemn twilight that brooded over their stately aisles and stole along their gloomy columns to lose itself in the illuminated interlacings of their fretted roof. Towards afternoon we came to a green carpeted glade

> "whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;"

and in the grass mountain strawberries and forget-me-nots and fresh young ferns. Here under a sheltering tree we kindled our fire and made our soup. We heard the rustle of the Rion away below us in the warm hazy valley, and the song of thrushes in the trees around; fragrance in the air, the drowsy hum of insects, and the occasional fall of the pine needles.

Our journey to Oni was continued through the widening valley of the Rion. Numerous contributions from the lateral valleys went to swell the river into a fine mountain stream. The pines receded higher up the mountains, and were replaced by beeches, elms, chestnuts, and a rich undergrowth of hazel, laurel, and holly. And so along the river-bank through the rich valley.

Oni is the chief town of a Georgian province called Radsha. It is a small place of about 4,000 inhabitants, composed of Georgians and Jews. High wooded hills, vineyards, and cornfields surround the town, and give an air of comfort and plenty to the whole country-side. Our road led through the Jewish town, and almost instantly a score of boys left their play in the street and formed a tail behind us. Then we rode into the Georgian town, and here the Georgian boys joined their Hebrew companions. An occasional elder was picked up on the way, and two priests likewise joined the growing procession. From place to place, as we went in search of suitable lodgings, this solemn-mannered crowd followed us; and when at length we were comfortably established in a decent room, they sat on the road before our door, and patiently waited for our casual appearances.

Next day was Saturday, and I used the favourable opportunity to visit the synagogue, a quaint old building, held in high reverence by the Jews in the neighbourhood. It seems there are 120 Jewish families in Oni, and scattered over various towns and villages in the Central Caucasus some 600 families more. To all intents and purposes, these Jews are mountaineers. In dress, manners, and speech they are not to be distinguished from the Radshian or other Georgian hillsmen. But their Semitic physiognomy is undeniable. They are strict Jews, observing most of the severer enactments of their law. They are traders and craftsmen, never agriculturists, and by close attention to their business they have become the propertied class in Oni. Their thrift, industry, and sobriety might be imitated with advantage by their improvident Georgian neighbours. All my inquiries into

their early history and traditions proved fruitless. The polite but ignorant Rabbi could tell me nothing, he had neither archives nor documents, ancient or modern. One old man ventured an opinion, which he said was shared in by all his people, that they came to the Caucasus soon after the destruction of Jerusalem. Before I left Oni, a deputation of these Jews, headed by the Rabbi, called upon me to complain of the manner in which they were treated by their Georgian fellow-townsmen. The list of their grievances was long, and revealed a sad state of affairs. One poor fellow had had four bullocks killed during the night by some Georgians, in sheer drunken wantonness. He knew the perpetrators of the outrage, but was afraid to inform the police lest worse should befall him.

From Oni to Kutais we passed through one long succession of romantic scenes set in pleasant and rich surroundings. The southern slopes of the hills were crowded with vines. These picturesque plants came trailing and streaming over into the road, they lay on rocks, they bound down the roofs of houses, in their wild or semi-relapsed state, they climbed over trees and hedges, and hung in thick masses with ivy and clematis. At Tchishe we had an hour's delay. Opposite our halting-place was a little Georgian school, and as I had nothing to do I thought I would pass the time agreeably by visiting it. The master saw me coming. I heard him warn the scholars (there were about twenty, including one little girl) to rise at my entrance. This they accomplished with a mechanical exactitude that left nothing to be desired. The branches taught were few and elementary. The simple rules of arithmetic, reading and writing Georgian, Scripture history, and Russian. The latter is the only subject which is compulsory, and no Georgian teacher, no matter how well qualified he may be otherwise, can obtain even the most insignificant appointment unless he has passed a satisfactory examination in this language. I was glad to learn that in autumn lessons in vinoculture are given to the boys.

Beyond Tchishe the country became more thickly wooded. Vines grew on all the warm slopes. Myriads of wild roses in full bloom decked the mountain sides. Twenty-five miles from Kutais we entered a magnificent gorge with sides so precipitous, so overhanging in places, that they seemed to close over the road. The rocks were clothed with vegetation, from the silver and orange stains of lichen and moss to magnificent groups of majestic pines. Long trailing creepers hung from rock to rock and from tree to tree, and in moist places where springs dripped from the cliffs the delicate maiden-hair and the long cool fronds of hartstongue shrank from the heat of midday. "What are lithographers' stones worth in England?" an enterprising postmaster asked me at a station near Kutais. I did not know, but I thought good stones were expensive. "Well, there are thousands of tons of them in that mountain opposite." We were gradually approaching Kutais. Pleasant little cottages lay low among shapely walnut and chestnut trees. Picturesquely-clad Imeritians reclined beside cool streams, rich crops of corn grew in the fields, the fruit-trees and vines gave splendid promise. It was a land of plenty, with the aspect of having been long lived in and enjoyed.

At length the rattling of our cart over the paved streets of Kutais warned me that I had returned to civilisation, and that my mountaineering, such as it had been, was ended. I looked back with longing to the high snow plateaux of the Mamisson, and the magnificent pine forests below Grushavi; nevertheless, I felt glad that I should sleep in a bed that night, and that in Kutais there was something to eat more satisfactory than hard bread soaked in weak tea.

MICHAEL A. MORRISON.

## The Lost Bird

ONCE upon a time, I've heard,
On a lovely summer's day,
From its nest a little bird
Twittered, fluttered, flew away.
Up into the air it flew,
Singing, singing, as it rose;
Where it went to no one knew,
How it vanished no one knows.

Pines the mother in her nest,
Sits there pining night and day,
No joy in her gentle breast
Since the birdling flew away.
Neighbour birds their comfort bring
(Sympathy to birds belongs),
Try to cheer her when they sing,
Sing her comfort in their songs.

Sings the blackbird from the thorn:
"Perhaps your pretty birdling's strayed
All among the summer corn,
And a happier nest has made?"
Sings the robin from the sloe,
In a gentle, tuneful strain:
"As the little birdlings go,
So perhaps they come again."

Sings the thrush from silver birch,
In its sweetest voice of song:
"Neighbour, use thy wings and search
Ripest orchard fruits among!"
Sings the lark from field of oats:
"When I fly into the air,
From heaven a sound of music floats,
Perhaps the little birdling's there!"

JOHNSON BARKER.

# THE INCOMPLETE ADVENTURER.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "THE NUGENTS OF CARRICONNA," ETC.



GUY EXPLAINS TO DR. RAE.

## CHAPTER IV.—THE DOCTOR IS ABSURDLY SCEPTICAL.

PASSENGERS by the express to Calais, two evenings later, were amused at and rather curious about a long-legged fellow-traveller, with his arm in a sling, who descended from the train wherever it stopped, and paced the platform like a madman.

Not less eccentric was his conduct on the steamer, where, finding pedestrianism difficult on the deck, and a recumbent attitude impossible below, he finally seated himself at the top of the saloon stairs, and there remained uneasily, but with undiminished spirits. He wore the air of a man who had suddenly become possessed of the only secret worth holding in the world. Withal, he was very shabby, and looked hungry, but called for nothing except a glass of water, in which he scattered some grains of a black powder. It is perhaps not necessary to name this traveller.

All the way from Paris to London, Guy was in the throes of his project. He had first to raise £500 for the purchase of the secret. He could not, it is true, name offhand the capitalist whom he should ask to be his creditor for the amount; but what of that? With such an affair in hand, the preliminary £500 would find itself. At least, this was the faith that was in Guy. He was lost in dreams of the millions which those few hundreds were to make for him.

From Dover to London Guy slept through sheer tiredness of brain; but he awoke at Victoria as fresh as lean living and a consuming idea could make him. Children and athletes in training and persons with schemes are the only people with whom the zest of life begins at the moment of awaking.

The train-load of hungry, half-awake, and dishevelled passengers streamed out on to the platform, tightening their wraps about their shoulders, for the morning air was a little keen. Guy shouldered his way amongst them, dragging a battered portmanteau after him.

"Cab, sir?"

"H'm! I'm bound to do something with this thing," said Guy, with reference to the portmanteau. "Can't drag it after me to Waterloo. Can I stand a cab? No; I might send it home for the price of a cab, and be rid of it."

Acting promptly on this idea, his next problem was breakfast. Several of his fellow-voyagers were making their way to the refreshment-room.

"A coffee-stall is about my mark, I expect," observed the would-be exploiter of millions, and he found one at the corner of Buckingham Palace Road, where an expenditure of threepence and a pinch or two of the powder provided him with a slightly better meal than he had lately been in the habit of commencing the day with.

"There's a smack of the coffee of Arabia about it; Armand himself might have brewed it," thought Guy, as he felt for his pocket-handkerchief, and remembered that he did not at present carry such a thing.

The streets were cool, and fresh, and quiet; and the sun delicious.

"Now, I'll walk to Waterloo, and take the first train home," said Guy.

The streets grew more familiar as he stalked along with a leisurely swinging stride. He stood

to admire the Abbey, and went a few steps out of his way to pause in the centre of Westminster Bridge and delight himself with the picture which inspired Wordsworth with his finest sonnet. He was turning on to the Embankment when the name on a small brass plate—amid several similar plates—on the door of a huge red building arrested his attention.

"Dr. Phipson Rae."

"Well now, that's odd! Can this be Phippy? Yes; it must be Phippy himself. There can't be two Phipson Raes, and Phippy was walking the hospitals the last time I heard of him."

Guy retreated a step or two and took a survey of the building. It was an imposing concern, and its inhabitants were evidently not early risers, for no blind was raised.

"Why, Phippy is the very man for me!" exclaimed Guy. "Curious now, that I should never have thought of Phippy before. His father is wealthy to an almost indecent extent, and Phippy might make his own fortune by carrying the powder round amongst his patients. Certainly no doctor should be without it, and it ought to be the very making of a young performer like Phippy. I think—yes, I will—I'll let him know about it at once. He will learn to bless this day. I'm afraid he's not up yet; but, on the whole, I believe it would be a kindness to rouse him."

And, without another thought, Guy advanced to the door, with the intention of ringing his friend's particular bell. Then he saw the end of a speaking-tube protruding from beneath the brass plate, and the words "Night Tube" engraved above it.

"Ah! This is the thing;" and stooping, he applied his mouth to the tube, and blew into it. There was no response, and Guy whistled into the tube again. Then a muffled voice issued from the mouth-piece.

"Yes; what is it?"

"If it shouldn't be Phippy," muttered Guy. "Nonsense! It must be he. Here goes for him."

And he shouted through the tube.

"Is it you, Phippy?"

"Of course it is," responded the muffled voice. "Are you a chum of mine? What do you want?"

"I want to make your fortune!"

There was no answer to this.

"It was a little too sudden," said Guy. "Look here, Phippy," he called again, "this is an entirely serious affair; it is the most serious thing you were ever in. There are millions in it! Get up and let me in at once."

"Who on earth are you?" queried the voice, dully, all inflection being lost in its passage through the tube.

Then it flashed upon Guy that he had not introduced himself.

"It's Warwick," he shouted, "Guy Warwick. Remember — oh! what? — remember everything. Get up and let me in. You'll never have another chance like this in your lifetime."

Then a window was opened on the second floor, and a clean-shaven and rather stout face showed beneath the uplifted sash.

"*Hwhat*! Is it yourself? Stand out there till I look at you! 'Tis you indeed!"

This address was delivered in delicate Hibernian, and the window-sash descended with a clap.

"It is certainly Phippy," said Guy. "If his father is still alive, the company is as good as launched."

The street-door was violently opened, and a short, stout, and broad-faced young man, who wore a silk-lined dressing-gown over his night-shirt, held it wide for Guy.

"Isn't this great?" said the doctor, every feature of his face expanding. "Come in now! Don't shout, for I've only my own rooms here, and the rest of the house won't awake these two hours. Are you from Paris, or Potsdam, or where? You've your arm in a sling, and I didn't hear tell of you these three years!"

"My dear Phippy," said Guy, "this is the most extraordinary meeting. I dine in Paris, I breakfast in Buckingham Palace Road, and on my way home—with the most prodigious scheme at my fingers' ends—I light upon the man who best deserves the fortune I can make for him."

"Oh! 'tis you indeed, not a doubt of it!" laughed the doctor, as he went before Guy up the stone steps to a landing which conducted to a spacious and handsome suite of rooms on the second floor of the building.

"My dear Phippy," said Guy, as he surveyed the comfortable and elegant chamber his friend had led him into, "is it possible that I have made a mistake? I cannot associate you with a room like this. I am thinking of the den in Greek Street, where we spent our last night in London together.'

"Be easy now," answered the doctor. "Sure I remember Greek Street as well as you do. But I'm out of it this four years, and 'tis as much as me practice is worth to throw the eye of me mind back upon the beautiful times we had there."

"I also have changed, Phippy."

"Didn't I know you would! But tell me now, what is it has brought you back this way, Guy? and how is it you've your arm in a sling?"

"The sling explains it all," said Guy. "If my arm were not in a sling, I should still be in Paris, and powerless to advance you, Phippy."

"'Tis mighty keen you are about advancing me, my boy. But what are you going to do for yourself? What's this scheme you have at your fingers' ends?"

"First tell me," said Guy, "what sort of practice you are engaged in."

"I will, to be sure. I'm at present one of the likeliest ophthalmic surgeons in London. I'm rising daily, me boy."

"I'm very sorry to hear it," said Guy, gravely.

"That's a nice way you have of complimenting me!"

"No, no! don't misunderstand me, Phippy. Of course, I am delighted to see you in such flourishing circumstances. Only, as an ophthalmic surgeon, I cannot do anything for you."

"Sure, me dear child——"

"My dear Phippy," broke in Guy, "what I want is a rising general practitioner."

"You'll get the likes of those in plenty," laughed

Rae. "And what ails you that you want a general practitioner?"

"Phippy," said Guy, "the accident of this sword-wound in my arm has led me to the discovery of a marvellous curative agent, which is not, strictly speaking, a medicine, nor, in the literal sense of the word, a food, but which is, in fact, the most incomparable medicine and food together in the whole world."

"That's a great find indeed!" said the doctor, but his tone did not impress Guy as sufficiently serious.

"Listen," said he. "You do not realise the significance of what I am saying to you, Phipson."

Then he began to detail in his grandest and most persuasive style, with flourish and with gesture, all that had befallen him in Paris since the morning of his accident.

During this recital the countenance of Dr. Phipson Rae fell steadily, and his air grew more and more professional.

Guy, however, did not observe, or declined to observe, this gradual change in him.

"Ye see, me boy," began the doctor when Guy had finished, "these patent medicines——"

Guy sprang from his chair and confronted his friend, astonished indignation in his eyes.

"Easy now, easy now!" put in the little doctor. "Don't be glaring at me that way! Maybe I didn't grasp your meaning fairly. Sit down, *avic*, and give me the points of it again," and the doctor composed his plump features with an increasing difficulty in controlling the muscles of his mouth.

"Have ye any of the—have ye any of it about you? Would it spoil a person's appetite for breakfast? Is that it? Spread it out here before me till I look at it. I never saw the likes of it before. Swallow down a pinch of it, honey, till I see what effect it has on ye."

"Not at all, blockhead!" exclaimed Guy. "Have I not been telling you all along that there is nothing magical about it? But look here, Phipson, I will tell you how you shall prove one amongst its innumerable virtues. If you will promise me to let no ordinary food pass your lips this day, I will leave you a sufficient quantity of the powder to sustain you in comfort for twenty-four hours."

"You couldn't speak fairer, me boy, I declare you couldn't. And I'd be very willing to give it a test that way, but I've an aunt that's coming up from the country this afternoon; and, ye see, she's lonesome in town, and what did I do but offer to take her to dinner somewhere to-night?"

"Phippy," said Guy, "I see what it is; you're simply trying to humour me. You do not believe in it. This is not worthy of you; it is not worthy of your calling."

"See now, *avic*," said Phipson, soothingly, but still with a twinkling eye, "don't be getting angry with me. Sure, who'd be better pleased than I would to see a fortune for you in one of your projects? But don't I remember them all, *inagh!* and how many of them there were in the times beyant? D'ye mind now what an elegant scheme you had one time for using windmills on wheels in the place of houses—sails up, and just to go wheeling and sailing about the country, and a change of scene every day. And there was another——"

But Guy's patience was exhausted.

"Phipson," he said, "I am sorry that I disturbed your rest. Go to bed again. You need a little more sleep. This matter is one that requires to be discussed with an unclouded brain. Perhaps you will hear from me again; perhaps you will not. Meanwhile, I am disappointed in you, Phipson."

The doctor's whistle sounded. It was a timely interruption. Their parting was brief, and more cordial on Phipson's side than on Guy's.

## CHAPTER V.—"THE NEW MACHINE, AND IT BECAME A ——"

"THERE'S an hour wasted!" said Guy, as he tramped along the Embankment to Waterloo.

"No," he added almost in the same breath, "an experience gained is not time wasted. When you have an affair in hand, never share it with an old friend. That's a hard conclusion, but a sound one. It would have been better to let Phippy sleep."

He pelted along; full speed was his habitual pace. But he inhaled, without knowing it, the fresh beauty of the morning; the sheen of the river, the glint of the little leaves of the sapling trees along the pavement, the smell of the grass which the gardeners were cutting in the gardens behind the ugly palings, the bustle of the wharves on the other side, where barges were unlading—all these sights and sounds and odours, familiar at once and strange to him, exercised an unconscious and stimulating influence upon his senses. Arrived at Waterloo, he was as buoyant as ever, and outside the ticket-office he counted the coppers in his pocket.

"Give me a third-class ticket as near to Deershott as sevenpence will take me."

"Lost your purse, sir?" queried the clerk.

"Not at all," said Guy; "I have sevenpence in it."

The clerk consulted his tariff, and handed him a ticket for a station about eight miles nearer town than Deershott.

Guy emptied his pocket, took the ticket, passed the barrier, and bowed to the porter who opened a first-class carriage for him.

He got down at the station marked on his ticket, inquired his way, and struck into the high-road.

Within three miles of home the foot-path ascended into a steep gorse-clad bank, from the summit of which the white and dusty road was barely visible. How seldom it is in these days that adventures are to the adventurous! But the man of romantic spirit is an adventurer at heart, whether he knows it or not; and, even now, he it is whom the chance befalls. Guy—big and lean and handsome, and barely decent in his clothing—was pounding along the gorse-lipped path with less thought of woman in him than Hamlet had.

A petulant small scream arose from the roadway. He stopped and peered down through the gorse.

It was a girl upon a tricycle. No one has

imagined the possibilities of romance to which a tricycle lends itself when the lady who rides it has forgotten her dress-guard, and is arrested on the high-road with her skirts entangled in the chain.

From the vantage of the two-foot path above the road, Guy had a vision of a slim and pretty girl, with copper-tinted hair under a broad hat with white ribbons, in a position of unstable equilibrium on a light machine topping an awkward hill. He broke through the gorse, and jumped into the road beside her.

### CHAPTER VI.—GUY SPOILS A LADY'S SKIRT AND ROUSES HER INTEREST.

IT was the first time Guy had seen a lady on a tricycle, and as there did not appear to be anything whatever the matter, either with the lady or with the tricycle, he was rather at a loss what to make of the situation.

"Oh! thank you, so much," said the lady; "it's very kind of you indeed."

She could have said this only on the supposition that Guy was about to extricate her from her difficulty; but this was the very thing that thwarted Guy, inasmuch as he had not the smallest idea what the difficulty was; and he had, in fact, simply taken off his shabby round hat, and asked her where she was hurt. But Guy put a question of that sort with a manner of authority at once so indisputable and so gallant that it was impossible not to believe that he was the one person in the world to deal with such a situation.

"Thank you, I'm not hurt at all," said the lady, prettily twisting on the narrow saddle of the machine. "But you see how it is, don't you? I stupidly left my dress-guard at home."

"Y-yes," said Guy, who seemed to be bursting with a knowledge he did not possess, and who would not have been one whit more in the dark had the beautiful stranger said that she had left at home her goloshes or her prayer-book; "your dress-guard—yes; how did you come to do that?"

"Really, I don't know," answered the lady, "except that I came out in such a hurry. I can't explain that to you, but I felt as if I must ride at that moment or perish; and, of course, when you feel like that, you don't always remember things, do you?"

"Impossible," said Guy. "But the dress-guard?"

"Yes, I ought to have remembered that, of course; and now I'm afraid you'll have to cut me out!"

Guy thrust his left hand into his pocket (Armand had mended the hole in it) and glared fiercely at the tricycle. The mechanism of an ostrich or a steam-roller would have puzzled him less.

"You needn't mind," said the lady; "it's a very old dress. You'll have to cut the skirt, but it really isn't of any consequence."

By this time Guy had perceived that the skirt of the lady's dress was miserably involved in the chain of the tricycle, whereby her future progress, forwards, backwards, or sideways, was impossible because—well, because it was impossible.

"If we had a spanner, we could unfasten the chain," said the lady; "but I've forgotten my spanner too. I suppose you haven't a spanner in your pocket."

What sort of an amulet a spanner might be, Guy did not know; and he had not even a pocket-knife.

Said she: "This will do," whisking from her pocket a pair of scissors attached to a silver chain. "Take the scissors off the ring, please, and cut away."

The skirt was a plain one, as a cycling skirt should be; but it was unexceptional in style, and Guy, with the scissors in his hand, fell to admiring it sadly.

"Perhaps you are thinking that you cannot do it with your left hand," said the fair prisoner. "I am sorry to see that your right is in a sling."

"That," answered Guy, "is the most fortunate thing in the world. What I am thinking is that your dress will be irretrievably ruined."

"And I," returned the lady, "am thinking that the sooner you free me from this ridiculous position, the kinder it will be of you."

"Then I shall cut you out at once," said Guy, and down upon his knees he went.

A succession of snips strewed the ground with morsels of sky-blue skirt, and at every snip there was a groan.

"Courage!" exclaimed the lady (for it was Guy who groaned). "The hurt cannot be much."

"Alas! madam, 'twill serve," answered Guy, ruefully surveying his work as he rose up.

"You have done it beautifully!" she cried.

"Oh! see what rents I have made," groaned Guy.

But the young lady put out her hand most smilingly.

Guy thought she meant him to shake it, in token of forgiveness on her part, but she did not.

"If you will help me off, please," she said, "I can look myself over."

"When you have done that," said Guy, assisting her to dismount, his countenance as blue as the injured frock, "you will be utterly in despair."

But the siren, with a bright blush veiling her white cheek, only laughed as she observed the injuries she had sustained.

"You couldn't have done it any other way," said she; "and it isn't at all as bad as it might have been. Besides, I am only half a mile from home, so I shall turn back, and push this machine along."

"Be so kind as to allow me to take charge of the machine," urged Guy. "For if you are going to retrace your steps, your way is mine."

"Thank you very much. The machine is no trouble, but if you are going the same ——"

So Guy began to push the tricycle before him, and the sun shone beautifully, and the lady was affable; and when she had gathered the sky-blue skirt elegantly in one hand (as she might have done in any case, on account of the dust), it did not look at all amiss.

"What a lovely and fragrant morning!" exclaimed Guy, who began to be at ease again, now that there was no more mischief to be done with the scissors. "Is not this road beautiful, winding between these high banks, which shade it so

pleasantly? And it is a very well-made road, too, for not only has it that smooth, hard surface which offers the least resistance to traction, but you see that it is convex to a nice degree, sloping easily from the centre to the sides, which is excellent for purposes of drainage. Is not that glimpse of the field with the young corn in it, through the hedge there, charming? These things appeal to you, I am sure. I take great pleasure in them myself. This is my native land, and I have not looked upon green fields for years."

"You have been travelling abroad, I suppose?"

"No; I have been living in Paris."

"Papa is going to Paris next week. He is going to call on some well-known scientific man there—I can't remember his name."

"It is possibly M. Rohand," said Guy.

"No, I don't think that is the name. Is M. Ro——"

"Rohand; R-o-h-a-n-d."

"Thank you. Is M. Rohand one of the great scientific men there?"

"He is a man of the most amazing genius. At present he is very little known, for he does not court publicity. But in a very short time his fame will be enormous. I intend that it shall be."

"Has he done you some great good, then?" asked the pretty tricyclist, peeping with some surprise at Guy out of the corners of her eyes.

"Through him I am about to make a fortune which will be little less than fabulous," Guy answered gravely.

The young lady was now very much astonished, and, being by nature artless and impulsive, she could not quite prevent her face from reflecting some portion of her feelings. Any one must have felt astonishment who, beholding the animated features of Guy, his strange, tall figure, and sorry apparel, had heard his serious, fantastic talk.

She opened her lips to utter some graceful expression of her surprise; but Guy, not perceiving that she was about to speak, waved his left hand towards a cluster of horse-chestnut trees which they were approaching, and said: "What pride is in the gorgeous head of the horse-chestnut! It is two centuries and a half since we imported this tree from India, but it is still haughty and exclusive in its habits. It does not mingle with the natives of the forest—it is at home in the parks of the wealthy, it loves the precincts of a castle, and the stately companionship of colleges. It is right that it should stand for 'luxury' in the language of flowers."

"Those are papa's trees," said the damsel.

"And next week he goes to Paris, to call upon a man of science. Excuse me, but I hope you fully believe that it is a magnificent thing to make a very large fortune?"

"I should think it would be perfectly delightful. I intend to make one myself some day; but, of course, I don't know if it will be as large as yours."

"Ha!" said Guy. "And if, while enriching yourself to an almost incredible extent, you should be enabled at the same time to confer superlative benefits upon the entire mass of suffering humanity?"

The large, almond-shaped eyes of the young lady sparkled delightedly.

"Then you would be twice blest!" she cried.

"I thank you," answered Guy. "Those being your sentiments, and seeing that they are completely in accord with my own, we are now arrived at a point at which I may properly expound to you something of a project in which I am persuaded you will be extraordinarily interested. Will you rest by that trail of honeysuckle, and permit me to recount to you the events of one week of my life?"

To this singular proposal the young lady assented with an entirely gracious air.

She paused, and stood leaning against a fence that surrounded her father's grounds.

Guy then proceeded to tell her who he was, and that preliminary disposed of, he plunged *in medias res*; outlined and filled in, with Rubens-like breadth and warmth of stroke and colour, a portrait of old M. Rohand as the man of the century; passed from him to the powder; and after captivating her heart by an impassioned relation of the splendid benefits which its world-wide distribution was to confer upon humanity, reduced her to intellectual nothingness by the merest hint of the unparalleled commercial future which awaited the promoters of the enterprise.

Before he had half finished his tale an interruption occurred.

The spot where they stood was close upon the skirts of a spacious and luxuriant park, and they were now in reality almost within sight of the mansion which it encompassed.

An open carriage turned out from the park gates, and came rapidly towards them. It was occupied by an elderly and handsome gentleman, at sight of whom Guy's companion laughed and blushed a little.

"It is papa," she said, and added: "But he won't mind, I'm sure. It was really very kind of you. I should have liked to hear the end of the story immensely."

The carriage drew up beside them, and the young lady made haste to offer an explanation to her papa, who bowed politely to Guy when she had finished.

"But you forgot, my dearest Trona, when you started out on your tricycle, that you were engaged to drive with me," he said. "And now you must return at once and change your dress. Get in, dear. John will push the tricycle home, and I will take the reins."

Half a minute later, Guy was once more alone upon the road.

### CHAPTER VII.—HE REACHES HOME.

"IT is certain," said Guy, seating himself upon the nearest bank, "that I am amongst the most fortunate of men."

He removed his hat, and ran his fingers through his long hair, letting the summer wind play upon his large and well-shaped forehead.

"In what manner this beautiful creature is destined to influence my future, I can scarcely yet conjecture; but that she will play an important part in it I cannot doubt. Her name is Trona.

There must be some significance in the name (which I have never heard before), for it begins already to stir certain lively motions in me."

He rose up somewhat excited, and continued his walk until he came to the great iron gates of the park through which the young lady's papa had borne her from his sight.

A broad avenue of chestnut and lime-trees led up to the mansion, which was a large, low, red-brick edifice, with many projections, which chequered it with a bold play of light and shadow; peaked gables, bays, and square-headed windows.

"She has a beautiful home," exclaimed Guy. "It is perfect Elizabethan. In such an abode she should cherish high and adventurous thoughts, not unmixed with poetry of a romantic kind. The room with the wide window, in the left wing, shaded by the beech tree, has a grave and sombre air, and is doubtless her father's study. It is there, probably, that he will invite me to give him some details of the undertaking. On that broad, straight terrace it may be that I shall complete in Trona's hearing the history I was interrupted in just now. Who are they, I wonder? The place was untenanted when I left home."

He turned, and continued his walk; and began to conjure up all that he remembered of her. "There are many evidences of temperament in the hair, but I do not quite know what that rich copper tint may indicate. Her forehead certainly announces capacity. The curve of the chin is undoubtedly expressive of taste, and she has a well-proportioned neck, which is a high recommendation for general strength of character. Her eyes are sanguine—I am certain that I shall inspire her with the most generous and enthusiastic zeal for the enterprise."

So Guy kept on his way, rhapsodising aloud, and sweet imagination still pursued him.

All at once, clapping his hand upon his pocket, he found that he was still in possession of the lady's scissors. He drew them out, and along with them, singular to say, a morsel of the sky-blue skirt.

The scissors folded together, with a fine tortoise-shell handle inlaid with silver, and looked, when shut, like a small pocket-knife. Guy considered them the most beautiful instrument of their kind that he had ever seen.

"Here, again," said he, "is an instance of the signal fortune that attends me! I carry off, without knowing it, a thing that belongs to her. It will be necessary by some means to restore it to her; and thus, by the most natural process in the world, we are once more brought together. It is clear that fortune champions me." Then as the road began to be more familiar to him, and he recognised some landmarks of home, his thoughts turned to dwell upon his mother and sister, to both of whom he was greatly attached.

"They are not expecting me," he observed presently. "So much the better; they will have been at no trouble to prepare for me"—which, by the way, is a mannish and most improper conclusion.

Mrs. Warwick, who had that morning received her dividends from her brother, and who, provisioned for a fortnight, had never a pecuniary care in the world, was at this moment engaged in planting out lobelias. A bushy laurel hid her figure; she was kneeling over the mould, and all that was visible of her from the road was her foot. But Mrs. Warwick's foot, whenever she discovered it, was visible chiefly by virtue of its invisibility. She was a matron with the foot of Cinderella. From a child Guy had delighted in the feet of his mother, which were to him the most ethereal forms in the world of matter. The innocent vanity of Mrs. Warwick permitted her to be of the same opinion. When she put on her boots, she left her slippers on a chair, where casual visitors might observe and wonder at them.

Guy saw the foot of his mother through the laurel bush.

"It is she!" said he. "There is no foot in the world like hers!"

He sprang upon the bank, and called to her.

Mrs. Warwick screamed, and dropped her trowel. She ran to the wicket, her soft, sunny face alight with the pride of a mother's love. Mrs. Warwick and her son had the same enthusiastic fancy, and the same elf-like inability to understand that a quarter's dividends were not a Fortunatus's purse.

"But why didn't you tell us you were coming?" said his mother, when she had kissed him to her satisfaction.

Guy did not answer. She held him so that he could not speak.

When she let him go, Mrs. Warwick surveyed her son, and her face changed to a look of amused dismay. Then she was all concern for his wounded arm.

Guy assured her she would be nothing less than delighted when she heard about that. He praised her freshness and her garden hat and her pretty summer gown, and drew off her old leather glove to caress her hand.

"But how dusty you are, dear!" she said. "You look as if you had walked all the way from London."

"I walked a part of the way; and thereby hangs another tale, mother, which I shall tell you by-and-by."

"Won't Grace wonder!" laughed his mother. "But, Guy, dear, there is nothing the matter, I hope? It is so wonderful your flying home in this way."

"You will think it much more wonderful, mother, when I have explained everything to you. The matter is a great one. But there is nothing to be alarmed about. Where is Grace?"

"She ought to be in now. She went into the village, and I think she will be bringing Mr. Craig, our curate, home to luncheon. But you have not told me about your arm, dear. Is it broken, Guy?"

"Oh, no, mother—no. A little scratch in fencing, but the most fortunate thing that ever happened to anybody."

"My dearest boy, how you do talk! Do you mean that you have made a fortune by getting yourself wounded?"

"You have almost hit upon it, mother; but wait until I tell you. Now, if you will come and bathe my arm for me, that will be better for it than a magic lotion."

CHAPTER VIII.—AND IS DRIVEN OFF AGAIN AT ONCE.

"IF it turns out all that, you know," observed the curate, "it will make—what shall we say?—a regular chapter in the romance of life-preservation."

"Very good, Mr. Craig; very good indeed!" said Mrs. Warwick.

But, if the truth be told, the curate's mind was not quite resolved upon the subject. Being an ardent admirer of both ladies, he faced a little both ways; and now shook with the hope that transported Guy and Mrs. Warwick, and now was harried by the plain commercial questionings of the less romantic Grace.

Luncheon was over, and they were sitting in the garden. Guy had dazzled them and puzzled you would have thought, to hear him talk, that he had his whole vast project "safe beneath his hat."

"You are quite right," he said, addressing himself to the curate, "and I may say here that I expect great help from the clergy in this matter. It should be the text of powerful discourses from innumerable pulpits. For several days I have been much occupied with the question of national food. A great reform is necessary here. Our feeding has become far too gross and vulgar an affair. This simple yet potent substance, which all of you have tasted, is enough, and it is as easy of digestion as bread."

"But Guy, dear, what about the five hundred pounds?" said his sister.

"Of course, it won't do to lose sight of that altogether," observed Mrs. Warwick.



"AND WHERE IS SHE? AND WHAT IS SHE LIKE?' QUERIED GRACE.

them to his heart's content. His mother alone had followed him in his most extravagant flights; but she, at any rate, was persuaded that it was a most beautiful scheme, and so simple too. She had already commenced to spend the profits of it.

Grace, whom domestic experience had made very clear of hearing on the prudent side, and who was for steering on no undetermined shore, kept on questioning apace.

The curate had a parlous time of it to keep in countenance with both. He could not have told you yet whether he believed Guy to be the vainest of dreamers, or destined to bless his race immeasurably. His worldly knowledge dimly guided the decision of a doubtful choice.

But Guy, making light of questions, rode gallantly on the flood-tide of his own imaginings; and

"In fact, it is badly wanted," added the curate.

"What principally troubles me on that score," answered Guy, "is the ridiculous smallness of the amount. Five hundred pounds! What financier would warm to such a sum as that? It has been a great trouble to me from the first that I could not prevail on M. Rohand to charge me at least ten times that amount."

"But, my dear boy," urged Mrs. Warwick, "I really think we ought to be grateful to M. Rohand for not having done so."

"And so do I," rejoined Grace. "It seems to me that we shall have trouble enough to raise five hundred pounds, let alone five thousand. Who is going to lend it to you, Guy?"

"The capitalist whom I shall first approach—whoever he may be," responded Guy.

"But you know, dear, there isn't a capitalist in the family, and we haven't a single acquaintance amongst people of that sort."

"Then, as it happens, I'm luckier than you, Miss Warwick," said Mr. Craig, with that thorough-going geniality which helped to make him the best curate in the world. "We have a capitalist in our family, and no end of a one. He is starting companies all the year round. This will be the very thing for him. I'll wire him to-night, and we will all lunch with him in the City to-morrow. They're awfully good at luncheons in the City, you know. If you don't mind, I'll go and telegraph to him at once."

"You must allow me to offer you a hundred pounds for the introduction," said Guy, quietly. "No, no; I insist upon it. It is a matter of business. It is the way these things are always done."

"Well, well, well; let every man make his fortune who can," laughed little Mr. Craig, as he rose to take his leave, with as much notion of accepting a hundred pounds as he had of receiving a bishopric at Michaelmas.

The ladies, a little exhausted by these lavish prospects, fell back upon their work-baskets.

"Mamma, dear, have you taken my scissors again?" asked Grace.

"Scissors!" burst out Guy, tingling with a fresh emotion—"scissors! Why, that reminds me of something else. I am in love!"

"In love!" cried both the ladies at once, each laying hold of Guy, who was seated between them on the garden bench.

"Why, this is ten times more important than your powder," added Grace. "Why didn't you tell us before?"

"Well, it is, at least, very interesting," said Mrs. Warwick; "but are you serious, my boy? You were never in love before, as far as I can remember. Who is the lady?"

"And where is she, and what is she like?" queried Grace. "And you have done nothing but talk about the powder all this time, and you only remember her by a pair of scissors!"

"Not at all," clamoured Guy—"not at all. I remember her by her hair, and her eyes, and her voice, and a hundred other things. I remembered her by her scissors, because I have got them in my pocket—here they are. Her name is Trona, and this is a portion of the dress she was wearing this morning."

"It is Miss Gault!" ejaculated the two ladies with one voice.

"Is that her name?" said Guy. "Yes, these are her beautiful scissors, and this is a morsel of the skirt of her dress which I cut off with them."

"Well, that's the most extraordinary love-token *I* ever saw," said Grace.

"The road where we met is strewed with fragments just like this," said Guy; and his mother and sister looked at him incredulously, and with increasing wonderment.

"But this doesn't sound at all like a love-affair," was Mrs. Warwick's comment.

"No," added Grace; "it sounds like a frightful quarrel."

"It was in this way," said Guy, and he explained to them the episode of the tricycle

Mrs. Warwick and Grace listened with expressions of the liveliest interest.

"How very funny that you should meet her like that!" Grace observed. "And it's all the more interesting because I made Miss Gault's acquaintance only last week, and she said she intended to call. She rides about everywhere on her tricycle, but scarcely any one in the neighbourhood knows them. Mr. Gault is supposed to be a sort of invalid, but it's my belief that he doesn't think the people about here good enough for him. At any rate, they hardly do any visiting."

"If she should fall head over ears in love with Guy—as, of course, she might very well do——" began Mrs. Warwick.

"My dear mother!" said her son.

"Well, yes—she may, of course, have done so already," continued Mrs. Warwick.

"But no—but no," said Guy, almost piteously; "I would not on any account whatever that she should fall in love with me at that rate. She must be wooed. I must do something to make her enamoured of me."

"Does she know who you are?" asked Grace.

Guy was about to answer that he had told her of himself and his family, when the sound of the stopping of carriage-wheels interrupted him.

"It is Mr. Gault's carriage," whispered Grace, excitedly, half rising to peep over the hedge.

"Just so," answered Guy, complacently. "She has told him, and, quite naturally, here he is. What could he do but come? In the course of a few days the entire county will be coming. As I said to M. Rohand, my difficulty will be, not to find, but to select my colleagues in this enterprise."

But neither Grace nor Mrs. Warwick herself paid the slightest heed to Guy's grandiloquence.

Mrs. Warwick hurriedly whispered her daughter to order tea—"Uncle George's service, dear, and the apostle spoons"—and prepared to receive her visitors.

Guy advanced to meet them at the wicket. The carriage was a splendid and most luxurious equipage, swaying on springs of exquisite contrivance, and cushioned to resist the slightest annoyance from vibration. A footman held open the door of the carriage while Miss Gault, who was the first to alight, descended, in a cream serge frock this time, with a crimson belt about her flexible waist, and a little sailor-hat lightly crowning her loose-blown hair. Mr. Gault, who looked the picture of physical health, got down after his daughter, as tenderly as though he were plagued with aches in all his anatomy.

"This is a very sudden and unceremonious visit, Mr. Warwick," said Miss Gault; "but the truth is papa will not rest until he hears everything about it from your own lips."

"I cannot help thinking from what my daughter has told me, Mr. Warwick," put in Mr. Gault, bowing politely, with the most amiable smile, "that you have arrived at the Philosopher's Stone of Dietetics. Am I right? But you will be so kind as to explain it to me at length, will you not? Yes, the subject is one in which I am profoundly interested. A sadly defective constitution obliges me to guard continually against the snares of the table.

Perfect simplicity in solids and in liquids is the ideal I am always seeking to attain. This preparation of yours, I really believe, must be the sanative I have been searching for these ten years. But there is one question I must beg you to answer at once—is it palatable?"

"I consider it amongst its chiefest virtues," answered Guy, "that it is absolutely tasteless."

"That will do just as well," returned Mr. Gault, after a moment's hesitation. "Indeed, I am not sure, with you, Mr. Warwick, that it is not a very great virtue. Flavours which are not of the essence of the food are always to be distrusted. . . When shall we proceed to the *experimentum crucis*?"

"The what?" asked Miss Gault.

"I mean, dear, that I am extremely anxious to see and taste the preparation for myself."

"Pray come up to the house," said Guy. "I have a little of it with me."

They had been standing close to the garden gate, at an angle of the path whence the cottage was hidden from view. Guy led the way to where Mrs. Warwick, serene of face and tremulous of heart, sewed with a purposeless needle.

There was something so winning in the manner of the healthy hypochondriac that one was at home with him, and liked him, immediately.

No, he would not take tea; it was years since he had permitted himself that luxury; but while the others sipped their cups, he praised the apostle spoons, and regretted the decay of the beautiful art of the silversmith.

Guy, after five minutes' communing with himself, decided on Mr. Gault as the chairman of the company, and produced the powder.

Mr. Gault took a small magnifying-glass from his waistcoat-pocket, and examined it minutely.

"Its appearance recommends it most strongly," he said, when he had finished his scrutiny. "I was a little doubtful about the colour at first, but the test of the glass reassures me. Now, please, advise me as to the best way of tasting it."

"You must clearly understand," said Guy, "that its effect is not instantaneous."

The ladies played the part of a silent but observant chorus. To Mrs. Warwick the scene was intensely real; Grace kept a shrewd and speculative countenance; and the ghost of a smile (was it ironic or sympathetic?) hovered on the sensitive lips of Miss Gault as she, in her turn, examined the powder through her father's glass.

"You propose to dine at a certain hour to-night," continued Guy. "My advice to you is to countermand your dinner, or to eat none, and to take a small quantity of this instead. You will awake to-morrow more vigorous and refreshed than if you had dined to perfection on the choicest artificial foods."

"Admirable!" cried Mr. Gault. "It has long been a problem with me how to dispense with dinner. The process of digestion after an ordinary meal irks me beyond words. It is so gross, so humiliating. How much of mental and spiritual activity is wasted in the three or four hours that are needed to digest a modern dinner!"

"But at home, papa, we never dine like the moderns," said Trona, in whose tone there was a zephyr-like echo of regret. "Do you know how the Hindoos dine?" she whispered to Grace.

"My dear," said Mr. Gault, sweetly, "the cook is the cause of civilisation, and civilisation cannot be cured until the cook is abolished."

"But wouldn't you have any more civilisation, Mr. Gault?" exclaimed Mrs. Warwick.

"There is not a physical ill in the world that is not directly traceable to it," responded Mr. Gault. "The trade of medicine, which is one of the most lucrative in these days, would become obsolete in a generation if we could make up our minds to live on raw wheat and milk."

"Do you think there is a fortune to be made out of Guy's powder, Mr. Gault?" asked Grace.

"A fortune?" said Mr. Gault—"a fortune? I rather shrink from that idea. The only people who make fortunes are those who are below, and in opposition to, the best intellects of their day. It is a mere question of rigging the market. No one ever yet made a fortune who at the outset proposed to himself to benefit his race."

"But there is always an exception," said Guy, gravely. "I propose to do both."

"Then there is nothing for it but to float a company," said Mr. Gault.

"It is for that purpose that I am here," said Guy.

"Then I must of course assist you," returned Mr. Gault. "It is against my principles, for when you talk of companies you talk of dividends, and there is not a step between dividends and adulteration. In fair dealing, dividends are impossible; the public has to pay the piper for the shareholders. But if a purely philanthropic company were possible——"

"That is precisely the company I am bent upon promoting," interrupted Guy.

"In that case," said Mr. Gault, "I must ask leave to take you home with me this very night. We must discuss this matter intimately. I had intended to start for Paris to-morrow on a dietetic mission of my own. You, however, have given me quite a new idea. I must have you at home with me to discuss it. We shall evolve the plan together: let us dine together on the powder at seven o'clock to-night."

"And am I to dine on the powder, papa?" asked Trona.

"My dearest," exclaimed Mr. Gault, "I had almost forgotten that you were with us. Have you not ordered dinner?"

The very brusqueness of this remark on Mr. Gault's part showed the complete ascendency which Guy and his idea had already obtained over him.

Mrs. Warwick and Grace had no thoughts about that, but they had both begun to be sorely troubled about something else. The truth is that Guy's attire was barely respectable. His trousers were distended at the knees, and there was a fine polish on the elbows of his threadbare jacket. Had he a dress suit in his portmanteau—and when would the portmanteau arrive? Mrs. Warwick would have given much for a private word in her son's ear on this subject. But this was the more difficult to obtain for the reason that Guy himself had not a

qualm about his personal appearance, and, while seemingly doubtful as to the propriety of accepting Mr. Gault's invitation, was merely balancing in his mind the probable relative advantages of that gentleman's assistance and Mr. Craig's. He decided that Mr. Gault might prove the more useful man of the two, and having reached that decision he remembered that he was also desperately in love with Trona.

He said that he would dine with Mr. Gault.

"Then if Mrs. Warwick will permit me," answered Mr. Gault, "I will take you home with us at once. We shall not let you return to-night, you know; and forgive me if I suggest that the powder is the only luggage you need trouble yourself with."

Mrs. Warwick and Grace breathed more freely at this, but the former hastened to add that Guy's portmanteau should be sent after him the moment it was received.

Guy and Mr. Gault and Trona drove away in the beautiful barouche, and the events of the morning and the evening were like a dream to Mrs. Warwick and her daughter.

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

### THE URCHIN-FISH—DIODON HYSTRIX.

NO one who has ever seen this formidable yet beautiful fish alive can possibly forget it. Towards the close of the year half a dozen Urchin-fish may be seen gliding through the water in single file, almost touching each other. They are very plentiful in the south seas, often attaining the length of two feet. The back is a light grey; the under-part pure white. The entire body is covered with spines, mostly triangular; but some, which are larger than the rest, are perfectly round. At the base of each spine is a round black spot. These spots are mostly small, with here and there a large one. The Urchin-fish has no true teeth, but the jaws are covered with a substance resembling ivory, well adapted for grinding down the crustaceans and sea-weeds on which it subsists. It is frequently speared in our lagoons, and the flesh invariably eaten. The remarkable power of inflating its body into a globular form, and thereby causing the spines to stand out in all directions, has given to it the name of globe-fish. When thus inflated, it floats and swims on its back in perfect safety. This power of distension is evidently intended as a means of defence. Nevertheless, it sometimes (when napping) comes to grief; for a small specimen was ingloriously captured at low tide in the lagoon by a hog! Urchin-fish are occasionally swallowed alive by hungry sharks and large fish. As it instantaneously dilates its stomach and erects its spines—some of which are two inches in length—it is not so easily disposed of. In the violent effort to get it down, the spines become firmly embedded in the throat, thus strangling its adversary. I have known instances in which the shark and the cavally have been easily captured by natives whilst the fatal struggle has been going on.

At Aitutaki a native who went fishing alone in a canoe put his hand into a crevice in the coral "to feel for fish," little thinking what a terrible enemy was there. A large Urchin-fish that happened to be inside, irritated at the sight of a hand extended to catch it, inflated its body and erected its spines, rendering it impossible for the poor fellow to withdraw his arm. An empty canoe drifting with the current revealed his fate. When the body was discovered, the arm—horribly lacerated in the unavailing struggle—was still imprisoned by the irate fish.

A specimen eighteen inches in length, lying before me as I write, was sighted in a large hole. The fisherman seized it by the mouth, but his thumb was so severely bitten that he speedily let it go. Knowing that the tail is free from spines, he grabbed it, and succeeded in pulling it out, despite its rage and erected spines. It was brought to me dead: yet I found that by blowing steadily into its mouth it became a perfect ball, the multitudinous spines all erect.

The tough, thick skin of the Totara (its native name) may be easily taken off and dried. The Gilbert islanders, until lately, made helmets out of these dried skins. The tail was allowed to remain as an ornament at the top; the interior—lined with shark's skin—was well filled with sand, and the lower part brought down over the ears. The effect was very striking; and the utility in savage warfare beyond question. A complete set of armour made of twisted cocoa-nut fibre completed the equipment of the warrior. Their spears, armed with triple rows of shark's teeth, were sometimes twenty feet long.

When sailing in the John Williams on a rough day a pair of globe-fish of the genus *Tetraodon lævigatus* seemingly piloted our vessel from dawn to sunset. Albicore and sword-fish passed them without attacking them—probably because the liver is poisonous.

The natives of the Hervey group call a cross-grained fellow a Totara, or Urchin-fish.

### FLYING-FISH.

A capital plan to relieve the monotony of a long voyage in the Tropics is to perch yourself on the bowsprit of your vessel and watch her cleaving the billows and throwing a line of snowy foam right and left. Alarmed at the approach of the seeming monster of the deep, flying-fish rush off on either

side with vast speed. In rough weather very few are seen. They are most plentiful when the sun is bright and a light breeze sweeps over the ocean. Upwards of thirty species of flying-fish are known.

In the South Pacific the principal season for flying-fish is from August on to the end of the year. The genus *Exocœtus*—in size about that of a fine mackerel—has the pectoral fins nearly as long as the body. It skims along the surface of the water like a bird, for which at a distance it is easily mistaken. They often fly a distance of 200 yards without once moistening their beautiful fins. The direction is usually straight; but they often curve their flight most gracefully. Single fish may be seen in flight throughout the year; but in the season hundreds at one time. Nothing can be more elegant than the movements of a shoal of flying-fish through the air as they turn on their sides, fully displaying their wonderful fins under the full blaze of a tropical sun.

I cannot believe that terror alone causes them to fly. Surely it is often in sport, from the mere pleasure of existence. They really do fly, and not simply leap out of the ocean. It is utterly incredible that a fish should propel itself through the air at a uniform elevation above the level of the ocean for a distance of 200 yards or more by a mere spring. They occasionally rise to a height of twenty feet above the water, but usually skim along near the surface, occasionally moistening their fins in the crest of a billow by the way.

Flying-fish, attracted by evening lights, frequently leap through the open ports of the largest vessels into the cabins of the passengers, not a little to their astonishment. During a cruise through the South Pacific in the John Williams, flying-fish leaped on to the main deck every night. Pussy was so accustomed to hear the thud that she would start up to secure the prize. The rule was to allow puss to have the first for her supper, the rest being reserved for our breakfast. This sport went on night after night, week after week, furnishing a very acceptable addition to our usual diet. Flying-fish should be eaten with a little butter, otherwise, although delicate in flavour, it is rather dry.

The low coral islands are abundantly supplied with flying-fish; but they are not found inside the lagoons. In the Hervey group the island of Atui is famed for them. The natives have an absurd legend that a mighty magician, an ancestor of theirs,[1] originally brought them from Rakaanga!

About the end of August the ocean seems to be alive with flying-fish. At such times they are easily caught at Atui *by daytime* with nets, as many as 1,500 having been obtained by a large canoe in one day. The islanders eat as many as they can; the remainder (as they have no salt) are well dried in the sun, for use when the season is over. Dried flying-fish are packed in baskets and sent to friends on less favoured islands, the appearance being exactly that of fine red-herrings. On Mangaia the fish is baked and rebaked in the native oven until it is perfectly dry. When eaten, it is well steeped in a rich sauce.

In the month of February the spawn may be observed floating on the surface of the ocean—a vast mass of greenish globules loosely glued together. Flying-fish have been noticed pressing against our ship's rudder, possibly to assist the act of spawning.

This interesting fish has numerous enemies. Coryphene, albicore, baracoota, bonito, etc., etc., feed almost exclusively upon flying-fish in the season. Frigate-birds, tern, tropic-birds, etc., etc., do the same. Anglers for baracoota first catch a few flying-fish as bait. I have taken two fine flying-fish out of the stomach of a baracoota.

At Rakaanga flying-fish are captured in the following manner:—At sunset a number of flat-bottomed boats are paddled out to sea in a straight line, the foremost carrying a lighted torch. (A native fisherman at night wears only a girdle, through fear of his clothes catching fire.) When it is sufficiently dark the leader gives the word, and lights the torch of his nearest neighbour; and so on and on until the entire expedition is lighted up. A torchbearer attends exclusively to his flambeau, and there will be several in the larger boats. He now raises his torch aloft, the other boats doing the same. A scene of great interest ensues. At the sudden flash of between 200 or 300 torches the fish start up in terror, and rush upon the boats, sometimes striking the fishermen with considerable violence. Many fishermen have been temporarily blinded in this way. Scoop-nets attached to long poles are used. Great numbers of flying-fish are thus caught in a short time. Hence the ancient proverb, "Bonito and flying-fish are *insane*, as they come to grief for nothing, the former seduced merely by the brightness of a pearl-oyster hook, the latter by the glare of torches." The application of this proverb is very obvious.

The favourite nights for catching flying-fish are from the ninth to the twelfth of each lunar month. The Hervey islanders *chase* flying-fish; the natives of the low coral islands merely wait for them.

Another sort of flying-fish common in the Pacific is the flying-gurnard (*Dactylopterus orientalis*). It attains the length of fourteen inches, and has mailed cheeks and a hard rough skin. It is very palatable. Its flight is much shorter than that of the exocœtus, or ordinary flying-fish, never exceeding forty yards. The motion of the flying-gurnard is not a true flight, but a prolonged leap. It flies half upright, not horizontally, like the exocœti. It emits a phosphoric light, which is very striking to the observer. On account of the supposed resemblance of its head to the urchin-fish, it is called by the Hervey islanders the "Urchin flying-fish" (marōrō totara).

WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.

[1] Named Mariki.

# STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

## NAPOLEON I.



THE picture of which we present an engraving to our readers has sold for the largest sum ever given for square inches of painted canvas. The exquisite finish of Meissonier, the technical qualities of the work itself, count for much; but the subject of the picture, the halo that still surrounds the Napoleonic legend, counts perhaps for more.

Whatever judgment may be passed on his career, was it fruitful or unfruitful, was it a mixed good or an unmixed evil, it is impossible to deny that Napoleon was a great man, a mighty individuality. Greatness is an epithet that must be sparingly attributed to men. Indeed, if we examine closely the performances of the most of those whom history has labelled "great," we feel inclined to wish that the race of great ones may cease from the earth, and that the time may come when none of the leaders of nations may be styled great, because desolation and terror have waited on their footsteps. Great men are said to be the children of great times. It should rather be said of bad times.

Of all the great conquerors and mighty statesmen who have been the scourge of humanity and the curse of their country, there is no more interesting figure than that which is here depicted for us by a master-hand. We see Napoleon at the head of his gallant soldiers, close behind him his brilliant staff, each man a hero. The leader is sunk in sombre meditation. The lion is in the toils, or rather the gambler is playing his last stake. He plays it with masterly skill. Unsuccessful as he was in 1814, none of his campaigns brings into clearer light his brilliant powers, none sets in stronger relief his utter selfishness and reckless cruelty.

The Allies are marching upon Paris in overpowering numbers. To protract the struggle is to linger out the death-agony of his country. Patriotism and prudence counsel peace, but peace means at least abdication. The destruction of his country's forces can bring to him, the individual, nothing worse, and there is always a chance. "What to me are the lives of a million men?" he had said shortly before this to Metternich, who had urged upon him the uselessness of further fighting. What indeed! Your conqueror must steel his bosom against any weak complaisance to the instruments with which he works out his selfish ends. It is not on record that Napoleon ever expressed the slightest compunction for the millions who were sacrificed to his ambition. The astonishing fact remains that the instruments should have been on their side so complaisant. With what enthusiasm they rushed to death for their Emperor! *Vive l'Empereur!* With what equanimity he received their devotion!

Strange and puzzling phenomenon, the best and worst of human nature so closely connected, so inextricably intertwined! To regard the French nation as essentially vain and frivolous, sacrificing everything for glory, as led away by a tempter, hypnotised by an intellectual devil, may satisfy those who are fond of short cuts and easy methods in history, who think they have solved all moral and political problems when they have pasted a label on an individual or a nation, but cannot satisfy the patient investigator who regards history as the school of experience teaching by example, and seeks to avoid the errors of the future by studying those of the past.

There is not probably a more difficult problem presented to the historian than that of disentangling the causes which rendered Napoleon possible, and making the man himself thoroughly intelligible. The greatest minds of our century have felt the fascination of this inquiry; and how diverse have been their judgments! An ancient Greek could have found in such a career as that of Napoleon an exemplification of his doctrine of the divine jealousy which infatuates the too fortunate man with an overweening sense of his superiority, and punishes him and his even to the third generation, through the consequences of their own presumptuous imaginings. He who sang the dirge of the Persians might have chanted in no meaner strains the overthrow of a mightier host slain by the Ice King, and judged while he lamented the Imperial eagle chained on the rock of St. Helena.

Bonaparte himself loved to regard his career as a special embodiment of fate. He used to speak of himself as the child of destiny. He got the length even of putting himself outside the pale of humanity, and regarding himself as on a level with the blind forces of nature. "I am not a person," he said; "I am a thing." He constantly appeals to his star; he bears a charmed life; success follows a chained captive behind his chariot. This feeling has been common in different forms to most men to whom it has been given to accomplish deeds great beyond their expectation. A kind of surprise at their own success settles upon them. Sulla believed that he was the special favourite of fortune. Alexander the Great came to believe that he was really the son of Jupiter. We have the feeling of this wonder at themselves expressed in the *Veni, vidi, vici* of Cæsar, and in the "It is the Lord's doing" of Cromwell.

However much Napoleon may have himself believed in his star, and wished others to believe, no one ever left less to chance in the way of careful preparation. Wild as his schemes often were, they failed through their own inherent weakness, not through lack of attention to detail on his part. Take for example the expedition to Moscow. Mad it was, and doomed to failure; at least, it seems so now. But with what patient duplicity were the negotiations conducted so as to blind the Emperor Alexander to his enemy's real designs, and with what marvellous care were all the details of dress and armament thought out! The carriage built in Brussels specially for this campaign according to the Emperor's own direction, and on which so many of us have sat at Madame Tussaud's, is itself a proof that no detail was too trifling for this marvellous intellect.

In Napoleon's mind there was an extraordinary combination of sobriety of judgment in ordinary matters, with a wildness of imagination that was ever prompting him to hunt after chimeras. Given any object, he was the best man to find out the means to attain that object, and the least scrupulous so long as success crowned the work. He must have become an important actor on any stage. The stage itself was comparatively indifferent to him. When a poor lieutenant starving in Paris, he resolved to offer his services to the Government for employment in Turkey. The offer was accepted, and already he saw himself in imagination Emperor of the East. The order was countermanded. How would the ruling powers have expedited his departure could they have foreseen that the little Corsican soldier of fortune would become Emperor of the West! This wildness of imagination led him afterwards to Egypt and to Acre, where gigantic projects were shattered. The same led him to plan the invasion of England, for which such wonderful preparations were made at Boulogne; and after Trafalgar had rendered that hopeless, the same ardent imagination conceived the continental system which was to extinguish English trade with Europe.

Of the Moscow expedition we need say nothing. It is an object-lesson in the school of history which he who runs may read. It is curious that all these grand ideas ended in fiascos—or rather it is not curious, for they carried with them their own condemnation; but it is sad that, after all her victories, after all the blood and treasure wasted, after all the kingdoms quickly gained and quicker lost, France had less territory when she had done with Napoleon than when he became her general; and what of the answer to the cry of the mothers which rang in his ears as he skulked through Provence on his way to Elba, "Give us back our sons"?

Yet the fascination which he has exercised over the French and the magic of his name are undeniable. Perhaps we are not far enough removed from his times to do him justice, and something must be allowed for difference of national taste. Our grandfathers hated him cordially. To them Boney was an ogre who was always threatening invasion, and to whom heavy taxation and high prices were due. Of the latter we may judge from the fact that on March 5th, 1801, the price of the quartern loaf was 1*s.* 10½*d.*, and that, most likely, largely composed of ground rice. A man with a dear, badly baked loaf on his stomach is not in a condition to judge of a great political enemy impartially, and perhaps our forefathers were a little ungenerous in their judgments, and they might perhaps have made him a little more comfortable in St. Helena. But Longwood, if not quite the place where an anointed Emperor would have chosen to end his days, would have been much beyond the expectations of a lawyer's son of Ajaccio, and was certainly beyond the deserts of the murderer of the Duc d'Enghien and of Toussaint l'Ouverture, or of the man who in cold blood and out of politic considerations had 2,500 prisoners of war shot on the sands of Jaffa.

Yet, after all, it is a wonder that Napoleon was not guilty of greater crimes. Wielding absolute power, he could be even generous on occasion to his political foes. His cruelty was politic. It was a matter of calculation, not of passion. The Duc d'Enghien was put to death, not out of personal hatred—Napoleon had but shortly before become acquainted with his existence—but in order that his fate might strike terror into the hearts of the Bourbons. Palm the German writer, Hofer the Tyrolese patriot, were put to death, and Prince Holzfeldt would have been sacrificed, for the same reason. In fact, it was comparatively a matter of indifference whether the individual executed was innocent or guilty so long as an example was made. It was this same studied barbarity which drove to suicide Villeneuve, the gallant admiral who fought, in defiance of his better reason, at Trafalgar, obedient to a tyrant's behests. Napoleon was not so much cruel as absolutely indifferent to considerations of humanity when these seemed to interfere with the success of his plans.

His very outbursts of anger were adopted frequently for politic purposes. After one scene of this kind he could boast that his anger never rose higher than his throat, that his intellect remained unruffled. This kind of calculating fury rendered him peculiarly dangerous. But there were times when he was more than ordinarily moved, particularly after a batch of London newspapers had come in and he had read some of the kind things which were said about General Bonaparte. Then the celebrated cocked hat would be kicked into a corner, and language would resound through the Imperial chambers much more in keeping with the character of the ex-artilleryman than with that of the reviver of the empire of Charlemagne.

There is no doubt England was a terrible thorn all through in Napoleon's side. His expedition to Egypt was intended to deprive us of our Indian Empire, and when his direct attempt at invasion failed later on, he conquered Europe, as he himself declared, in order that he might destroy England. He hated our free institutions, although it is amusing to find him proposing to overthrow the English oligarchy in order to give England freedom and equality. But the English idea of liberty, equality, and fraternity was a slightly different one from that of their neighbours, and English Tories were not oligarchs. John Bull felt himself quite competent to work out the development of his own institutions

without foreign assistance. It was because England was a free country, and because the English people were at one with their rulers, that they were able to rally the Continental Powers and breathe heart into them from time to time.

At first Napoleon was opposed on the Continent by kings and statesmen with their old-fashioned methods of statecraft. The generals who opposed him complained that they were beaten contrary to all the rules of the game. Napoleon never attacked quite in the way he ought to have done, nor did he always turn up just where he was expected. It was never dreamt of for a moment by the Austrians, who were besieging Genoa that he would cross the Alps and bring his artillery with him, and court destruction by placing himself in their rear. Mack at Ulm was surrounded and captured before he knew that Napoleon had crossed the Rhine. The tone of mind of kings and emperors is amusingly portrayed, with a dash of caricature, no doubt, by Napoleon himself in one of his reminiscences. "When," he says, "I was at Tilsit with the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, I was the most ignorant of the three in military matters. The two sovereigns were completely *au fait* as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. In fact, I was nobody in comparison with them."

These were great times. It is impossible not to read with profound satisfaction how these kings and rulers, by so-called Divine right, had to bow down to the man who was a leader by personal force alone, whose diadem, such as it was, had been won by merit. We see him sitting at the head of the table to which none beneath the royal rank was admitted, and we are not shocked to the depths of our being, as the royal chamberlain was, when he begins his story of the time, "When I was a sub-lieutenant in the Regiment la Fère." It is with very different feelings that we assist at a later banquet, and hear the same voice relating an occurrence "which happened in the time of my late uncle, the King." The sub-lieutenant had by that time married the niece of Marie Antoinette.

At first, no doubt, the sympathy of the peoples of Europe, as distinct from that of their rulers, was with the French. The ideas of the Republic found a response in the hearts of the nations, and everywhere there was the hope of the dawn of a better day. The proclamation of Napoleon that the French army had come to break their chains was at first believed. His own behaviour, his very look, the pale face, the frail body consumed by the fire within, his studied simplicity, his surprising austerity, his laconic speech—all seemed to point to the reappearance on earth of one of the heroes of antiquity. It was not a real antique, however, but only a plaster-of-Paris. Yet for a time it imposed on all. Even his own friends knew him not. In 1797, when it was reported that Napoleon was thinking of making himself King of Italy, Madame de Staël asked Angereau, then in Paris on a mission from the army of Italy, if this were the case. "Certainly not," he replied; "he is a young man of far too good principles for that."

His power of impressing individuals was marvellous. The sweetness of his smile when he chose to please was irresistible; his words could raise refreshing visions real as the mirage of the desert. Those upon whom he operated were for the time mesmerised; the disillusionment was usually cruel. We find Lafayette believing in him up to the very eve of the perpetual dictatorship. "It is impossible," he said to him, "that you, General, the first in that order of men who to find their equals and to claim their true place embrace all centuries, should wish that such a revolution, so much blood, so much sorrow, so many victories, so many prodigies, should have no other result than an arbitrary régime."

Impossible; but then, as Marmont says of him, "there was so much future in his mind." When he was being conveyed to Elba on board the "Undaunted," he won the hearts of all the crew except old Hinton the boatswain. Everything on board pleased him. "Humbug!" ejaculated old Hinton. There was no people on the world but the English, the rest were only so many populaces. "Humbug!" said Hinton; but the crew thought Nap not such a bad fellow after all, and when Napoleon at parting distributed 200 gold pieces among them, they wished his honour long life and better luck next time. The verdict of history is, we are afraid, that of old Hinton—humbug!

But in looking back at an historical character there is this element of unfairness, that we judge everything in the light of the results; we see as from a distance the main features; the ocean has no islands, the desert no oases. We desire consistency; and by a kind of refinement of injustice we twist to evil even the good qualities of a man who has been guilty of some conspicuous wrongdoing; we see in these so-called virtues only the cloak of hypocrisy added to villany. Napoleon has been a conspicuous sufferer in this way. What in another would have been kindness and generosity appears in him deep design and cold calculation. We admit his superiority of intellect, and indemnify ourselves by denying his goodness of heart. Here we go too far. At Arcoli, Muiron seeing a bomb about to explode, threw himself between it and his general, saving his life at the cost of his own. They were old friends. The man for whom Muiron died and whom Josephine loved could not have been altogether bad.

It was something more than mere calculation or aiming at effect that led Bonaparte to put a stop to the cruelties of the revolution. An old man of 80, an emigrant, had been shot at Toulon according to the then law. Bonaparte strictly reprimanded the military commission who had passed this iniquitous though legal sentence. "The soldier," he said, "who signs a sentence of death against a man incapable of bearing arms is a coward." Can this be the same Napoleon, we ask, who in his will left a legacy of 10,000 francs to the would-be assassin of Wellington? "Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist as the latter had to send me to perish upon the rock of St. Helena."

In judging of Napoleon's moral character we must make great allowance for the corrupting influence of the circumstances in which he found

himself placed. The weakness, the self-seeking, the corruption of his contemporaries were almost enough to justify him. What they tried to do, he did. When a tyrant becomes possible in a country, there must be a fatal proneness to slavery in the people, the neck must be presented for the bridle. From the first, Napoleon felt his superiority to other men. "The men with whom I live have tastes which differ as much from mine as the light of the moon does from that of the sun." On another occasion he says, "What was I to do? Sieyès put shadows on every side; shadow of legislative power, shadow of judiciary power, shadow of a government; it required substance somewhere, and, in faith, I put it there." Take the following as an example of the men with whom he had to deal. Certain funds were reserved in a coffer at the Luxembourg to be employed by way of indemnity to outgoing directors. "Look at this fine piece of furniture," said Sieyès one day to the First Consul; "perhaps you do not suspect its value?" He then informed him of the existence of these funds, and asked what should be done with them. Sieyès had a face on which "Give" was legibly written, and Bonaparte, struck by the look of greed, replied: "If I know of its existence, the sum will go into the public treasury; but if I am in ignorance, and as yet I know nothing about it, you can divide it with Ducos." Need it be said that Sieyès hastened to do so, and took to himself the lion's share. Admirable power of managing men, great administrator! Yes, but the results of such administration,—are they to elevate or to corrupt?

Napoleon had a fine contempt for those who went off on side-issues, who deviated from the path to pick up any number of golden apples; his part was to fling down the golden lure. Napoleon was no Washington. He might have been the President of a great Republic strengthened and regenerated by his great powers. But to him self was first, all things else subordinate. He worked, no doubt, for France, and gave her the benefit of his immense administrative ability; but it was for a France which he regarded as his own property. There was, no doubt, the other side to all this. "Bonaparte," exclaimed Sheridan, "has made a pact with the French. They consent to obey him, only on condition that he makes them masters of the world." The excesses of the Revolution had disgusted the people; they were ready to give up a great deal for the sake of order and safety. Napoleon was at first hailed as the saviour of society. When their trust was betrayed, was it entirely the fault of the people?

Napoleon excused himself by the necessity of dazzling with pomp and paraphernalia of power a vain and frivolous nation. Speaking of the Legion of Honour in the Council of State, he lays down this principle: "You call it a toy; well! it is with toys men are led. I do not believe that the French care for liberty and equality; ten years of revolution have not changed them; they are what the Gauls were, they need rewards." His glorious victories are justified in the same way. Anything to secure his own power. If the French were vain and frivolous, was it the part of a great ruler to develop that side of the national character? But Napoleon would have debauched the moral principles of France; he would have destroyed freedom, that spirit of liberty which is the essence of natural life, and in return he would have given material prosperity. He quenched the liberty of the press, he put literature in leading-strings, he gagged the mouths and would have chained the thoughts of men if he could; but then in return he poured into the lap of France the spoils of Europe. He made roads and canals, regulated finance; in fact, the French were to give a lease of themselves and their property to this incomparable administrator, and he would make far more out of it than they could have done for themselves.

The fruits of such a bargain are bitter. Whether the end proposed be good or bad matters little; the nation or the individual who begins by giving up liberty ends by giving up all. Whatever vitiates freedom withdraws from the social and political atmosphere an element essential to life. We see this in the case of morals. It is a curious and instructive fact that your tyrant, whether he be a Pisistratus, an Augustus Cæsar, or a Napoleon, is a great stickler for good manners; and you will find that they are perpetually regulating public dress, public amusements, and public chastity; for the results ask Harmodius and Aristogeiton, Tacitus, and Juvenal, and—but perhaps you had better not —consult the secret memoirs of the First Empire. Running streams purify themselves, stagnant ponds fester and putrefy.

There is a method of catching trouts by tickling them. You begin at the tail and work upwards till the fingers can grip them firmly by the gills. Napoleon was an adept at this kind of work. "If the inhabitants of the country should be inclined for independence, you should flatter their taste, and should not fail in your proclamations to allude to Greece, Sparta, and Athens." These were his instructions to the general who was to take over Corfu in 1796. "It is no longer conquests that he plans," said Champagny for him to the Legislative Body, March 5th, 1806; "he has exhausted military glory; he no longer aspires to those bloody laurels which he has been forced to gather. To perfect the administration; to convert it into a source of lasting happiness and ever-increasing prosperity to his people, and by his acts to set them an example of pure and high morality; to merit the blessing of the present generation, and that of generations to come—such is the glory he aims at." Before the end of the year he had fought Jena, destroyed the Prussian monarchy, and by the Berlin decrees declared Britain in a state of blockade. At St. Helena it was a constant subject of regret with him that the ingratitude of Europe had cut short his career before he had been able to bestow upon France thoroughly liberal institutions.

He was also a proficient in the art of smearing with greasy eulogy, preliminary to deglutition. When anxious to win over the clergy, he delighted in contrasting the virtues of the Italian priests with the vices of the ancient clergy of France. "I have sometimes felt, in talking with these good men," he said, "as if we were back again in the first centuries

of the Church." Behind their backs the venerable prelates thus spoken of were simply "the black-coats" and "imbecile dotards." In 1802, during the short peace, Fox, fresh from the Westminster election, ran over to France, where he was introduced to Napoleon, who had just been elected Consul for life. We have an account of the interview from the pen of his private secretary :—

> Bonaparte, of a small and by no means commanding figure, dressed plainly, though richly, in the embroidered consular coat, without powder in his hair, looked like a private gentleman, indifferent as to dress, and devoid of all haughtiness in his air. . . . The English ambassador, after the presentation of some noblemen, announced to him Mr. Fox. He was a good deal flurried, and after indicating considerable emotion, very rapidly said, 'Ah, Mr. Fox! I have heard with pleasure of your arrival—I have desired much to see you—I have long admired in you the orator and friend of his country, who, in constantly raising his voice for peace, consulted that country's interests, those of Europe, and of the human race. The two great nations of Europe require peace; they have nothing to fear; they ought to understand and value another. In you, Mr. Fox, I see, with much satisfaction, that great statesman who recommended peace because there was no just object of war; who saw Europe desolated to no purpose, and who struggled for its relief."

Fox said nothing, but he may have thought to himself, in the words of his favourite Virgil, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." Anyhow, Fox was not so simple as he looked, and the process of deglutition was not completed in his case.

Of Napoleon's powers of charming we have many examples. A good one is related by Mrs. Balcombe in her reminiscences of him at St. Helena. One day he met her and a Mrs. Stuart who was on her way back from Bombay to England. The Emperor conversed with her on the manners and customs of India, and on the inconveniences of a long voyage at sea, particularly to ladies. He alluded to Scotland, expatiated on the genius of Ossian, and congratulated Mrs. Stuart on the preservation of her clear Northern complexion. While the parties were thus engaged, some heavily-burdened slaves passed near to them. Mrs. Balcombe motioned them to make a détour, but Napoleon interposed, exclaiming, "Respect the burden, madam!" As he said this, the Scotch lady, who had been very eagerly scanning the features of Napoleon, whispered to her friend, "What a character, and what an expression of countenance! How different from the idea I had formed of him!" Here the process of deglutition was complete.

Napoleon's mind was essentially mathematical. He distinguished himself as a boy at the military college of Brienne in this subject, and all through life one of his favourite recreations was to solve geometrical and arithmetical problems. Indeed, this turn of mind worked him mischief, for he persisted in applying ideas of mathematical precision to subjects that scarcely admit of being so treated—to morals and politics. He was comparatively passionless, caring little for pleasure of any kind, or rather we should say that the passion of ambition consumed the others. It is curious to find him in a boyish essay on Love writing, "Love produces more of evil than good, and if a protecting divinity could deliver us from its influence, it would confer a benefit on humanity." Wit he had, but his intellect was of too positive a kind to admit of wit's gentler sister, humour. The nearest approach to it that we find is his remark to his brother when they were trying on the Imperial coronation robes, "Joseph, if our father saw us!"

Of how he could play the facetious let Madame de Rémusat give us an idea. Written by a dependent who had received much kindness both from the Emperor and his wife, it need not be suspected of being too kindly drawn—no man is a hero to his wife's lady-in-waiting.

> Fancy balls and even masked balls were given, and this was a new pleasure, and one which he tasted greedily. Some of his ministers, his sister, Murat, and the Prince of Neufchâtel were ordered to invite a vast number of people belonging both to the Court and to the town. The men wore dominoes, the women a pretty costume, and the pleasure of doing this was the only one which they could have brought to these gatherings, where every one knew that the Emperor would be present, and where the fear of meeting him kept them rather silent. As for him, masked up to the teeth, but not the less easy to be recognised, thanks to his peculiar gait, of which he could not divest himself, he walked to and fro in the rooms, generally leaning on the arm of Duroc. He attacked the women most vivaciously, observing very little decency in his discourse, and if he was in his turn attacked, without at once recognising the speaker, he would tear off the mask, and by this rude act of his power, show who he was. He had also great pleasure in making use of his disguise to go and torment certain husbands with anecdotes (true or false) about the conduct of their wives. It must be said of him, because it is true, that there is in Bonaparte a certain innate wickedness of nature which has a particular taste for evil, and that this shows itself in him in great things as well as in small.

No wonder that at times Talleyrand bewailed his master as "horribly ill-bred." "We ought to be allies," the great diplomatist said on one occasion to the Emperor Alexander. "You are a barbarous nation ruled by a civilised monarch; we, a civilised nation ruled by a savage."

Napoleon was fond of relating stories of ghosts, charnel-houses, and supernatural visitations. One of these stories has been preserved for us by Bourrienne, and shows that the great Emperor would have been a very respectable concocter of penny dreadfuls.

His comic productions were usually unintentional. They frequently took the form of proclamations and bulletins, which may have served their purpose, but which read curiously in the plain light of truth. A very comic performance was the medal purporting to have been struck in London to commemorate the annihilation of perfidious Albion. It is generally believed that he suffered a disastrous defeat at Acre, the grain of sand, as he himself said afterwards, that changed the destinies of the East. In his report to the Directory he explains that he had deliberately abstained from entering Acre because of the plague. All that was ever officially known by the French of Trafalgar till the downfall of the Empire was contained in an announcement of March 2, 1806: "Storms caused us to lose a few vessels, after a combat imprudently begun." He was a master of the "strategic retreat" style.

To Napoleon truth was a very secondary matter. When a proposal was made for the simultaneous

occupation of Malta by the English and of Taranto by the French, "It is important," he wrote, "that, if this arrangement does not succeed, Andréossy should make no communication that would leave evidence of it, in order that the Government may be able to deny that they ever adhered to this proposition." The noble art of diplomacy flourished in those days. Napoleon was only abler and more unscrupulous than those with whom he had to deal, English statesmen of course always excepted. As regards moral principle, they were all tarred with the same stick. It is amusing to witness the moral indignation of the Powers who had partitioned Poland when the parvenu, the ex-lieutenant in the regiment La Fère, took to playing the same game, only better. It was surely a want of delicacy in some other royal personages, when Napoleon, their creator, had fallen, to insist that he should be styled only General Bonaparte, while they retained the kingly titles which had been his gift. Napoleon truly said that he might just as well have been styled Archbishop Bonaparte, for he had been the head of the Church as well as of the Army.

There is a great deal in a name. It is often said in eulogies of the great man that he re-established Christianity in France. What he did was to establish a State Church with a priestly hierarchy, who formed really a kind of spiritual gendarmerie. Napoleon had, no doubt, better moods. He could lay his hand on the Gospels and bear his testimony to the truth of their message. "This was no man. I know men well, and Christ was no man." He could feel the strength of religious emotion at times. "The sound of the church bell of Rueil struck on my ears. I was moved." Shortly before his death he declared that he died as he was born, a Catholic. "I believe in God; I am of the religion of my fathers; every one cannot be an Atheist who pleases. I was born in the Catholic religion. I wish to fulfil the duties which it imposes, and to receive the succour which it administers." Every excuse must be made for the circumstances of Napoleon's early life—the pride, the poverty, the consciousness of incomparable ability, the assumed necessity of pushing his way at any cost and in spite of all obstacles, and the cant of irreligion which was the prevailing tone of the time; but, for all that, we must say that he was a queer kind of Christian. The Roman Catholic Church must admit, when he took to piety, his sanctity was a sore thing for the Church. His treatment of the Pope was a specimen of thoroughly heartless cruelty. With cynical indifference he fooled and bullied him by turns, if by any means his own purposes might be served. The Pope was brought to Paris to anoint the new Emperor of the French Republic, to bestow the *sacrosancta potestas* on the very man who not long before, in presence of the Directory and all the assembled bodies of State, had ranked religion with royalism and feudality among the prejudices which the French people had to conquer.

In Egypt Napoleon had declared himself a Mussulman. One of his proclamations to the Ulemas has been preserved: "Make the people understand that since the world was a world it was written that having destroyed the enemies of Islamism and beaten down the Cross, I should come from the furthest West to accomplish the task appointed for me." He had a great admiration for Mahomet, and he often lamented "the poverty of imagination in his contemporaries which prevented him from playing, like that great man, the double character of political and religious reformer." Religion with Napoleon was a part of statecraft, nothing more. A quotation from the State Catechism taught in schools, for this marvellous administrator neglected no detail, will prove this.

*Q.*—What are more especially our duties towards our Emperor Napoleon I.?

*A.*—We owe him especially love, respect, obedience, fidelity, and military service; we ought to pay the taxes ordained for the defence of the Empire and of his throne, and to offer up fervent prayers for his safety and the prosperity of his State.

*Q.*—Why are we bound to perform these duties towards our Emperor?

*A.*—Because God, by loading our Emperor with gifts, both in peace and in war, has established him our sovereign and his own image upon earth. In honouring and serving our Emperor thus, we are knowing and serving God himself.

. . . Those who fail in their duties towards our Emperor will render themselves worthy of eternal damnation.

Anything to attain his own private ends. The highest and the lowest motives are equally called into requisition. It is the same spirit which dictated a letter to the Minister of the Interior (February 17, 1806), in which he recommends a few bull-fights after the Spanish fashion, and some combats of wild beasts as amusements likely to please soldiers. He cares not how he degrades the instruments whom he uses. The army was Napoleon's chief instrument; he polished it most carefully. Never was any army more carefully organised or a more perfect instrument of destruction. There was one point to which he did not attend, or, if he did, it was to lower and not elevate. The moral tone of the armies of the Republic had been a high one. They had fought for an ideal, and had won victories without uniforms and without pay. Napoleon changed all that from the very first. He made war a profitable employment. He strikes the keynote of his future policy in his first proclamation to the army of Italy:

Soldiers! you are hungry and naked; the Republic owes you much, but she has not the means to pay her debts. I am come to lead you into the most fertile plains that the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent towns, all shall be at your disposal. There you will find glory, honour, and riches. Soldiers! with such a prospect before you, can you fail in courage and constancy?

This principle was consistently carried out. His generals had dukedoms and principalities carved for them out of conquered territories; the soldiers lived on contributions levied on the foreigner. Their interests became distinct from those of their country. They were no longer the soldiers of France, they became bandits devoted to a leader. Fine fellows they were too. Here are the impressions of a competent judge who was in Brussels shortly after Waterloo:—

I have just returned from seeing the French wounded received in their hospital; and you could see them laid out naked, or almost so, one hundred in a row of low beds on

the ground. Though wounded, exhausted, beaten, you would still conclude with me that these were men capable of marching unopposed from the west of Europe to the east of Asia. Strong, thickset, hardy veterans, brave spirits and unsubdued, as they cast their wild glance upon you—their black eyes and brown cheeks finely contrasted with the fresh sheets—you would much admire their capacity of adaptation. These fellows are brought from the field after lying many days on the ground, many dying—many in the agony—many miserably racked with pain and spasms; and the next mimics his fellow, and gives it a tune, *Aha, vous chantez bien!* How they are wounded you will see in my notes. But I must not have you to lose the present impression on me of the formidable nature of these fellows as exemplars of the breed in France. It is a forced praise, for from all I have seen and all I have heard of their fierceness, cruelty, and blood-thirstiness, I cannot convey to you my detestation of this race of trained banditti. (*From a letter of Sir Charles Bell to his brother.*)

Such is the elevating effect of the pursuit of glory and grandeur! These are not the soldiers of Cromwell or Washington. Pity that such splendid material could not have been used in the service of civilisation and humanity. All this blood that an imperial crown might be fixed on the temples of an upstart! Blood the worst kind of glue!

Love too must be sacrificed. Poor Josephine! True daughter of France; fond of a ribbon, yet true to death. Thy Cid, thy Achilles must found a dynasty, must have for father-in-law an emperor, and thou must die, no amount of ribbons or choicest millinery able to fill the aching void. Napoleon, like other fatalists, was superstitious; he had his book of fate; he believed in omens, and it is said that one of the reasons for delaying Josephine's divorce was the feeling that his good fortune was dependent on hers. Be that as it may, the separation from his wife marked the unbounded domination of the evil principle in his mind—the final victory of selfishness. Josephine's influence had ever been exerted on the side of humanity. Weak she may have been, she was ever amiable. And Bonaparte reaped his reward. When his fortunes were broken, the Emperor's daughter returned to her father, and to him was no solace of wife and child. Josephine would have followed him to the death.

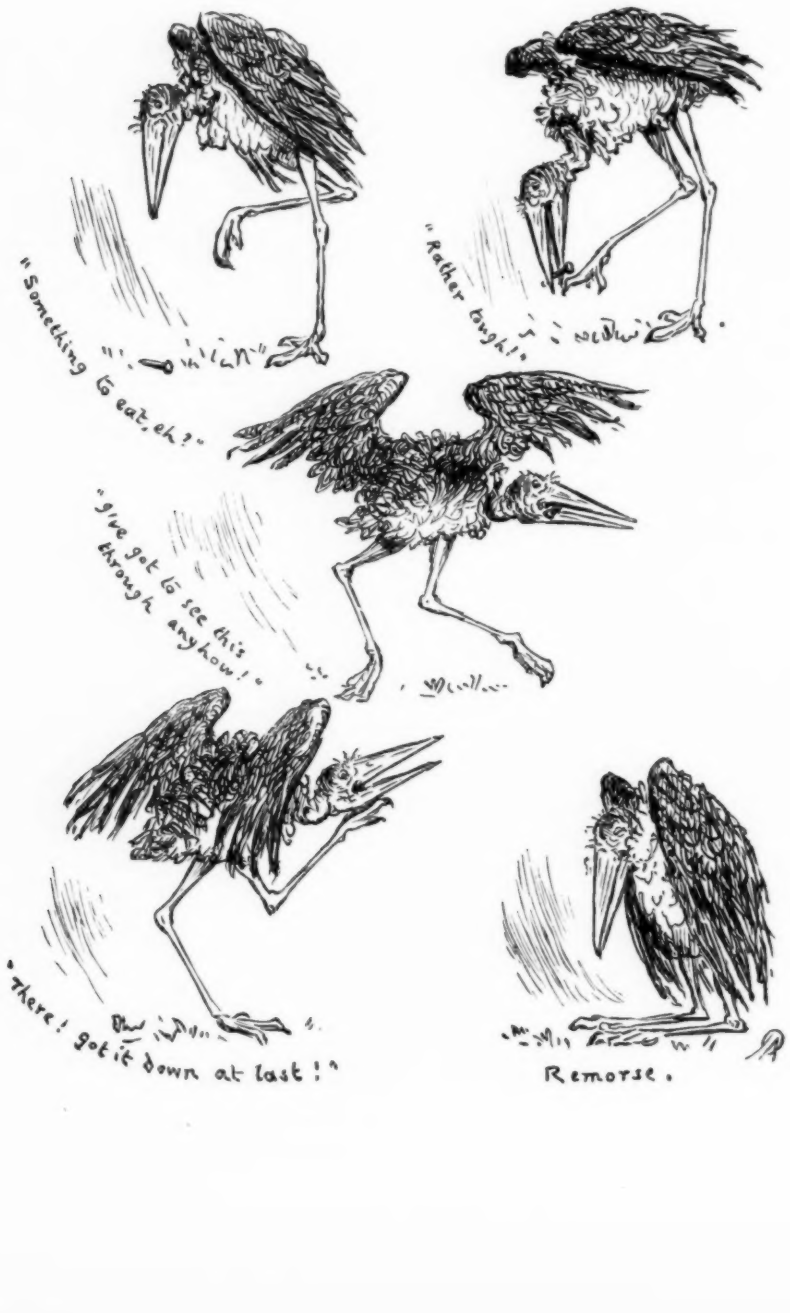
What a contrast between Napoleon the son-in-law of an emperor, and himself an anointed emperor, and the austere child of the Revolution. But he was no child of the Revolution. The Revolution made way for him. He sprang from the Revolution as sin burst from the teeming head of Satan. He is the incarnation of personal ability and a manifestation of the power a great individuality has to mould circumstances. In seeking the recognition of Popes and courting crowned heads, in trying to get into good old aristocratic society, he did not sin against the principles of the Revolution so much as against the principle of greatness in himself which ought to have made him reverence himself. After all, it turns out that this great conqueror, this child of nature, this genius above routine, must needs have a star for his breast and a crown for his head, and has to gain social standing by marrying an emperor's daughter. All the fine words liberty, equality, all the battles fought for the overthrow of tyrants, end in re-establishing a tinsel parody of the old régime. Principles of the Revolution, mere words, counters to catch fools!

Yet there was much good in the Revolution. Its aims were generally noble, if its methods were frequently bad. Grand ideals are never to be realised through cruelty and deceit. Evil must never be done that good may come. Men were in too great a hurry to force on the good time. The sword is not the instrument by which peace and goodwill are to be produced on earth. The tree of liberty was watered with blood, and its fruit still retains the flavour. The violent methods employed to attain a good are quoted as a precedent when the ends are evil. Hate breeds hate, cruelty begets cruelty, and unprincipled acts are retaliated by unprincipled acts. The instability of French institutions for a century past proves how unsound and slippery is the foundation that is laid in crime.

We have in our own English history two lessons in revolution. The aim of both was to secure civil and religious liberty. The first, worked out by pike and gun, culminated in despotism without lasting results. The second, attained by peaceful and strictly legal methods, has yielded principles which are still the palladium of English freedom. Bonaparte was fond of comparing himself to Cromwell. Both were embodiments of personal ability forced into commanding situations by stress of circumstance. If Cromwell was greater in moral force and self-restraint, Napoleon was greater as an intellectual machine. There was one lesson from the career of Cromwell which Napoleon did not draw. He did not see that, however great as a soldier and administrator a man may be, he must fail when he becomes untrue to himself and the cause of humanity. Success becomes an apple of Sodom that crumbles in the hand which grasps it for its own sake alone. The Revolution of 1688 produced no world-famous man, was not rich in great words or great situations—was, indeed, in many respects singularly commonplace; but it was permanent. That of 1789 was great in words, in deeds, and in men; but can we say that the Republic for which the French nation has bled and suffered is even now permanently established? Different might it have been for France and for Europe had Napoleon realised the truth that the greatest man is he who maketh himself least, in order that he may serve his fellow-creatures. Napoleon is one of our lost leaders. But the battle of humanity is a soldiers' battle. Courage, brother, we must conquer in the end!

ADAM RANKINE.

Passages in the life of a Marabou Stork. Sketched at the Zoo.



# ON THE SCIENCE OF OLD AGE.

WE propose in this paper to consider generally the question of old age and longevity; to review its special physical and mental characteristics, and the diseases to which it is liable; then to consider the food, clothing, habits, and general care most suited to it; and, in conclusion, to point out those mental, moral, and spiritual qualities that should adorn our closing years.

### PRESENT LENGTH OF LIFE.

The whole journey of life is best divided into three stages: the period of ascent or youth (1–25); that of level ground or maturity (25–50); and that of descent or decline (50–75). Old age may set in anywhere along the last stage.

It must not, however, be supposed that the last stage necessarily ends at 75; for of late years especially, in many cases the period of old age has not *begun* until 80 years are past, life being prolonged over the century; while, on the other hand, all the signs of old age have been seen before twenty years have been reached.

There is no good ground for interpreting the Psalmist's poetical words respecting the age of man in his day as arbitrarily fixing its limit in all ages. The general statement there made still holds good; but none can doubt that it is being more frequently exceeded every day, as hygiene continues to lessen the number of premature deaths.

Out of every 1,000 people nearly 100 reach 75, 38 reach 85, and 2 reach 95. The number of persons in proportion to the whole population that reach 70 in Norway is $\frac{1}{3}$, in England nearly $\frac{1}{5}$, in France $\frac{1}{8}$, and in Ireland $\frac{1}{11}$. As far as can be calculated, the average length of life which is computed in the seventeenth century to average only 13 years, is in the eighteenth increased to 20, and in the nineteenth to 36. Men used to be considered old when they passed 50. Old John of Gaunt was 59, old Admiral Coligny but 53.

### VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL LONGEVITY.

It is interesting to compare the age of man with that of other parts of the organic kingdom. In the vegetable world it is enormously exceeded. Amongst trees, according to de Candolle's tables, the elm reaches an age of 335 years; the ivy 450; the chestnut 600; the olive 700; the cedar 800; the oak 1,500; the yew 2,800; while Humboldt computed the age of a baobab tree (a species of banyan) to be 5,700 years!

Amongst fish, Dr. Richardson finds no deaths from old age, and does not believe they have any term to their lives, save as they fall a prey to one another. Carp and other fish that have been isolated and watched are still living at enormous ages. As long as they live they increase in size. Even amongst the invertebrata we have a record of a sea anemone in Edinburgh of over 70 years of age; that belonged to Sir John Dalyell. Amongst animals we have an elephant of the reputed age of 1,007 years.

Coming to men, we find many remarkable instances of longevity. The long lists given by the old writers of very aged people (including one of over 300 years of age) have been proved to be most unreliable. Many cases, however, are beyond suspicion, and such unimpeachable centenarians as Sir Moses Montefiore silence all sceptics who doubt that human life can attain to three figures. Old Parr still remains as one of the most wonderful of these veterans. He was a poor farm servant, and, like Henry Jenkins (who was supposed to be 160 years old at death), led a hard and laborious life in a country village on scanty fare. At 120 Parr married a widow for his second wife, and at 130 could thresh corn. He died at 152, *but not of old age*. He had been sent for up to Court by the King; and the change to the rich and liberal diet proved too much for him. In all probability, had he remained at home he would have lived much longer, for Dr. Harvey (the discoverer of the circulation of the blood), who examined his body, found every organ in vigorous health, all the cartilages soft and flexible, and the cause of death solely his too liberal dietary.

### CLIMATE AND HABITS.

Longevity appears to depend to a certain extent on country and climate. While a cold, bracing climate like Norway gives a very high general average of age, the climate of Western Italy seems most favourable to very advanced life. As early as A.D. 76 we find that in this district in the Emperor's census 54 were returned at 100, 57 at 110, 2 at 125, 4 at 130, and 3 at 140. In Ireland, though the general average is low, we get many instances of centenarians. A country life is conducive to old age; while it is extremely rare to find persons of ninety years and upwards who have led sedentary town lives. Longevity cannot be said, however, to be dependent on any condition or vocation, but is found in the most opposed circumstances.

St. Anthony, who died at 105, ate a few ounces of bread soaked in water, never washed or changed his garments, and lived always alone in a desert. M. Chevreuil, the great French chemist, at nearly the same age, ate for breakfast two eggs, some chicken-pasty, and had a pint of café-au-lait daily; for dinner, tapioca soup with grated cheese, a cutlet, a bunch of grapes, cheese, and three glasses of water. No fish and no wine. He was scrupulously clean, and lived in or near Paris surrounded by his friends.

Some people survive in spite of their habits. One old man of 97 all his life drank quantities of *neat* gin, and smoked the strongest and rankest tobacco; while the Rev. W. Davis, who died in 1790 at 105, and who ought to have known better, for the last 35 years of his life never took exercise, and began the day on hot buttered rolls, and ended it with a supper of hot roast meat with

plenty of wine. Even a woman's tongue can be survived to a great age, for John Wakes, a centenarian, had had no less than ten wives. John Ross, again, and his wife are said to have celebrated their 148th wedding day, but this must be received with caution.

Spinsters will be pleased to know that single women live as long as married.

### CHARACTERISTICS OF SEX.

Sex influences old age. In 1873 out of 89 dying at or over 100 only 10 were males. This is due partly to less exposure to injuries, and partly to a greater tenacity of life. Girls die slower than boys; and though more boys than girls are born each year, this difference maintains the balance. We may notice one or two other points of comparison between the sexes, as observed in some hundreds of recorded cases lately collected. The average height of an old man over 80 is 5 ft. 6 in., of an old woman, 5 ft. 3 in.; the pulse rate in the man is 73, in the woman 78; the breath rate in the man 18, in the woman 22. The average number of teeth in the men is 6, in the women 3, while a fourth of the men and half the women had none at all.

### DURATION OF LIFE.

It is believed that there are traces in the animal kingdom of a law that fixes the extreme duration of life at five times that of growth. This latter period in man may be said to average 21 years; hence the full span of a perfectly healthy man's life should range from 100 to 105 years. As, however, none are born perfectly free from taint, the expectation of life varies greatly. Every human being starts on his life's journey with a certain life force —or, in other words, like a clock, he is constructed to run a certain time under given conditions. The duration of life may be approximately found by adding together the ages at death of the parents and four grandparents, and dividing by six. If the result be over 60, 1 year may be added for every 5; if under, 1 year subtracted in like manner. Most people, however, as we have said, die prematurely, so that few have the opportunity of seeing how long they might have lived. No reason is known why when a certain balance is reached, and maturity arrived at, it should not be maintained for ever, especially as our machinery is all self-repairing.

### CAUSES AFFECTING LONGEVITY.

The two chief requisites for attaining longevity appear to be

1. A sound quality of tissue, free from any inherent disease or weakness, and with an equally proportioned power of resistance.
2. Freedom from exposure to injury.

In 500 cases of people over 80, most came from long-lived families, enjoyed good homes, good appetites, and good digestions, were moderate or small eaters, consumed little alcohol or medicine, were good sleepers, and showed at death no trace of gout or rheumatic gout. Nevertheless, in 82 cases the near relatives were consumptive.

### SIGNS OF OLD AGE.

We will now consider one or two of the more prominent physical and mental characteristics of old age.

We find the changes from 50 to 100 go on as regularly and as surely as they did from 1 to 25, but in an inverse order, and more slowly. There is a steady lessening of material, of activity, and of strength. All three get less, though their relative proportions should remain the same.

The bones get lighter, and the muscles feebler, equally with the loss of desire for great activity. The weakened heart and arteries provide the less active circulation that old age requires.

The loss of appetite and teeth corresponds with the failure of digestive power. A healthy old age depends on all three—structural solidity, muscular force, and nervous energy—diminishing in the same ratio.

There is general wasting, and drying, and stiffening of all the tissues. The jaw wastes and returns to the infantile shape, while the skull thickens. The skin gets thinner, and the capillaries disappear; hence, we get loss of hair, and change in the colour of the skin. The tissues also degenerate. We get the *arcus senilis*, or the white ring, round the iris. There is a loss of elasticity in all the cartilages, as can easily be seen by pressing the breastbone to test its flexibility. A lean old age is best. Dr. Southey gives as a sign of old age: "A man looking back frequently as he walks along, turning his feet out, and treading on the whole base of his feet." He says a shoemaker can often guess the age of his customer from the way the soles of his boots are worn.

Many of the aged have very keen faculties. As the brain reaches its maturity and continues to develop much later than the body, so its powers are often at the maximum when the rest of the frame is wasting, the judgment is often keen, and the talent brilliant. Titian was painting a large fresco when he was cut off by the plague at 99. On the other hand, the memory is often defective. In a child the interest in his surroundings is the marked feature; in the aged it is frequently absent.

During the whole of life we gradually get more and more automatic in all our actions, as they become habits. At first all the actions of life were controlled by direct exercise of will-power: at the last but few remain so. We have within us two lives: the vegetative function of digestion, assimilation, and storage of food or force; and the animal, or the spending of it in nervous or muscular energy. As old age creeps on, the animal life gradually ceases, the actions unnecessary to life get fewer and fewer, and the man retires more and more within himself. He gets isolated and shut out bit by bit from all his surroundings, and taken up entirely with his own interests.

This is beneficial in part, as his hold on things around is thus gently loosened, each tie broken little by little, so that he suffers less when the final severance comes. Towards the close little but a vegetative automaton remains, and thus in those who really die of old age the launching into eternity is very gentle at the last.

### OLD AGE AND DISEASE.

Old age has its special dangers and its special safety with regard to disease. For instance, whereas in a child the temperature goes up on the slightest provocation, in old age it can hardly be moved at all. The aged body is not, as a rule, prone to any acute disease. If a person passes 80, it is rare for him to be seized with any special malady. In injuries such as fractures, though from the lightness and brittleness of the bones they are easily met with, they are repaired solidly and quickly, even in centenarians. Slight shocks cause severe depression, but greater injuries are surmounted, and surprising recoveries made from severe maladies. Wounds and ulcers often heal quicker than in the young; the aged recover from attacks of congestion, paralysis, apoplexy, pneumonia, erysipelas, and other affections in a surprising way. Diseases, as we have said, often pass them by. A man may live to 100 in a house in which he had typhoid fever himself, and in which many of his children and grandchildren have since died from it.

It is probable these favourable results are due to the long time the organs have worked unitedly and helped each other, like old soldiers who pull well together and bear reverses under which younger troops would succumb. There is, on the other hand, a tendency in old age for slight diseases to become chronic.

### CARE OF OLD AGE.—FOOD.

Now as to the care of old age, the chief points are moderate and digestible food, sufficient warmth, and an even, quiet life. The chief of the three is the food, or fuel for the lamp of life. While all fixed dieting is bad, where it can possibly be avoided, a few hints can be given that may prove of value The older a person is after 50, the less food he requires. Luigi Cornaro, who lived to 100, though of a feeble constitution, took 12 ounces of solid food and 14 ounces of fluid daily during the latter part of his life; and his most severe illness was caused by his increasing his allowance, through the continual entreaties of his friends. Very little proteid or animal food is required, and though in many respects false teeth are a great boon to the aged, they may lead to too great a consumption of animal food. It is not the amount of coals we put in a grate that warms the room, but the amount that can be burnt; and the great point is to avoid choking the digestive and excretory organs with excess of food. The food of the nursery is the best in old age. Bread and milk and honey is a capital diet. Milk agrees with nearly all. Hot milk with a little Mellin's food forms an admirable drink at night, and can be kept warm in a hot-water jug covered with a cosy. Fruit is wholesome if ripe or well cooked. Fat is good, as cream or fresh butter. Warm food is very suitable. Soup enriched with cream or marrow is light and nourishing. All meals should be regular, and all excesses avoided. Of 800 persons over 80, 60 per cent. were moderate eaters, 30 per cent. small, and only 10 per cent. large. If weight is being gained the diet should be decreased. In addition to the after-dinner nap as years creep on, a doze after breakfast and before dinner is often helpful.

### CLOTHING AND WARMTH.

As to clothing, it should be both warm and light. Fur is an admirable material. The underclothing should be of wool. A sealskin waistcoat is useful, and the feet and hands should be well and warmly clothed. An eider-down quilt on the bed, which should be warmed in winter, is a good covering. No aged person should be suffered to get cold in bed. 2 A.M. is the hour when most deaths take place, when the temperature of the body is lowest and its powers feeblest. The warmth of the bed is of great importance in old age. We are all expected to warm our beds, but old people cannot always do it, so it must be warmed for them. A bath (warm) should be taken every day, and a warmer bath, with plenty of a pure mild soap to keep the skin supple and soft, should be used twice a week. It is better for old people, who have the opportunity, to winter in the south of Europe, if possible. If not, the aged should shut themselves up in a well-warmed house at this season. All habits of old people should be respected, and not lightly altered.

Whatever excites exhaustion should be forbidden. Early rising is therefore bad. Drinking hard water is not good, as it tends to hasten the calcareous changes in the body.

### COMMON ERRORS.

Certain common errors in the care of the aged may be here pointed out: some we have already touched on.

1. That the aged require rich and very nourishing diet.
2. That early rising is good for them.
3. That cold baths invigorate them: whereas they are fraught with imminent danger, and are often fatal.
4. That continual medicines and dinner pills are needed to digest the food: whereas, instead, less should be eaten.
5. That the rooms should be hot: whereas they should be cool, but not cold—65° to 70°.
6. That a fixed diet should be rigidly adhered to: whereas variety is often essential.

Old age is, as we have said, of two sorts: that which is natural, and that which is prematurely acquired in youth; and it need hardly be observed that it is only of the former variety we now speak.

### CARE PROLONGS LIFE.

Self-denial often requires to be practised by the aged in many ways, though not arbitrarily. All known weak points in the constitution should be jealously watched. No care as a rule surrounds the aged such as guards the young, because they are not in many ways the same objects of interest. But this is not as it should be, nor is it consistent with the Christian profession.

In animals death when it comes is, as a rule, swift. There is, with the vast majority, no old age

and debility suffered amongst them. No long wasting or disease, or slow tumours, embitter their lives; they are killed by their fellows when their powers fail, and are thus delivered from all these slow tortures by one sharp stroke. This apparent cruelty of nature is thus a merciful provision for those beings who know not the meaning of sympathy.

In early ages and in savage life it was the same with man. The skulls found in the gravel beds are all full of teeth, as of those who died early. Now, in advanced civilisation, love and care prolong life to a great age. This is not an unmixed good. Almost the very existence of slow decay and long disease has been brought about by the love and care that distinguish humanity. Hence, it is a peculiarly noble and Christian work to lessen the sufferings that in a sense our own care has made possible; and, as far as we are able, to make old age a period of serene sunshine, and an unmixed blessing.

### DEATH IN OLD AGE EASY.

Death in old age is robbed of most of its terrors. The candle often goes out with hardly a flicker. The old man is happy and comfortable one day, and gone the next. Even amongst the aged, however, death from old age is not the rule. An organ generally fails long in advance of the rest, and the end is often sudden. A man may, like Dr. Willis, at 90, the attendant to George III., go to sleep in his chair and never wake. Or a slight cold, or indigestion, or over-fatigue, even a fit of laughing, or choking, or coughing, may bring about death in a manner much to be envied by those who have to travel by longer and more painful roads to the same end. A cattle-dealer at 98 attended the market on Saturday. Here he laughed and talked too much, and the excitement caused his death on the Tuesday. At 94 a lady walked a quarter of a mile to church, there caught a cold, and died that night.

The signs of suffering are painful only to the bystanders. It is rare to find a clear intellect at death. Nevertheless, that instinct is true that treasures up last words and dying sayings: for in the darkened mind only the strongest and most vivid ideas and expressions are left to find utterance, and hence often throw an unexpected light upon the real character. Hence the saying, "the ruling passion strong in death."

It is found that out of 800 aged people the most were naturally of a placid disposition; one-half were comfortably off, and only 4 had bad digestions. Three-fourths of the whole were of average mental power, while 11 per cent. were of low intelligence.

It is calculated that 425 out of every million are really distinguished men. Comparatively few of these live to a great age, though there are notable exceptions to this general rule, while real geniuses almost always die young. Fierce and rapid combustion of nervous or muscular force is not compatible with long duration of life. For long endurance in men, as in stoves we must have slow, steady combustion.

### CLERGYMEN AND MINISTERS.

Amongst occupations, the ranks of the clergy stand pre-eminent for longevity. Next in order come Dissenting ministers. The causes of this are obvious and interesting. In the first place a clergyman is such, as a rule, by a process of natural selection. It is not unlikely he comes of a pious family, and one therefore shielded from many excesses. In the second, it is generally the more placid average dispositions that enter the ministry, the more active and fiery characters drifting off into the army, or politics, or some more active occupation. Next, the influence of quiet literary work is most beneficial, while the mere hygienic value of the real possession of true religion, "a mind at peace with God," is very high. The possession of an assured though moderate income is also helpful, as is the regular and arduous—though not, as a rule, too exhausting—round of daily work. All these causes result in longevity. The same obtains, though to a less degree, among Dissenting ministers. In these, selection from a good and long-lived stock is not so common. The surroundings in many ways are not so academical, and even the income is frequently not so assured. Nevertheless, they only come slightly behind their brethren, and far outreach all other professions. Those, however, whose lot in life's brief struggle is cast in a more active sphere, and amidst more anxious cares, need not regret the comparative shortness of their years, so that they are spent to the best, and to the glory of God; for, as Bailey so nobly says—

"Life's more than health and the quick round of blood,
'Tis a great spirit, and a loving heart.
. . . . . .
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He lives most
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

### REQUISITES FOR OLD AGE.

An easy conscience, a merry heart, and a contented mind are three requisites for old age, and they are the assured possessions and birthright of true Christians. The conscience, calm in the Divine assurance of sin forgiven; the heart rejoicing in His love and in the luxury of shedding the sunshine, or rather the reflection of that unselfish love, on all around; and the mind not only contented, but overfilled with the contemplation of the glories "behind the veil," so soon and softly to be lifted. It may be contended that such a picture does not describe the average aged Christian. Possibly not; but is there anything incongruous or exaggerated in it? No! the incongruity is in ourselves, who live so far below the privileges, the joys, and the peace that are the rightful possessions of all who know the meaning of real personal religion. Listen to that master singer whose voice was not long since hushed on earth:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be
The last of life, from which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid.'"

It is pleasing to note that amongst the 800 to

whom we have so frequently referred, selected from all classes of society, one of the most interesting and cheering facts observed is not only how frequently persons attain to the age of 100, but that those who do so are commonly cheerful and happy, without malady, enjoying the evening shade of life and the tranquillity that accompanies it; and that they, in most instances, pass away in perfect calm, without a struggle, realising in a remarkable way the words of Dr. Elliotson:

"Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave!
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave."

Unfortunately this idyllic close is not always realised. The old man is sometimes querulous, cross, selfish, repining, hard to please, and hard to live with. "*Peu de gens*," said a famous Frenchman, "*savent être vieux*." Let us then, in closing, note a little more closely some few of the characteristics of a typical old age, and then consider how best they are to be attained.

### A SECOND CHILDHOOD.

Old age should in many respects be truly a second childhood. The phrase is often used opprobriously to express the garrulity and foolishness that often mark both our exits and our entrances on life's stage. But childhood has another side, that may be beautifully reproduced. Its trustfulness, its freedom from care or worry, its confiding love, its serene brow, its ready smile, are all lovely in old age: combined as they then are with the wisdom of a lifetime. The exhortation of our Lord to His disciples, "Be ye wise as serpents, harmless as doves," seems perhaps most easy to obey in old age. The experience amassed may be helpfully and earnestly used in wise and loving counsel, and the veteran thus become the trusted guide of the house. The intellect is often bright and clear, as we have seen, in very advanced life. In fact, as the emotional nature decreases, the intellectual often increases, and judgment and the calm light of reason take largely the place of impulse and the dictates of the affections.

In a minority the reverse obtains, and the old man seems too largely emotional—easily moved to smiles or tears, and too little intelligent. An old age cannot be considered typical where love and reason are not alike conspicuous.

### SELFISHNESS IN OLD AGE.

The special and inherent danger of old age is selfishness, and it is this that most frequently disfigures it. The old man naturally gets more and more abstracted from surrounding objects and interests, and absorbed in himself, and thus, as he becomes more isolated, he becomes increasingly selfish. He thinks he has done his share for others: it is now their turn to think of him. This may be true, but is not the way to live in sunshine. Continue, dear aged friend, to think of and care for others in their little daily wants as well as in their greater interests. It will be all the more appreciated in you because it is rare, and the love you will create in return will make you very happy. You will not need repayment, though you will get it, for the pleasure of unselfish love is its own reward.

Try and keep up your interest in the life around you, and resist as long as you are able the rôle of a solitary unit. There is no more important point than this in prolonging life—the maintenance of an active connection with our environment. Old age has a natural affinity for youth, and young life around is a safe tonic. Many an old man has thus had an Indian summer added to his days by the presence and love of the young. If only to attract these, therefore, it is worth while being lovable; and to be loved, one must love. Old people often lament that they have ceased to be useful; but in this they may be mistaken. No one knows the measure of his influence, or what lessons may be conveyed by the cheerful acceptance of his lot.

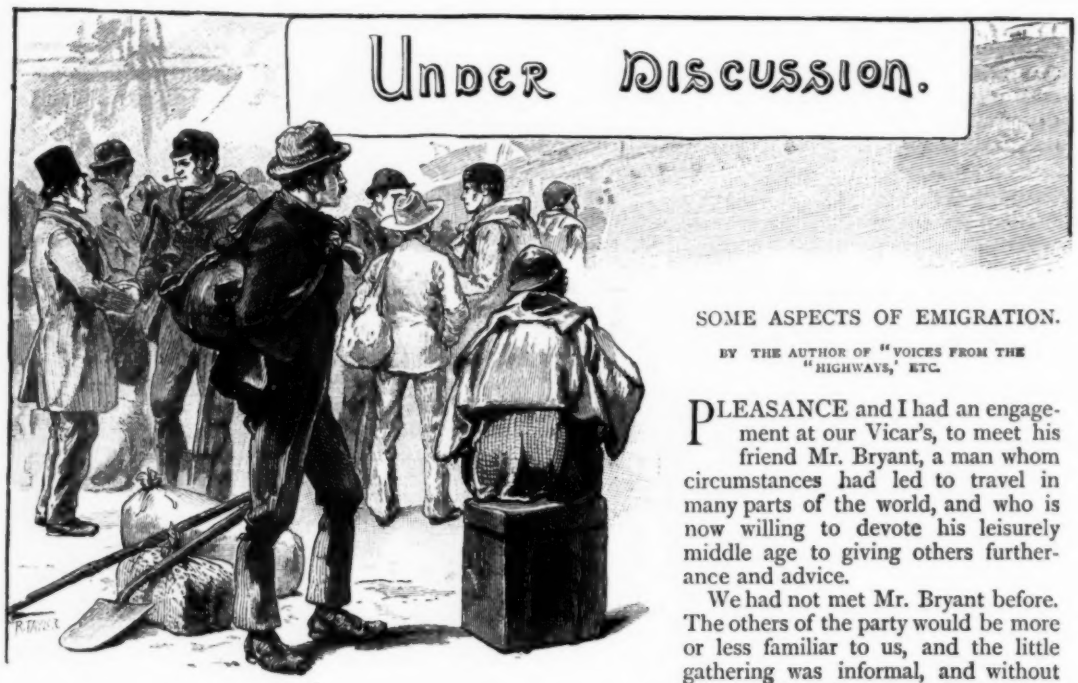
After all, there is nothing but Christianity that suits all ages, from the child at his mother's knee to the patriarch on his dying bed. A typical old age must be truly Christian, not alone in faith and doctrine, but in love and good works; and at no time through life does the heavenly light so illumine the thin walls of the earthly tabernacle as just before it is taken down and folded in the grave. But this serenity, this sunshine, can by no means be acquired in a moment. The foundations of a happy old age should be laid in early life.

The words that Tennyson in his "Œnone" puts into the mouth of the goddess of wisdom may well be pondered by those who would enjoy a peaceful old age:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Self-reverence or respect is the true outcome of Christianity, and leads to respect and care for others; self-knowledge leads to humility and counting others more worthy than oneself; self-control is the chief law of health, physical, mental, or moral, and acquired early is its best safeguard through life, and a bright trait of old age. The habitual restraint of self-control is the highest form of self-culture; it gives, as nothing else can, true force of character, and preserves us later on, when our wills and powers are weak, from the unseemly exhibitions of violence, selfishness, and childishness, that are not uncommon in old people who have never practised this virtue in early years.

ALFRED SCHOFIELD, M.D.




## SOME ASPECTS OF EMIGRATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE "HIGHWAYS,' ETC.

PLEASANCE and I had an engagement at our Vicar's, to meet his friend Mr. Bryant, a man whom circumstances had led to travel in many parts of the world, and who is now willing to devote his leisurely middle age to giving others furtherance and advice.

We had not met Mr. Bryant before. The others of the party would be more or less familiar to us, and the little gathering was informal, and without any definite aim stated beforehand. It is true a rumour had reached us that Mr. Bryant, in contemplating a visit to a colony already well known to him, was desirous of organising a party to accompany him, with a view to settlement there. It was not the first time he had done something of the kind, though it was whispered that if his present project could be carried out it would be on a larger scale than anything he had attempted heretofore.

A gentle hubbub of voices, a pleasant confusion of friendly faces, greeted us as we entered the Vicarage drawing-room. First to loom out of it was the countenance of Mrs. Davis, the doctor's widow, whose duty in life is to make the most of a narrow income, and the best of two or three troublesome boys. Next, I saw the strong kind face of Mr. Markby, the head-master of our Board school, and the humorous eyes and quaint garb of our friend Penelope Boughton, who had come up from the East End "slum" where, for Christ's sake, she lives side by side with drunkard, thief, and harlot, as other honest men and women are forced by dire necessity to do. Then there were a comfortable-looking lady and gentleman whose name I knew to be Price, country folks, staying at the Vicarage. There were two or three youngish men and women whose faces I had certainly seen at sundry parochial functions. And lastly, there was Mr. Bryant himself, with a touch of foreign travel in the bronzing of his brow, and the signs of a leader of men in the penetrating quality of his eye, and in that strength of chin which is not aggressive but massy.

As we came in Mr. Bryant was saying:

"The grand mistake that has prevailed about emigration is, that it has been generally regarded from one of two points—either as a means of making rapid fortune, or a way of escaping from past failure, moral or financial."

"But we can scarcely expect people to leave their own dear native land while it is possible or pleasant to remain there," remarked Miss Barwick, the Vicar's sister.

"I don't know that," said Mr. Bryant. "I think a time may come when people will ask themselves this question, 'Where can I make my life most useful and valuable? Where can I find the best outlet for my own special aptitudes?' And I do hope the day is not so very far off when many will understand that success in life means to secure a life worth living all along the line, and not a mere contemptible scraping up of gear to be presently scattered again, generally more or less contemptibly, either by ourselves or somebody else."

"I don't know that I quite agree with all you are saying, Mr. Bryant," said one of the general company, a lady, rather elaborately dressed. "For I do think that we educated and well-to-do people already feel it our duty to accept the trial of seeing some of our families depart for India, or China, or South America. It is the poor, whose life here is often mere misery, and who have everything to gain and nothing to lose by change, who always regard such a going away as a dreadful calamity, to be avoided

until they are fairly driven to it. I think that is such a proof of the unreasonableness of that class."

"Nay, madam," said Mr. Bryant, "I do not think the two cases are parallel. By the very countries you instance as the general resort of the sons of the rich, we see that they do not go there to stay, the climate rendering that impossible in most cases. Then they have at command the means of speedy return at any time. The places and peoples among whom they are going are already made familiar to their minds, and they usually go as part of great commercial or State organisations. They find a friendly circle prepared for them. Such people are, or ought to be, good letter-writers, and in expectation of good letters. The poor man, on the other hand, feels that his departure will be irrevocable; the possibilities of his return are so few or so remote that his farewells must be uttered as they are by death-beds. About the country of his choice he often knows little more than a few half-fabulous stories, and perhaps some bewildering statistics. Generally he goes alone, or with a helpless wife and children. Nobody gives him welcome but a busy, brusque emigration agent. Lonely he goes to his obscure work among strangers. He is a poor hand with the pen; sometimes it takes him no little effort to obtain ink, paper, and writing room. He can scarcely secure a safe and permanent address. What wonder if, amid all these difficulties and the many chances and changes of life, the mist between him and his old home finally settles into absolute darkness! Then the blank in which his history ends serves to discourage those who remain behind, and adds a new terror to the next going away."

"Ah," said Mr. Markby, "I have often thought it would be well if geography were taught in our Board schools in a more interesting and human way than it generally is. It is not knowledge of the length of rivers or the height of mountains which is wanted, but an acquaintance with the colonial or foreign ways of living and kinds of labour. Even differences of climate might be set forth in some fashion more intelligible to the unlearned than are mere readings of the thermometer."

"I understand," observed Miss Boughton, "that for the girls in our Board schools geography is not a compulsory subject. At any rate, on this point the ignorance of girls of the factory class cannot be exaggerated. I discovered that none who came to my sewing meetings even knew that the earth was round. They found the assertion quite incredible! They actually reasoned against it, with much the same arguments which met Copernicus and Galileo! I don't think they believe it yet. And one of the brightest plainly asserted that she 'had always thought the world was made in three storeys, and that we lived on the second floor!'"

"There!" said Mr. Bryant. "Now you see what courage, what enterprise, what strong blind faith are required before those who know so little can dare to leave what they do know!"

"I think it is not among the poor only that we find crass ignorance," observed Pleasance. "The niece of a celebrated British publisher lately informed me that, having been born in India, and afterwards brought to this country, she was taken when a child (not many years ago) to visit a lady who had known both her parents before they went abroad. She thought this person looked at her with unusual interest, which was presently explained by the remark, 'I am so glad to find you are not black, although you were born in Calcutta!'"

"I have heard people whom one must regard as educated—clergyman and other professional men—make extraordinary mistakes between South America and the Southern States of America," said Mr. Harvey.

"And the general confusion of ideas on these matters is shown in the coarse application of the term 'nigger' to races who enjoyed a high civilisation while we were still painting ourselves with woad and feeding on nuts," remarked one of the young men who had not spoken before.

"In this direction," said Mr. Bryant, "I think an immense amount of good might be done by popular lectures of the most informal nature possible, their real value being not literary but practical. Anybody who has had some opportunity of looking abroad into the world should be ready to tell others what he has seen and heard. Even if his opportunities for observation and opinion have been brief and poor, that does not signify much, so long as he honestly states what they were, and does not generalise too rashly upon them, like that gentleman who jotted down in his diary that Yankee drivers hold the whip in the left hand, because the man who drove him from the docks to his hotel chanced to be left-handed! Indeed, to the ignorant and inexperienced, a country is brought nearer by the mere sight of one who has been to it and returned in safety! If he can show them something he has brought thence, and some pictures of the places he saw, so much the better. He—or it may be she—should permit the audience to ask questions. If unable to answer such on the moment, still the lecturer may be able to advise where information can be got. I wish there was somebody in every parish, and especially in our rural parishes, who would make himself—or herself—locally known as a referee in such matters. No single person could be expected to give reliable information to every intending emigrant for every quarter. But any intelligent and educated person knows how he would seek such information for himself, and he might hold such knowledge at the service of the ignorant and helpless."

"Is there not some branch of Government which gives all information to emigrants—as far at least as our own colonies are concerned?" asked Mr. Harvey.

"Yes," answered Mr. Bryant. "Since 1886, the Emigrant's Information Office, in Broadway, Westminster, has been doing most useful work. Yet one can readily understand that official advice must be written on very wide lines, between which many individual counsels are necessary. For instance, suppose it to be broadly stated that carpenters are wanted in the North-West, in Manitoba or Alberta. Still that is no good reason for some sickly young workman, more skilled in making furniture than in knocking up log-houses, and quite

unfit for roughing it among all sorts of hardship, to imagine that *he* is wanted there. Or again, if it is prudently declared that women of the dress-making class are not encouraged to emigrate to Ontario, that does not belie private advices that there is a very good opening for a dressmaker in some special township. I think such local agencies, purely voluntary and disinterested, would be a most important branch of Christian helpfulness. In the most natural way they would further emigration on what I consider its soundest principle."

"How would you state that principle, sir?" asked Mr. Rice, with old-fashioned country courtesy.

"To be very brief, I should state it as the principle of association," answered Mr. Bryant. "Let me explain. Emigration is almost sure to run on lines of some kind. It has run on penal lines, when a nation has expelled reluctant criminals to lands fairer than its own. It has run on lines of excited cupidity, as in the great rush to gold-fields. But we may give other and more satisfactory examples. The Pilgrim Fathers, drawn together by their common faith and their common search for freedom, have made a national foundation-stone strong and shapely enough to give some form and coherence even to the heterogeneous rubble which has since been poured upon it. The flourishing Canadian province of Ontario was originally settled by people with the common bond of strong patriotic sentiment—to wit, those residents of the American States who resolved to adhere to British rule when the States formed themselves into a Republic. All over the Dominion we find districts which have been opened up and peopled mainly by masses of colonists coming together from their own country. To say nothing of the original Canadians, the French, who have preserved their religion, language, and all their national characteristics, I will only instance the Germans, who have many centres, from which they ramify widely; the Danes, who flourish in a tract of New Brunswick; and the Icelanders, who are now proving themselves valuable colonists in certain parts of the North-West. But it is only when new countries are very new, or when the pressure of political change bears very heavily on old countries, that mass emigration is likely or possible. Something of the sort has been accomplished in New Zealand by nuclei of Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Independent colonists, who naturally create about themselves allied social conditions. But as the 'waste places' fill up and emigration becomes more complicated, what we should seek to secure are opportunities of safe and sympathetic surroundings for the individual emigrant. What better means than such a local agency as I have alluded to? There would soon be, as it were, a track made from your parish of St. Helen's" (he bowed to our Vicar) "or your village of Stagshaw" (he inclined towards Mr. Price). "You would know of 'places' where to send your girls direct. Your earlier emigrants would write back to tell you of 'openings' for your boys, one that would suit your sturdy young pickle, and another adapted to your shrewd plodder. You could get exact information about expense and routes and precise addresses of suitable boarding-houses. (I know by practical experience how much waste and worry there is from lack of such help.) There would be somebody ready to greet your emigrants with real welcome, because they would bring with them a waft of home, and 'news' of old faces and places."

"I can see how such a connection could work if it were once established," said Mr. Price. "But how is it to begin? Few emigrants have ever left Stagshaw, and I fear we have lost sight of those."

"A great many have left St. Helen's at different times," added the Vicar; "but I am afraid no record was kept of any of them. I agree with Mr. Price. I scarcely see how we are to begin."

"Every beginning of really good work must be small and slow," said Mr. Bryant, with his cheerful energy. "You know, if anything springs up in a single night—well—perhaps it may be good enough grass, but you may be quite sure it is not an oak! But I will suggest how a very satisfactory beginning can be made. You know I am anxious to organise a party to take to Canada. I want certain picked types of people to fill certain openings which I know exist there. I want three or four families—father, mother, and young people growing up—all to go together, and able to take the old grandmother along too, if she's willing. Every one of them must be able to do something (with their hands, mind), sufficiently well to earn bread by. I'm not going to take families whose heads have been bankrupt or are out of work. I'm on the look-out for people who are doing fairly well already, but who begin to feel a little pressed for elbow-room, or to notice that there isn't much outlook for their sons and daughters, that changes have come over their branch of commerce or industry which will tend to make its future not so prosperous as its past. And then I want some young people by themselves—none of your scapegraces, but strong, healthy young men and women, the kind who could push some sort of a way for themselves here, but who would rather make more room for the weaker by going apart, where they can go forward without trampling others down. I want young men and women who are longing to try their strength and mettle in doing some of that sort of hard work which makes the whole world softer! Perhaps I shall get two or three young men from you, Mr. Harvey, and some big boys and girls from you, Mr. Markby, and some families from this parish and from Mr. Price's village. Now this party won't settle down all in one place, because they are going to a country which is already settled in the main, and because the aptitude of some will keep them in a town, while that of others will send them into the country. But they'll be near each other, within visiting distance, we'll say. That means that none of them will drop out of sight. And when they see (as they're sure to see) other openings for other people, there should be somebody in this parish and yonder village to send out a fit supply. I maintain that what we have to aim at in emigration is the keeping up of Nature's usual arrangements, so as not to have all the old here and all the young there, all the men in one place and all the women in another, and the mass of mouths divided by oceans from the bulk of the food!"

"But don't you think it is a very dangerous experiment to take elderly people to a new country?" asked the Vicar. "Will they not always pine for what they have left behind?"

"Elderly people will be always in the minority among emigrants," returned Mr. Bryant. "Of course they should not emigrate alone, nor be taken out in the expectation that they will 'enterprise' or 'rough' it. In the 'expectation,' I say; yet in my opinion they will often do so quite unexpectedly. I have found many grandmothers with more 'grit' in them than in their granddaughters! But the element of age is most valuable in a new community. Without it, there is no dignity, no rest, no reverence. Yes, I own they may fret a little after what they have left behind, and their sons and daughters and young folks will have to cheer them, and try to get things something like what they remember. But had they stayed at home, do their sons and daughters think they would never have fretted after those who had left them alone there? Some of us are not so careful to spare fretting as to spare ourselves from seeing or hearing it!"

"I certainly think your plans may offer hope for me in some of my difficulties," said Mrs. Davis. "There is my second boy, Marcus, the best-tempered and most genial of all my flock, ready to help everybody, ready to do everything I tell him—except learn his lessons. He is ready enough to read books of adventure and natural history, and to try practical scientific experiments. But he simply loathes his grammars and such treatises. And therefore he is always in trouble and disgrace. The studious boys can't consort with him, and so he and other idlers get into scrapes together. And what is to be his future? I have interest and influence enough to have done something for him if he had inclined to one of the professions, or to the Civil Service. But I have sense to see that to try to turn him in these directions would but prolong the miserable defeats of his school-days, and end in some sad disaster. 'Send him abroad,' say sundry advisers. 'He's just the boy for a new country.' But one can hardly send a boy of fifteen or sixteen quite alone and unguarded into a strange place; and if he stays till he is nineteen or twenty, what is he to do in the meantime? Nothing, I fear, but mischief."

"I am afraid you are right, madam," said Mr. Bryant. "That is exactly what colonists will tell you of that class of emigrants; they seldom come out till too late, when all their boyish aptitudes are blunted by the loafing and dissipated habits bred by idleness. In short, they seldom 'come' out at all, but are finally 'sent out,' that they may be got rid of. I know one valuable colonial institution — an agricultural college — which often finds itself cruelly hampered by being most selfishly used by parents and guardians, as if its functions were those of a thrifty and safe boarding-house for budding dipsomaniacs and spendthrifts. And yet, as you say, how can parents with any sense of responsibility send forth younger lads if they cannot secure for them a near-at-hand counsellor and refuge?"

"Yet a great many have done well enough in such circumstances," said Mr. Price.

"Assuredly," returned Mr. Bryant. "But a great many may be very few in proportion to the failures. A friend of mine who has emigrated scores of lads says that he notices there is a certain percentage whom he feels sure could manage capitally for themselves if he dropped them down anywhere on their line of march. He says such aptitude is not absolutely connected with goodness or badness of character, nor yet greatly with any past training, but seems a sort of gift, an instinctive knowledge of how to live and to deal with men and circumstances. But Nature has not provided enough of these gifted beings to supply whole continents, which yet have to be peopled somehow. Besides, even where the result is not dead failure, there must be often the most cruel waste of faculty and happiness and of the little means which friends at home may be straining their resources to supply. Cases of salvage out of this stormy stress may best reveal what treasures must be buried in nameless graves, or lost to sight in ashamed wanderers who will not return to tell their tale. Let me give a few instances which I have come across personally. A young man presented himself in the office of a friend of mine, a Canadian banker, to ask some detail as to the transit of two or three hundred pounds from the old country. He seemed inexperienced and bewildered, and my friend entered into conversation with him. He was a young Englishman, a vicar's son, who had come out to Canada with a view to agricultural work. For this he had found himself quite unfit, and after getting one or two unsatisfactory situations in towns he purposed buying a grocery business that was announced for sale in a remote settlement. He had written home about it, and his father had promised to sell out some of his small savings and let him have the money, and he had come to my friend to ask how it was to be sent, and so on. My friend was interested in the lad, and began to make inquiries in his behalf. He found that the grocery business was a snare and delusion. Under his advice the boy wrote home that the money was not to be sent. In reply came an anxious, terrified epistle from the vicarage imploring the banker to send the youth home at once, and he should be repaid everything, while the parents would owe him a debt of endless gratitude. But the boy stoutly refused to return; he was not going back as a failure—as one who was not worth his salt even in a colony; he would do anything first! My friend was touched by his honest pride and simple earnestness; he made it possible for him to wait on Providence a little longer, and in a week or two a small post in one of the bank's country branches fell vacant. The lad was put into it, gratefully delighted at being just able to pay his way. He gave every satisfaction, and my friend's introduction secured him a few open doors in the little township. Presently his chief got a letter from another township saying that the Episcopal Church needed an organist, and was willing to offer a stipend, but it was necessarily too small to tempt anybody who had not other occupation and means. Now this lad played very well

on the organ. His chief remembered this, and suggested that he should exchange into the bank of the township where he could make this talent available. And there he is to this day, rising in his office ; while his stipend as organist is also rising with the growth and wealth of the church."

"What a pretty, happy little story!" said our Vicar's sister.

"I wonder that an English vicar should have dreamed of buying a grocery business, genuine or not, for his son," observed the lady who had been so severe on the poor for their reluctance to leave the home country. "But I suppose they do such things in the colonies."

"Yes," said Mr. Bryant ; "that is one reason why there is more hope of getting along there than at home. I believe many could do quite as well here if they would work and spare as they do out there. But surrounding influences are too strong for most of us to resist."

Pleasance and I exchanged glances. Amy Parker was in our thoughts.

"I can tell you another story—a variation on the last." Mr. Bryant resumed. "In this case, the hero called on myself. He was in the greatest distress. He had come out to Canada, well educated and well principled, but quite untrained and unapt in any of the callings which there stand wide open and ready for every comer. His little store of money had gradually wasted away, and his final misfortune was to be engaged, on what he had thought most promising terms, as manager and general factotum for a 'professor of music' who was travelling the country giving 'high-class entertainments.' After one or two 'performances' in the city where I was then living, this scamp decamped with the proceeds, leaving this hapless boy saddled with the hire of the hall and every other expense incurred. As he had not a dollar left, he was in absolute despair! It was one of those cases which I think might have easily ended in suicide. I gave him my best advice : I arranged to go with him to the indignant debtors, telling them the true state of the case, and throwing it on their mercy. They were not unreasonable or unkind. One or two accepted their loss, the others were willing to wait. Next, what was he to do that he might eat a piece of bread? 'What *can* you do?' I asked him. 'Tell me anything, however unlikely you may think it is to be profitable.' He pondered a moment, and then said, 'Well, sir, I used to be fond of drawing, and I got several prizes for excelling in freehand.' 'We will begin there,' said I. I got him a little work in this line ; his employer gave him board and house-room in return for what he could do. He soon showed he had talent and industry, and some spirit of enterprise. He made most attractive little sketches of houses to be sold, or of houses which people had proudly bought. He gave lessons in drawing. He did heaps upon heaps of Christmas cards. With the little emoluments acquired in these ways he got teaching in surveying, then work of that kind, which secured him a safe position and a fair salary. Meanwhile, he had found his true bent, and he kept up his art studies, cultivated both hand, eye, and mind, and now he is the favourite art-teacher in the University of the very city where he was once a discredited vagrant in danger of the gaol. Now, these two youths were saved from the gulf on whose brink they hung. But how many may sink! And these were saved by precisely the sort of friendly intervention with which I should like to surround all."

"I have always wondered," said Mr. Harvey, "that there are no organisations for the emigration of young people of the better class, such as already exist for the waifs and strays of our big cities. Then, on leaving school, lads could go abroad under proper protection, be placed out with due discrimination, supervised and provided with a centre to which to resort for counsel, or in case of ill-health or misfortune. I have thought that such organisations could be self-supporting, each case bearing its own particular expenses and its proportionate share of the general expense. But I am sure it would be an economy in the highest sense of the word. Think of the money which must now be wasted for no return but failure and distress! I see, however, that your scheme of local and friendly settlement would be a better plan than any wider, and therefore vaguer, organisation."

"Possibly so," said Mr. Bryant, "but it may not therefore wholly supersede your idea. Your scheme might take up cases that somehow eluded mine. It will be a long while ere many parishes or localities are at work as I suggest."

"What do you think about farm pupils paying premiums?" asked anxious Mrs. Davies. "I have wondered whether that arrangement might suit Marcus. But really one has heard such horrors about it lately that one is frightened!"

"Well, madam," said Mr. Bryant, "I will not rashly condemn such arrangements. Doubtless many are honest enough, and probably many prove quite satisfactory. But youths for whom such premiums have been paid have told me that they could have done quite as well without the outlay. You see the plan works in this way. A lad will only learn farming by farming, and, if he is at all suited to the life, he cannot fail in Canada at least to make himself quite worth his board and lodging, and you have simply paid the farmer for his profitable use of a valuable labourer! On the other hand, honourable people who have received such a premium rather shrink from setting the pupil to the more disagreeable details of those labours which he should master at every point. A premium may secure a youth from unnecessary boorishness and coarseness, but, on the other hand, it may introduce him to sport rather than to agriculture. On my last journey home I travelled with a young gentleman, the nephew of an English baronet, who informed me that he had lived as a farm-pupil for three years—and had learned absolutely nothing. But he had had 'a jolly time.' Such a scheme as I suggest or as Mr. Harvey proposes would obviate these dangers on either hand, and save the premium into the bargain."

"But the worst of it is," mused Mr. Price, "that so many of the people who go abroad are difficult cases. They go as a last chance, and one hopes the best for them, but one would scarcely like to

send them among friends or to give them letters of introduction. Sometimes one is not sorry to hear no more about them, assured that, at least, they cannot be doing worse or sinking lower than they were at home."

"But, my dear sir, that ought not to be," cried Mr. Bryant. "The colonies don't want your failures. And to send them there is as dishonourable as it would be to send children suffering from infectious diseases into the healthy houses of unsuspecting neighbours. You may send us (provided you do it in time) those who would become failures with you because you don't know how to use them or have not the means of doing so. But those who have once contracted bad habits of any sort should pass through some moral quarantine among yourselves before you send them to us. You say they profess to repent and desire a new beginning. If you believe in their penitence, why should you hesitate to let them prove it to you before you part from them? When you feel they are fit to stay at home, they will be fit to go elsewhere."

"But some cases, from their very nature, preclude even a profession of repentance," said the Vicar. "There is simply sin, remorse, shame, and flight. Would you hold out no hope to these?"

From his tone, I think the memory of some such tragic history was astir in his kind heart.

"I withhold hope from none, sir," returned Mr. Bryant. "Leave such cases to come to us of their own will, and with only such means as they themselves can command, and in nine cases out of ten the hard realities will prove the very discipline they need. What we ask is not that these shall not come, but that you will not send us a stream of pampered profligacy or a flood of pauperised inertia."

"Oh, my poor, poor people!" sighed the Vicar. "It does not seem all their own fault that the energy and spirit of independence have gone out of them, so that nobody wants them anywhere. I feel that poor living in poisoned air for two or three generations would take these virtues out of any of us."

"Nobody can pity them more than I do," said Mr. Bryant. "And I want to see them helped. I want to see you British folk so change your ways of living that, instead of constantly driving and drawing your fine farm labourers and fisher folk off their fields and shores into your huge cities (as you have been doing for years past), you will help them to see that they can do best for themselves and their children by coming straight to our fields and our shores. Then, as they leave empty places, I want to see you leading your crowded-up townfolk out once more to your own fields and shores."

"What do you think about female emigration?" inquired one of the ladies. "There is such a troublesome excess of women in this country."

Mr. Bryant smiled rather significantly. "I find," said he, "that the woman who is wanted everywhere is the woman who is able and willing to do domestic work. From what I hear, I don't think that woman is a drug in Great Britain. The question is, Does she prefer to work for master and mistress with you, or for husband, brothers, and sons with us? If we can tempt her away from you, I can assure you she will find a welcome."

"That is such a utilitarian view of the matter!" answered the lady, with a hurt tone. "Do you set no store on a woman's social influence?"

"Indeed we do," returned Mr. Bryant. "But we think that influence, like every kind of power, is an appanage of activity in some useful sphere. If woman is to be a guardian angel, it must be by becoming a ministering spirit."

"I believe female emigration is a very difficult work to carry on," said the Vicar's sister.

"Truly," said Mr. Bryant, with his gravest look. "It is on that very score that I am such an advocate for family emigration. For the family tie is strong enough to draw out worthy women, who, otherwise, still finding occupation in the old country, are slow to think of quitting it and apt to leave the ranks of female emigration to be supplied by those less worthy, who cannot so easily range themselves, or on whose characters a blight has already fastened. For this weak and facile type of woman the life on shipboard, brief as it now is, is often a long slide on the downward path; and when such find that work is as stringent in a colony as it is at home, and harder and rougher beside, all their false hopes and visions are dispelled, and they become the most rampant source of social corruption."

At this point Pleasance spoke.

"Sir," said she, "from your experience would you recommend emigration to a young woman, well brought up, and of good disposition, who has had surroundings of an enervating nature, and has fallen into follies—not sins—through which she has been wounded to the quick, so that now she cannot touch her old life at any point without writhing. Is such anguish wholly disciplinary, and therefore to be endured? Or is there a point at which she may lawfully seek for the alleviations that a total change of surroundings may offer?"

Mr. Bryant considered. "I would not advise her to make such a change in rash haste," he said. "I would uphold her courage by suggesting that at worst it always remains to be made, if she and life cannot become otherwise reconciled. And then if they do, as I think they will, such a change would be likely to be most satisfactory. For she would go forth, not as a fugitive from pain, but as a conqueror, bearing rich spoils of self-discipline and self-control. We don't want to forget our follies, do we? We want to get them transmuted into wisdom. So I think after any of life's great experiences we should not be in too much haste to sip any water of Lethe. There is no doubt that change of surrounding does blunt the edge of memory. But there is certain loss as well as possible gain in the proceeding. It is better to conciliate or conquer any foe on the battle-field than to fly from him and meet him again at some unexpected corner."

"I think I have got the right word for Amy," said Pleasance, as we two walked home together. "Oh, what a blessing it would be if we could make some 'straight path' between 'supply and demand' in matters of help and consolation and wisdom!"

"There is, indeed, ample scope for enterprise and energy in attacking the jungle depths of Darkest England," said I, very soberly.

# "YANKEE DODGES."

## STREETS AND HOUSES—HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

MANY of the peculiar features of New York—those which at once impress a stranger—are due to easily discoverable causes. Indeed, there is a reason, and a good one, for everything novel and strange one sees; for, as before remarked, the American yields little deference to history or custom, but makes everything to suit his present circumstances and requirements.

The value of the land in the city has led the owners thereof to make as much out of it as possible by building high. Thirteen or fourteen storey houses are common, and the streets being narrow a glimpse of sunshine on the pavement is rare—a benefit in summer when the heat is excessive.

Wood is cheap, and being much used in construction renders the buildings very inflammable, and this fact, coupled with their height, causes them to bloom all down the front with projecting iron "fire" balconies connected by ladders, for the protection of the tenants. In many hotels every room is furnished with a rope fire-escape, while the fire services and brigades of American towns are the finest in the world.

With regard to the state of the streets before alluded to, and which is certainly a striking feature in an otherwise civilised city, it is a moot point whether the good elevated roads and horse-cars have caused the bad pavements, or *vice versâ*. This




The height of the buildings has led to the universal adoption of the elevator, and from almost every roof there issues a jet of steam from the elevator engine.

The city viewed from an eminence such as the top of the Produce Exchange Tower presents a remarkable appearance. The atmosphere is singularly clear, and there is no smoke, as hard smokeless coal is invariably used. So pure is the air, indeed, that the flat roofs of the city are used for clothes-drying, and as far as the eye can reach, there is a general fluttering of white, mingled with countless jets of steam. Surely there is no other city in the world as large and busy as New York, over which one can get a view of ten miles.

The tropical summer heat compels the use of sun shutters, which fold back on either side of the windows in winter, and are generally painted green.

is unknown to the common people; an alderman might supply the information.

Sidewalks (*i.e.* pavements) and roadway are alike bad; and a visitor, after kicking the soles off a few pairs of boots, instinctively acquires a fine high-stepping action in order to avoid the raised joints of the paving-stones—the New Yorker knows better than to walk in his streets at all, and always rides.

Another encouragement to pedestrianism, at all events in the business or "down town" end of the town, is the fact that, owing to scarcity of land and absence of side-lanes or yards, all goods are loaded from the pavement. Every warehouse or store has a lift which "dumps" the packing-cases down on to a narrow raised part of the sidewalk, which runs along the front of each building. Thence they descend on to the sidewalk itself, or, worse still, are wheeled or rolled along a movable plank right on

to the carts which line the street. One comes across a plank—literally sometimes—about every dozen yards on a busy day, and as they are about two feet above the pavement, they form quite interesting obstacles. New York rears some of the finest hurdle racers in the world. The planks are not so bad, and may be negotiated by walking round or jumping over them; but the unpleasant thing is to have a big sugar-cask suddenly wheeled hard into you, while in mid-air over the plank, by a sweetly smiling negro. Old ladies seldom walk in the business quarters of New York.

Occasionally in some streets, owing to scarcity of planks or extreme weight of goods, a waggoner calmly backs his cart right over the pavement. The people most good-naturedly walk in the mud round the horses' heads, although they are all in a dreadful hurry to "get there."

The New York carts are specially constructed to facilitate loading from the sidewalk, being built with a sloping deck. Large wheels and good springs are a desideratum, so that the floor of the cart could not be made low all along, and therefore it is sloped at the tail end. Many of the carts have no sides, but are provided with several loose uprights or "rungs," as they are called, which fit into holes in the floor. By this means the waggoner can practically adjust the size of his cart to the load it has to carry.

Coal is shot in an ingenious way, but with a total disregard of the wayfaring man. A sloping iron shoot is projected from the back of the cart, which latter is provided with tilting gear. The man turns a handle, the cart tilts up little by little, and the coal rattles down the shoot into the hole in the pavement with great rapidity and a rattle like unto musketry.

The English method of buying coal in sacks, which sacks when emptied are carefully counted by the thrifty householder, is not used in New York, where the coal comes loose in the cart. On second thoughts the emptying of these sacks is a much more barbarous method, and one more detrimental to passers by, than the American shoot dodge.

The portable dustbin is a great institution in New York, and as soon as evening's shadows fall makes its appearance in great numbers all along the sidewalk. Carts come round during the night, and the bins are emptied and replaced—with more or less accuracy—on the kerb. When full, they serve as cheap restaurants for the cats, and whether full or empty form admirable deterrents to inebriety. The New York tippler has other obstacles in his homeward path than the latchkey-hole.

The general appearance of all but the finest streets is not good, owing to the height of the buildings, the number and variety of excrescences in the shape of fire ladders and balconies and trade signs, the packing-cases before alluded to, and the electric wires. These last are numbered by thousands—electric light, telegraph, telephone, and fire-call wires are all strung up on to wooden posts usually out of "plumb." The light wires are a great source of danger, owing to the strength of the currents passing through them. Many linesmen have been killed while working on the poles, and a wire occasionally breaks, and the ends fall and kill or injure some one. The dreadful accounts published in the newspapers some time ago were not at all exaggerated.

There has lately been a great agitation, however, about the matter, and subways are being constructed to take all the wires under the streets, so that the worst blot on New York scenery will be removed.

The trade sign-boards of the various stores which project from the fronts of the buildings are a notable feature. They would be all very well, were there only a few, but they are so numerous and close together as to hide each other to a large extent. Only the one at the corner of each block is much noticed, and each of the others flashes out momentarily from behind the preceding one, as one passes along, like a figure in a wheel of life. It is a head-aching business to find any store of which you do not know the number, for it is impossible to cast the eye over the name boards of six or eight successive shops, as one can do in an English town.

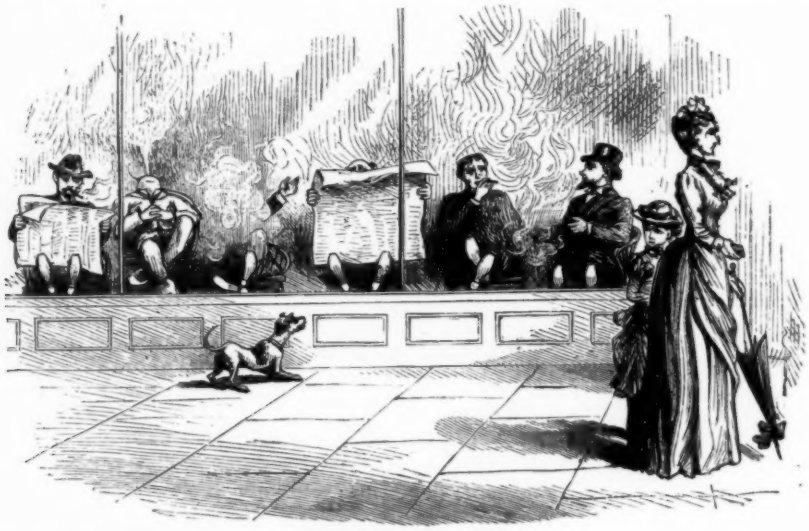
But if the New Yorker tolerates some things in his streets which would seem unbearable to us, in all that regards his personal comfort he is an epicure. The street and sideway blockade is not his own personal concern—besides, he wants to "dump" his own goods on his own pavement—but his travelling, eating, drinking, shaving, bootblacking, and the rest are luxurious.

He never shaves himself, but spends fifteen or twenty minutes and twenty-five cents (and upwards) every day at the barber's. The shops of these functionaries are as plentiful as are tobacconists' at home, and every hotel has its own as well. They are seldom empty, and the processes carried on therein are many and various. The chairs are so comfortable, and the operators so skilful, that patients frequently fall asleep under the ordeal, and indeed an American only looks thoroughly placid and restful while being shaved; and in this case there is, after all, more or less of compulsion or necessity.

Then it is worth something (five cents, or twopence-halfpenny in fact) to have your boots blacked in New York. No balancing on one foot and striving by dint of great muscular exertion to keep the other—which has no weight upon it—in due position on the "block" while the operator exercises his calling. The blackee is a victim or patient commonly in England, and retires from the ordeal with a sense of discomfort and humiliation which not even the brilliance of his boots can dissipate. In America, as sometimes here, he regards things in general from the depths of a lofty easy-chair throne, rests his feet on classically moulded supports cunningly made in cast-iron to represent horses, camels, etc., while the attendant European or negro (rarely, if ever, American) shines his boots with a "boss oil shine," or otherwise, as advertised on a card above the chairs. Every hotel has some of these chairs, and the guests resort to them each morning and pay their ten cents cheerfully; it is only the street chair men who charge five. It is useless putting one's boots outside the bedroom door in an hotel, unless one wants them spat into by mistake; and no domestic

servant in America will ever touch a boot: it is not work for a freeborn soul, and is degrading. Many men black their own boots—keeping a set of tackle for the purpose in their bed or bath room—but the majority have recourse to the street chairs, which are to be found at almost every corner. There are a few of these chairs in England, but only a few.

The hotels are luxurious in the extreme, though lacking some of the homelike qualities which make an English inn so pleasant to an Englishman. They are warmed equally throughout, as are all buildings in America, and the passages being as warm as the rooms, the American traveller generally elects to sit in the passage or hall—where there is more life and movement, and he likes to watch the people going in and out of the hotel. To assist this practice many hotels have a glass front to their hall on each side of the door. In this place sit a row of the guests, gazing out on the street, and exposing the soles of their boots to the view of the passers by, as they rest their feet on a brass rail



running along inside the window. The effect is quaint, and if the people in the glass case look rather like specimens in a museum, they are amply repaid by seeing all that goes on, and by being enabled to contemplate the gloss on their own boots, in which they naturally feel the pride of authorship.

The bills of fare are prodigious in size and marvellous in their variety. The American appetite is enormous, and yet the American does not get fat, and always looks ready for dinner; but then he does not sleep much, and is always on the move.

The fashion common in many hotels—especially provincial ones—of bringing in the whole dinner, soup, fish, entrées, joints, sweets, and cheese at one fell swoop, is intensely exasperating to the average Britisher. The idea is, it may be assumed, to save all waiting, and enable people to "stoke" at top speed and get away to work again.

You are surrounded by a multitude of small dishes, and by the time you have eaten your way through half, the rest are lukewarm, and when the last dish is reached its temperature is indistinguishable from the ice cream which follows. But the American gets "through" so quickly that the viands have no chance to get cold. The speed with which they pass from plate to mouth, as the diner dives with unerring precision into the various differently situated dishes, is sufficient to keep up their temperature.

Of course, the foreigner can order his dishes one by one if he pleases; but this is the one and only way to chase the broad smile from the face of the apparently ever-amused black waiter, and when that smile is extinguished everything seems dark.

Iced water is the invariable accompaniment, or precursor, to all meals. A glass of the cheering beverage is placed before each guest the moment he takes his seat and before he gives his order. There is iced water on draught in all railway cars, in all houses, and in most offices. Natural ice is chiefly used, and a block is delivered at each house in the morning; the ice and the milk come together.

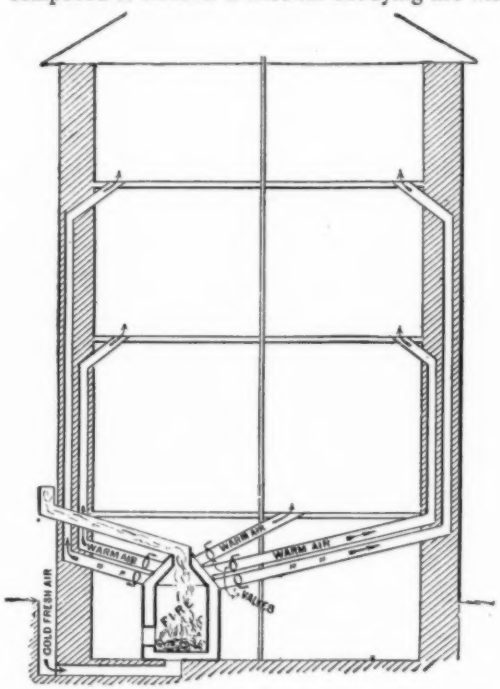
The tropical summer heat probably occasioned the use of ice in the first instance, but it is now used all the year round. The custom of providing the guest with a glass of water at meals, whether he asks for it or not, may have helped to produce the temperance in the use of strong drink so noticeable everywhere in America. In an English hotel, about the most difficult thing to obtain is a glass of water, and when obtained it is not always drinkable.

The conditions of life in summer and winter respectively differ more widely in America than in England. In summer, the New Yorker has to walk about with as little clothing on as possible; he much prefers not to walk in the city at all, but to transplant himself to one of the numerous seaside resorts in the neighbourhood; the restaurants are provided with fans for circulating the air; wire mosquito doors protect the entrances to houses from these bloodthirsty insects; iced water flows more freely than ever—in fact, tropical weather has to be encountered.

In the winter, a temperature often below zero renders a more perfect system of house-heating than our primitive English one necessary, although the passages in our houses are cool enough in winter for most tastes.

In an American dwelling, or hotel, or train, the doors can be open constantly; there are no draughts, and the halls and passages are as warm as the rooms. That they are *too* hot for British tastes is merely a matter of national difference, and might easily be prevented; but that the system of heating throughout is good would appear to admit of little question.

The English fireplace is delightful—to those who can get near enough to it; its blaze and crackle are cheerful—except when it happens to go out. There are few delights equal to that felt when one is compelled to smother a cheerful but dying fire with




a shovelful of fresh coals—a fear of "spoiling the fire" having delayed the operation until the fear becomes a fact.

Our fire imparts a genial glow to a man's toes if he be in company, or to his coat-tails if he be alone; but the back of his neck in the one case, and the end of his proboscis in the other, is apt to get frostbitten. What a shudder agitates the fire-encircling crowd, should some one leave the door open; and what a coughing, should the wind blow down the chimney.

How conducive to sleep and equanimity is the sound like distant thunder produced in the small hours by the domestic "rootling" out the remains of last night's fire before lighting to-day's; and what a pleasing, ancient, Pompeii-like appearance is imparted to surrounding objects by the dust she raises.

Above all, how pleasant it is to come down on a healthily cold morning and find a little flame up in one corner of the grate manfully contending with a mass of half-charred paper and a forest of damp wood which pours forth a dense cloud of yellow smoke in silent but pungent protest. With what solicitude is that flame watched by the shivering slave of the fireplace; how he gingerly pokes at it, puts on the "nubbly bits," lays the poker across it, gets his newspaper and burns it in the attempt to "draw up" the fire, and finally sits gloomily down to his breakfast to the accompaniment of volleys of crackling and showers of sparks from the triumphant grate.

There are only two good features about it—you can vent your rage upon it with a poker, and toast chestnuts on its bars. For the rest it is extravagant, for one third of the heat goes through the wall, and another third up the chimney; its chimney is always being swept, and the room it cheers with its presence rendered temporarily uninhabitable in consequence; if the chimney be not swept it incontinently catches fire—and then probably water. True, the fire ventilates the room, but it does so by sucking cold air under the door and across the floor and past the feet of the unfortunate people who dwell there.

In America, houses are heated on two or three systems—steam, hot-water, and hot-air. The two former are on the same principle as a greenhouse-heater, the stove being kept in the cellar below the house and "stoked" perhaps twice a day. The pipes run round the rooms, sometimes under the floors, and sometimes in a box above them. Both these systems appear to heat the same air over and over again, and provide for no admission of fresh.

The hot-air apparatus seems perfect in this respect, and is arranged as follows. In the cellar is a large double-shelled stove, the inner shell which contains the fire being provided with fire-door, grate-bars, and a flue leading to a chimney. Into the outer shell, which has no connection with the fire-box whatever, but merely surrounds it, cold air is admitted by a passage or pipe brought from outside the house. This air is warmed by passing round the fire-containing shell, and then traverses flues which are built into the walls and lead to the various passages and rooms of the house. Each flue is provided with a damper, so that the heat can be varied in any one room, or all of it concentrated in a few.

The hot air enters the rooms by a grating in the floor, which grating can also be closed or opened at pleasure. Thus a constant stream of fresh air, warmed to any required extent, is admitted to any part of the house or to the whole of it.

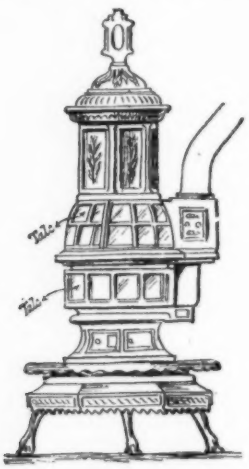
The stove burns smokeless, slow-burning coal—in England coke would answer well—and is rarely touched. The bars are placed in a movable frame, so that a few strokes of a handle shake the fire together and cause any ashes to fall into a removable pan.

The stove is filled up morning and night, and never allowed to go out during the winter. Should the house become too hot it is only necessary to shut all the dampers except one leading to a waste-air flue, or lower the fire by shutting off the draught. These expedients are not often resorted to in America, where it seems impossible to heat a

house, a boat, or a car too much for the people's taste.

In order that the cheerfulness popularly supposed to be produced by the sight of the fire may not be altogether wanting, the American has a stove in his rooms—at any rate in hotels—as well as the heating apparatus before described.

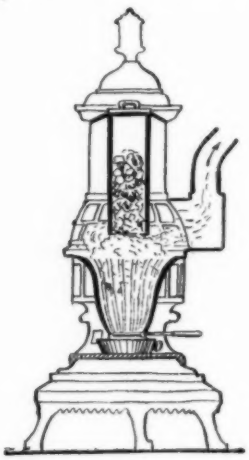
This stove stands boldly out in the middle of the room, and is circular in form, so that a dozen people can toast their toes thereat instead of only two or three. The fire is shut up in a glass (talc) box, in order to prevent any danger of smoke and to pro-



duce slow combustion; so that although visible it is protected from the violence of the poker. The coal used is hard, smokeless anthracite, which burns slowly and gives no flame.

A good and common form of this stove is shown in the sketch—rough section and outside view being given. Note the footrail running round the bottom—the ubiquitous footrail which is found in railway-cars, in hotels, and in all places where men do congregate.

To conclude the heating question, however. Is not the American the cleaner, more convenient, and cheaper method of warming houses? We have a prejudice against it which is largely due to the extravagant heat at which houses are kept in the States; even this has its advantages, for to it, presumably, the American owes his habit of early rising—the bed-room gets too hot to hold him! The English rise later because they dread the shudder which inevitably accompanies the smallest obtrusion of leg or wing into the arctic temperature of the chamber.



Could not the two extremes of heat and cold be avoided, and a comfortable and yet healthy temperature maintained?

An American visiting England in the winter stated that he was miserable because, although he had many friends, he was obliged to stick to his hotel—one of the few properly warmed ones we have—and refuse all invitations, as he dreaded the cold he knew he should meet in his friends' houses.



American houses and hotels are full of neat little contrivances for saving time and labour. One instance will suffice. The corners of the stairs where dirt accumulates, and into which the nose of no brush, however inquisitive, can penetrate, are filled up with loose brass angle pieces which can be taken up and polished occasionally.

The number of patents for door-fastenings, hinges, mats, keyholes, window-catches, and so on, is countless, and at every turn one sees some new 'dodge" for saving time or labour.

# SCIENCE NOTES.

## THE METEORITIC BOMBARDMENT OF THE MOON.

THE shooting stars, or meteor showers, which are now so generally looked for at certain seasons of the year, have again afforded a beautiful spectacle during the autumn and later months; and in places favoured by the weather, such as the South and West of England, the various "radiants" or points of the firmament at which they enter the earth's atmosphere have yielded a brilliant sight to the observer. At Folkestone, especially, on September 16, the showers known as γ Pegasids and ε Taurids afforded a spectacle which will not be forgotten by the visitors to that favourite sea-side resort. Seen on a wide horizon, as at the sea-side, the course of a meteorite is often watched to great advantage. The beginner in such observations notes with wonder the brief and brilliant career of the visitors. Some, especially such as are meeting the earth in its journey, rushing swiftly out of the dark and cold voids of interplanetary space, and striking with enormous velocity the earth's atmosphere, descend too far into the increasingly dense medium, and are burnt up by the combustion caused by the tremendous impact; unable to get out again in time, and subjected to a longer period of friction than those which simply graze the upper atmosphere, they are seen to end their brief but brilliant career in a flowing trail, leaving nothing but their ashes behind them, like a burnt-up rocket. "Most of the shooting stars that we see become visible in our atmosphere," says Mr. Ranyard, "at a height of about one hundred miles, and they mostly disappear before they reach a height of seventy miles above the sea level." Others that do not penetrate so far into our atmosphere often simply become incandescent during their briefer passage, and safely regain their orbit in outer space, although with reduced bulk owing to the combustion they have temporarily suffered. It is a very brilliant meteor which gets down to a level of fifty or sixty miles without being driven entirely into vapour, thus finally ending its career.

It is thus apparent that the earth's atmosphere acts as an armour to protect its inhabitants against these showers of missiles, which would easily destroy life probably every hour of the day, if not oftener, could these nodules of iron and stone safely penetrate our atmospheric shield. For it must be remembered that even if the size of the average meteorite may not exceed that of a walnut, which is somewhat a low estimate, its velocity varies from fifteen to at least forty-five miles a second, as it travels with or against the earth in its course. Another important consideration is the extent and degree to which this bombardment of the earth is going on. Shooting stars are, of course, chiefly seen at night; the equally numerous visitors to our atmosphere during the day are necessarily unobserved. But the rain of iron and stone still goes on. "The heavens are full of stones," says an eminent living astronomer. Recent revelations of the almost incredible number of meteors and meteor swarms which exist in space are sufficient to startle even the most stolid imagination. Professor H. A. Newton and others have calculated that, making all proper corrections, the number of meteorites which might be visible *over the whole earth* would be a little greater than ten thousand times as many as would be seen at one place. From this we gather that not less than *twenty millions of luminous meteors fall upon our planet daily*; each of these on a dark clear night would present us with the well-known phenomenon of a shooting star. If the number of invisible meteorites were added, it would be increased at least twentyfold; this would give us *four hundred millions of meteorites falling on the earth's surface daily in her path through space.*"[1] Even were this estimate reduced a hundredfold, it would still serve to suggest to us a picture of the hapless condition of our earth deprived of the armour which now shields her from this incessant and stupendous bombardment, under which life of all kinds would be impossible.

A new and beneficent function is thus discovered for the earth's atmosphere. Not only is it necessary for human respiration and other vital processes: it acts as a soft cushion to deaden and render harmless the tremendous hail of iron and stone which is continually being showered down upon her from all points. This view of the *rôle* of the atmosphere in the cosmical arrangements is doubtless comparatively new, but it will have to be taken account of in all future consideration of planetary conditions.[1] With our present knowledge it is impossible to avoid picturing to ourselves a time when the atmosphere may no longer be able to perform this function, and when its gradual attenuation shall afford an easy passage to these bombs of stone and iron, and the earth's fair surface shall be fully exposed to their merciless attack. That fateful time could only be in the far-off future, and if it ever arrives the attenuation and rarefaction of the atmosphere will in all probability already have reached such a degree as greatly to have altered, if not to have terminated, the respiratory conditions of life on our globe, more especially as regards the higher animals.

It is, perhaps, of more immediate practical interest to turn our eyes to one of the heavenly bodies which has already arrived at the stage in question, has already lost her atmosphere, and is entirely unshielded from meteoritic bombardment. We refer of course to our satellite, the moon. Here, according to the analogies of progressive decay which abound in the heavens, a decay which is filling the firmament with dead stars as well as with stars newly-born, we in all probability see the future of our own earth's surface so far as the loss of atmosphere is concerned.

The effect of meteoric bombardment upon the moon must necessarily tend to level her surface by reducing the height of her mountains and cliffs. Meteoritic fragments striking the rocks at a velocity of from fifteen to forty miles a second must inevi-

[1] *Leisure Hour*, pp. 713-714, 1890.

tably penetrate to a considerable depth and fracture and splinter the surface. That the action of gravity upon the moon, in spite of her small mass, is effective in pulling down disintegrated and loosely-piled rocks is evident to every one who has looked through a telescope at such familiar craters as Copernicus and Bullialdus, in which the slipping of the concentric rampart walls is so striking a feature. That there still exist at least one mountain range on the moon, as well as cliffs and ravines, is obvious, but the similar features which have been obliterated by perhaps millenniums of meteoritic bombardment must inevitably form a still larger proportion of the lunar surface. Whether there may still remain a lower layer of protecting atmosphere is wholly doubtful, looking at the extreme suddenness with which stars are occulted as they near the lunar disc. In any case the moon's unprotected condition in this respect as compared with the cushion of atmosphere (at least 200 miles in thickness) which encircles the earth is a startling fact. It is more than probable that in future the observed changes in the physical features of the moon will have to be watched in the light of the incessant meteoric bombardment to which she is so inevitably exposed.

### PROFESSOR EWING'S MODEL OF MAGNETISED MOLECULES.

Some recent important advances in the science of molecular physics, more especially as revealed in the industrial arts, have already been noticed in these pages.[1] One of the obvious postulates of the molecular theory, namely, that there is no such thing as an absolute solid known to science, was illustrated in considerable detail, and it was shown by many instances that neither the coldest iron nor the hardest granite is truly solid; each consists simply of discrete disjunctive particles. Each body or mass is really porous; other material substances can and do pass through them, just as truly as a man may pass through a crowd of people without touching any of them, and emerge on the other side.

The picture of an imaginary Demos, so minute in stature as to be able to thread his way through the interstices of a solid, avoiding the molecules in motion all around him, has been familiarised to us by Sir William Thompson and other eminent physicists in popular lectures; so that to-day many of the apparently impossible feats with which the Schoolmen illustrated their metaphysics have been provided with at least a basis of possibility, so far as the ultimate structure of matter is concerned.

The newest, and in many respects the most fruitful, experiments in illustration of the molecular theory of solids have just been supplied by Professor J. A. Ewing, who has recorded his work in a recent number of the "Philosophical Magazine" (September, 1890). The experiments show the sequence of events which occurs when a bar of metal is magnetised, or rather it gives us a sight of what happens to the constituent molecules of which the magnetised body is composed. It will at once be seen that here is an admirable sphere for experiment upon the intimate structure of solids, more especially of metals. It must be remembered that the phenomena of magnetism are held to show that the magnetisation is not simply an effect produced upon the mass of metal as a whole: it is an action upon the separate constituent molecules. Thus the individual molecules are able to turn freely and swing round, answering to the magnet like soldiers answering to the word of command. The well-known facts (i) that an iron bar becomes longer by the act of magnetisation, as if its molecules placed their longest dimensions in the direction of magnetisation, and (ii) that if magnetisation is effected suddenly, an ear close to the bar hears a clink, and another clink when the current is stopped, are very suggestive, and have helped to familiarise to us the molecular nature of the structure in which these effects take place. It will, however, be seen that certain problems in the processes above described still remain unsolved, and it is with these that Professor Ewing's experiments have been especially concerned.

Ever since the time of Ampère, physicists have been familiar with the idea that a magnetic substance consists of an assemblage of minute magnets. Professor Ewing accepts and starts from Weber's theory that the molecules of iron and cognate substances are always magnets, and that the process of magnetising consists in turning them from their many directions into one direction. But when it comes to entering into detail concerning magnetic induction, there is room for considerable uncertainty as to the kind of process going on. "Every one knows," says Dr. Oliver Lodge, "that when a substance is subjected to magnetising processes some of the magnetisation excited is only temporary, while some continues permanently after the magnetising forces are withdrawn—a fact which may be expressed by saying that the molecules are strained out of their old positions into new ones, and when released they spring back part way toward their old positions, but do not completely recover unless the strain has been very small, or the iron excessively soft."

In fact, Weber's theory, the more the phenomena were investigated, seemed encumbered with difficulties, and the alleged freedom of action of each molecule seemed to be seriously compromised. Internal constraint, permeability, residual magnetism, friction, "hysteresis" (a sort of internal or molecular magnetic friction by which the alternate magnetisations caused the iron to grow hot), stress, and temperature, were among the difficulties that presented themselves. It became necessary to assume some quasi-frictional resistance to the turning of the molecular magnets. Yet on the other hand there was the cardinal fact that even the feeblest force induces some magnetism. The behaviour of a set of magnetised molecules had been worked out theoretically by Weber and Maxwell on the "elastic solid" hypothesis; but the correlative hypothesis that, instead of being subject to arbitrary mechanical force, they might be perfectly free molecules, subject only to their own mutually perturbing magnetic forces, although suggested, had not been theoretically attacked or

[1] *Leisure Hour* for January 1890, pp. 208–210.

developed. Professor Ewing has attacked it experimentally with brilliant results. Even with so crude a model as an assemblage of pivoted compass needles in a plane, he has been able to imitate a great deal of the known behaviour of magnetic substances very satisfactorily.

The Professor has built up a molecular model of the simplest kind, in order to show what really happens to the molecules in successive stages of magnetisation. The model consists of a large number of short steel bar-magnets strongly magnetised, each pivoted upon a sharp vertical centre, and balanced to swing horizontally. The bars swing with but little friction, and their pole-strengths are sufficient to make the mutual forces quite mask the earth's directive force when they are set moderately near one another. The group is arranged on a board which slips into a large frame. The frame is wound round the top, bottom, and two sides with a coil, through which an adjustable current may be passed to expose the group to a nearly homogeneous external magnetic force. Little magnets furnished with air-vanes illustrate capitally what has been called magnetic viscosity. When the imposed force reaches a critical value some molecule swings round; the next neighbours, finding their stability weakened, follow suit, and the disturbance spreads through the group in a way eminently suggestive of the phenomena of time lag.

The scene, when the current is passed into the molecular field, is almost startling. The molecules do not arrange themselves with uniform polarity, all in parallel lines or in closed chains. They fall into groups, each group forming a stable configuration in itself. Lines predominate, two or more of the molecular magnets linking themselves in one straight line, and others in lines parallel or not. Three magnets, for instance, give two in one straight line, the third in a line parallel to this. In a group of seven, three will be at right angles to the other four; in fact, in many groups this right-angled relationship is a condition of stability. Square patterns have a special interest, because iron and nickel crystallise into the cubic system.

The many experiments made with the model repeat on a visible scale the cycle of events which takes place when the invisible molecules are magnetised in an ordinary mass of iron or steel, the process being traceable from the effects of even the smallest force up to that which produces saturation and thence through the return series. All the known phenomena of hysteresis, or retardation of effects behind the causes that produce them, can be imitated by the model, as well as many others less obvious and familiar.

The results thus obtained amount to a new revelation in the dynamics of magnetism. It seems to be demonstrated that the molecules are not only free from solid friction: they are subject to no obscure constraints elastic or viscous. The chief difficulties hitherto encountered in the molecular theory of induced magnetism are now explicable by the demonstration that the molecular magnets are constrained by no other forces than those due to their own mutual attractions and repulsions. This, says Dr. Oliver Lodge, is an immense simplification in the dynamics of magnetised bodies, and an almost incredible step forward towards the understanding of the structure of a solid. There is now established a definite calculable action among the molecules, from which much progress may be expected.

The theory of free molecules possessing velocities of translation (a gas) has long been known. The theory of stationary molecules subject to simple mutual constraints, already by Boscovich and others begun, may now be developed. For non-magnetic substances, as Professor Fitzgerald has hinted, there may be crystalline or other polar forces to take the place of the magnetic force in Professor Ewing's model.

### EARTHWORMS AND AGRICULTURE IN AFRICA.

The important services rendered by the earthworm in breaking up and fertilising unfavourable soil have attracted considerable notice since Darwin called attention to the fact. This silent but potent little agriculturist is known to carry on in virgin land in New Zealand and some other countries the same useful work in draining, aerating, and levelling the soil, that it performs in our own islands. The latest evidence of its achievements, which transcends all we have yet heard, comes from Yorubaland, a part of the native territory adjacent to the colony of Lagos, West Africa. The authority for the facts is Mr. Alvan Millson, who has sent home, from the Government House at Lagos to the Colonial Office in England, some remarkable memoirs from personal observation. Mr. Millson's attention was attracted to the marvellous recuperative power of the soil, in spite of a persistent and exhausting rotation of crops. As each farmer in Yorubaland owns but a small portion of land, the property, perhaps, of his father and grandfather before him, upon which he is wholly dependent for his livelihood, he would be left entirely without food were its fertility to become exhausted. Apparently this is never the case. In spite of the exhaustive system of cultivation which has apparently been pursued for untold generations, the crops show no signs of falling off either in size or quality. Maize at 4½*d.* for a 70-lb. load can hardly be considered to command a famine price, while yams at 3*d.* a dozen, sweet potatoes at 1*d.* a 70-lb. load, beans at 1*s.* for 70 lbs., and guinea-corn at 6*d.* a load, cannot be justly lamented as involving ruin upon the purchasers.

On first realising these facts one looks around in search of a sufficient cause for such striking results. It is not so much the fertility of the soil as shown by the abundance of any single crop which surprises one. The problem is the astonishing rapidity with which it recovers from the careless cultivation and excessive cropping with such short intervals of rest to which it has for generations, and perhaps for centuries, been subjected.

Fresh from the lessons of Drummond's "Tropical Africa," with its interesting chapter on the fertilising effect of the work of termites or "white ants" in East Africa, it is natural to seek to explain the Yoruba phenomena in a similar manner. But ant-hills are

small and widely scattered throughout Yorubaland. Moreover, they are of too hard and insoluble a substance to serve readily as fertilisers. For mining purposes and the valuable process of bringing the subsoil to the surface they are doubtless of great service, but their slow and feeble efforts are plainly inadequate to produce the startling effects which we have to account for.

In the dry season the mystery of this wonderful and unfailing recuperation of the soil is at once solved. The whole surface of the ground between the blades of grass is found to be covered with serried ranks of cylindrical worm-casts. These worm-casts vary in height from a quarter of an inch to three inches, and exist in incredible numbers. For scores of square miles they crowd the land, closely packed, upright, and burnt by the sun into rigid rolls of hardened clay. Here they stand until the rains break them down into a fine powder, rich in plant food, and lending itself easily to the hoe of the farmer. On digging down, the soil is found to be drilled in all directions by countless multitudes of worm-drills, while from thirteen inches to two feet in depth the worms are found in the subsoil.

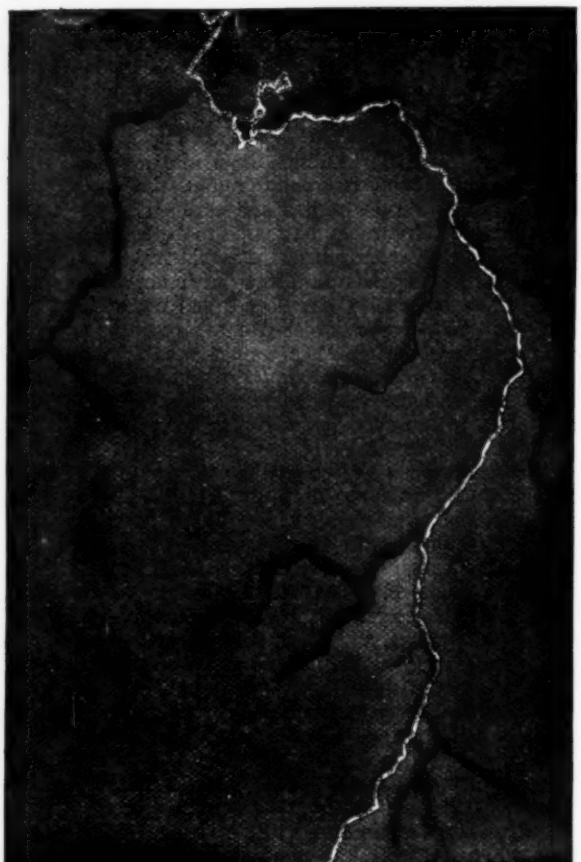
Having carefully removed the worm-casts of one season from two separate square feet of land at a considerable distance from one another, and chosen at random, Mr. Millson found the quantity to weigh not less than 10¾ lbs. in a thoroughly dry state. This gives a mean of over 5 lbs. per square foot. Mr. Millson adds: "Accepting this as the amount of earth brought to the surface every year by these worms, we get somewhat startling results. Speaking from the result of numerous experiments, 5 lbs. is a very moderate yearly estimate of the work done by these busy labourers on each square foot of soil. Even at this moderate estimate, however, of the annual result of their work, we have a total of not less than 62,233 tons of subsoil brought to the surface on each square mile of cultivable land in the Yoruba country every year. This work goes on unceasingly, year after year, and to the untiring labours of its earthworms this part of West Africa owes the livelihood of its people. Where the worms do not work the Yoruba knows that it is useless to make his farm."

Of the effect of this constant moving of the soil upon the health of the country it is not possible for anybody but an expert to speak, but it seems more than probable that the comparative freedom of this part of West Africa from dangerous malarial fevers is due, in part at least, to the work of earthworms in ventilating and constantly bringing to the surface the soil in which the malaria germs live and breed.

Here, then, in the work of the earthworm, it is again established that we discover a system of natural husbandry of the most surprising kind. Nature does her work unobtrusively, and it is only now that we are beginning to see the magnitude of the secret agricultural operations by which she does all that man could wish to imitate, and to which his most scientific methods are often but imperfect if not clumsy approximations.

### PHOTOGRAPHY OF LIGHTNING: THE "DARK FLASH."

Among the problems which have interested the minds of photographers and scientific men in the recent ardent study of lightning flashes taken with the camera, is the so-called dark flash. This phenomenon is well seen in the accompanying picture, which is reproduced by the kindness of the Rev. Arthur Rose, M.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. The first explanation offered was to the effect that the dark flash is really a picture of a dead flash, that is, a flash which after it has disappeared leaves a dark track behind it, this track being really an opaque layer of nitrous oxide, brought into relief by a subsequent flash and thus recorded on the photographic plate. This explanation had for a time the support of very high authorities in physics. But the solution of the mystery has eventually come from the photographer and not the physicist. The mystery has been



completely cleared up by the experiments of Mr. Arthur Clayden, F.R.Met.Soc. The fact as demonstrated by him is shortly this: The process takes place entirely inside the camera, and has no existence whatever in nature. If the lens of the camera be covered the moment after the flash has occurred, the developed image will always come out bright. If, however, the plate be exposed (after a flash has acted upon it) either to the continued action of a feeble diffused light or to the powerful glare arising from one or more subsequent flashes, then, on development, the image of the original flash will probably come out black. It is simply a case of reversal. The effect is therefore not a meteorological or physical one, but purely chemical. It is merely necessary that the plate should be exposed to the action of a certain amount of light after it has received the impression and before development. "Dark flashes" will in future be obtained in the laboratory as well as in outdoor photography.

# Varieties.

### Japanese Courtship.

A Japanese courtship (writes a Japanese correspondent) is a very serious affair, and is not carried on in the free and easy style of Europe. Indeed, the principal parties do not appear until quite a late date in the proceedings.

Generally when a son reaches marriageable age the parents select a young lady whose social position and accomplishments appear to them suitable, and request a mutual friend of both parties, who is called a Nakodo, or middleman, to break the subject to the parents. The matter is laid before them, and before an answer is given the young man's antecedents are looked into. If everything is satisfactory, the young lady is asked her opinion on the subject, and as children in Japan regard the wishes of their parents to a great degree, the answer is invariably "Yes." Let me here remark that young ladies are generally very well satisfied, and there are fewer unhappy marriages in Japan than in many other countries where greater liberty is allowed to young people. The reply of the bashful maiden is conveyed to the middleman, and by him carried to the parents of the groom-elect, and then opportunity is afforded for the young people to meet each other, always, be it remembered, in the presence of the elder members of the family. Presents are interchanged. The bride is supplied by her future husband with trousseau, and sometimes a considerable sum of money changes hands. A lucky day having been decided upon, invitations are sent out to friends and relatives.

About eight o'clock in the evening the company begin to assemble at the groom's house. If the wedding takes place at the house of the bride, it indicates that the groom is adopted into her family, drops his own name, takes hers, and assumes the reins of government in the household, her father having abdicated in the young man's favour. This is not an infrequent occurrence.

The house is decorated for the occasion with fine embroidered ka-ke-mo-no (hanging pictures) and gaily painted screens (Bio-Bu); the to-ko-no-ma, or raised platform where repose household gods, is laden with fresh flowers, while around the house twinkle many gaily coloured lanterns, giving a festive air to everything.

The middleman, who at a wedding plays a conspicuous part, is there with his wife. The young groom occupies the mat at his left hand. Everything being in readiness, the bride appears in the midst of a crowd of attendants and young lady friends.

She is attired in a rich white kimono (robe) heavily embroidered with gold, but her face is entirely concealed by a white silk veil.

She advances bashfully into the room, and seats herself beside the wife of the Nakodo.

Near them is a small table, upon which are all kinds of fish and vegetables and sweetmeats plentifully placed, and a curious two-spouted vessel containing sake (rice spirit).

No vouze (priest) appears, as the ceremony is a civil contract. The groom, having lifted the vessel to his forehead, drinks, and presents the opposite side to his future partner, who in return imbibes. This is repeated thrice, when the couple become man and wife, and friends crowd around to present congratulations. In the midst of this the bride retires, but soon reappears in an entirely different costume and without her veil.

Dancing and singing girls now make their appearance, for a Japanese pays for dancing instead of exhibiting before others himself; and for a while the company is diverted by the plaintive ditties to the accompaniment of the samisen (banjo or guitar) and koto (stringed instrument like a harp).

A feast is spread and the inner man refreshed with a great variety of delicacies. Finally, after the newly-married couple have withdrawn, the party breaks up, almost at midnight.

The next day the married couple go to the temple and worship in the church of their religion. They visit also a few intimate friends and the Nakodo to return thanks for their marriage. A few days after, the bride's parents invite many of their friends and relatives and give a grand feast on the occasion of the first visit of the daughter after her marriage. The married couple then receive congratulations all round from both friends and relatives. Subsequently they start on their honeymoon journey to some famous place of amusement or interest.

**The 52nd Regiment at Waterloo.**—We have received another letter in confirmation of the statements in the "Leisure Hour" for June and October on the important part taken by the 52nd Regiment in securing the victory at Waterloo. The writer says, after expressing his deep interest in reading the narratives in the "Leisure Hour" about the crisis of the battle: "In the summer of 1848 I spent a day in company with the late Colonel Gawler. Conversation turned on the subject of Waterloo and the 52nd Regiment, in which Colonel Gawler was then serving. I believe he was attached to Colonel Colborne as aide-de-camp throughout the day. They saw the massive column of French Guards advancing to the attack. Colonel Colborne looked anxiously round again and again if he could see a staff officer. There was none at hand. At length, seeing it was necessary to do something, he gave the word, 'Shoulders forward!' (right or left I don't remember), followed by 'Fire!' Almost immediately the Duke of Wellington rode up and called out, 'Who commands here?' 'Colonel Colborne, my lord.' 'Tell him to continue his

movement! and he rode off to order up supports. Colonel Gawler told me he had not long before written an article in the 'United Service Magazine' giving a full account of the incident. He was decidedly of opinion that Colonel Colborne's judgment, and the gallant execution of his order by his distinguished regiment, the 52nd, proved the turning point of the battle."

**Meissonier's Picture of "1814."**—The engraving which we give as frontispiece is, by permission, from an etching by Georges Petit, Paris (Obach & Co., Cockspur St., London, W.). The original picture (30 inches by 20 inches) was exhibited in 1865, under the title of "Campagne de France." It was purchased by M. Delahanté for 70,000 francs (£2,800), but last year was resold for 850,000 francs (£34,000). The Emperor rides alone, on his white charger Marengo. Behind him is Marshal Ney, and further in the rear Marshal Berthier, who has fallen asleep in his saddle. Those at hand are Generals Drouot and Gourgaud, and M. de Flahaut.

**Adulterated Wine and Spirits.**—The "Times" lately published and commented on a list of "essences," advertised by a Berlin house, for giving to cheap coarse spirits the flavour and colour of brandy, gin, rum, and all kinds of wine and liquor. Port, sherry, and every variety of wine in common use can be thus cheaply manufactured, and sold at a large profit by dishonest merchants and publicans. Of the "Cognac essence" it is stated that 4 lb. of essence will suffice for 100 gallons of spirit, 10 under proof. The colours are sold in powder, and are warranted harmless, but incapable of detection by analysis. Other miscellaneous drugs and articles of adulteration are openly sold by this Berlin firm.

**Waste of Forests.**—In many parts of the United States there is enormous waste of forest trees, which are often felled and left to decay merely for getting present cash for the bark, for tanning or other purposes. When the enormous spaces of the republic are more densely peopled, this wanton waste will be deplored, and a public department will be established at Washington for conservation and utilisation of "Woods and Forests," by the labours of which important results, both economic and climatic, will be secured.

**Mont Blanc.**—It was a man of science, M. de Saussure, the geologist, who first attracted the attention of the civilised world to the ascent of Mont Blanc. What was once a rarely attempted feat gradually became an excursion, made every season by ambitious and muscular pedestrians. Many ladies have made the ascent among the thousands of tourists of all nationalities. Albert Smith's entertainment at the Egyptian Hall marked the climax of Cockneyism in Swiss travel. The Alpine Club, and mountaineers of high class, have long thought as little of Mont Blanc as of Snowdon or Ben Lomond. Another man of science lately brought fresh interest to the ascent. This time it was an astronomer and meteorologist. M. Janssens, of the French Institute, made the expedition last summer for making scientific observations. Not being a strong man, he had to employ porters to carry himself, as well as his apparatus and instruments, to the station of the Grand Mulets at 14,600 feet altitude. The ascent was by the greater plateaus and the Bosses du Dromedaire. In the Bossons hut the principal observations were made and recorded, but M. Janssens more than once was helped to the summit in favourable weather. By aid of porters Madame Janssens also made the ascent.

**Veteran Arctic Voyagers.**—William J. Walter, one of the survivors of the Sir John Franklin search expedition in the "Fox," recently died at Strood near Rochester. Mr. Hampton, a relative, also one of the crew of the "Fox," wrote to their old Commander, now Admiral Sir Francis Leopold M'Clintock, who thus replied: "Dear Mr. Hampton, I had not heard of the death of Walter, and I thank you for having written to tell me of it. It has pleased God to spare us hitherto, and in this we see His continuing mercy still overshadowing us. May we employ extended opportunities in serving Him, before all men openly and fearlessly. I think Dr. Walker (surgeon of the "Fox") is still living, in the United States. He served for some years in the United States army. I will send your letter to Sir Allen Young, who is, I believe, quite well. With every good wish, I remain your friend, F. L. McClintock."

**Waste of Life and of Wealth through Insanitary Conditions.**—The average rate of mortality in England has vastly improved in recent times, yet there is still much needless loss of life and of property through insanitary conditions, as Sir Thomas Crawford showed in his address to the Health Congress at Brighton. He quoted Sir James Paget's statement, the loss from sickness between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five, in England and Wales, amounts to about twenty weeks' work every year. Such is the tax on production and profit, through illness alone, much of it self-produced and removable. Clean homes, pure water, fresh air, suitable clothing, wholesome food, and well regulated lives would add enormously to the wealth as well as health of the people of England. At the next Sanitary Congress we recommend that some officials from the public service of China should be invited to be present, or to send reports of the efficient system of dealing with the refuse of large cities, for the benefit of the people, and the enrichment of the land. In England something was shown at the Health Exhibition to have been effected in the way of sewage irrigation, but there is room for much more being done in this direction by English chemistry combined with Chinese experience.

**Sparrows in Australia.**—At a meeting of the Philosophical Society at Wellington, New Zealand, Sir Walter Buller claimed the credit of having introduced the English sparrow into the colony. It was in 1865, when he paid £100 for the importation of 100 sparrows. Some farmers, with the prejudice too common in the old country, tried to extirpate them, but with increase of knowledge and sense, the use of birds in checking insect devastation is more generally recognised. In Guernsey the bailiff of each parish used to pay four doubles, or a halfpenny, for the head of every sparrow, but this is not now done.

**Census.**—It is to be hoped that efforts will be made to work upon the Census returns without needless delay. The returns of 1861 were not published until 1865, and those of 1871 were delayed almost as long. Matters were better as to 1881, and it is to be hoped that there will be greater improvement after 1891. The superintendents and other officials should not be allowed to spin out the office work for years.

**Irish Pilchard Fisheries.**—Large catches can usually be taken and sold for at least 20*s.* per thousand, but most of the gain is lost to the Irish, and goes to the Cornish and other fishermen, with better boats and more energy.

**Patent Rights and Revenue.**—In the year 1889 the come of the Patent Office was £151,794, of which sum £93,000 was paid for renewal of patents. The surplus paid over from the Patent Office is little more than the sum derived from renewal fees. This shows that the establishment is rather a costly one to the country, especially if pensions are taken into account. But the office is important for encouragement of art and industry, although there are some who oppose the whole system of patents as a "taxation on inventors."

**North American Indians.**—During a recent exploring expedition in the cañons of Colorado, Colonel Holabird brought back to San Francisco tidings of the discovery of a tribe of Red Indians, living in an almost inaccessible district, remote from civilisation, and now first approached by explorers. Most of the people of this Yava Supai tribe, as it is called, had never seen a white man. Some of them had seen the Mormon leader, J. D. Lee, while he was a fugitive, before he was caught and shot for what is known as the Mountain Meadow massacre. Colonel Holabird represented to the U. S. Government the condition of these Indians, who pass a miserable existence, living on berries and roots, and afraid to venture out to regions where food could be better found, but where they would be shot down by the lawless border pioneers. Since the destruction of almost the whole of the buffaloes, there is no longer any living to be had by hunting. The Government has an Indian Department for tribes in fixed settlements, but professes inability to help wandering people. These seem to be relics of the once numerous family of Apache Indians.

**Frozen Meat from the River Plate.—Hints to Australian Exporters.**—A correspondent of the "Journal de Genève" gives an interesting account of the preparation of frozen meat on the River Plate for transportation to this country. He points out that the essential thing for a manufactory of this kind is to be able to place the congealed meat direct on board the steamer without coming even for a few minutes in contact with the sun. He says the manufactory in question has a wharf on the river bank at which vessels of 2,500 tons burthen can lie at anchor, so that the carcasses of the sheep are conveyed direct from the freezing chambers of the factory to those of the steamer. They are slaughtered and dressed so rapidly that twenty men can easily dispose of 1,000 animals in the course of the day. The carcasses are hung up to dry in a large chamber for several hours, and they are then taken to the next freezing chamber, those that show the slightest sign of any wound or defect being put on one side, and sold at the market of the town. The first freezing chamber is only about 10 degrees Fahrenheit, as it is not considered desirable to let the meat be frozen too suddenly on the surface, but rather that the cold air should penetrate gradually inward. After remaining for a few hours in the first freezing chamber, the carcasses are taken into a second, where the temperature is 30 degrees below zero. Here they remain for three days, at the end of which they are completely congealed, and as hard as wood. They are then placed in coarse muslin bags to protect them from dirt, and await in the storehouse, the temperature of which is the same as that of the second freezing chamber, and which will hold 30,000 carcasses, the steamer which is to bring them to England. It is estimated that each carcass weighs on an average 48 lb., and as the sheep do not cost more than 4*s.* each, and the meat sells for 4*d.* a pound, there is a good margin for profit, even after payment of freight (not quite a penny per pound) and other expenses. The fat is especially prepared for the market, the blood is used for manure, and the offal is sent to Buenos Ayres.

**Canadian Cheddar.**—In spite of the exertions of Archdeacon Denison to protect the interests of British Cheddar cheese-makers, the imports of Canadian cheese steadily increase. Last year the amount of all kinds sent to England from the Dominion was nearly 90,000,000 lbs., and up to August of 1890 there was a vast increase over the number of boxes in the months of the preceding year. It is becoming an immense trade.

**Third-Class Passengers.**—During the ten years 1879 to 1889, the third-class passengers on British railways increased by the vast number of 222,000,000. In the same period, the number of first-class travellers fell from 39,000,000 to 30,000,000; and of second-class from 63,431,000 to 62,878,000. The Midland Railway was the first to abolish second-class fares, only running now first and third class carriages. On the Great Western there were special trains with only first and second class carriages, but this year every train carries third-class passengers.

**The largest Sailing-Ship in the World.**—At Partick on the Clyde, there was launched in August 1890 the largest sailing-ship in the world, the "France," built for MM. Bordes & Cie. of Bordeaux. This firm possesses already a splendid fleet of traders. The "France" is 360 feet long, nearly 50 broad, and 30 deep. The gross tonnage is 3,750, and the dead weight she is capable of carrying is 6,150 tons. There are five masts; the mizen mast is 140 feet long, made of one huge tree. The bowsprit is 50 feet long, and its diameter from 30 to 12 inches. These figures may give an idea of the size of the ship, which is proportionally large in every part. The ship is in structure of many separate watertight compartments. The whole of the standing rigging is formed of steel-rope, weighing 28 lbs. per fathom. This lower fixed rigging is in all six miles in length, and the running gear, also of steel rope, is above four miles in length. There are about 110 tons of steel in the rigging. It is about forty years since iron was first used for ship gear, and in large vessels is gradually superseding hemp ropes. For towing hawsers the superiority is universally acknowledged. The French mercantile navy may well be proud of such a vessel as that now added to the fleet of MM. Bordes & Cie. of Bordeaux. Of the comparative safety of steel rigging, nothing is yet ascertained, but every precaution is taken as to the use of lightning rods.

**Observatories at highest Elevations.**—Until recently the highest stations for observatories in meteorology were Pikes Peak, in the United States, at 14,134 feet above sea level, and Sonnblick in the Austrian Alps, 10,170 ft. Ben Nevis, the highest station in Great Britain, is much less than half that elevation. The French have now established the most elevated station in the world, at the Rocher des Bosses, 1,460 ft. below the summit of Mont Blanc, at an elevation of 14,320 ft. A cabin has been fitted up with many self-registering instruments. M. Vallot has the honour of forming this station, and it was here that M. Janssen made his observations last summer.

**Pauperism in England.**—In 1832 the sum annually expended in relief of pauperism by the State was £7,000,000. In 1834 the number of paupers was estimated to be 1,200,000. At the time of the introduction of the new Poor Law system, the sum spent in relief of paupers was at the rate of about ten shillings a head. At present in 1890, the number of paupers is not above 800,000, notwithstanding the great increase of population; and the amount expended is under £8,431,000, or less than six shillings a head. Manufacturing and mining districts have now fewer paupers, but the agricultural districts send many paupers to the towns.

**American Railway Statistics.**—The length of line-track open on January 1, 1890, was 161,397 miles in the United States, an increase over the preceding year of 5,731 miles. The average increase during the ten years 1880–1889 was 7,500 miles, so that the increase of the last reported year was much below the average. The gross earnings and net profit were everywhere increased, and most of all in the States west of the Mississippi and east of the Rocky Mountains. The advance was least in the Southern States. In 1889 the average number of passengers per mile of rail open was 71 per cent. more than in 1882. In British India there are only 16,000 miles of rail open.

**Stool-ball.**—The correspondent of a paper, who described the old English game of stool-ball, states that he has had more than a thousand applications for the "Rules of the Game." This is significant of the interest taken by English people in out-of-door amusements. There are other old sports and pastimes well worthy of being resuscitated, some of which are still popular in certain localities.

**Antiquity of Man.**—Dr. John Evans, F.R.S., in his address as president of the Anthropological section of the British Association at Leeds, after reviewing the discussions as to the antiquity of man, said: "On the whole, therefore, it appears to me that the present verdict as to tertiary man must be in the form of 'Not proven.' When we consider the vast amount of time comprised in the tertiary period, with its three great principal sub-divisions of the eocene, miocene, and pliocene, and when we bear in mind that of the vertebrate land animals of the eocene no one has survived to the present time, while of the pliocene but one—the hippopotamus—remains unmodified, the chances that man, as at present constituted, should also be a survivor from that period seems remote, and against the species *Homo sapiens* having existed in miocene times almost incalculable. The *à priori* improbability of finding man unchanged, while all the other vertebrate animals around him have, from natural causes, undergone more or less extensive modification, will induce all careful investigators to look closely at any evidence that would carry him back beyond quaternary times; and though it would be unsafe to deny the possibility of such an early origin for the human race, it would be unwise to regard it as established except on the clearest evidence."

**Meteoric Stone in Switzerland.**—During the very stormy weather of last summer a large meteoric stone was discovered among the débris and ruins caused by the cyclone in the Canton de Vaud, near Sentier. Its weight was over a kilogramme, or two pounds.

**Music at Night.**—In the "Occasional Meditations" of Bishop Hall he says: "How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the daytime it would not, it could not, so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness. Thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the Gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of persecution or of our own private affliction. It is ever the same; the difference is in our disposition to receive it. O God, whose praise it is to give 'songs in the night,' make my prosperity conscionable and my crosses cheerful!"

**A Good Oath.**—The Bailiff (chief magistrate) in Guernsey and in Jersey, appointed by the Crown, on taking office still swears in good Norman French, "Faire droit au people, baillant et delivrant à chacun bonne et briève justice, au petit comme au grand, un riche comme del pauvre, sans exception de personne, gardant le droit des veuves, orphelins, étrangers, et autres personnes indefendus, autant qu'il lui sera possible." The Bailiff is President of the States, or local parliament (for there is "Home Rule" in the Channel Islands), and he is also chief judge in the Royal Court of Justice. The laws enacted by the States must be confirmed by the Queen in council. Mr. Freeman, in his "Norman Conquest of England," says: "The Islands form two perfectly distinct Commonwealths dependent on the British Crown, but not incorporated with the United Kingdom. Retaining their ancient constitutions, and enjoying the protection of the power of England, the Channel Islands unite the safety of a great kingdom with the local independence of a small commonwealth. How much they would lose by becoming a French department (like Corsica) I need not stop to point out. But they would also lose, though not nearly so much, by becoming an English county. Parliament can, on any emergency which may call for its interference, legislate for the Islands; but it must legislate specially for them, after special consideration of the circumstances of the case. Thus these little communities can never find themselves unexpectedly bound by some piece of general legislation passed without their knowledge, and possibly contrary to their interests."

**Dr. Döllinger on the Decrees of the Vatican Council.**—In a work edited by Dr. Reusch, published at Munich since the death of Dr. Döllinger, the "Letters and Explanations on the Vatican Decrees" are included. In this work is found the reply given by Dr. Döllinger to the numerous solicitations from eminent persons to submit his private judgment to the authority of the Head of the Church. Dr. Döllinger's firm answer was, "When I am told that I must swear to the truth of those doctrines, my feeling is just as if I were asked to swear that two and two make five, and not four."

**Across the American Isthmus.**—The Panama Canal scheme seems to have entirely collapsed so far as the original company under M. de Lesseps is concerned. If new funds are found, the concern may be carried on, at least till the engineering experts sent out to decide the matter have given their report. The supporters of the Nicaragua canal route are sanguine of success, and say that the periodical floods of the Chagres river render the completion of the Panama route impossible. It seems hardly possible that M. de Lesseps will ever see the end of the work, not one quarter of which has been accomplished, at ruinous cost of money and cruel loss of life. Of the Nicaragua route, though longer, there is more hope, and American perseverance is more likely to succeed than French enthusiasm.

**Bridging the Channel.**—When we are looking at the turbulent commotion of the waters of the Channel in stormy weather, the scheme of a bridge between England and France seems a mad proposal. But then, consider that the violence of the sea is only at the surface, and that at a very slight depth the water is quiet and unmoved, save by tides and currents. After what has been achieved by engineers in building the Forth Bridge, and other great works, there is nothing of insuperable difficulty in bridging the Channel. If one pillar can be fixed, any number can, for the sea bottom is the same everywhere, and with marvellously little variation of depth, except where sandbanks have been formed. The separation of the British Islands from the Continent, by subsidence sufficient to allow the Channel to be formed, is an event of very modern geological time. The French engineers, MM. Georges Hersent and Renaud, give satisfactory reports of their trials of the solidity of the chalk sea bottom. As to the shallowness of the water, it has been said that there is scarcely a spot in the Channel where, if St. Paul's were planted, the whole of the dome would not stand above the sea-level. The sandbanks would be bridged over. The piers would be so strong and high as to admit of no risk from passing ships, while there would be a new series of electric-light beacons to mark the courses of traffic.

**Pay in British and French Merchant Ships.**—Our A. B. seamen, on an average, get £4 5*s.* a month on steamers, and £3 on sailing-ships. The French sailor gets £2 16*s.* and £2 8*s.* per month. In the matter of wages, French shipowners have thus the advantage, and also they have less trouble with the crews, whether at sea, or in ports where ships touch. If temperance and discipline prevailed in the Mercantile Marine, as now in the Royal Navy, it would be a happy day for British sailors. There are some characteristic anomalies in the pay-rates. In French ships the cook usually gets £8 a month, or 200 francs, on an ordinary long-voyage steamer, the English cook getting only £5, or 100 shillings. On the other hand, a ship's carpenter gets on a British vessel £5 10*s.* or £5 15*s.*, on a French one only £2 16*s.* to £3 16*s.* per month. The French captains, mates, and engineers are, on the whole, better paid than in English merchant-ships.

**Trotting Record.**—On August 30, a horse named Roy Wilkes trotted a mile in 2 minutes, 8¼ seconds, at Independence, Iowa, the fastest mile trotted in the world's record.

**Maori-Mesmerists.**—A traveller who has recently spent much time and care in examining critically the features of the country lying between Wellington and Auckland, in the north island of New Zealand, describes to a friend the result of his explorations, adding: "What I enjoyed most was listening to the old chiefs in districts uncontaminated by civilisation. Their legends are wonderful, and display an extraordinary knowledge of the geography and features of New Zealand. The belief of the chiefs in Makutu (witchcraft) and in their Tuhongas (priests) is very firm, and the evidences adduced of mysterious faculties or influences possessed by the Tuhongas are almost beyond credence. They employ some power akin to mesmerism and clairvoyance, and exercise it in a manner which enables them to hold a position of great authority over the common natives. The initiated speak of Makutu only amongst themselves, never before women and children, and the deeper mysteries are discussed in 'close lodge.'"

**Anglo-Norman Tongue.**—The mixture of Norse and French, now known as Norman language, was introduced into England at the Conquest in 1066. It continued the language of official and fashionable life for three centuries. Grammar schools construed Latin into French, and the people who wished to seem cultured spoke this corrupt French. The first time English was officially used since the Conquest was in a proclamation of Henry III. in 1258. French was finally superseded by English in legal proceedings in 1362 (36th year of Edward III.). Already in 1340 boys at school had ceased to learn Latin by the medium of French. Law reports were still written in the Norman language up to A.D. 1600, and even now remains in official life in giving royal assent to Bills of Parliament. In the preface to an interesting collection of "Patois Poems of the Channel Islands," the editor, Mr. J. Linwood Pitts, gives a valuable summary of the history of the Romance languages, and of the Channel Islands dialect of Norman-French.

**Somerton.**—The Hampshire village of Somerton, where Canon Liddon spent the early years of his ministry, is remarkable for having had only two rectors during the long period of 117 years. Canon Beadon, who died in 1879, at the age of 101, held the living for 68 years. He succeeded his father, the Rev. Edwardes Beadon, who got the rectory, and a chaplaincy to George III., in 1763, and held these two appointments for nearly 50 years.

**Horse Accident Prevention Society.**—Among the numerous charitable and beneficent institutions in London, there are several which extend their operations to the "lower animals," as man calls them. The Society for Prevention of Accidents to Horses carries in its name its usefulness, and claims the public support. Sir Robert Fowler, M.P., is the treasurer, and Colonel Colville Chairman of Committee. One method of helping the horses is the distribution of gravel and sand on slippery roads. Several public bodies, including London vestries, have contributed to this kindly work. Does the Secretary, Mr. W. Scott, know that there is an old endowment called "The Gravel Trust" for this very object? The late Sir Charles Reed, M.P., Chairman of the London School Board, was one of the trustees, and wrote an account of the trust in the first volume of the "Boy's Own Paper."

**Electric Road Car.**—In the first week of October 1890, a long car or omnibus propelled by electricity made a first public journey in London upon the Kilburn and Maida Vale road. The steady, noiseless progress of this novel conveyance was a surprise to those who witnessed the passage of the well-laden vehicle as it glided along the level way. If the venture is successful, the change from horse-drawn vehicles will be welcomed. Road steam-carriages are, on some accounts, objectionable in cities, but the electric car seems well adapted for passenger traffic. In a recent number of the "Daily Graphic," an account of the earliest road steam-coach was reprinted (with an illustration) from the "Saturday Magazine" of October 6, 1832. The writer described his journey in this conveyance—invented by Captain Ogle, R.N., and Mr. Summers—from Oxford to Birmingham.

**Welsh Quarrymen in America.**—The mining department of the United States Geological Survey has issued a special report on the production of slate for roofing and various industrial uses. In 1889 the total value quarried was nearly three and a half million dollars, of which the roofing slate amounted to 2,775,271 dollars. The amount was double the value in 1880. At present about twelve States, from Maine to Georgia, are slate-producing; but quarrying has been commenced in Arkansas, Tennessee, California, and Utah. Most of the owners of the quarries are either Welshmen or of Welsh descent, and a large proportion of the workmen. They keep to the old country's customs and traditions, and some of the Welsh agitators and preachers who are gifted with eloquence would find glad auditors among the quarrymen on more important questions than tithes and Disestablishment. The Welsh quarrymen do not work on the first day of each month, nor on Saturday afternoons. The report gives statistical details as to numbers, wages, and other matters.

**The Dancing Pilgrims of Echternach.**—Lately we have heard little of the extraordinary popular festival which has been kept up at Echternach since mediæval times. In the month of May, 1890, no fewer than 15,000 "dancing saints" formed a procession through the streets, with music and banners, to the parish church, capering and dancing on the route. Thousands of spectators witnessed the strange scene. It is supposed that the observance, of which records exist as early as 1512, had its origin at the time of the terror caused by the Black Death epidemic in 1347. Whitsun week is the time of the annual dancing procession.—See "Leisure Hour" for 1871, p. 283.

**Trees in London City.**—It used to be said that there was no point in the City from which in summer the foliage of trees could not be seen. This was true at no distant time. The closing and planting of numerous disused churchyards will long preserve the sight of verdure. But some inroads are being made on the pleasant and useful domain of vegetation. The trees at the corner of Princes Street, near the Bank of England, have been destroyed, the site being wanted for the new hall of the Grocers' Company.

**French in Central Africa.**—By the international arrangements in dividing Africa, France has obtained not only the regions of Lake Tchad, but large territories which place Algeria in connection with Senegal on the one hand, and the Gulf of Guinea on the other, as far as Great Bassam, from which place it will be possible to travel to Algiers without leaving French territory, which, says M. Binger, a distinguished French explorer, is a great result for the unity of French possessions in Africa. M. Binger insists strongly on the necessity of there being no delay in the construction of the Trans-Sahara Railway. He points out that the main line must, however, be completed by branch lines to Lake Tchad and to the Niger. He contends that these railways, and the completion of the Upper Niger Railway, now in course of construction, need cost little or nothing to the State. The method he advises is the concession of these lines to companies, to whom considerable grants of land would be made on each side of their railways. During his sojourn in those Central African countries he noticed a very important commercial movement on the route between Bobo Diolason and Kong, which during a year amounted to a total of twelve hundred thousand francs. The commercial exchanges, including imports and exports, were, according to his computation, about fifteen million francs. M. Binger also agrees with Mr. Stanley that the inhabitants of these Central African regions would furnish France with a most valuable Colonial army.

## A Double Acrostic.

WHERE is the man *our* worth who fully feels?
How many all their lives our purpose miss!
Experience, even while it slowly steals
From man his treasures, scarce can teach him this.

1.

Stay, weary traveller. Check thy steed and stay!
And let my comfort thy tired spirits cheer.
It is not *only* cynic poets say
That man oft finds his "warmest welcome" here.

2.

Low is my origin, my station base;
Made to be crushed, I grovel in the mud,
Yet gleams of brightness gild my murky face,
And many a man for me has shed his blood.

3.

Although my *title* comes from far Cathay,
A *western* archer's cherished home am I;
His prowess marked a memorable day,
When freedom's flag was boldly raised on high.

4.

'Tis to a bird I partly owe my fame,
The church's ban at his small head was hurled;
Strange that a city having many a claim
To note, should *thus* be known throughout the world.

5.

Though current only in a foreign land,
I sound familiar to the English ear;
Full oft in contact with the barren sand,
To many a scrambling gamin I am dear.

6.

A foe to licence, I am freedom's friend—
To many a star and ribbon give my name;
But oft by tyrants I'm compelled to lend
Reluctant sanction to oppression's aim.

7.

As servant seek me, but as master flee,
For I have boundless power for good or ill.
In many a labour man depends on me,
And when at rest I cheer his leisure still.

PAUL TAYLOR.

# Household Queries

**Tar Stains.**—*Can you tell me how to remove tar from a black and white serge dress without discolouring it?*—All we can say for certain is, that tar must be removed as a rule by means of grease, salad oil or tallow being the safest. Then how to get the grease out without injuring the colour depends altogether upon the dye. In some cases, getting the bulk out first by ironing over blotting-paper, benzene will do the rest; in others soda or ammonia is better; in some it is difficult to name anything that will not start the colour. Except with really fast colours, tar is a desperate case.

**Soldering Iron.**—*Be so kind as to inform me the best way to tin a soldering iron.*—With a fine file clean the end bright, and apply immediately a drop of solution of sal-ammoniac. Then dip into or touch it with a clean surface of melted solder. Workmen generally file bright while pretty hot, and instantly apply a little powdered resin; but the above is the easiest for a novice.

**Smell of Mackintosh.**—*Could you kindly tell me what I ought to do to get rid of the very unpleasant smell my mackintosh has? I have had it a year, and tried putting it out in the air.*—After so long there is no hope of it. Occasionally there is such a specimen from bad rubber or solvent, and if it was bought at a respectable shop we should take it there and state the case, if the price is an object.

**Brown Bread.—Young Dog.**—*Please give me a recipe for making "brown bread"; and also tell me the diet, and number of times a day a dog four months old ought to be fed.*—We presume you will procure the proper "whole meal"; if you cannot, the best substitute is to mix equal quantities of bran, and middlings or sharps, and use one pound of this mixture to three or four pounds of flour, or to your taste. In making there are only two points to attend to: the dough must be mixed with rather more water, and must be baked rather more slowly and longer.—As to the young dog, at four months about four times a day is the thing, but in another month it may be brought down to thrice, making one meal always nearly the last thing, which should ensure a contented and quiet night. A good staple is either Spratt's biscuits soaked in hot water and a little milk, or oatmeal porridge made with the same. Give large bones for the puppy to gnaw at, but no small bones, or dainties from the table; very little meat should be given with his food, and the quantity carefully limited.

**Bleeding at the Nose.**—*My nose is continually bleeding, sometimes as many as three times in a day. Can you suggest any remedy?*—Only the frequency of this affection saves it from the character of that individual medical advice which we decline to give. Its being so constant an occurrence points probably to some strong constitutional tendency which ought to be made the subject of a personal consultation, and it is foolish to trifle with these things. However, you can try hazeline in teaspoonful doses in water three times a day, with probable advantage. Carry also a small bottle of 1 in 30 solution of either perchloride of iron, or of antipyrin same strength, and some cotton-wool; and on an attack, soak some wool and insert into the nostril, or both if affected, and slightly squeeze the nostrils upon it. If this fails, consult a doctor, which we strongly advise in any case, as diet and regimen probably want looking to.

**Sausages.—Cream.**—*Will you be good enough to give me a good recipe for making sausages; also a good way to make Devonshire cream?*—For the sausages, take 1 lb. lean pork, ¼lb. of fat, a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, and half as much of dried marjoram, one quarter of a nutmeg grated, about one sixth of the rind of one lemon, and four or five sage leaves. Be sure to chop all the seasoning exceedingly fine, and to mince and mix the whole well, sending it twice through the machine, as sausage-meat is not properly mixed else. We can answer for this recipe, which may be seasoned rather more or less to taste; and it can be either fried in balls or put into skins.—With regard to the Devonshire cream, it must be remembered that, while there is no magic secret in this one county as such, the same result cannot be obtained except from similarly rich milk to that which is yielded on its magnificent pastures. The milk is strained at once into large metal pans, which are kept quite still in a cool dairy for twelve hours in summer up to twenty-four in winter. The pan is then placed at some distance over a very slow fire, so as to heat without even simmering, until the cream thickens on the top. The pan is then taken again to the cool dairy, and the cream lifted from the milk when cold. The process does not succeed so well on a small scale, but must be followed as closely as possible, the slow heating being the main thing.

**Hole in Earthenware.**—*Could you kindly tell me of anything that would stop permanently a small hole which has got pierced in the side of a large earthenware water jug?*—We doubt if it is worth the trouble, but you may succeed fairly by mixing dry a little plaster of Paris with an equal quantity of fresh-slaked hydraulic lime, coloured if necessary to match, and mixing this into a paste with glue in which some chrome-alum has been dissolved.

**Dressing-Tables.**—*I would be very glad of a few suggestions for making and covering bedroom dressing-tables. I am tired of muslin with pink lining underneath.*—The modern tendency towards Duchess or pedestal tables is really founded upon sound sanitary reasons, it being desirable to have as little absorbent or dust-holding material in a bedroom as possible. Such a table can be made pretty cheaply in sound deal, and then Aspinalled at home. For rough deal work that really requires to be hidden, the despised pink and white is about the best, because it is frequently changed and washed. Otherwise it is very easy to devise a cretonne covering to harmonise with the other furniture; or the top may be surrounded by rather wide scallops in cretonne edged with fringe; or crewel or other covers may have dependent edgings of various kinds. Wherever bare legs have to be covered down to the floor, however, plain washable material is much the best.

**Grapes.**—*Ego, Hilda, and Maggie would like to know the reason why their grapes do not colour, and so soon go mouldy.*—Generally, the causes would be too much moisture, and not enough heat or sun; but without any details as to how the grapes are grown it is impossible to answer the question more specifically. Outdoor grapes often do fail in this country if the summer is wet or unfavourable.

**Grease Stains.**—*Can you kindly tell my wife how best to get stains of candle grease out of a dress of silk and wool? It is a black dress.*—Use a hot iron repeatedly over successive sheets of clean blotting-paper. If the iron is hot, this may remove all the grease; but if not, either benzene or ammonia will dispose of the rest.

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## Astronomical Almanack for December.

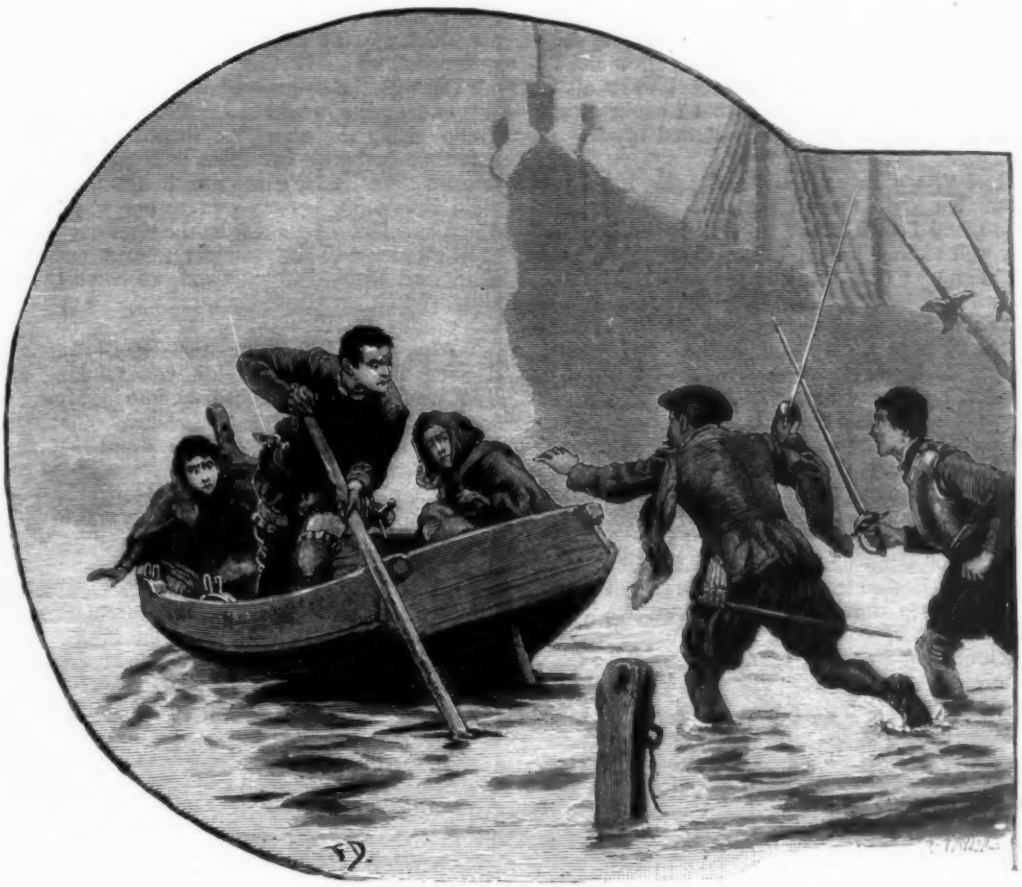
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | M | ☉ rises 7.46 A.M. |
| 2 | T | ☉ sets 3.52 P.M. |
| 3 | W | ☽ greatest dist. from ⊕ |
| 4 | T | ☽ 3 Quarter 1.27 P.M. |
| 5 | F | Clock after ☉ 9m. 11s. |
| 6 | S | Jupiter an evening star |
| 7 | ♋ | 2 SUNDAY IN ADVENT |
| 8 | M | Saturn a morning star |
| 9 | T | Twilight ends 5.55 P.M. |
| 10 | W | Mars an evening star |
| 11 | T | Andromeda S. 6.41 P.M. |
| 12 | F | New ☽ 3.11 A.M. |
| 13 | S | ☉ rises 8.0 A.M. |
| 14 | ♋ | 3 SUNDAY IN ADVENT |
| 15 | M | ☽ least distance from ⊕ |
| 16 | T | ☉ sets 3.49 P.M. |
| 17 | W | Oxford Mich. Term ends |
| 18 | T | ☽ 1 Quarter 8.36 P.M. |
| 19 | F | Camb. Mich. Term ends |
| 20 | S | Mich. Law Sittings end |
| 21 | ♋ | 4 SUNDAY IN ADVENT [Winter Quarter begins |
| 22 | M | Daybreak 5.59 A.M. |
| 23 | T | Orion's belt S. 11.22 P.M. |
| 24 | W | Venus a morning star |
| 25 | T | CHRISTMAS DAY |
| 26 | F | Bank and Genl. Holiday [Full ☽ 5.57 A.M. |
| 27 | S | Clock before ☉ 1m. 20s. |
| 28 | ♋ | 1 SUN. AFTER CHRISTMAS |
| 29 | M | ☉ rises 8.9 A.M. |
| 30 | T | ☉ sets 3.57 P.M. |
| 31 | W | ☽ greatest dist. from ⊕ |



SAVED!

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC.



ONE SECOND'S DELAY WOULD HAVE UNDONE US.

## CHAPTER V.—MISTRESS BERTRAM.

"DING! ding! ding! Aid ye the poor! Pray for the dead! Five o'clock and a murky morning."

The noise of the bell, and the cry which accompanied it, roused me from my first sleep in London, and that with a vengeance; the bell being rung and the words uttered within three feet of my head. Where did I sleep, then? Well, I had found a cozy resting-place behind some boards which stood propped against the wall of a baker's oven in a street near Moorgate. The wall was warm and smelt of new bread, and another besides myself had discovered its advantages. This was the watchman, who had slumbered away most of his vigil cheek by jowl with me, but, morning approaching, had roused himself, and before he was well out of his bed, certainly before he had left his bedroom, had begun—the ungrateful wretch—to prove his watchfulness by disturbing every one else.

I sat up and rubbed my eyes, grinding my shoulders well against the wall for warmth. I had no need to turn out yet, but I began to think, and the more I thought the harder I stared at the planks six inches before my nose. My thoughts turned upon a very knotty point; one that I had never seriously considered before. What was I going to do next? How was I going to live or to rear the new house of which I have made mention? Hitherto I had aimed simply at reaching London. London had paraded itself before my mind—though my mind should have known better—not as a town of cold streets and dreary alleys and shops open from seven to four with perhaps here and there a vacant place for an

apprentice; but as a gilded city of adventure and romance, in which a young man of enterprise, whether he wanted to go abroad or to rise at home, might be sure of finding his sword weighed, priced, and bought up on the instant, and himself valued at his own standard.

But London reached, the hoarding in Moorgate reached, and five o'clock in the morning reached, somehow these visions faded rapidly. In the cold reality left to me I felt myself astray. If I would stay at home, who was going to employ me? To whom should I apply? What patron had I? Or if I would go abroad, how was I to set about it?—how find a vessel, seeing that I might expect to be arrested the moment I showed my face in daylight?

Here all my experience failed me. I did not know what to do, though the time had come for action, and I must do or starve. It had been all very well when I was at Coton to propose that I would go up to London, and get across the water—such had been my dim notion—to the Courtenays and Killigrews, who with other refugees, Protestants for the most part, were lying on the French coast, waiting for better times. But now that I was in London, and as good as an outlaw myself, I saw no means of going to them. I seemed farther from my goal than I had been in Warwickshire.

Thinking very blankly over this I began to munch the piece of bread which I owed to the old dame at Tottenham; and had solemnly got through half of it, when the sound of rapid footsteps—the footsteps of women I judged from the lightness of the tread—caused me to hold my hand and listen. Whoever they were—and I wondered, for it was still early, and I had heard no one pass since the watchman left me—they came to a stand in front of my shelter, and one of them spoke. Her words made me start: unmistakably the voice was a gentlewoman's, such as I had not heard for almost a week. And at this place and hour, on the raw borderland of day and night, a gentlewoman was the last person I expected to light upon. Yet if the speaker were not some one of station, Petronilla's lessons had been thrown away upon me.

The words were uttered in a low voice; but the planks in front of me were thin, and the speaker was actually leaning against them. I caught every accent of what seemed to be the answer to a question. "Yes! yes! It is all right!" she said, a covert ring of impatience in her tone. "Take breath a moment. I do not see him now."

"Thank Heaven!" muttered another voice. As I had fancied, there were two persons. The latter speaker's tone smacked equally of breeding with the former's, but was rounder and fuller, and more masterful; and she appeared to be out of breath. "Then perhaps we have thrown him off the trail," she continued, after a short pause, in which she seemed to have somewhat recovered herself. "I distrusted him from the first, Anne—from the first. Yet, do you know, I never feared him as I did Master Clarence; and as it was too much to hope that we should be rid of both at once—they took good care of that!—why, the attempt had to be made while he was at home. But I always felt he was a spy"

"Who? Master Clarence?" asked she who had spoken first.

"Ay, he certainly. But I did not mean him. I meant Philip."

"Well, I—I said at first, you remember, that it was a foolhardy enterprise, mistress!"

"Tut, tut, girl!" quoth the other, tartly—this time the impatience lay with her, and she took no pains to conceal it—"we are not beaten yet. Come, look about. Cannot you remember where we are, nor which way the river should be? If the dawn were come, we could tell."

"But with the dawn——"

"The streets would fill. True, and, Master Philip giving the alarm, we should be detected before we had gone far. The more need, girl, to lose no time. I have my breath again, and the child is asleep. Let us venture one way or the other, and Heaven grant it be the right one!"

"Let me see," the younger woman answered slowly, as if in doubt. "Did we come by the church? No; we came the other way. Let us try this turning, then."

"Why, child, we came that way," was the decided answer. "What are you thinking of? That would take us straight back into his arms, the wretch! Come, come!—you loiter," continued this, the more masculine speaker, "and a minute may make all the difference between a prison and freedom. If we can reach the Lion Wharf by seven—it is like to be a dark morning and foggy—we may still escape before Master Philip brings the watch upon us."

They moved briskly away as she spoke, and her words were already growing indistinct from distance, while I remained still, idly seeking the clue to their talk and muttering over and over again the name Clarence, which seemed familiar to me, when a cry of alarm, in which I recognised one of their voices, cut short my reverie. I crawled with all speed from my shelter, and stood up, being still in a line with the boards, and not easily distinguishable. As she had said, it was a dark morning; but the roofs of the houses—now high, now low—could be plainly discerned a gainsta grey, drifting sky wherein the first signs of dawn were visible; and the blank outlines of the streets which met at this point could be seen. Six or seven yards from me, in the middle of the roadway, stood three dusky figures, of whom I judged the nearer, from their attitudes, to be the two women. The farthest seemed to be a man.

I was astonished to see that he was standing cap in hand—nay, I was disgusted as well, for I had crept out hot-fisted, expecting to be called upon to defend the women. But, despite the cry I had heard, they were talking to him quietly enough, as far as I could hear. And in a minute or so I saw the taller woman give him something.

He took it with a low bow, and appeared almost to sweep the dirt with his bonnet. She waved her hand in dismissal, and he stood back still uncovered. And—hey, presto!—the women tripped swiftly away.

By this time my curiosity was immensely excited, but for a moment I thought it was doomed to disappointment. I thought that it was all over.

It was not, by any means. The man stood looking after them until they reached the corner, and the moment they had passed it, he followed. His stealthy manner of going, and his fashion of peering after them, was enough for me. I guessed at once that he was dogging them, following them unknown to them and against their will; and with considerable elation I started after him, using the same precautions. What was sauce for the geese was sauce for the gander! So we went, two—one—one, slipping after one another through half-a-dozen dark streets, tending generally southwards.

Following him in this way I seldom caught a glimpse of the women. The man kept at a considerable distance behind them, and I had my attention fixed on him. But once or twice, when, turning a corner, I all but trod on his heels, I saw them; and presently an odd point about them struck me. There was a white kerchief or something attached apparently to the back of the one's cloak, which considerably assisted my stealthy friend to keep them in view. It puzzled me. Was it a signal to him? Was he really all the time acting in concert with them; and was I throwing away my pains? Or was the white object which so betrayed them merely the result of carelessness, and the lack of foresight of women grappling with a condition of things to which they were unaccustomed? Of course I could not decide this, the more as at that distance I failed to distinguish what the white something was, or even which of the two wore it.

Presently I got a clue to our position, for we crossed Cheapside close to Paul's Cross, which my childish memories of the town enabled me to recognise, even by that light. Here my friend looked up and down, and hung a minute on his heel before he followed the women, as if expecting or looking for some one. It might be that he was trying to make certain that the watch were not in sight. They were not, at any rate. Probably they had gone home to bed, for the morning was growing. And, after a momentary hesitation, he plunged into the narrow street down which the women had flitted.




HE STOOD BACK STILL UNCOVERED, AND THE WOMEN TRIPPED SWIFTLY AWAY.

He had only gone a few yards when I heard him cry out. The next instant, almost running against him myself, I saw what had happened. The women had craftily lain in wait for him in the little court into which the street ran, and had caught him as neatly as could be. When I came upon them, the taller woman was standing at bay with a passion that was almost fury in her pose and gesture. Her face, from which the hood of a coarse cloak had fallen back, was pale with anger; her grey eyes flashed, her teeth glimmered. Seeing her thus, and seeing the burden she carried under her cloak—which instinct told me was her child—I thought of a tigress brought to bay.

"You lying knave!" she hissed. "You Judas!"

The man recoiled a couple of paces, and in recoiling nearly touched me.

"What would you?" she continued. "What do you want? What would you do? You have been paid to go. Go, and leave us!"

"I dare not," he muttered, keeping away from her as if he dreaded a blow. She looked a woman who could deal a blow, a woman who could both love and hate fiercely and openly—as proud and frank and haughty a lady as I had ever seen in my life. "I dare not," he muttered sullenly; "I have my orders."

"Oh!" she cried, with scorn. "You have your orders, have you! The murder is out. But from whom, sirrah? Whose orders are to supersede mine? I would King Harry were alive, and I would have you whipped to Tyburn. Speak, rogue; who bade you follow me?"

He shook his head.

She looked about her wildly, passionately, and I saw that she was at her wits' end what to do, or how to escape him. But she was a woman. When she next spoke there was a marvellous change in her. Her face had grown soft, her voice low. "Philip," she said gently, "the purse was light. I will give you more. I will give you treble the amount within a few weeks, and I will thank you on my knees, and my husband shall be such a friend to you as you have never dreamed of, if you will only go home and be silent. Only that—or, better still, walk the streets an hour, and then report that you lost sight of us. Think, man, think!" she cried with energy—"the times may change. A little more, and Wyatt had been master of London last year. Now the people are fuller of discontent than ever, and these burnings and torturings, these Spaniards in the streets—England will not endure them long. The times will change. Let us go, and you will have a friend—when most you need one."

He shook his head sullenly. "I dare not do it," he said. And somehow I got the idea that he was telling the truth, and that it was not the man's stubborn nature only that withstood the bribe and the plea. He spoke as if he were repeating a lesson and the master were present.

When she saw that she could not move him, the anger which I think came more naturally to her broke out afresh. "You will not, you hound!" she cried. "Will neither threats nor promises move you?"

"Neither," he answered doggedly: "I have my orders."

So far, I had remained a quiet listener, standing in the mouth of the lane which opened upon the court where they were. The women had taken no notice of me; either because they did not see me, or because, seeing me, they thought that I was a hanger-on of the man before them. And he, having his back to me, and his eyes on them, could not see me. It was a surprise to him—a very great surprise, I think—when I took three steps forward, and gripped him by the scruff of his neck.

"You have your orders, have you?" I muttered in his ear, as I shook him to and fro, while the taller woman started back and the younger uttered a cry of alarm at my sudden appearance. "Well, you will not obey them. Do you hear? Your employer may go hang! You will do just what these ladies please to ask of you."

He struggled an instant; but he was an undersized man, and he could not loosen the hold which I had secured at my leisure. Then I noticed his hand going to his girdle in a suspicious way. "Stop that!" I said, flashing before his eyes a short, broad blade, which had cut many a deer's throat in Old Arden Forest. "You had better keep quiet, or it will be the worse for you! Now, mistress," I continued, "you can dispose of this little man as you please."

"Who are you?" she said, after a pause; during which she had stared at me in open astonishment. No doubt I was a wild-looking figure.

"A friend," I replied. "Or one who would be such. I saw this fellow follow you, and I followed him. For the last five minutes I have been listening to your talk. He was not amenable to reason then, but I think he will be now. What shall I do with him?"

She smiled faintly, but did not answer at once, the coolness and resolution with which she had faced him before failing her now, possibly in sheer astonishment, or because my appearance at her side, by removing the strain, sapped the strength. "I do not know," she said at length, in a vague, puzzled tone.

"Well," I answered. "You are going to the Lion Wharf, and ——"

"Oh, you fool!" she screamed out loud. "Oh, you fool!" she repeated, bitterly. "Now you have told him all."

I stood confounded. My cheeks burned with shame, and her look of contempt cut me like a knife. That the reproach was deserved I knew at once, for the man in my grasp gave a start, which proved that the information was not lost upon him. "Who told you?" the woman went on, clutching the child jealously to her breast, as though she saw herself menaced afresh. "Who told you about the Lion Wharf?"

"Never mind," I answered gloomily. "I have made a mistake, but it is easy to remedy it." And I took out my knife again. "Do you go on and leave us."

I hardly know whether I meant my threat or no. But my prisoner had no doubts. He shrieked out—a wild cry of fear which rang round the empty court—and by a rapid blow, despair giving him courage, he dashed the hunting-knife from my hand. This done he first flung himself on me, then tried by a sudden jerk to free himself. In a moment we were down on the stones, and tumbling over one another in the dirt, while he struggled to reach his knife, which was still in his girdle, and I strove to prevent him. The fight was sharp, but it lasted barely a minute. When the first effort of his despair was spent, I came uppermost, and he was but a child in my hands. Presently with my knee on his chest I looked up. The women were still there, the younger clinging to the other.

"Go! go!" I cried impatiently. Each second I expected the court to be invaded, for the man had screamed more than once.

But they hesitated. I had been forced to hurt him a little, and he was moaning piteously. "Who are you?" the elder woman asked—she who had spoken all through.

"Nay, never mind that!" I answered. "Do you go! Go while you can. You know the way to the Wharf."

"Yes," she answered. "But I cannot go and leave him at your mercy. Remember he is a man, and has——"

"He is a treacherous scoundrel," I answered, giving his throat a squeeze. "But he shall have one more chance. Listen, sirrah!" I continued to the man, "and stop that noise or I will knock out your teeth with my dagger-hilt. Listen and be silent. I shall go with these ladies, and I promise you this. If they are stopped or hindered on their way, or if evil happen to them at that wharf, whose name you had better forget, it will be the worse for you. Do you hear? You will suffer for it, though there be a dozen guards about you! Mind you," I added, "I have nothing to lose myself, for I am desperate already."

He vowed—the poor craven—with his stuttering tongue, that he would be true, and vowed it again and again. But I saw that his eyes did not meet mine. They glanced instead at the knife-blade, and I knew even while I pretended to trust him that he would betray us. My real hope lay in his fears, and in this, that as the fugitives knew the way to the wharf, and it could not now be far distant, we might reach it, and go on board some vessel—I had gathered they were flying the country—before this wretch could recover himself and get together a force to stop us. That was my real hope, and in that hope only I left him.

We went as fast as the women could walk. I did not trouble them with questions; indeed, I had myself no more leisure than enabled me to notice their general appearance, which was that of comfortable tradesmen's womenfolk. Their cloaks and hoods were plainly fashioned, and of coarse stuff, their shoes were thick, and no jewel or scrap of lace peeping out betrayed them. Yet there was something in their carriage which could not be hidden, something which, to my eye, told tales: so that minute by minute I became more sure that this was really an adventure worth pursuing, and that London had kept a reward in store for me besides its cold stones and inhospitable streets.

The city was beginning to rouse itself. As we flitted through the lanes and alleys which lie between Cheapside and the river, we met many people, chiefly of the lower classes, on their way to work. Yet in spite of this, we had no need to fear observation, for, though the morning was fully come, with the light had arrived such a thick, choking, yellow fog as I, being for the most part country-bred, had never experienced. It was so dense and blinding that we had a difficulty in keeping together, and even hand in hand could scarcely see one another. In my wonder how my companions found their way, I presently failed to notice their condition, and only remarked the distress and exhaustion which one of them was suffering, when she began, notwithstanding all her efforts, to lag behind. Then I sprang forward, blaming myself much. "Forgive me," I said. "You are tired, and no wonder. Let me carry the child, mistress."

Exhausted as she was, she drew away from me jealously. "No," she panted. "We are nearly there. I am better now." And she strained the child closer to her, as though she feared I might take it from her by force.

"Well, if you will not trust me," I answered, "let your friend carry it for a time. I can see you are tired out."

Through the mist she bent forward, and peered into my face, her eyes scarcely a foot from mine. The scrutiny seemed to satisfy her. She drew a long breath and held out her burden. "No," she said; "you shall take him. I will trust you."

I took the little wrapped-up thing as gently as I could. "You shall not repent it, if I can help it, Mistress—"

"Bertram," she said.

"Mistress Bertram," I repeated. "Now let us get on and lose no time."

A walk of a hundred yards or so brought us clear of the houses, and revealed before us, in place of all else, a yellow curtain of fog. Below this, at our feet, yet apparently a long way from us, was a strange, pale line of shimmering light, which they told me was the water. At first I could hardly believe this. But, pausing a moment while my companions whispered together, dull creakings and groanings and uncouth shouts and cries, and at last the regular beat of oars, came to my ears out of the bank of vapour, and convinced me that we really had the river before us.

Mistress Bertram turned to me abruptly. "Listen," she said, "and decide for yourself, my friend. We are close to the wharf now, and in a few minutes shall know our fate. It is possible that we may be intercepted at this point, and if that happen, it will be bad for me and worse for any one aiding me. You have done us gallant service, but you are young; and I am loth to drag you into perils which do not belong to you. Take my advice, then, and leave us now. I would I could reward you," she added, hastily, "but that knave has my purse."

I put the child gently back into her arms. "Good-bye," she said, with more feeling. "We thank you. Some day I may return to England, and have ample power——"

"Not so fast," I answered, stiffly. "Did you think it possible, mistress, that I would desert you now? I gave you back the child only because it might hamper me, and will be safer with you. Come, let us on at once to the wharf."

"You mean it?" she said.

"Of a certainty!" I answered, settling my cap on my head with perhaps a boyish touch of the braggart.

At any rate, she did not take me at once at my word; and her thought for me touched me the more because I judged her—I know not exactly why—to be a woman not over prone to think of others. "Do not be reckless," she said slowly, her eyes intently fixed on mine. "I should be sorry to bring evil upon you. You are but a boy."

"And yet," I answered, smiling, "there is as good as a price upon my head already. I should be

reckless if I stayed here. If you will take me with you, let us go. We have loitered too long already."

She turned then, asking no questions; but she looked at me from time to time in a puzzled way, as though she thought she ought to know me—as though I reminded her of some one. Paying little heed to this then, I hurried her and her companion down to the water, traversing a stretch of foreshore strewn with piles of wood and stacks of barrels and old rotting boats, between which the mud lay deep. Fortunately it was high tide, and so we had not far to go. In a minute or two I distinguished the hull of a ship looming large through the fog; and a few more steps placed us safely on a floating raft, on the far side of which the vessel lay moored.

There was only one man to be seen lounging on the raft, and the neighbourhood was quiet. My spirits rose as I looked round. "Is this the Whelp?" the tall lady asked. I had not heard the other open her mouth since the encounter in the court.

"Yes, it is the Whelp, madam," the man answered, saluting her and speaking formally, and with a foreign accent. "You are the lady who is expected?"

"I am," she answered, with authority. "Will you tell the captain that I desire to sail immediately, without a moment's delay? Do you understand?"

"Well, the tide is going out," quoth the sailor, dubiously, looking steadily into the fog, which hid the river. "It has just turned, it is true. But as to sailing——"

She cut him short. "Go, go! man. Tell your captain what I say. And let down a ladder for us to go on board."

He caught a rope which hung over the side, and, swinging himself up, disappeared. We stood below, listening to the weird sounds which came off the water, the creaking and flapping of masts and canvas, the whirr of wings and shrieks of unseen gulls, the distant hail of boatmen. A bell in the city solemnly tolled eight. The younger woman shivered. The elder's foot tapped impatiently on the planks. Shut in by the yellow walls of fog, I experienced a strange sense of solitude; it was as if we three were alone in the world—we three who had come together so strangely.

### CHAPTER VI.—MASTER CLARENCE.

WE had stood thus a few moments when a harsh voice hailing us from above put an end to our several thoughts and forebodings. We looked up and I saw half a dozen night-capped heads thrust over the bulwarks. A rope ladder came hurtling down at our feet, and a man nimbly descending held it tight at the bottom. "Now, madame!" he said briskly. They all, I noticed, had the same foreign accent, yet all spoke English; a singularity I did not understand, until I learned later that the boat was the Lion's Whelp, trading between London and Calais, and manned from the latter place.

Mistress Bertram ascended quickly and steadily, holding the baby in her arms. The other made some demur, lingering at the foot of the ladder and locking up as if afraid, until her companion chid her sharply. Then she too went up, but as she passed me—I was holding one side of the ladder steady—she shot at me from under her hood a look which disturbed me strangely.

It was the first time I had seen her face, and it was such a face as a man rarely forgets. Not because of its beauty; rather because it was a speaking face, a strange and expressive one, which the dark waving hair swelling in thick clusters upon either temple seemed to accentuate. The features were regular, but, the full red lips excepted, rather thin than shapely. The nose, too, was prominent. But the eyes! The eyes seemed to glorify the dark brilliant thinness of the face, and to print it upon the memory. They were dark flashing eyes, and their smile seemed to me perpetually to challenge, to allure and repulse, and even to goad. Sometimes they were gay, more rarely sad, sometimes soft, and again hard as steel. They changed in a moment as one or another approached her. But always at their gayest, there was a suspicion of weariness and fatigue in their depths. Or so I thought later.

Something of this flashed through my mind as I followed her up the side. But once on board I glanced round, forgetting her in the novelty of my position. The Whelp was decked fore and aft only, the blackness of the hold gaping amidships, spanned by a narrow gangway, which served to connect the two decks. We found ourselves in the fore-part, amid coils of rope and windlasses and water-casks; surrounded by half a dozen wild-looking sailors wearing blue knitted frocks and carrying sheath knives at their girdles.



THE CAPTAIN WAS TELLING A LONG STORY, AND TELLING IT VERY SLOWLY.

The foremost and biggest of these seemed to be the captain, although, so far as outward appearances went, the only difference between him and his crew lay in a marlin-spike which he wore slung to a thong

beside his knife. When I reached the deck he was telling a long story to Mistress Bertram, and telling it very slowly. But the drift of it I soon gathered. While the fog lasted he could not put to sea.

"Nonsense!" cried my masterful companion, chafing at his slowness of speech. "Why not? Would it be dangerous?"

"Well, madam, it would be dangerous," he answered, more slowly than ever. "Yes, it would be dangerous. And to put to sea in a fog? That is not seamanship. And your baggage has not arrived."

"Never mind my baggage!" she answered imperiously. "I have made other arrangements for it. Two or three things I know came on board last night. I want to start—to start at once, do you hear?"

The captain shook his head, and said sluggishly that it was impossible. Spitting on the deck he ground his heel leisurely round in a knothole. "Impossible," he repeated, "it would not be seamanship to start in a fog. When the fog lifts we will go. 'Twill be all the same to-morrow. We shall lie at Leigh to-night, whether we go now or go when the fog lifts."

"At Leigh?"

"That is it, madame."

"And when will you go from Leigh?" she cried indignantly.

"Daybreak to-morrow," he answered. "You leave it to me, mistress," he continued, in a tone of rough patronage, "and you will see your good man before you expect it."

"But, man!" she exclaimed, trembling with impotent rage. "Did not Master Bertram engage you to bring me across whenever I might be ready? Ay, and pay you handsomely for it? Did he not, sirrah?"

"To be sure, to be sure!" replied the giant unmoved. "Using seamanship and not going to sea in a fog, if it please you."

"It does not please me!" she retorted. "And why stay at Leigh?"

He looked up at the rigging, then down at the deck. He set his heel in the knothole, and ground it round again. Then he looked at his questioner with a broad smile. "Well, mistress, for a very good reason. It is there your good man is waiting for you. Only," added this careful keeper of a secret, "he bade me not tell any one."

She uttered a low cry, which might have been an echo of her baby's cooing, and convulsively clasped the child more tightly to her. "He is at Leigh!" she murmured, flushed and trembling, another woman altogether. Even her voice was wonderfully changed. "He is really at Leigh, you say?"

"To be sure!" replied the captain, with a portentous wink and a mysterious roll of the head. "He is there safe enough! Safe enough, you may bet your handsome face to a rushlight. And we will be there to-night."

She started up with a wild gesture. For a moment she had sat down on a cask standing beside her, and forgotten our peril, and the probability that we might never see Leigh at all. Now, I have said, she started up. "No, no!" she cried, struggling for breath and utterance. "Oh, no! no! Let us go at once. We must start at once!" Her voice was hysterical in its sudden anxiety and terror, as the consciousness of our position rolled back upon her. "Captain! listen, listen!" she pleaded. "Let us start now, and my husband will give you double. I will promise you double whatever he said if you will chance the fog."

I think all who heard her were moved, save the captain only. He rubbed his head and grinned. Slow and heavy, he saw nothing in her prayer save the freak of a woman wild to get to her man. He did not weigh her promise at a groat; she was but a woman. And being a foreigner, he did not perceive a certain air of breeding which might have influenced a native. He was one of those men against whose stupidity Father Carey used to say the gods fight in vain. When he answered good-naturedly, "No, no, mistress, it is impossible. It would not be seamanship," I felt that we might as well try to stop the ebbing tide as move him from his position.

The feeling was a maddening one. The special peril which menaced my companions I did not know; but I knew they feared pursuit, and I had every reason to fear it for myself. Yet at any moment, out of the fog which encircled us so closely that we could barely see the raft below—and the shore not at all—might come the tramp of hurrying feet and the stern hail of the law. It was maddening to think of this, and to know that we had only to cast off a rope or two in order to escape; and to know also that we were absolutely helpless.

I expected that Mistress Bertram, brave as she had shown herself, would burst into a passion of rage or tears. But apparently she had one hope left. She looked at me.

I tried to think—to think hard. Alas, I seemed only able to listen. An hour had gone by since we parted from that rascal in the court, and we might expect him to appear at any moment vengeful and exultant with a posse at his back. Yet I tried hard to think; and the fog presently suggested a possible course. "Look here," I said suddenly, speaking for the first time, "if you do not start until the fog lifts, captain, we may as well breakfast ashore, and return presently."

"That is as you please," he answered indifferently.

"What do you think?" I said, turning to my companions with as much carelessness as I could command. "Had we not better do that?"

Mistress Bertram did not understand, but in her despair she obeyed the motion of my hand mechanically, and walked to the side. The younger woman followed more slowly, so that I had to speak to her with some curtness, bidding her make haste; for I was in a fever until we were clear of the Whelp and the Lion Wharf. It had struck me that, if the ship were not to leave at once, we were nowhere in so much danger as on board. At large in the fog we might escape detection for a time. Our pursuers might as well look for a needle in a haystack as seek us through it when once we were clear of the wharf. And this was not the end of my idea. But for the present

it was enough. Therefore I took up Mistress Anne very short. "Come!" I said, "be quick! Let me help you."

She obeyed, and I was ashamed of my impatience when at the foot of the ladder she thanked me prettily. It was almost with good cheer in my voice and a rebound of spirits that I explained, as I hurried my companions across the raft, what my plan was.

The moment we were ashore I felt safer. The fog swallowed us up quick, as the Bible says. The very hull of the ship vanished from sight before we had gone half a dozen paces. I had never seen a London fog before, and to me it seemed portentous and providential; a marvel as great as the crimson hail which fell in the London gardens to mark her Majesty's accession.

Yet after all, without my happy thought, the fog would have availed us little. We had scarcely gone a score of yards before the cautious tread of several people hastening down the strand towards the wharf struck my ear. They were proceeding in silence, and we might not have noticed their approach if the foremost had not by chance tripped and fallen; whereupon one laughed and another swore. With a warning hand I grasped my companions' arms, and hurried them forward some paces until I felt sure that our figures could not be seen through the mist. Then I halted, and we stood listening, gazing into one another's strained eyes, while the steps came nearer and nearer, crossed our track, and then with a noisy rush thundered on the wooden raft. My ear caught the jingle of harness and the clank of weapons.

"It is the watch," I muttered. "Come, and make no noise. What I want is a little this way. I fancy I saw it as we passed down to the wharf."

They turned with me, but we had not taken many steps before Mistress Anne, who was walking on my left side, stumbled over something. She tried to save herself, but failed and fell heavily, uttering as she did so a loud cry. I sprang to her assistance, and even before I raised her I laid my hand lightly on her mouth. "Hush!" I said softly, "for safety's sake, make no noise. What is the matter?"

"Oh!" she moaned, making no effort to rise, "my ankle! my ankle! I am sure I have broken it."

I muttered my dismay, while Mistress Bertram, stooping anxiously, examined the injured limb. "Can you stand?" she asked.

But it was no time for questioning, and I put her aside. The troop which had passed were within easy hearing, and if there should be one among them familiar with the girl's voice, we might be pounced upon, fog or no fog. I felt that it was no time for ceremony, and picked Mistress Anne up in my arms, whispering to the elder woman: "Go on ahead! I think I see the boat. It is straight before you."

Luckily I was right, it was the boat; and so far well. But at the moment I spoke I heard a sudden outcry behind us, and knew the hunt was up. I plunged forward with my burden, recklessly and blindly, through mud and over obstacles. The wherry for which I was making was moored in the water a few feet from the edge. I had remarked it idly and without purpose as we came down to the wharf, and had even noticed that the oars were lying in it. Now, if we could reach it and start down the river for Leigh, we might by possibility gain that place, and meet Mistress Bertram's husband.

At any rate, nothing in the world seemed so desirable to me at the moment as the shelter of that boat. I plunged through the mud, and waded desperately through the water to it, Mistress Bertram scarce a whit behind me. I reached it, but reached it only as the foremost pursuer caught sight of us. I heard his shout of triumph, and somehow I bundled my burden into the boat—I remember that she clung about my neck in fear, and I had to loosen her hands roughly. But I did loosen them—in time. With one stroke of my hunting-knife I severed the rope, and pushing off the boat with all my strength, sprang into it as it floated away—and was in time. But one second's delay would have undone us. Two men were already in the water up to their knees, and their very breath was hot on my face as we swung out into the stream.

Fortunately, I had had experience of boats on the Avon, at Bidford and Stratford, and could pull a good oar. For a moment indeed the wherry rolled and dipped as I snatched up the sculls; but I quickly got her in hand, and, bending to my work, sent her spinning through the mist, every stroke I pulled increasing the distance between us and our now unseen foes. Happily we were below London Bridge, and had not that dangerous passage to make. The river, too, was nearly clear of craft, and though once and again in the Pool a huge hulk loomed suddenly across our bows, and then faded behind us into the mist like some monstrous phantom, and so told of a danger narrowly escaped, I thought it best to run all risks, and go ahead as long as the tide should ebb.

It was strange how suddenly we had passed from storm into calm. Mistress Anne had bound her ankle with a handkerchief, and bravely made light of the hurt; and now the two women sat crouching in the stern watching me, their heads together, their faces pale. The mist had closed round us, and we were alone again, gliding over the bosom of the great river that runs down to the sea. I was oddly struck by the strange current of life which for a week had tossed me from one adventure to another, only to bring me into contact at length with these two, and sweep me into the unknown whirlpool of their fortunes.

Who were they? A merchant's wife and her sister flying from Bishop Bonner's inquisition? I thought it likely. Their cloaks and hoods indeed, and all that I could see of their clothes, fell below such a condition; but probably they were worn as a disguise. Their speech rose as much above it, but I knew that of late many merchants' wives had become scholars, and might pass in noblemen's houses; even as in those days when London waxed fat, and set up and threw down governments, every alderman had come to ride in mail.

No doubt the women watching me in anxious

silence were as curious about me. I still bore the stains of country travel. I was unwashen, unkempt, my doublet was torn, the cloak I had cast at my feet was the very wreck of a cloak. Yet I read no distrust in their looks. The elder's brave eyes seemed ever thanking me. I never saw her lips move silently that they did not shape "Well done!" And though I caught Mistress Anne scanning me once or twice with an expression I could ill interpret, a smile took its place the moment her gaze met mine.

We had passed, but were still in sight of, Greenwich Palace—as they told me—when the mist rose suddenly like a curtain rolled away, and the cold bright February sun, shining out, disclosed the sparkling river with the green hills rising on our right hand. Here and there on its surface a small boat such as our own moved to and fro, and in the distant Pool from which we had come rose a little forest of masts. I hung on the oars a moment, and my eyes were drawn to a two-masted vessel which, nearly half a mile below us, was drifting down, gently heeling over with the current as the crew got up the sails. "I wonder whither she is bound," I said thoughtfully, "and whether they would take us on board by any chance."

Mistress Bertram shook her head. "I have no money," she answered sadly. "I fear we must go on to Leigh if it be any way possible. You are tired, and no wonder. But what is it?" with a sudden change of voice. "What is the matter?"

steering. When they saw that we had discovered them they hailed us in a loud voice, and I heard the steersman's feet rattle on the boards, as he cried to his men to give way, and stamped in very eagerness. My only reply was to take a longer stroke, and, pulling hard, to sweep away from them.

But presently my first strength died away, and the work began to tell upon me, and little by little they overhauled us. Not that I gave up at once for that. They were still some sixty yards behind, and for a few minutes at any rate I might put off capture. In that time something might happen. At the worst they were only three to one, and their boat looked light and cranky and easy to upset.

So I pulled on, savagely straining at the oars. But my chest heaved and my arms ached more and more with each stroke. The banks slid by us; we turned one bend, then another, though I saw nothing of them. I saw only the pursuing boat, on which my eyes were fixed, heard only the measured rattle of the oars in the rowlocks. A minute, two minutes, three minutes, passed. They had not gained on us, but the water was beginning to waver before my eyes, their boat seemed floating in the air, there was a pulsation in my ears louder than that of the oars. I struggled and yet I flagged. My knees trembled. Their boat shot nearer now, nearer and nearer, so that I could read the smile of triumph on the steersman's dark face and hear his cry of exultation. Nearer! and then



"LOOK BEHIND!"

I had flashed out the oars with a single touch, and begun to pull as fast as I could down the stream. No doubt my face too proclaimed my discovery and awoke her fears. "Look behind!" I muttered between my set teeth.

She turned, and on the instant uttered a low cry. A wherry like our own, but even lighter—in my first glance up the river I had not noticed it—had stolen nearer to us, and yet nearer, and now throwing aside disguise was in hot pursuit of us. There were three men on board, two rowing and one

with a cry I dropped the oars.

"Quick!" I panted to my companions. "Change places with me! So!" Trembling and out of breath as I was I crawled between the women, and gained the sternsheets of the boat. As I passed Mistress Bertram she clutched my arm. Her eyes as they met mine flashed fire, her lips were white. "The man steering!" she hissed between her teeth. "Leave the others. He is Clarence, and I fear him!"

I nodded; but still as the hostile boat bore

swiftly down upon us I cast a glance round to see if there were any help at hand. I saw no sign of any. I saw only the pale blue sky overhead, and the stream flowing swiftly under the boat. I drew my sword. The case was one rather for despair than courage. The women were in my charge, and if I did not acquit myself like a man now, when should I do so? Bah! it would soon be over.

There was an instant's confusion in the other boat, as the crew ceased rowing, and, seeing my attitude and not liking it, changed their seats. To my joy the man who had hitherto been steering flung a curse at the others and came forward to bear the brunt of the encounter. He was a tall sinewy man past middle age, with a clean-shaven face, a dark complexion, and cruel eyes. So he was Master Clarence! Well, he had the air of a swordsman and a soldier. I trembled for the women.

"Surrender, you fool!" he cried to me harshly. "In the Queen's name—do you hear? What do you in this company?"

I answered nothing, for I was out of breath. But softly, my eyes on his, I drew out with my left hand my hunting-knife. If I could beat aside his sword, I would spring upon him and drive the knife home with that hand. So, standing erect in bow and stern we faced one another, the man and the boy, the flush of rage and exertion on my cheek, a dark shade on his. And silently the boats drew together.

Thought is quick, quicker than anything else in the world, I suppose, for in some drawn-out second before the boats came together I had time to wonder where I had seen his face before, and to rack my memory. I knew no Master Clarence, yet I had seen this man somewhere. Another second, and away with thought! He was crouching for a spring. I drew back a little, then lunged—lunged with heart and hand. Our swords crossed and whistled—just crossed—and even as I saw his eyes gleam behind his point, the shock of the two boats coming together flung us both backwards and apart. A moment we reeled, staggering and throwing out wild hands. I strove hard to recover myself, nay, I almost did so; then I caught my foot in Mistress Anne's cloak, which she had left in her place, and fell heavily back into the boat.

I was up in a moment—on my knees at least—and unhurt. But another was before me. As I stooped half-risen, I saw one moment a dark shadow above me, and the next a sheet of flame shone before my eyes, and a tremendous shock swept all away. I fell senseless into the bottom of the boat, knowing nothing of what had happened to me.

## A Quarrel.

It's over; and we're strangers now!
  These years of love count nothing, then?
And you take back each heart-warm vow,
  And throw me back my vows again?

What did you say—what did I do?
  What did you do—what did I say?
And which began it—I or you?
  What does it matter, anyway?

We two, to part for a hard thought,
  A bitter word—repented—see—
When the whole world can give us naught
  If I lose you—and you lose me!

Think of our past, the days like flowers,
  Which still to memory lend due grace,
Think of the future—sunless hours
  When I should never see your face.

Think of the present. What is done
  Is done—but oh—forgive—forget!
Thank God—who meant us two for one,
  We have not lost each other yet!

E. NESBIT.

# STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

## ITALY.

### PART I.

THERE is perhaps no modern European country whose condition is more interesting at the present moment than that of Italy; and for the reason that Italy, in the modern acceptation of the word, may be said to be a new country, and is therefore able to manage its internal affairs unhampered by those traditions and modes of government which fatally stand in the way of rapid progress in older lands. Then, too, there is a great analogy between the Italian character and our English. Italy, perhaps more than any other Continental country, is the land in which individuals have great influence, and where the government is truly constitutional and liberal, according to our Anglo-Saxon way of understanding those terms.

To comprehend with necessary precision the mechanism of Italian politics, and the men who have hitherto directed its movements, as well as those who aspire to lead them in the future, it is needful to cast a glance to the past, and to sum up in a few words the character of a people come forth from a revolution, which although it was by no means bloody as compared with those of other lands, nevertheless has had results of almost equal importance, at least in respect to the political mutations produced in consequence in the European concert.

The Italian revolution found in 1848 a people which already enjoyed the benefits of the French revolution of 1789. Feudalism no longer existed, and if the aristocracy still maintained territorial importance, they had no political influence whatever. The rich gentlemen of Lombardy, the poor Piedmontese counts, the innumerable titled men of Tuscany, of the States of the Church, of the Kingdom of the two Sicilies, as well as of the small States of Emilia, lived without working from the profits which came to them from their lands, caring little about to-morrow, and taking but the faintest interest in politics. Upon how little these men managed to live is a matter that is scarcely realisable to the English mind. The Italian in those days, and even to-day, thinks himself rich upon what for us would be a bare subsistence, and so engrained in them is the desire to be a "gentleman," that is to say, to do no work, that they will submit to privations of which British Hodge would not dream, in order to be able to stand about all day on the piazza or in the café, gossiping and sunning themselves, with the happy consciousness that they have no duties either political or social. In this "noncuranza" (indifference) lies one of the gravest perils for Italy's future, as it is also the cause, direct and indirect, of the present financial and economic difficulties in which the country finds itself.

Among these gentlemen, or, to speak more correctly, men at large, there were very few who studied, and since the education of the youth of the richer classes was confined to the clergy, such instruction as they received had for its basis Greek and Latin classicism. Very few were those who occupied themselves with things which may truly be called modern, fewer still those who followed attentively the progress of European knowledge.

A social step below this petty nobility was the bourgeoisie, to whom the numerous Italian universities offered easy facilities to study the juridical and medical sciences. But even here the foundation of the instruction was based upon classicism.

Finally, to make up the twenty millions of Italians of those times, there remained the population of the cities and of the country. These men had nothing plebeian either in their aspirations or in their features: which latter, indeed, retained a truly noble cast, proving that their ancestors were of good stock—and this was especially the case in Central Italy, and is so to this day, the peasant having often a more gentlemanly bearing and more refinement in feeling and manners than his social superior.

This class was the backbone of the nation, and from it, assisted by the Piedmontese nobility, was to spring the ultimate regeneration of the nation. It was from the petty bourgeoisie and from the people that the town and country clergy were recruited. They had but a very superficial education, their morals were often more than doubtful, and they had little zeal either in the cause of religion or in the cause of the Church. They feared the petty princes who ruled over the various States, men who were religious to all outward appearance, but sought above all other things that the clergy should have no political importance, while they made use of them only too frequently as spies and as police officers. These, of course, were not the men who educated the upper classes; the tutors for the wealthier portion of the population were chosen from among the Jesuits and the Scolopi, the latter being considered in the light of Liberals.

The ten years that intervened between the defeat of '49 and the political revival of 1859 had brought to the front the educated bourgeoisie of Piedmont and the enlightened Piedmontese spirits who had noble blood in their veins. It was these men who took in hand the direction of the Unitarian movement in order to obtain the long desired independence of Italy—the liberation from the strangers' odious yoke. Among this nucleus of noble patriots it is curious to remark that the majority were lawyers—and indeed, to this day the lawyers have a preponderance in the Italian ministry and

Parliament, which accounts for the fact that the management of affairs is often a little too doctrinaire and lacks the practical character which would help to make things move with more ultimate advantage to the nation. Cavour, Sella, Minghetti, and Peruzzi were students of social economy, it is true, but there worked beside them a whole crowd of jurists and, curiously enough, of doctors. In military matters the men who were distinguished were Lamarmora, Cialdini, and Menabrea—the two latter still alive.

Such the germ from which was to spring that most noble revolution which freed Italy from Alps to sea, and which produced finer and more heroic characters than our century has ever been able to show.

While it was a question of merely working at internal politics, and while the requirements of the administration were limited to making honourable debts to aid in the regeneration of the neglected nation, debts which the country would be called upon to pay at a later date, the ruling classes in Italy had a relatively easy task. Indeed, in the period which lies between 1859 and 1876 Italy went on light-heartedly accumulating debt upon debt, without thought of the day of reckoning for this indifference with regard to the to-morrow. The cause may be sought first in the Italian character, which is strangely and happily light-hearted, and which at all times takes little care for the morrow, and has almost a superstitious fear with regard to looking forward; but secondly and very largely, in the classical education which the ruling classes had received, and which made them think that the Italy of their time was still the Italy of ancient Rome. They had been accustomed from their babyhood to believe that Italy was a rich country, of inexhaustible resources; and remembering perhaps a little too vividly the glories of imperial Rome and of the Renaissance, they deemed that the Italy of to-day must aim at taking the same stand in Europe, that its ambition should be to hold a leading economic and political place. Whoever in those days would dare to have printed or to have said in Parliament that Italy was, geographically speaking, a poor country, which does not produce enough grain for its inhabitants, which does not know how to make use of what might be its greatest riches, its grapes, because to make its wine it still employs the methods customary in the days of Virgil; that further, its soil produces neither iron nor coal, and therefore that it could never be an industrial country,—whoever, we say, would dare to have thought or spoken these things would at best have been regarded as a visionary, and most certainly would have been stigmatised as anti-patriotic and a calumniator of his land. And yet more abuse would have fallen on the head of whatever man had dared to preach that the mission of freed Italy was to occupy herself in setting her house in order—the house which foreign princes and clerical rulers had left in a disgracefully backward condition, so that it would need the labour of years to bring the country up to the standard of its European neighbours. Then arose further a desire for colonial enterprise—that will-o'-the-wisp which seems to dance before the eyes of all European States in these days, and which leads those who, like Italy, cannot afford such luxuries into grave economic embarrassments. The cause of even this desire must be sought in the classical education, with its traditions of ancient Latin grandeur.

When the Italian Parliament was first formed, two political parties governed the State—the Right and the Left—each contending for power. But these contending parties had in common the same system of government. The Right was by no means a conservative party, for it was the Right which had led the van for the destruction of the anterior political order; it was that party which, with the aid first of France and then of Germany, had brought about the political unity; which, too, had contracted the heavy debts; and which, moreover, fiercely combated the Temporal power of the Church, and in hope of destroying it fatally offended the Spiritual power, by permitting not irreligion but absolute religious tolerance in the schools.

The Left, which called itself the party of Progress, differed little from the Right. They too had always asked in Parliament for an increase of expenses for the working of the country, but on the other hand they also voted against new taxes. In this way they managed to benefit by these taxes and yet to avoid in the face of the country the odium of having voted in their favour. This extraordinary policy on the part of what nowadays have come to be called the Radicals, distinguishes them to this hour, and is the reason why no thinker can possibly take this party seriously, or, if he does, can but see in them one of the perils of contemporary Italy. For these men, when they are not visionary, which is their only excuse, are antipatriotic and dangerous to the country.

The Catholic party have always kept aloof from politics, a matter which is to be regretted, for though their vote might often lean to the side of reaction and antiquated views, they would prove on the other hand a useful stay to the moderate Liberal party, and would help to hold in check the hot-headed Republicans. But the Catholics, though rather from political indifference than from religious feelings, make a point of obeying the pontifical precept—"neither electors nor elected," the Pope not choosing to recognise that institution called the Italian Parliament.

As for the democratical republicans of Italy they live in a fool's paradise, and still fancy themselves in the heroic period when it was needful to fight Italy's battles under the standard of the condottiere Garibaldi, or to listen to the high-minded but visionary preachings of Mazzini. They have not realised, or will not realise, that a changed state of things requires changed conditions and changed views—a matter in which their hot-headed chief Garibaldi proved himself a wiser man than they when he resigned his sword to Victor Emmanuel, and recognised that Italy was not yet ripe for the ideal Republic, which probably will never be outside the pages of Plato and Sir Thomas More. The chiefs of the democratic party still keep all the ardour, all the convictions, all the fidelity to the principles and doctrines of 1848, all the love that those men showed for high-sounding phrases—phrases calcu-

lated to inspire a people that must rise and throw off its yoke, but not useful to-day when the work is done and the country has entered into the fruits obtained for it by its heroes, and when its foremost duty is to utilise those fruits quietly and sagaciously to the best advantage.

Now it is a curious fact that, in a Latin country, whatever political party has been in power for some twenty years invariably falls in consequence of its exercising a sort of legal tyranny. It becomes audacious, almost insolent, and believes that everything is permitted to it. It was this which happened to the party of the Right, which in consequence was obliged to resign its power into the hands of the Left in 1876, this party having till then constituted the parliamentary opposition. It was a change of men, but not a mutation of ruling principles. The new chiefs had been educated in the same school as the old, they had the same tendencies, as they quickly showed, and, excepting the abolition of one of the taxes—that upon the "macinato" (grist-tax)—they changed nothing in the financial working of the State. Even if they would have done so they could not, because they were subjected to the same wave of political necessities. They, too, were old classical scholars, and dreamed of a rapid primacy for their country. In the same manner, moreover, in which the Right had moulded its politics upon the Cabinet of Napoleon III, the Left took its inspiration from that of Berlin.

### AGOSTINO DEPRETIS.

The man whom the death of Ratazzi made head of this new administration was Agostino Depretis. He was far from being a great statesman, but he was on the other hand a person of great parliamentary ability. His ministerial life lasted ten years, and fraught with great difficulties, was nevertheless honoured and esteemed. The difficulties were the usual Italian ones—that is to say, the weight of the debts which had accumulated, and the new which it was necessary to contract.

While during the period anterior to the occupation of Rome the great and glorious events which had freed Italy cast a veil of patriotism over the eyes of every citizen, so that the smile of to-day did not make them think about the tears of to-morrow, Depretis, during his decade of parliamentary authority, had before him a labour much more arduous than that of his predecessors, who governed a people less under the influence of illusions. Sagacious as he was, he thoroughly comprehended that the Italian people had shown the measure of the weights which they were able to support, but he too was pushed on beyond where he desired to go by his classical reminiscences, by his colleagues, by his allies in the Chamber, to do something great and imposing, which would make Italy shine in the eyes of Europe. Now this something great and imposing could not be done except in the domain of foreign policy. Depretis was wont to say, good-humouredly and in perfect good faith, that in foreign policy the less one does the better it is; but on the other hand the tenacity of this old man in holding to power pushed him against his better judgment into initiating a foreign policy which would please the country, and which he was willing to undertake rather than that the guidance of the country's affairs should slip from his hands. For it is a fact too frequently evident that, however patriotic a statesman, personal ambition in the end forms the keystone of his actions and aims. The long habit of obedience to Depretis which Parliament had learned, the faith which he cherished in his own abilities, the passion for commanding, the real affection which he had for the reigning family and above all for King Humbert, whom at the outset of his regal career he held it his duty to assist and protect as a tutor protects a pupil, all these things contributed to keep the statesman of Stradella at the head of the Government at whatever cost. And there was thus created in Italy a new form of political magistracy which may be defined as a parliamentary dictatorship. From this, however, it is not to be supposed that the Italian Parliament had become corrupted to a servile and blind obedience to its chief; but it had got into an easy-going way, a way so soon slipt into by Italians, of thinking that it was on the whole best to follow their leader; and thus were sacrificed some of the noblest qualities which a Parliament should have, namely, the qualities of criticism and a just and proper opposition.

Taken collectively, too, an Italian Parliament has never shone in the way of producing individual characters, or leaders such as spring up every day in England—a fact largely due to the circumstance that self-government and parliamentary life are new features among a people who for centuries have groaned under foreign and native despotisms; for even their vaunted republics of the Middle Ages were but despotisms under a liberal name.

But while doing all justice to Depretis it cannot be denied that he was certainly an Italian statesman whose sceptical indifference to the opinions of his colleagues depressed their political character and independence, and it was thus that he not only created the tendency towards making the chief of the Cabinet a political dictator, but was able in a measure to transmit these traditions to his successor. He had the good qualities and the defects which were the consequence of his early education, and when he died he left behind him a memory neither mourned nor venerated, although it merited more respect and regret than it was to receive. He had been in power too long—the country was tired of him, yet it was evident that the only probability of a change was in his death, as indeed it proved.

In the parliamentary crisis which hurled the Right from power Agostino Depretis took under his leadership a number of the chiefs of the Left. It was but right and just that these chiefs should rise to power together with him. Different in character, in origin, in political and military value, these comrades whom he had chosen were rather allies of the moment than obedient followers. They came to be known as the Pentarchy, and ultimately were the chiefs of five groups hostile to the President of the Council. This Pentarchy consisted of Crispi, Cairoli, Nicotera, Zanardelli, and Baccarini; while among other important men whom he took over with him were Taiani, Mancini, Seismit-Doda, and

Brin. These were men who, during the decade of Depretis's dictatorship, were alternately his colleagues and his opponents, many of whom survived him, and one of whom has stepped into his shoes.

### FRANCESCO CRISPI.

Francesco Crispi, a Sicilian, a former conspirator and ardent republican, in the course of years and



FRANCESCO CRISPI.

also in consequence of that political common sense which calls itself Opportunism, and which Gambetta by no means invented, had been an earnest follower of Mazzini. He abandoned him, however, in time—that is to say, when he became aware of the complete inutility of the efforts put forward for national independence which had for their basis dark and illegal conspiracies. Led by the nature of his fiery character he soon entered into relationship with Garibaldi, and took a leading part in the condottiere's liberation work in Sicily and on the Continent during the year 1860, as well as during the troubled time of Aspromonte and Mentana.

In the great expedition of the Thousand of Melazzo, Crispi was the inspiring and dominating spirit. For a while after this event he had to live in hiding, and was sheltered under the roof of the patriotic baker, Giuseppe Dolfi, of Florence. When the fight was won and the Italian capital was moved to the Tuscan town, Crispi came too. An active, impetuous nature, violent even at times in his energy, he knew how to offer excellent guarantees as a man of order at the time of the death of Victor Emmanuel and of Pope Pio IX. In both these circumstances, in his position as Minister of the Interior he showed the measure of what he was worth ; and had it not been for the fact of his domestic scandals (he had, at the time, one legal and one illegal spouse, and lived openly with his illegal partner), he would not have been ousted from the Government, and would earlier perchance have occupied the proud position he now holds. Returned to the opposition benches he often confuted and bothered old Depretis, until the latter, shortly before his death, led him to join his party, regarded him as an ally, a pillar, and almost designated him his ministerial successor. Yet Crispi is the very antithesis of Depretis. The latter never lost control of his temper, Crispi loses it continually. Unlike his predecessor, too, Crispi is the antithesis of the Italian political temperament, a temperament formed of calculation, flexibility, and ambiguity. The former always sought to efface himself, preferring reality to appearances, whereas Crispi is fond of pomp and effect. Blunt and rough to a degree unusual in an Italian, he likes to make brusque sallies and striking *coups*. He is gifted with a strong will, audacity, and what is sometimes a strength in politics, unlimited self-confidence.

In his temperament certainly Crispi does not belie the old rhetorical figure which attributes to the sons of Ætna the volcanic nature of their native soil. Absolute, irascible, intolerant of opposition, even advanced age has not yet softened the fire of his character. To prove the truth of this it is only needful to see him in the camera, where the spectators from the Tribunes, in the colour more or less intense of the Premier's bald head, have a sure thermometer for estimating his mental state of excitement. As soon as he encounters an adversary he shoots forth arrows of speech that always hit their mark. These outbursts of intolerance, these nervous bounds from out his seat, these fisticuffs on the arm of his chair, with which he accompanies his speeches, have become proverbial in the Italian Parliament, and render him an orator who is far from sympathetic to his audience.

In moments of political difficulty Depretis entered Parliament with an ingenuous unconscious face. His spent weary eye, his tangled grey beard, his gouty feet, his general look of age, caused his adversaries to anticipate an easy defeat of their old enemy, who



NICOTERA.

quietly allowed them to discharge all the ammunition they had stored up against him. But when they had done, when the opportune moment came, he, who so admirably knew his parliamentary ground, managed in his reply so to confound his adversaries that not only the vote invariably turned

to his favour, but that he was able also to menace his opponents with punishment for their attempted misdeeds.

Not so Crispi. When he comes into the Chamber at a moment of political crisis, he does so with a haughty air, ready to give any reply, no



ZANARDELLI

matter how bold, how annihilating. At times he is even insolent to his critics, if needful he will hurl forth a remark which it is often impossible for him to maintain later, in cooler blood. He is like an artist enamoured of colour but careless of drawing, and this love of effects evinces itself in all his diplomatic actions. It is this love of ostentation that makes him so careless of financial considerations; this too that leads him to aspire above all to triumphs of foreign policy, so that his name may shine beyond the confines of his native land. Here, too often, he is misled to take appearance for substance. As is well known, Prince Bismarck three several times desired that Depretis should come and visit him at Friedrichsruh, but the then Italian Premier always found excellent reasons for not going thither. Crispi, when similarly invited, as soon as he became Prime Minister, accepted at once. This little feature characterises the diverse mental disposition of the two men. The foreign policy of Depretis was not planned to tickle the national vanity of the Italians, and it should always be borne in mind that as a people, both collectively and individually, the Italians are essentially vain. That of Crispi, on the other hand, fans it continually, and that too by that most potent lever to Italians, the great records of their classical past. The halo of general popularity which was universally denied to Depretis hovers undoubtedly around the head of Crispi, and though he has, of course, his enemies, his admirers outnumber them. And even his critics cannot deny to him that he has a fearlessness, an energy, a rapidity of action, which is all the more grateful and needful in the midst of the general uninterested lassitude which is the dominant note in the Italian political world. The rapidity, not to say precipitancy, with which in him action often follows resolve is not to be entirely condemned nor underrated in times in which every one tries to practise what the satiric poet Giusti defines as "l'arte di vivere a forza di scansi" (the art of living by means of shirking responsibilities).

The two Italian Premiers, so diverse of nature, also entered in very divergent modes upon their political career, and of this diversity of method they both no doubt felt the influence in the years of their maturity. Agostino Depretis of Stradella studied at the University, occupied himself with administrative matters, and then entered in 1849 the Piedmontese Parliament. He thus early learnt to conform himself to the grave and serene modes of legislature current in a methodical and steady-going country such as was Piedmont. Without ever having been rich, he nevertheless never knew what it was to want, neither was he swayed by romantic attachments and passions which have influenced so greatly and fatally his successor in office. Crispi, a man of desultory studies, entered the Sicilian Parliament in 1848 in the midst of revolutionary excitement, which he shared to the fullest extent. The Bourbons returned to power, he had to go into exile, and of course found his way to England, that only free haven in those troublous times. Here he knew what it was to suffer from hunger, and for the next years endured much misery, living a thoroughly Bohemian existence, while utilising his talents in unpaid partisan journalism, in presiding at patriotic conventicles, in attending revolutionary meetings. While Depretis had from the outset a clear conception of what was meant by the principle of authority, that it must be above all things of a character to curb, mollify, and moderate, the ideas of his successor on the point are the very opposite from his, namely, that authority should be evinced in an



CAVALLOTTI

imperative manner. What both had in common is a great industry—Crispi's industry is almost phenomenal in a southerner—and a great temperance in the matter of eating and drinking. Indeed, Depretis lived like an anchorite, and though Crispi nowadays makes a certain show in his house and

as obliged by his official character, in himself he is the most abstemious of men, and his habits too are of the simplest. These, however, are also Italian idiosyncrasies. Plain living is still in the Peninsula the order of the day, though it cannot in that country be held to be always consonant with high thinking.

What is likely to prove the cause of Crispi's ruin and his fall is that of late he has grown to be overbearing to a degree that is alienating even his best friends. This curious man, a mixture of audacity and weakness, who has vanquished by sheer force of arrogance, and who by arrogance may overturn himself, who speaks confidently of the things which he will do ten, twenty years hence, as though nothing could remove him from office—not even death—this man adores his Italian fatherland; but, strange contradiction, he despises the thirty millions of Italians of whom that fatherland is composed. When any one dares to criticise his actions, be it in print or speech, private or public, he at once becomes furious with anger. For the present, he still holds the reins of Government pretty tightly in his hands, and this because the Italian political parties are too divided and subdivided among themselves to settle upon a common policy and a common leader of Opposition. While discontent with his policy is murmured more or less loudly throughout the peninsula, Crispi is absolute dictator in the camera. And yet listen to the judgment of the deputies upon him. To the Liberals, be they of the Right or Left, he seems an autocrat of the purest metal. The Democrats consider him a courtier, the Conservatives a demagogue; to the Freemasons he seems a god; to the Catholics he is an Antichrist. The extreme Left would have him more French; the historical Left would have him less Austrian. He is praised, blamed, flattered by all sections. Each and all of these adversaries are animated by the common desire of persuading themselves that Francesco Crispi is one of their party and thinks exactly as they do—an illusion which his clever and Protean tactics do much to keep alive. He has a method of killing two birds with one stone which many a statesman might envy; and could he but control his temper rather more, he perchance might have risen to a really high place in diplomatic records.

The enemy whom Crispi has combated most virulently and most persistently is the Vatican. Crispi's advent to power certainly inaugurated a new phase of the Roman question. It is his policy that has given that virulent character to the conflict between the Vatican and the Quirinal which it did not previously possess. With regard to Catholicism and the Papacy, his sentiments are strongly anti-clerical. He is a violent sectarian. He hates, not only the Vatican and the Church, but everything which represents religious sentiment. His organ, the "Riforma," has always written with great animosity against religious ideas in every form. The whole thing is in his eyes one immense farce, to which an end must be put. With many Italian radicals anti-clericalism has served as a lever and a handle, but in Crispi it exists as an intense passion, a fixed idea.

Still, at the time of the Conclave which resulted in the election of Leo XIII, Crispi's attitude was marked by a tact and moderation such as was hardly to have been expected from so pronounced a sectarian. He informed the Sacred College that he would take measures that the liberty of the Conclave should be respected, adding, however, that in case the cardinals should decide to hold the Conclave out of Rome, he would at once occupy the Vatican.

When Leo XIII assumed the tiara he found the Papacy in a state of decadence. Pio IX, overwhelmed by the revolutionary wave, had taken up a rôle of isolation, which, however dignified, could only end in destroying his social and political influence. Abroad the relations with the Powers were either most lax or entirely broken off. At home, while still sovereign of Rome, he had forced the hand of the Italian Government, and driven them into the arms of the extreme Left party, then small in number though audacious, by forbidding the clergy and all good Catholics to take any direct part in politics. And after the loss of the temporal power in 1870, when in no position to insist upon conditions, his pretensions were in no wise abated.

Leo XIII, on the other hand, perfectly realised the necessity of marching with the times. Space does not admit of our tracing here the steps which he took to restore to the Papacy its former prestige and political ascendency. Briefly, he has made his influence felt in all Christian countries.

In thus seeking to extend his sphere of influence, Leo XIII's main aim was to work directly and indirectly toward the restoration of the territorial rights of the Holy See. His idea was to raise the Papacy to such a position that the incompatibility between the extent of its influence and the abnormal and precarious nature of its temporal position should strike all foreign eyes. But that was not enough. Italian opinion had also to be worked upon; a reaction must be brought about in the feelings of the country. This was the second part of the task to which Leo XIII devoted himself.

Now Crispi came into power to find this double programme in full swing. The Pontiff had effected the understanding with Germany which put an end to the Kulturkampf, and had issued the famous address of the 26th of May, 1887, in which after enumerating the concessions obtained from Germany, and boasting of the re-establishment of religious peace in that country, he went on to offer the olive branch to Italy, adding: "One issue toward peace is to be sought for in a state of affairs when the Sovereign Pontiff shall not be dependent on any Power, and shall enjoy liberty really worthy of the name, such as is his due. This situation, so far from being hurtful to the interests of Italy, would be of powerful assistance toward its safety and prosperity."

After this address, conciliation became the theme of the day, and for some little time it was really believed it would be brought about, though only the small section of extreme Italian Catholics truly supposed that it could be brought about by means of the restoration of the Temporal power. They thought the Pope would yield, and the Quirinal would yield, each in a measure. To force

the Government to declare itself, a Radical deputy of Milan brought forward the question in Parliament. Crispi avoided a debate, saying, "We do not need to make conciliation, since the State is not at war with any one."

However, in the following year, 1888, in which Leo XIII celebrated his jubilee, it was Crispi himself who commenced hostilities by inaugurating his Kulturkampf. The "Riforma," his official organ, redoubled the violence of its attacks, denouncing the Vatican as a hotbed of conspiracy against Italy. The incentive for this offensive warfare was this. A short time previously the clerical party had made an attempt to bring about a partial re-establishment of the Temporal power by means of a petition addressed to the Legislature, to be signed by the entire population.

In itself the idea of this appeal from all Italy was legal in its form, but let us investigate the actual conditions. Catholics are not allowed to take part in political elections. There is the veto, "neither elected nor electors." Very well. How, then, did the clerical party propose to reconcile the contradiction that these Italians who are forbidden to vote or to be elected should apply to members, chosen without their vote or against their vote, and ask them to interest themselves for the Pope? Were they to say: "We, the Catholics, don't want you as our Deputies; we don't recognise you; we were against your election; but at the same time we appeal to you in favour of the Pope who condemns you?" Clearly the two programmes did not fit, and the result of the petition might have been foreseen. The educated, rich, and governing classes did not sign it; indeed, in most cases, it is doubtful whether they were asked to do so. The signatures of persons who really understood what they were petitioning for may be counted on one's fingers. In Upper Italy, principally in Lombardy, a certain number were collected; few in the centre, very few in the Neapolitan provinces, and hardly any in Sicily. The bulk were of priests, men of the lower middle class, and peasants, signatures which, even had they been five times as many, were of no weight politically.

The Government, on their part, used every means to damage the petition, and even punished the few employés who signed it, showing thus an unworthy narrow-mindedness. The more dignified policy of *laissez faire* would only have exposed yet more plainly the weakness of the party in favour of the Temporal power, which, by the way, was prudently not mentioned in the petition.

Crispi's first move took the form of a law, which, under the pretext of reorganising the administrative elections, was really directed against the influence of the clericals in municipal bodies, and aimed at introducing sectarian and other elements more in accordance with his policy.

This preliminary skirmish was followed by the new Penal Code lately approved, which certainly contains some striking provisions, practically excluding a priest from the benefits of the common law and the rights of citizenship. That the country did not judge these measures too severe may be gathered from the ease with which the Bill was passed. Indeed Italy has no more formidable, implacable enemy than that which lives in her gates and which under the cloak of Christianity commits offences against morality and patriotism which show that the Gospel has not indeed truly inspired its actions. And it is this firm attitude on the part of Crispi against that subtle enemy Vaticanism which causes him to hold his place, as much as the lack of a worthy successor, for all patriotic and right-thinking Italians recognise that they cannot present too firm a front against this, their cruellest arch-enemy.

Therefore when Crispi is weighed in the balance and judged, it is admitted that, such as he is, with his faults and his merits, he is a capable man and a sincere patriot. Certainly there is to-day but one Minister in Italy, and that is Francesco Crispi; his colleagues are simply secretaries. A veritable dictatorship is his Government, which he has modelled upon that of Prince Bismarck, who is his idol. Like his prototype, when his Government is defeated, the Ministry resign, a shuffle of the cards takes place, and a new Cabinet is formed with Crispi at its head.

### BENEDETTO CAIROLI.

A sincere patriot also, and a man honourable, if it is possible, to a fault, was Benedetto Cairoli, who died at the close of 1889, mourned by the whole land. As a French writer well remarked, "he was the most beautiful personification of the Italian revolutionary legend." It is true that some said his heart was better than his head, that he was not always sagacious and acute—"più onesto che abile" (more honest than clever) was his own description of himself—but when the heart is right, it is not so easy for the head to go far astray. It was after the crisis of 1878 that he was called to hold ministerial office, almost simultaneously with King Humbert's accession to the throne. In his family patriotism was traditional. His mother was a grand figure, lion-hearted, loving Italy as her master passion, willing to give her sons, her all, for the sacred cause; a very Cornelia, a woman to whom may be applied the words of the old Hebrew writer: "The mother was marvellous above all and worthy of honourable memory." His brothers had successively died in their country's cause. There only remained at that time Benedetto, who had already proved his valour on the battle-field. His was an open frank disposition, he believed in all and in everything—no astute statesman, but a man whose private and public life was able to bear the minutest scrutiny. Called to be Minister of Foreign Affairs in a difficult period of national history, during the clash of conflicting interests that followed the treaty of San Stefano, it was his ardent desire that Italy should issue forth from the Berlin Congress with "clean hands." The natural consequence of this desire was necessarily that Italy, acquiring nothing for herself, had to stand by tamely and see England take to herself Cyprus; Austria, Bosnia and Herzegovina; France, Tunis. Time will decide whether these "clean hands" were not worth more than the "dirty hands" of Abyssinian soil. It is certain

that the glorious records of Rome and Carthage, ever evoked in Italy, thanks to that classical basis of education of which we spoke above, led to the ultimate fall of Cairoli. After the French occupation of Tunis the fault-finding with Cairoli's policy became more loud and universal; as a minister he grew unpopular. He therefore saw it was time to resign, and did so rather than make explanations which would have further embittered the feeling between the two countries; but he is reported to have remarked to the French ambassador, the day before he left office, that he was the last Italian minister who could be friendly to France—a prophecy that so far has proved most true.

Cairoli belonged to the party which, had it been theirs to choose, would have established Italy on a republican basis. With their leader Mazzini, however, they wisely held that "no one has the right to substitute his own will or that of his section to the national will," and the national will was that Victor Emmanuel should hold the reins—a wise decision, for Italy was neither then, nor is yet, ripe for the self-government and self-control that a true republic requires. Cairoli above all things longed for the eventual acquisition of the Trentino and Trieste. It was on this account that he and his friends accorded little importance to the colonial question. Nay, they even combated ambitious colonial aspirations. That was the reason too why they dreamed of a friendly understanding with France and Russia, that these nations might help them to oppose an eventual war against Austria and Germany. A pronounced Republican until 1860, Cairoli was faithful to death to King Humbert, whose life he saved when the assassin Passanante sprang at the monarch with his dagger. Cairoli leant forward and received the blow in his own breast. Fortunately it did not prove mortal. As a Lombard he naturally detested the Austrians under whose oppressive rule he had been born and reared, and it was equally natural that the thought of a French "revenge" and the conquest of the Trentino and Trieste should seem to his eyes twin aspirations. Undoubtedly the character of his policy made it bristle with perils. England, who could not willingly see an Italo-Russian accord, was hostile to it; the same was the case with Bismarck, who looked with evil eye on an Italo-French understanding. In consequence Cairoli had to fall, and this notwithstanding that he represented the most intimate national aspirations. His thoughts and hopes have remained the legacy of the extreme Left parliamentary party, a party of whom we shall have to speak shortly.

### PASQUALE STANISLAO MANCINI.

Pasquale Stanislao Mancini, who also has recently joined the great majority, on succeeding Cairoli as Prime Minister absolutely changed the whole direction and nature of Italian politics. For the better? That the future can alone decide. Thoughtful men are inclined to negative the question.

As every one knows, in order to give certain guarantees to England Italy was drawn into the doubtfully fortunate business of Massaua, where Russia was at the time preparing to place her foot. Mancini also brought about the famous visit of King Humbert to Vienna, which signalised the first step towards the Triple Alliance—the alliance that guarantees peace it is true, but an armed peace, a terrible peace, a costly peace, and one which strains to the uttermost the Italian resources. It was in consequence of Mancini's policy too that there arose that tension with the French Republic which has been so detrimental to the commercial well-being of both nations, especially to the poorest—namely, Italy. Mancini was rather a great jurist than a great statesman, and his name will be remembered for some brilliant studies made in juridical science, rather than for the policy which he inaugurated. With his name we close the record of the leading statesmen of the governing party in Italy, and will now pass on to speak of the minor lights.

## As in a Glass.

DEAR, hast thou ever learned to thy surprise
On entering a chamber mirror-lined,
That all the friends thou didst appear to find
Were but thyself reflected several wise?
The room seemed full to unaccustomed eyes
Whilst thou wert there; but when thou wert inclined
To leave it, nothing then remained behind
But emptiness, proportioned to its size.
So if thou lookest in my heart, dear Love,
Such overflowing fullness wilt thou see
That thou shalt seek a vacant spot in vain:
But on a close inspection it will prove
To be completely filled with naught but thee—
And wert thou gone, then nothing would remain.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

# THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. CANON CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

## HUNTINGDON.



ST. IVES' BRIDGE.

IT seems strange to look upon Huntingdonshire of to-day as a seaside county ; but such almost was the original position of its eastern border. The Ouse ran sluggishly into a huge tract of fenland which faded imperceptibly into the waters of the sea ; and what we now call the Wash reached, with scattered islands here and there, in a shallow flood, to the rising ground on which stands the town of Huntingdon. The Roman road, the Ermine street, which ran from London to Lincoln, skirted the border of the Fenland ; and what was in early times the mouth of the Ouse was guarded by the Roman station of Durolipons. Southwards, the Cam was guarded in like manner by a station at Camboritum, the modern Cambridge ; and between Camboritum and Durolipons ran another road, the Via Devana. These roads and stations were erected for the defence of the eastern coast, which was an object of great care to the Romans ; for the longboats of the Saxon pirates penetrated the shallow waters, and the marauders could choose their own landing-place. They came at first as man-hunters, carrying off men, women, and children, whom they sold as slaves. It was the duty of a special officer, "the Count of the Saxon shore," to provide for the safety of the eastern and southern coast of Britain. Moreover, the Romans saw the need of protecting the Fenland from the damage wrought by floods, and set the example of those great drainage works by which the lands and the Wash have been reclaimed. At Ramsey there are still traces of a Roman drain, to catch the rainfall and so protect the higher ground from the encroachment of the water.

When the Romans withdrew from Britain their works were abandoned ; and the pirates gradually began to come as settlers, first taking possession of the islands in the Fens. The body of English who chose this district for their prey were called the Gyrwas. One division of them, the North Gyrwas, directed their efforts against the valley of the Witham; another division, the South Gyrwas, were at work along the line of the Ouse and the Cam. For some time the Britons successfully withstood them, and they were confined to the islands of the Fenland. Gradually they succeeded in occupying the lines of the Roman road, and destroyed its stations, reducing Durolipons to a heap of ruins. Then they formed a kingdom of the South Gyrwas, which embraced the district of Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire. The kingdom was shortlived, but it left its traces on subsequent history, for till

the seventeenth century there was but one sheriff for the two counties, and he was chosen in alternate years from Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, and the Isle of Ely. We need not follow the struggles for supremacy among the English kingdoms. It is enough to say that early in the seventh century the lands of the Gyrwas formed part of the Mercian kingdom which extended over the whole of Mid-Britain.

The district in itself was not of great value for settlers, as the rising ground around the Wash was covered with a dense forest; and as soon as Christianity prevailed in the Mercian kingdom, it was natural that the country should be handed over to the care of missionary monks whose houses were established in the seventh century at Medesham, which afterwards took the name of Peterborough, at Ely, and soon afterwards at Crowland. The story of the activity of these early monks will be told elsewhere, for none of their houses lay within the boundary of Huntingdonshire. But we see traces of their influence in the name of Godmanchester, which was given to the town which rose upon the ruins of the Roman station of Durolipons; while we recognise the ordinary pursuits of the inhabitants in the name given to the settlement on the opposite bank of the Ouse, the Hunter's Down, or Huntingdon.

But monks and people were alike overwhelmed in a common calamity when in 870 the heathen Danes bore downwards from the north. The monks were slain, and their monasteries were reduced to ashes. The whole of Eastern England passed under the Danish yoke. Still, the country south of the Nen did not attract the conquerors to make many settlements, and probably their rule did not much affect the dwellers in the southern part of their dominion. For military purposes they raised a mound at Huntingdon, and set in it soldiers to guard the line of the Ouse. But the English power slowly reasserted itself under Edward, son of Alfred the Great, who made his way along the valley of the Ouse, and in 921 succeeded in capturing Huntingdon and wresting the Fenland from the Danes. Edward still further strengthened the defences of Huntingdon, and the earthwork which still rises above the river was his work. In the reorganisation which followed upon the reconquest of the Mercian kingdom, the district which lay around the royal castle of Huntingdon was made into a shire, and took its name from its chief town.

Side by side with this reorganisation went the restoration of old institutions. The monasteries of Peterborough, Ely, and Crowland were rebuilt, and again filled with monks. The tenth century was a time of monastic revival in England, and Huntingdonshire for the first time received a monastery of its own. At the suggestion of Oswald, Bishop of Worcester, a lord named Ethelwin founded in 967 a religious house on an island which lay just on the verge of the Fenland. It was called Ramsey, or "the Ram's Island," from a solitary ram which was found there. The island, about two miles long, and not quite so wide, was covered by a mass of tangled brushwood, amidst which rose the monastic buildings and the church. The monks soon cleared their little domain, and set an example of useful industry in agriculture. Benefactions soon flowed in upon them, and they found means to attract popular attention. On one of their manors, at a place called Slepe, a few miles below Huntingdon on the Ouse, one of their villeins while ploughing turned up a skeleton. The monks of Ramsey identified it as the body of Ivo, a Persian bishop, who in the early part of the seventh century had come as a missionary to England. The relics were carried to Ramsey, and a priory was built upon the spot where they had been discovered. The growing town which clustered round the priory changed its old name of Slepe into St. Ives. Nor was this the only change of name which showed the force of the influence of the Church in the shire. Higher up the Ouse the town which bore the name of Enolfsbury in remembrance of its original settler, received the bones of a Cornish hermit, and changed its old name into St. Neots. The treasure, however, was regarded as too precious for so small a church, and the relics were translated to Crowland.

But though it was the mission of the Church to civilise, it remained for the State to govern; and the difficulties which were experienced in this task, when national unity was imperfect, led to the setting up of ealdormen over different portions. At the end of the tenth century Huntingdonshire was part of the ealdormanry of East Anglia, and its history is interesting as showing the growth of territorial lordships. The new office of earl was introduced under Canute, and in the reign of Edward the Confessor the earldom of Huntingdon was given to Siward, Earl of Northumberland, for the purpose of maintaining an equal balance between the northern earls and the house of Godwin. Siward's son, Waltheof, was the one great Englishman who kept his lands and office after the Norman Conquest, and to make sure of his loyalty William gave him the hand of his niece Judith. But Waltheof listened to the talk of some of the Norman barons who wished to rid themselves of William's strong hand over them; and though Waltheof repented, William did not forgive him. The last great English earl was beheaded in 1076, and the earldom of Huntingdon passed to his wife Judith. William ordered her to marry one of his trusty followers, Simon of Senlis; but he was lame, and she refused. But William would not alter his plans to suit a woman's whim, so he gave Judith's daughter Matilda to Simon, who became Earl of Huntingdon by right of his wife. Moreover, after Simon's death, his widow married David of Scotland, son of the Scottish king; and through this marriage the earldom of Huntingdon passed to the royal house of Scotland. It would be a long matter to trace in detail the various incidents of this connexion. It is enough to say that the Scottish king thereby became an English baron and drew a considerable revenue from his English estates; while the English king was not sorry to count him amongst his vassals and have a hold over lands situated in the middle of England which he could regard as a pledge of the Scottish king's good behaviour. Thus Stephen confiscated the earldom and bestowed it on the son of Simon of Senlis. It was again restored and again taken

away, till it finally reverted to the Crown on the death of its last Scottish holder without issue, in 1237. However, one result of this policy was that the Castle of Huntingdon was alternately held in the name of the Senlis family and in the name of the Scottish king. The adherents of the dispossessed party were constantly on the alert, and the condition of Huntingdon and its neighbourhood cannot have been very peaceful. The English king did not wish that the Scots should hold a fortress in the heart of his kingdom, and the castle was destroyed in the reign of Henry II. Its stones rapidly disappeared, and nothing remains but the original earthwork of the days of Edward the Elder.



KIMBOLTON CASTLE, FROM THE WARREN SPINNEY.

The earldom of Huntingdon was long kept in abeyance, and when it was revived in the middle of the fourteenth century, it did not bring a resident noble into the shire. The county was not connected with any stirring events in English history, and profited by its lack of notoriety. The Abbot of Ramsey was the most influential personage, and had to maintain the rights of his house against the aggressions both of his lay and his monastic neighbours. Dykes and causeways were erected across the fens; but no regular scheme of drainage was carried out, and Huntingdonshire was at the mercy of those who dwelt nearer the Wash. If they neglected to clear their drains the county was flooded. However, in spite of difficulties the county flourished. Its forests were cleared, and the need for timber in the Fenland provided a ready market for the wood, which could easily be carried by water. The cleared land was soon converted into excellent pasturage, and the sheep of Huntingdonshire were almost as famous as those of Leicestershire.

This peaceful state of things came to an end with the dissolution of the monasteries; and the monks of Ramsey seem to have felt that they had done their work and their presence was no longer needed. They were good, quiet men, of whom no one had much harm to say; and the report of the commissioner sent to examine into their doings was that "they live as uprightly as any other, after the best sort of living that hath been among religious folk this many years; that is to say, more given to ceremonies than is necessary." That was precisely the objection felt against the existence of the monasteries. In early days they had discharged many useful offices, and had fostered civilisation in many ways. Their religious life was the background to a life of practical beneficence. They had set the example of peaceful industry and had afforded a refuge to the folk who dwelt around them. But times had changed, and the monks of Ramsey were no longer pioneers. Their lands were tilled for them, and they were a body of kindly landlords who lived a harmless but not a very elevated life. The Abbot of Ramsey saw no good reason why his monastery should continue to exist, but declared himself "conformable to everything that shall be at this time put in use." He took care, however, to make a good bargain for himself, for he was pensioned off with £230 a year, worth at least ten times as much in our money, besides a house for his use, a hundred loads of wood, and a mark of swans every year. A "mark of swans" meant the right of pasturing swans on the fens; as they fed in common, each owner distinguished his flock by a mark which was cut upon the bill of the bird.

The fall of the monasteries was closely con-

nected with the fate of Henry VIII's unhappy queen, Catharine, who ended her days in Huntingdonshire. At first, upon her exclusion from Court, she was sent to a manor-house of the Bishop of Lincoln at Buckden, and thence to the royal manor of Kimbolton which formed part of her jointure, where she died, greatly to her husband's relief, early in 1536. Kimbolton was granted by the king, after her death, to an official who had done him good service, Sir Richard Wingfield, from whose family it passed by sale to Henry Montagu, who, in 1603, was created Earl of Manchester. The fall of the monasteries led more directly to the rise of another family, whose



HINCHINBROOK HOUSE, HUNTINGDON.

connexion with Huntingdonshire must always form the chief feature in the county's history. Morgan Williams, a Welshman from Glamorganshire, married a sister of Thomas Cromwell, who was Henry VIII's great agent in carrying out the business of the monastic suppression. Morgan's son, Richard, rose in fortunes by Cromwell's protection, and was rewarded for his services to the king by some of the monastic lands in Huntingdonshire, amongst others the sites of Ramsey Abbey, and of Hinchinbrook Priory, a Benedictine nunnery which rose on a slight eminence outside the town of Huntingdon. His eldest son, Henry, built a noble mansion at Hinchinbrook, where he entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1564, and became one of the chief men of the shire, where, from his liberality, he was known as "The Golden Knight." This taste for lavish expenditure was inherited by his son, Sir Oliver, who distinguished himself by a magnificent entertainment given to James I in 1603. But he pursued his taste for magnificence till he sorely crippled his resources, and in 1627 sold Hinchinbrook to a younger brother of the Earl of Manchester; and thus the chief place in the shire passed to the Montagus.

However, the Cromwell stock was sturdy, and many of the younger sons lived in the eastern counties farming their estates. A brother of Sir Oliver, Robert Cromwell, inherited a small estate near Huntingdon, where he lived. There was born his son, Oliver, who was to play so large a part in English history; and there he was educated in the little grammar school, held in the buildings which had once belonged to the Hospital of St. John. In 1628 Oliver Cromwell first entered upon public life as member for the borough of Huntingdon. In 1631 he sold his estate at Huntingdon and removed to St. Ives, where he farmed as a tenant farmer. Thus it was the protestant associations, the puritan education, and the quiet life of Huntingdonshire which formed the resolute character of him who, at a crisis of his country's fate, showed that he possessed the seeing eye and the strong grasp of principle which enabled him to act with decision.

But if the quiet of Huntingdonshire was favourable to the development of a strong man, it equally afforded a retreat to another who sought to withdraw from the perplexities of active life. Few episodes in the life of England during the seventeenth century are more interesting than is the settlement of Nicolas Ferrar at Little Gidding. Ferrar was a man of cultivated mind, the son of a wealthy London merchant, who had at his command a distinguished career both in commerce and in politics. But his fastidious nature shrank from the antagonisms which he saw on every side. He withdrew from politics, wound up his business, and bought the manor of Little Gidding as a fit place for retirement to one who wished to spend his life in meditation and the practices of devotion. He found there in 1624 a ruined manor-house, a shepherd's hut, and a church used as a barn. Before he would repair his house he rescued the church from desecration, and was ordained deacon that he might officiate. His mother, his brother, his brother-in-law and their families accompanied him; and a family life was organised on the basis of simple piety and devotion. The children were carefully educated, and neighbouring children were welcome to share in their education. Daily services were said in the church, and a strict rule of useful occupation and devotional observances was established. Men thought that the old days of monasticism were being revived, and mocked at this "protestant nunnery," but Ferrar had no design of founding an order, and did not aim at being a leader of men. Ferrar died in 1637, but the family community still continued, and in 1642 Charles I solaced himself by a hurried visit. The storm of the Civil War swept it away in 1647, and not till our own times did the memories of Ferrar again begin to cluster round the church which he had so carefully restored.

When the Civil War broke out Huntingdonshire joined the Association of the Eastern Counties, which was formed for the purpose of keeping the war outside their borders, and of raising troops for Parliament. Oliver Cromwell was the heart and soul of this organisation, which he converted into the mainstay of the Parliamentary cause. But Oliver had much to do before he could reduce to obedience many of his old friends and kinsfolk. He visited his uncle Sir Oliver at Ramsey, and begged his blessing, but he took the precaution of carrying off the arms and plate of the old man, who remained a royalist till the end. But with both Cromwell and the Earl of Manchester on the side of Parliament, the allegiance of Huntingdonshire was secure, and the county was not disturbed by warfare within its borders.



GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT HUNTINGDON.

The family of Cromwell was not perpetuated in Huntingdonshire; but the Montagus, both those of Kimbolton and those of Hinchinbrook, took a great part in forwarding the Restoration. Sir Edward Montagu of Hinchinbrook was created Earl of Sandwich in 1660, and was a famous admiral, dying at sea in an engagement with the Dutch. The Montagus played a considerable part in English history, and in Huntingdonshire did much to further agriculture. For from this period onward the records of the county have little to tell save a steady progress in good farming. The drainage of the Fenland, which was seriously undertaken in the end of the seventeenth century, greatly changed the whole aspect of the shire. In the first place, it meant that the Wash retreated; and consequently Huntingdon lost its communication with the sea, and ceased to be a place for the import and distribution of com-

modities. This led to a gradual decline in the importance of the town; and Huntingdon, which in old times had fifteen parish churches, now only possesses three. At the same time the lands of the county did not gain so much advantage from the drainage as did those which were newly reclaimed. For the new works were calculated for the benefit of the low-lying tract round the Wash, and it was some time before the connecting drains from the more inland districts were adjusted to the new conditions. When this was done Huntingdonshire could claim to be the best grazing land in England. Early in the eighteenth century Defoe wrote of it, "Here are the most beautiful meadows on the banks of the River Ouse that I think are to be seen in England: which, in the summer season, are covered with innumerable herds of cattle and flocks of sheep."

Defoe's description is still characteristic of the great charm of Huntingdonshire. It is a county wholly given over to pastoral life. There are no great towns and few traces of industrial occupations. Huntingdon, St. Ives, and St. Neots are simply centres of the agriculture of the neighbourhood, and breathe an air of quietness and peace. Population is distributed over many villages, which nestle among the trees and break the monotony of the rich meadows which surround them on every side. The causeways on which many of the high roads still run remind us of the days, not very far distant, when the land was still exposed to floods; and the bridges at Huntingdon and St. Ives rank high as examples of the architecture of the past. The bridge at St. Ives still retains the old bridge-chapel, now converted into a house, which testifies to the sense of our ancestors of the perils of a journey. Everywhere there are traces of old-world life. The traveller feels that he is in Cromwell's country, in the land where a sober discharge of daily duties taught one of England's greatest heroes to understand the spirit of the nation's past, and form a clear conception of its future mission.

## THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IT is nearly sixty years since Sir Walter Scott died, and now the Journal from which Lockhart gave many interesting extracts in his admirable biography is published without abridgment. It is a wonderful book, the most pathetic work of a great master of pathos, and a beautiful revelation of a character more worthy perhaps of study than the author's finest works. Scott was never so great as in the years of adversity and pain of which he takes count in these pages, but apart from his splendid gifts as a poet and imaginative writer, and in spite of some obvious failings, there was never a time in which he did not merit the unbounded love and honour he received. No one conscious of great powers could have been more humble than Scott, more free from vanity and from the petty jealousies which so often beset men of letters. Imagination did not lead him astray, as it has led men of weaker fibre; for his sense of duty was strong, and so were his affections. He was one of the most lovable of men because he sought to find in everybody something worthy of his love and sympathy, but his large-heartedness was combined with indomitable energy and the most masculine understanding. No one could take any liberties with the "Sheriff"; but the poorest people on his estate at Abbotsford learned to love him, and one of them said: "Sir Walter talks to us as if we were blood relations." His nature was indeed largely sympathetic. "If God bears with the very worst of us," he writes, "we may surely endure each other," a saying that may remind some of my readers of the beautiful Jewish legend with which Jeremy Taylor concludes his great work "The Liberty of Prophesying." As the story is very brief, the digression may be pardoned. Abraham, it is said, had hospitably entertained a very old man who came to his tent weary with age and travel, but on finding that he did not worship the God of Heaven, he thrust him out "to all the evils of the night." Then God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was, and the patriarch told what he had done. "God answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred years although he dishonoured Me, and couldst thou not endure him one night when he gave thee no trouble?' Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction."

Scott kept his feelings sternly under restraint, and perhaps wisely, for his heart was as tender as a woman's. Despite thirty years of happy married life, the remembrance of an early and lost love haunted him to the last; and of this great man's filial affection a beautiful illustration is related by his biographer.

> Perhaps the most touching evidence of his early domestic feelings was exhibited to his executors when they opened his repositories in search of his testament the evening after his burial. On lifting up his desk we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room; the silver taper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee; a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her; his father's snuff-box and étui-case, and more things of the like sort recalling "the old familiar faces." The same feeling was apparent in all the arrangements of his private apartment. Pictures of his father and mother were the only ones in his dressing-room. . . . Even his father's rickety washing-stand, with all its cramped appurtenances, though exceedingly unlike what a man of his very scrupulous habits would have selected in these days, kept its ground

It is not our purpose here to tell once more the story of Sir Walter's life, but there are several passages in it that it will be well to mention before we come to the days of darkness recorded in the Journal. This "wondrous Potentate," as Wordsworth called him, was for many a long year one of the happiest, the busiest, and the most prosperous of men. And we may add that no one was less injured by prosperity. With a brain teeming with imagination, and a spirit that exulted in its strength, he regarded labour as the charter of existence, and submitted with goodwill to the drudgery of the law. For six and twenty years as Clerk of Session he was at his post for hours daily when the courts were sitting at Edinburgh. Never to be doing nothing was one of Scott's mottoes, and he was as active in the pursuit of recreation as of work. He was a daring rider, a stout player at single-stick, and in spite of lameness a "desperate climber." Spartan-like, he taught his children to laugh at danger.

In his early days there was nothing that Scott loved better than to ramble over the Border country, making friendly acquaintance with the people, and storing up in his wonderful memory the old legends and ballads of which he made such good use in after years. The publication of the "Border Minstrelsy," with the introduction and notes, was the first feather in Scott's cap as a poet and man of letters. Then came "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a poem which took the world by storm by its freshness and originality, and by its vigorous rush of verse. This was followed by "Marmion," for which he received 1,000 guineas before the poem was published; and three years later appeared "The Lady of the Lake," which put upwards of 2,000 guineas into the poet's purse, and may be said to have opened Scotland to English tourists. It is not Scott's finest work as a poet, but no poem ever aroused more passionate enthusiasm. Swarms of visitors hurried to Loch Katrine, and "the post-horse duty in Scotland rose in an extraordinary degree, and continued to do so for a number of years."

The enthusiasm of the public did not dazzle Scott, who wrote afterwards that never, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million, had he been a partisan of his own poetry. "The Lord of the Isles" and "Rokeby" completed his crowning achievements in verse, and then thinking, with his usual modesty, that his poetical sun had set, he turned to prose.

The earliest hours of the morning were given to his desk, and by the breakfast hour he had done enough, as he said expressively, "to break the neck of the day's work." Then by one o'clock, when he was his own master, and the courts were not sitting, he would mount his horse and ride out with his hounds, whom he treated as friends. He was a gentleman, we are told, even to his dogs, and when one of his favourites died he declined an invitation to dinner, previously accepted, on the ground that he had lost "an old friend."

The amount of prose writing and editing Scott achieved in a few years when in the full vigour of manhood was enormous, but no literary toil was ever allowed to banish wife or children from his study or to interfere with the homely duties of life and with the claims of society. To keep, he said, in the course and stream of daily life is a great advantage to a literary man.

The most brilliant period of Scott's career lay between the years 1814 and 1825, for in those years he poured forth with startling rapidity a series of the noblest prose fictions which the world has seen. Meanwhile he was lord of Abbotsford and "the whole world's darling." The secret of the authorship of the Waverley Novels was faithfully kept for years, but friends who knew Scott familiarly felt that there was but one man in Scotland who could have written them. The "Great Unknown" gained a reputation which he would not acknowledge, and wherever he travelled was welcomed with the enthusiasm generally given to a conqueror. And a conqueror Sir Walter was, not only in a poetical sense through the exercise of his splendid imagination, but because, as Mr. Palgrave has pointed out, he entirely removed the antagonism which had previously existed between the Saxon and the Gael. "This," he writes, "may be regarded on the whole as his greatest achievement. He united the sympathies of two hostile races by the sheer force of genius. He healed the bitterness of centuries."

Through the years in which Scott reached the high-water mark of his prosperity, he gained a princely fortune and kept open house at Abbotsford, a mansion now visited by pilgrims from every quarter of the civilised world. It was Scott's ambition and his weakness to found a family, and the creatures of his imagination were of less account in his eyes than the prospect of creating a new branch of the clan of Scott. This seems like an ignoble ambition, but it was not wholly so, for it was caused, in great measure, by a reverence for old institutions and for family ties. The simplicity and manliness of his character were never injured by this illusion, but it led him into commercial speculations that ended in the ruin of these worldly hopes. How his fortunes were wrecked cannot be told here, and is probably familiar to our readers. Enough to say that the prospect of ruin stared Sir Walter in the face very shortly after the opening of his Journal, which begins on November 20, 1825, and ends on April 16, 1832.

And now let us open these deeply interesting volumes and see how bravely the writer battled with a stormy sea. In the month of January 1826 Scott, who was then in his fifty-sixth year, learnt that he was a ruined man, with obligations that amounted to about £130,000.

"Naked we entered the world," he writes, "and naked we leave it—blessed be the name of the Lord! I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted, sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well!"

His resolve was instantly made. He would put forth all his strength and, if life were spared, pay his creditors in full. This noble purpose was

achieved after Sir Walter's death, but it was at the cost of his life. His steady flow of industry, so far from being lessened by this terrible disaster, was stimulated by it, and he worked on with undaunted courage until the brain was exhausted and the pen fell from his hand.

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions," and this saying of Shakespeare was but too true in Scott's case. Not long after the great blow to his fortunes, Lady Scott, who had suffered long from illness, lay dying at Abbotsford at the time when her husband was forced by his official duties to leave for Edinburgh. Five days afterwards the end came. Scott felt the loss in the very depths of his being. After some days he writes: "I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is of terrible violence, a sort of throttling sensation, then succeeded by a state of dreamy stupidity in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead. I think I feel my loss more than at the first blow."

Later on, when the fresh sadness of the loss was over, he writes:

"In the evening we had music from the girls, and the voices of the harp and viol were heard in my halls once more, which have been so long deprived of mirth. It is with a mixed sensation I hear these sounds. I look on my children and am happy; and yet every now and then a pang shoots across my breast. It seems so strange that my poor wife should not be there."

The allusions to his loss are frequent, and all the more touching since Scott's stoicism demanded the suppression of feeling. At the same time his bodily strength was failing. After a hard day's work on the "Life of Napoleon" he writes, "My head aches, my eyes ache, my back aches, so does my breast, and I am sure my heart aches: and what can Duty ask more?" Duty, however, in Scott's judgment did ask more, and was ever urging him to unparalleled exertions. In two years he earned for his creditors by the labours of his pen very nearly £40,000. "Woodstock" produced £8,000, and the "Life of Napoleon" in nine volumes, the most laborious work he ever undertook, brought in £18,000. "It was," says Lockhart, "the work of one twelvemonth, done in the midst of pain, sorrow, and ruin." This was the man who could write, "When did I ever like labour of any kind?"

And now in addition to other labours Sir Walter began to write his "Tales of a Grandfather," one of the most charming books that came even from his magical pen. These historical tales, the delight of children and also of their elders, were received with more enthusiasm than any one of his books since "Ivanhoe." He himself thought the work well done, and wrote in his Journal that he "would as soon compose histories for boys and girls which may be useful, as fictions for children of a larger growth." It was seldom that he thought well of his own writings. On this score it is stated that he was not only inaccessible to compliments but even insensible to the truth. He disliked to hear his books praised or talked about, but learning upon one occasion that Dr. Chalmers had expressed his admiration of his works, he said, "To have produced any effect upon the mind of such a man as Dr Chalmers is indeed something to be proud of. Dr Chalmers is a man of the truest genius. I will thank you to repeat all you can recollect on the subject."

The "Tales of a Grandfather" Scott appears to have retained in his own hands. "If I work," he writes, "to the amount of £10,000 a year for the creditors, I think I may gain a few hundreds for my own family at by-hours." In the spring of 1828 he took his daughter Anne to London, for he was longing to see his boys and Lockhart and Sophia and the darling grandson to whom he had dedicated the "Tales." The poor child had given many a pang to Scott, for his life seemed to hang upon a thread, and there are few things more pathetic in the Journal than the references to this engaging boy who died a few months before his grandfather.

Something may be said about this London journey, which was not, sixty years since, the cheap and easy matter it is nowadays. The travellers slept the first night at Carlisle, "a sad place," Scott writes, "in my domestic remembrances, since here I married my poor Charlotte. She is gone and I am following faster perhaps than I wot of. It is something to have lived and loved; and our poor children are so hopeful and affectionate that it chastens the sadness attending the thoughts of our separation." After visiting among other places Warwick, Leamington, and Stratford-on-Avon, Scott and his daughter reached London in six days, and "had a joyful meeting, I promise you." "I looked into my cash," he writes, "and found £53 had diminished on the journey down to about £3. In former days a journey to London cost about £30 or thirty guineas. It may now cost one-fourth more. But I own I like to pay postilions and waiters rather more liberally than perhaps is right. I hate grumbling and sour faces."

Had Mrs. Lockhart read the Journal, she would probably have objected to her father's comments on her youngest infant. "My name-son, a bright and blue-eyed rogue, with flaxen hair, screams and laughs like an April morning; and the baby is that species of dough which is called a fine baby. I care not for children till they care a little for me."

During Scott's visit Mrs. Lockhart had to take her "poor little Johnnie" to Brighton, and Anne Scott accompanied her sister. This saddened the London sojourn, and ultimately he was left alone with his younger son Charles, then a clerk in the Foreign Office. "And this is the promised meeting of my household!" is Sir Walter's melancholy comment. However, he remained in London for some time, going everywhere, and seeing all the great personages of the day, from poets to princes.

Now he breakfasts with Rogers, now dines with the Duke of Wellington, and now "with Mr. Peel—a great Cabinet affair, and too dignified to be very amusing." Then he is entertained at that home of literary lions, Holland House, or sits to Haydon for his portrait, or breakfasts at Somerset House on tea and coffee and bread-and-butter, "which is poor work;" and Scott thinks that a slice of ham, some broiled fish, or a mutton chop "would have been becoming so learned a body" as the Royal Society. Every day brought its invitation, and Scott records how, on one of these

busy days, he dined, by command, with the Duchess of Kent.

I was presented to the little Princess Victoria—I hope they will change her name—the heir-apparent to the crown as things now stand. The little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely by the Duchess and the principal governess that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, "You are heir of England." I suspect if we could dissect the little head, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter.

Then Sir Walter went to Brighton in a coach which performed the distance in six hours, and was happy to find himself "at Sophia's quiet table, and am only sorry that I must quit her so soon."

Father and daughter returned to London together, and the gay metropolis—it was then the height of the season—gave him once more the welcome he deserved. It contained at that time a "nest of singing birds," including, in addition to the Wizard of the North, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Southey, Rogers, and Moore. On leaving London Scott sums up under nine headings the advantages of the trip. It is characteristic of the writer that of these, six are services rendered to other people. Even in his worst straits we find him thinking and labouring for others. "There would be little gain," he says, "in doing a kind act if you did not suffer pain or inconvenience upon the score."

The reader will already have observed that one of Scott's first thoughts at the news of his commercial failure was for his "poor people," and it is pleasant to know that in this fall of his fortunes his servants declined to leave so good a master. Lockhart relates that the butler, instead of being the easy chief of a large establishment, was willing to do half the work of the house at probably half his former wages, and that old Peter, his coachman of five and twenty years' standing, became ploughman in ordinary, "and so on with all that remained of the ancient train, and all seemed happier." One old labourer on the estate when he heard of Scott's misfortunes "went to bed and said he would not rise again, and kept his word."

Writing in Edinburgh Sir Walter says, "I shall be glad to be at Abbotsford to get rid of this town, where I have not in the proper and social sense of the word a single friend whose company pleases me. In the country I have always Tom Purdie." Tom's first introduction to the Sheriff was as a prisoner charged with poaching. Scott detected the good qualities of the man and made him his shepherd. Then he was promoted and became his master's forester and constant companion in the woods of Abbotsford. Always at hand when Scott wanted an arm to lean on, he would also find his way into the splendid library in his ploughman's garb and see that the books were in good order. He used to talk of his master's works as "our books," and said the reading of them was the greatest comfort to him, "for whenever he was off his sleep, which sometimes happened, he had only to take one of the novels, and before he read two pages it was sure to set him asleep." Tom died suddenly in the days when the comfort of his help was most needed, and Scott wrote, "There is a heart cold that loved me well, and I am sure thought of my interest more than of his own. I have seldom been so much shocked."

The tremendous strain upon brain and heart were fast telling upon Sir Walter, and the Journal makes many a sad disclosure of physical and mental suffering. He complains of violent rheumatic headaches, and that the joints of his knees are so stiff and painful in rising and sitting down that he can hardly help screaming. "I am very ill to-day," he writes, "with a rheumatic headache and a still more vile hypochondriacal affection which fills my head with pain, my heart with sadness, and my eyes with tears. It is a most hang-dog cast of feeling, but it may be chased away by study or by exercise. The last I have always found most successful, but the first is most convenient. I wrought, therefore, and endured all this forenoon." The lameness which he suffered and laughed at in youth gave him intense pain at times, but there were graver evils to be borne, and in February 1830 he had a fit which for a short time deprived him of the power of speech. Later on in the same year he records that he sank stupefied on the floor. One bad symptom after another is noted in the Journal, and still Sir Walter toiled on with an iron will that no physical suffering could subdue. "I will never," he had written, "relax my labour in these affairs either for fear of pain or love of life. I will die a free man, if hard working will do it."

His latest tale, "Count Robert of Paris," showed the failure of his wonderful imagination, and Scott was keenly conscious of the loss.

I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can. It would argue too great an attachment of consequence to my literary labours to sink under. Did I know how to begin, I would begin this very day, although I knew I should sink at the end. After all, this is but fear and faintness of heart, though of another kind from that which trembles at a loaded pistol. My bodily strength is terribly gone; perhaps my mental too.

In the family circle, we are told, Scott seldom spoke of his illness, and always hopefully, but in the Journal he writes of himself as "perhaps setting like a day that has been admired as a fine one: the light of it sets down amid mists and storms."

At length it was resolved to try the effect of a southern climate, and the Government placed a vessel at his disposal. Before leaving Abbotsford Sir Walter was visited by his great brother poet, Wordsworth, and the memory of that parting is beautifully recalled in "Yarrow Revisited." The fine sonnet written at the same time, "On the departure of Sir Walter Scott for Naples," is probably familiar to our readers, but the final lines may be quoted:

"Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes:
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope."

In Italy Sir Walter Scott had occasionally flashes of his old spirit, but the change effected no real improvement; and the death at Weimar of the poet Goethe, whom he had hoped to visit on the return journey, made him eager to go home.

He had left London on September 23, 1831, and after another apoplectic fit, reached Abbotsford in a hopeless condition in July 1832. He had been in a state of complete unconsciousness, but as he approached his home he began to look about him, and when his eye caught the towers of Abbotsford it was with difficulty he could be kept in the carriage. The next morning he awoke with perfect consciousness, and was wheeled about the garden and through his rooms in a chair. "I have seen much," he said, "but nothing like my ain house—give me one turn more."

On the following day he begged Lockhart to read to him; when asked from which book, he said, "Need you ask? there is but one." He listened to the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; and when it was finished he said, "Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." On the morning of the day he died Sir Walter is said to have asked the nurse to read a Psalm. "She proceeded to do so, when he gently interposed, saying, 'No, no, the Scotch Psalms.' After reading to him a little while he expressed a wish to be moved nearer the window, through which he looked long and earnestly up and down the valley and towards the sky, and then on the woman's face, saying, 'I'll know it all before night.'"

"About half-past one P.M., on September 21," writes his biographer and son-in-law, "Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

JOHN DENNIS.

## Twilight.

THE mystic twilight shrouds the dying day,
The wind sobs through the rain,
Which falls like human tears that must have way,
And ceasing, flow again.

The damp and faded leaves give forth a scent
Sweet, subtle, but which blends
With Nature's woe, and adds to the lament
Of life that all life ends.

What wonder that we, too, attuned to grief,
To sadness ever prone,
Find the world's dreary aspect a relief,
And claim it for our own!

How many men and women, even as I,
Behold the day depart,
And consecrate its ending with a sigh
From an o'erburdened heart!

Ah, but God hears them, friends, our dreams He knows,
The yearning that is pain;
*He* gave the moaning to the wind that blows,
The sadness to the rain.

He gave them, too, their uses. They will bring
Rejoicing to the earth;
The flowers, the leafy boughs where glad birds sing,
The streams that laugh with mirth.

And we, whose hopes are here so incomplete,
Who vainly pine and brood,
May learn that disappointment may be sweet,
And loss our only good.

There shall be no more weeping, we are told,
Where no more there is night,
Where He shall satisfy us, and enfold,
Who is both Love and Light.

Beloved, take courage. All our sorrows here,
If we but consecrate
To Him, He will transform them. Do not fear,
But pray and trust and wait.

He who can make the harvests of the earth
From rain and sun and air,
Will, maybe, change to gems of priceless worth
Our tears, our griefs, our care.

Here, night and day He in His wisdom made,
The evening and the morn;
Here brightness flickered, light o'ercast by shade,
The twilight and the dawn.

But in our souls, whatever change betide,
If we but do the right,
God through the darkness will with us abide,
And give us always light.

IDA J. LEMON.

# REMARKABLE WINTERS IN EUROPE.



A MOMENT OF PERIL.

"WE never have anything like the old winters," say some people. Their memory must be going back to the beginning of the century, to that fearful period when Europe was decimated, and involved apparently to all time in millions of millions of debt. From 1795 to 1830 Europe had in every sense of the word "Hard Times." As the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so the elements fought against those who commenced the fratricidal struggles, and finally against the monster which, like Frankenstein, they had called into being. This epoch opens with and concludes with extraordinarily severe winters, its central period being distinguished by two winters in succession quite terrible, and it contains no less than eleven extremely rigorous winters.

## 1794–1830.

In 1794–95 Napoleon was rising on the ruins of the French Revolution. The cold for a month during that winter reached the lowest average temperature ever recorded in Europe. There were forty-two days of continued frost. January 25 is commonly supposed to have been the coldest day ever known. The thermometer in London was 8° below zero, in Paris 10$\frac{3}{7}$°. Snowstorms lasted in Great Britain fifty-one days. On the Thames, 300 vessels were locked up in the ice. The Marne, the Scheldt, the Rhine, and the Seine were frozen so hard that regiments of soldiers and heavy carriages passed over them, and it was in consequence of this state of things that Pichegru's order to capture the Dutch fleet was effected on January 20,

exactly as a sportsman might take his prey in a trap. 1798–99 was another very severe winter on the Continent, the Meuse being passable for carriages; and the Rhine being frozen in the same hard way, dragoons crossed it at Mayence. Fairs were also held on the ice at Rotterdam and the Hague. 1802 was again a severe winter. In 1805 the Neva froze earlier than in any year since 1703. 1811 was remarkable in England for a frost so hard that in the early part of January people walked on the ice on the Thames.

As nature seemed to shudder at the downfall of human hope and the apparition of Napoleon, so as his career is coming to a close she appears in sternest mood, as if commissioned to do what all the armies in Europe could not do.

In the Museum at Lyons is a painting by Charlet depicting Napoleon's retreat from Russia after the burning of Moscow in October 1812. "Where are the officers of the staff, where the horses, the plumes, the captains, the marshals? Nothing is to be seen of the great army but the perishing soldier, nothing but human misery tramping guideless, leaderless, and without order, beneath a pitiless sky, on a solid sheet of ice. Where is the Emperor? Afar off on the horizon, enwreathed in whirls of hoary rime, his carriage perchance is rolling over heaps of corpses. A hundred thousand men, their heads on their bosoms, death in their souls, still tramp on in regular step. One after the other they drop and sink into their last sleep. Some throw up their arms in supplication, but no one heeds them, they fall, and the crowd moves on. Ravens are flying over the snow full of human corpses. The heavens are one vast ceaseless drizzle, and the rain freezes as it falls. The misery is profound, desperate!"[1]

Such was 1812–13 in Europe. 1813–14 was another terrible winter, but whereas the former seems to have been worse on the Continent, the latter was the more remarkable in England. It was ushered in by one of the very worst of London fogs. A darkness that might be felt lasted a whole week, during which people in the streets only saw each other by the red glare of a flaring link, or knew of each other's existence by the cries of alarm which rose on all sides. When the fog ceased, the snow came down in heavy falls, which at last continued without cessation for forty-eight hours. This on a ground congealed by four weeks' frost, with intensely cold northerly or north-easterly wind blowing, rendered the prospect somewhat dreary. Thaw, followed immediately by another spell of frost, in which the icicles grew a yard or a yard and a half long, made matters worse. Circulation was more and more impeded, communication between the centres of life being arrested until it almost entirely ceased. Out of London only the Essex and Kent roads were passable.

Vast quantities of ice in the Thames collected about the bridges, forming great islands, which, driven by the current or the wind, dashed against each other with fury, cracking up and crashing with a tremendous noise. Gradually this turmoil ceased and the river became still as death. By February 1, 1814, the whole waterway between Blackfriars Bridge and Three Cranes Wharf was as hard as a granite pavement. The following day a complete street had been laid out, lined on each side by shops and stalls, and called the City Road. Eight or ten printing-presses were set up, an orange-coloured standard with the Dutch motto, "Orange boven," being hoisted over one. A small sheep was roasted and its flesh sold as *Lapland mutton*, and a plentiful store of gin, beer, and gingerbread provided. Swings, bookstalls, dancing in a barge, suttlers' booths, skittles, donkey-riding, gambling, etc.—it was a complete fair. Behind this white background, studded by bits of colour here and there, St. Paul's and the City stood out against a sombre sky. The effect at moonlight was striking, and the imagination might easily have supposed it a scene in Holland or Sweden. The Frost Fair of 1814 is the subject of one of our illustrations, and the above details have been gathered from a little book called "Frostiana," printed on the ice, and published there on February 5, 1814.

The Tyne presented a like scene. On January 31 no less than seven drinking-booths were erected on the frozen river and fires ignited. A ballad of the time says :—

> "From Red Heugh down to Ouse Burn Quay
> The river's crowded like a fair,
> And many a group of people play
> At horseshoes for a quart of beer."

Indeed, all sorts of games went on, and among the frequenters of the drink-booths there was a fine field for the recruiting-sergeant. On the Tweed a party of Kelso people sat down to a dinner in the middle of the river. Over the heads flew an Orange flag and the union flags of England and Holland. No more earnest execrators of Napoleon than the Dutch, who with all Europe were at this moment eagerly hoping for his downfall. The Severn was also frozen over, and boats could not cross the Mersey for the ice. Indeed, the whole face of the country was one uniform sheet of snow, vehicles of every kind had to be left to their fate and the horses taken to the nearest place of refuge. In Warwickshire the drifts were unprecedented; at Dunchurch during many days no tracks of carriages or travellers were visible for miles round. The Cambridge coach, coming to town, sank into a hollow part of the road, where the snow drifted over it from one o'clock until nine in the morning, when it was dragged out by fourteen waggon horses, the passengers being in the coach all the time and nearly frozen to death.

While Napoleon was thinking, in January 1814, of calling out 300,000 more conscripts, the Allies pressed on to Paris, which, after a short struggle, surrendered on the 30th of March. Early the next morning the allied troops, led by the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Austrian General, entered the city, proceeding through the boulevards to the Champs Elysées, where they were reviewed. The Cossacks with their long-maned ponies, their bright little eyes, and wild, shaggy, irregular appearance, excited, as our picture testifies, the chief interest. White flags, for the first time during nearly a quarter of a century, were seen in the

[1] Alfred de Musset.

streets of Paris. Even the statue of Napoleon on the Column Vendôme was hidden in a white shroud. It was symbolic of the fact that a very different season had come from that when every one carried something green. A moral winter had set in, and, fitly enough, Talleyrand came to the fore, and was the representative Frenchman of the hour.

The remaining years of this period were remarkable for several other severe winters. That of 1819–20 was bitter throughout Europe, being one long spell of intense frost from November to March. Paris had forty-seven days of it, and in London the Thames at Woolwich was frozen in several places to a thickness of five feet, while at Lambeth one piece was found twelve feet thick. Loaded carts passed over the Clyde at Renfrew, and on Sunday, January 16, 1820, Edinburgh presented the appearance of a Canadian winter; snow fell densely, and was so dry as to be driven in great clouds, and accumulated in enormous wreaths at the street corners. Besides the Thames and the Seine, the Rhone, the Rhine, the Danube, the Garonne, and the lagoons of Venice were all frozen, so that it was possible to walk on the ice. At Metz, on January 10, it was so cold that a number of persons had their ears and hands frozen, and during this winter several travellers perished from the cold in France. Its severity was heralded by the passage along the Channel of a great number of birds from the most distant parts of the North Sea; among these were wild swans and ducks of variegated plumage. The winter of 1823 was also severe on the Continent, while that of 1827 was remarkable for a violent snowstorm, by which a large part of the North of England and a portion of Scotland became a trackless waste. Some of the hamlets were likened to rabbit-warrens, nothing being seen of the houses except through a hole excavated at the door.

But this period reached a climax in a winter unequalled in its extreme length. The Seine was frozen from December 28, 1829, to January 26, 1830, and again from February 5 to February 10 —in all thirty-four days; the like had not occurred since 1763. All the other rivers in France were frozen. Even at Havre the Seine was frozen, and at Rouen a fair was held on the ice, while at Choisy the bridge was blocked by an ice wall sixteen and a half feet high.

### 1490–1591.

If we go back to the epoch during which the most prodigious efforts were made to strangle the Reformation—the period distinguished by the Blood Tribunal in the Netherlands, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the War of Independence in the Netherlands, the Spanish Armada, and the struggle between Henry of Navarre and the League in France—we shall find during this period there were seven exceptionally severe winters. In 1564–65 the Thames was frozen over, and the Rhone also at Arles. In 1570–71 the French rivers were again frozen; in 1586 the cold was so extreme as to kill the olives in Provence; in 1594–95 the winter was such that nearly all the fruit-trees in France perished. To these winters, thus distinguished for severity, we must add 1582, 1584, 1591, since they are mentioned by M. Renou, secretary of the Meteorological Society of France, in his lists of extremely rigorous winters in Europe.

Modern revolutions in Europe have generally been preceded by hard winters more or less numerous. Thus the Reformation was preceded by a group occurring in 1490, 1494, 1499, 1500, 1503, 1506, 1507, 1508, 1511, 1515. These rigorous times were coincident with the insurrections of the German peasants, which happened successively in 1491, 1502, 1510, 1522, 1523, and 1525, during which it is estimated 150,000 persons lost their lives. The winters of 1503 and 1507 affected Italy, the Po being so completely frozen in 1503 that an entire army crossed it, and in 1507 the lagoons at Venice were frozen. The winters in 1506 and 1515 were those that more especially affected England, the Thames being frozen on both occasions.

### 1649–1689.

John Evelyn, in his diary under date January 22, 1649, says: "Now was the Thames frozen over and horrid tempests of wind;" and a little further on the following comes: "The villany of the rebels proceeding now so far as to try, condemn, and murder our excellent king on the 30th of the month, struck me with such horror that I kept the day of his martyrdom as a fast."

The ruin of the Puritan Revolution, and the Restoration with its truculence, vice, corruption, and treason, like the corresponding epoch a century and a half later in France, seemed to chill the heart of Nature, for during the reigns of Charles II and James II we read of quite a series of severe winters, some of which left such an impression as to become historical. The series in France extending from 1656 to 1709, according to M. Renou's definition of a rigorous winter, number at least a dozen, showing that the reign of Louis XIV, if one take into account the griping taxes he laid on the people and the frightful way he persecuted the Huguenots, and the agonising insurrections his cruelties provoked, must be regarded as one of the greatest calamities that ever befell a people.

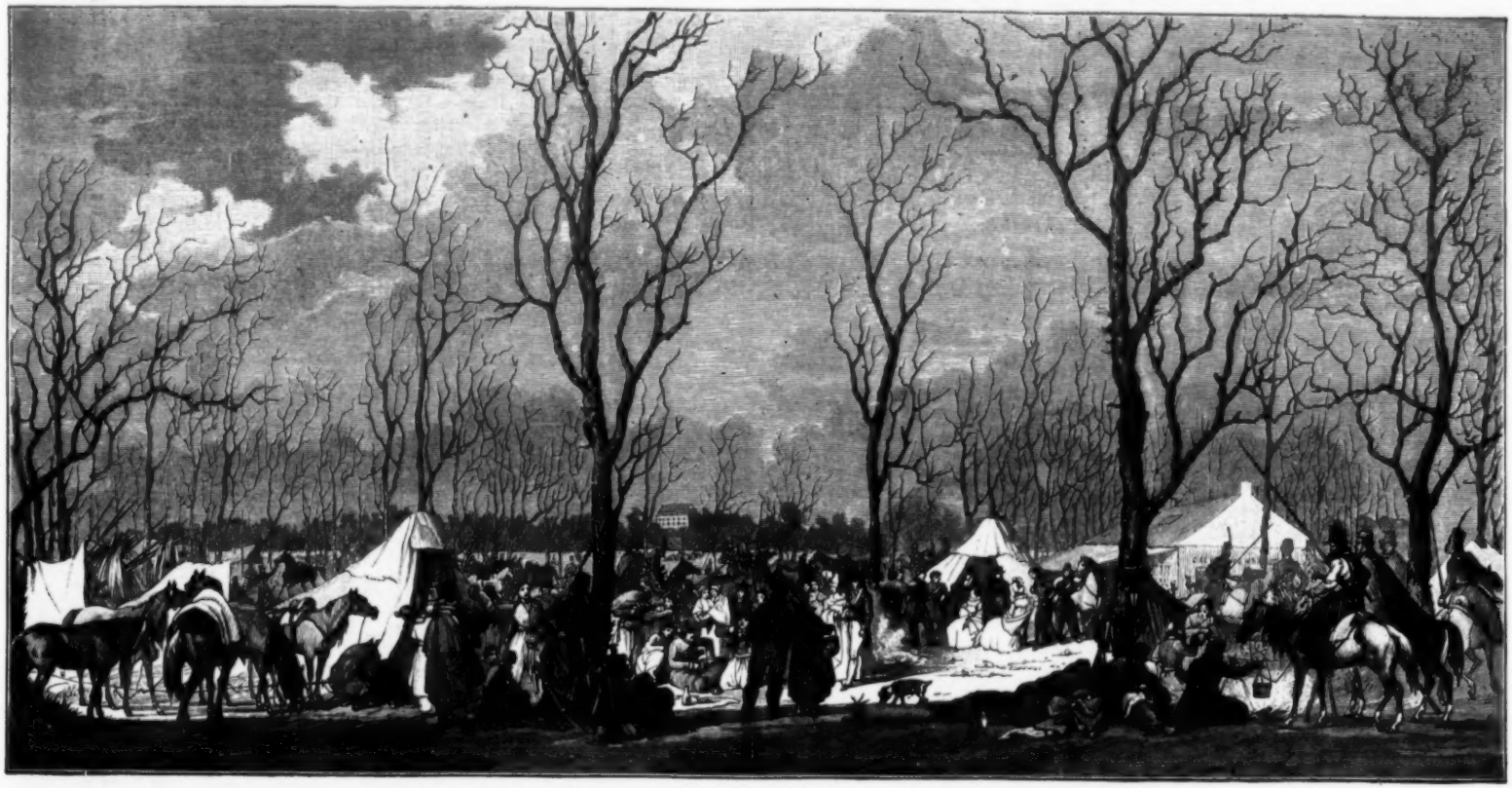
In England the series commenced with the winter of 1664–65. February 6, Pepys notes as "one of the coldest days ever felt in England;" the frost had continued from December 26 to February 7. The previous spring had seen the Conventicle Act passed, a type of the nature of the power predominant. The Great Plague of London followed this winter, commencing in May 1665, and raging throughout the year. It ceased in February 1666, and in September of the same year came the Great Fire of London. Milton's "Paradise Lost" was published in 1670, so that in all probability he was writing the opening lines in full memory of this period, which commenced in deathlike gloom and ends in the charred ruins of "huge Augusta"; and he was thinking of England when he wrote:—

> "Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
> The seat of desolation, void of light,
> Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
> Casts, pale and dreadful?"

1660–65 was a period of great dearth in France, 1670 by the destruction of trees in that country



*From an old Print.*] FAIR HELD ON THE THAMES BETWEEN JANUARY 31 AND FEBRUARY 5, 1814.



*From an old Print*] BIVOUAC OF THE COSSACKS IN THE CHAMPS DE MARS, MARCH 31, 1814.

by frost, and 1672 by a similar destruction in England.

But the great winter of this period was 1683–84, so terrible in France that about Tours a third of the people perished. What it was in England may be gathered from Pepys, who, after mentioning that "the air" on January 1, 1684, "was very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like, and that the smallpox was very mortal," speaks on the 9th of "streets of booths across the Thames as in a town," and that coaches, carts, and horses passed over. On the 24th he states, "the frost became more and more severe. . . . Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets; sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet plays and interludes, cooks, tippling and other lewd places, so that it seems a bacchanalian triumph or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting as if lightning struck, but men and children perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice that no vessels could stir out or come in, the fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perishing. Many parks of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear, that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and most southern tracts."

This great fair on the Thames created an extraordinary impression. Several broadsides with engravings exist; one, called "Erra Pater's Prophecy, or Frost Fair," in 1683, tells how that seer or "his rambling ghost,"

> "Prognosticated of this long, strong frost
> Some ages since."

Another calls it "Blanket Fair"; a second, "Great Britain's Wonder"; a third, "A Winter Wonder"; and a fourth, "The Wonders of the Deep." Many are the touches these ballads give us of the life of the day. The things that strike most of them as the great events, are the roasting of an ox and a fox-hunt on the frozen river. Besides these enjoyments, the sightseers were amused by the baiting of both a bull and a bear. Coffee-houses in great number were scattered about, where by a charcoal fire any one could buy "a dish of coffee, chocolate, or tea." Indeed, eating and drinking and gambling were carried on to such an extent that one broadside says:—

> "Here is also a lottery, and music too,
> Yea a cheating, drunken, lewd, and debauch'd crew,
> Hod codlins, pancakes, duck, goose, and sack,
> Rabbit, capon, hen, turkey, and a wooden jack,
> In this same street before the Temple made."

With smallpox very mortal, men and children perishing in divers places, with the blood of patriots like Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney just shed on London scaffolds, with Nature throughout the land groaning like a dying man in anguish, this picture of the Thames in 1684 is completed when in the foreground we see the genius of the time, Charles II, surrounded by all the members of his royal house, going in for "the most peculiar humours of the time," and cutting his coarse jokes *au goût français*.

The next great frost in England occurred in 1688-89, lasting from December 20 to February 6. The Thames was again covered with streets of shops, bull-baiting, etc., hackney coaches plying along the ice-roads. Yet in two days all the ice had disappeared and the river was flowing once more. This, too, was not unsymbolic, considering that just at that very moment "the long winter of our discontent," the gloomy period during which English liberty and English morality sank many degrees below zero, came suddenly to an end.

Historians seldom note the moods of nature, but man is only part of a great whole, and there are close relations between things mental and moral and things natural. But, not to be too philosophic, how helpful the weather is in fixing a picture of the historical drama on the mind. How chilly London must have looked when, after his abortive attempt to quit the country, James II came back to the deserted palace in Whitehall; how dismal to be told at such a time that he must quit the comfortable apartments to which he was used and go to a cheerless, unfurnished house like Ham; what a melancholy voyage was that to Rochester on December 18, 1688, in a bleak and icy wind and the river rapidly freezing. We see during this frost London passing through alternations of gloom and joy, its citizens sometimes looking menacing as the weather, and again running with faggots into the streets and lighting up great bonfires. And how typical must the thaw, with its promise of a new and happier summer, have appeared to the crowds who awaited the procession which on February 13 went to offer the crown to William and Mary.

### 1691–1789.

Never could the expression "the winter of my fortunes" have been more truly used than by Louis XIV. During the closing years of his reign every wintry terror gathered over Europe, of which he had made Versailles the centre and himself the leading monarch. According to the meteorologist Renou, great cycles of rigorous winters travel across Europe, taking a north-westerly direction. Thus that of 1709, which synchronises with the humiliation of Louis XIV, was preceded by the severe winters of 1691, 1695, and 1696, in the first of which we hear of wolves entering Vienna, and attacking not only cattle but men.

But that of 1708–9 is *the* winter of this period. It opened in the usual way of such times, by flights of wild swans and other northern birds. It was European, but its centre and severest ravages seem to have been in France. Thus, while so rigorous in the southern parts of Great Britain as to freeze the Thames, it was in Scotland and Ireland only an ordinary winter. On the other hand, it was very severe in Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and Denmark. In Copenhagen Harbour the ice was twenty-seven inches thick, at Dantzic small birds dropped down dead, and freshwater fish perished. In Italy there had been no such cold for twenty years, all the orange and olive trees were destroyed, as was also

the case in Provence; a kind of gangrene appeared on them. Through the rest of France a great part of the trees were destroyed, all the rivers were frozen, the frost being so severe that in Paris wine froze in the barrels and the bells cracked in ringing. Near Paris sixty men and several cattle were frozen to death; eighty French soldiers perished from cold at Namur. Coming on a people already stripped naked by the extortions of their rulers, a people who in the rich district of Rouen slept on straw, and who could not, like their English contemporaries, afford to wear cloth, whose dwellings were all in ruins, whose stalls were empty and the sheep gone, the mortality was frightful. Epidemics came, and the hospitals were so besieged that the poor were turned away by crowds. A troop of miserable skeletons gathered round the golden gates at Versailles; the German guards, not understanding their cries, drove them away. But the famine became so severe that the valets of the king, and among them gentlemen, begged their bread in the streets of Versailles. Riots occurred everywhere, and were quickly suppressed with unheard-of rigour. The roads were strewn with corpses.

The year in which Louis XIV died was signalised by a severe winter, which was the more remarkable in England, as during its continuance the Old Pretender raised a rebellion. The frost began about a fortnight after the defeat of the Jacobites at Preston Pans, and concluded on the very day the Earl of Derwentwater and five other peers, taken prisoners, were sentenced to death—that is to say, it continued nearly two months and a half. A fair was held on the Thames somewhat like that in 1684. In the winters of 1725, 1726, 1728, and 1729 the weather was somewhat severe, and 1739–40 was remarkable enough to leave a lasting memory, its extreme severity being handed down as a tradition. An Ice Fair was held on the Thames, and the erection of printing-presses on such occasions having become a permanent institution, the memorials of this particular fair are numerous. The cold in 1739–40 was peculiarly severe in Russia. An ice-palace was erected on the Neva with cannon and mortars in ice. From one of the latter a ball was actually fired without the mortar being destroyed.

1762–63 was the next severe winter in England, the frost lasting ninety-four days. 1766 was also serious, very great damage being done to the trees by the combined action of frost and snow. Gilbert White speaks of the thermometer indoors at Selborne in 1767-68 falling to fourteen and a half degrees below freezing-point.

In 1783–84 the frost in England lasted eighty-nine days, in Paris sixty-nine days, the Seine being frozen for two months. The "Gentleman's Magazine" says, in February 1784: "From different parts of the country we have accounts of more persons having been found dead on the roads and dug out of the snow than ever was known in any one year in the memory of man."

The year 1788 had been remarkable in France for a hailstorm which devastated 150 miles of the country, destroying the crops. The dearth was consequently extreme, and northerly winds set in, making it worse. The helpless poor were found dead in the barns or on the roadway, and in Paris the number of persons found dead in the streets led to the opening of a special hospital.

On November 26 the Seine was frozen, and the Loire, the Garonne, and the Rhone were in the same condition. The ports were blocked, the communication between Dover and Calais stopped. The harbour at Marseilles was a sheet of ice, the olives perished in Provence. In Paris the thermometer (Réaumur) was 18½° below zero, and all the fountains in the city were frozen. The water mills throughout the country stopped, so that no corn could be ground, and, besides, all supplies ceased, the corn barges being locked in the ice.

The break-up of the frost only proved another form of disaster. The rivers became suddenly swollen, broke their dykes and flooded the country. Towards the middle of January great blocks of ice came sweeping down the Loire, carrying away bridges at Orleans, Tours, and Cé. The inundation of Orleans occurred at night; six parishes were under water, and more than twelve miles of country. The people were suddenly awakened in the dark by the rushing waters. In the valley of the Loire it was difficult to assist the victims, the landing-places having been all carried away.

There had been all sorts of amusement on the ice at Lyons; suddenly the Rhone and the Saone began to break up, and then the current, loaded with icebergs, was so furious that a bridge on the Saone, 300 feet long, and having seven arches, was swept clean away. The havoc caused by the two rivers was such, that two-thirds of the boats, washing-barges, mills, and factories of all sorts on their banks were destroyed.

France in 1788 seems again only the centre of a winter unusually severe throughout Europe. Loaded waggons crossed the Rhine and the Elbe, and the sea on the coasts of the Netherlands was iced to a distance of ten miles. The Thames was frozen down to Gravesend, and the fair usual on such occasions held on the ice. On December 31, 1788, the cold at Strasburg was intense; it had been still more so at Berlin on the 20th; while at St. Petersburg, on the 12th, it was three degrees lower than at Berlin; in Poland and Northern Germany the cold was even still greater; while at Bâle the thermometer sank 13° below that recorded at St. Petersburg.

### 1844–1871.

To the extraordinary winters that ushered in the great revolutions of 1688, 1789, and 1830 we may add those of 1848 and 1871. We may mention by the way some intervening. 1838–39, a very troubled period in this country, was remarkable for the severity of its winter, the frost lasting eight weeks. During this period the Royal Exchange was burnt down, and, as proof of the intense cold, it is stated that the water pumped on the fire hung in icicles, producing a strange and startling effect.

The winter of 1840 was distinguished by the arrival of the remains of Napoleon I from St. Helena. The day they entered Paris was so excessively cold, that some people who had climbed the trees, with a view to see the procession, fell benumbed with cold and were killed.

1848, the year of revolution and reaction, was

preceded by a winter of so unusual a character that Mr. Glaisher is reported by the Registrar-General in January 1848 to have stated that he had searched all the meteorological records at his command for the previous fifty years, and had failed to find any season of a similar character. With the exception of three or four days in November, when it was remarkably cold, the temperature of the last three months of 1847 was steadily above the average, frequently during November and December rising somewhat in the night and falling again in the day. On December 20 this changed, and the electrical condition of the atmosphere, up to that time neutral, every day showed signs of activity. On December 7, notwithstanding the long-continued equable state of the atmosphere, the barometer fell so low as to be only paralleled by four previous readings in the century. Early in February 1848 the barometer began to fall, and continued to do so at intervals from the 3rd to the 10th, until the difference between the two days amounted to 1·21 inch. This was the more extraordinary as the thermometer was unusually high for the season, varying between 44° and 50°.

On January 5 and 6 there were heavy snowstorms in Scotland, the cold during the night increasing to a degree unprecedented in sudden frosts. The snowdrifts were so deep that the Inverness mail had frequently to cut a passage through them, and was consequently thirteen hours in getting from Dalwhinnie to Perth.

During the last three months of 1847 the aurora borealis was visible eight times in England, and now, at the opening of 1848, there was seen in Scotland a most beautiful display of a rose-coloured aurora, the whole heavens being illuminated for an hour before midnight with a light equal to that of the full moon. The close of the month was again distinguished by a heavy fall of snow all over England and Scotland, the frost being so severe in France as to freeze the Seine and some of the waters in the north of that country.

1844–45 was a long cold winter, but for an historical winter we must go on to that known as the Crimean winter—1854–55. Its interest, of course, centres in the scene of the great struggle. It opened with a violent hurricane, accompanied by thunder and lightning and heavy rain and sleet, ending in driving snow. This cyclone swept the Chersonese and all the neighbouring coasts, harbours and roadsteads.

It tore up the trees, took the roofs off the houses, and swept many of the tents in the camp of the Allies clean away. The horses broke loose and fled in all directions, the waggons were overturned and their stores of food and forage spoilt. The most frightful damage was done to the fleet: twenty-one vessels loaded with munition and stores were totally wrecked, eight others dismantled. Balaclava Harbour was a crashing thicket of bulwarks, masts, and spars. The hospital marquees were the first tents to fall, so that the wounded, the sick, and the dying were exposed to the cold blasts and deluged with rain and sleet. The trenches were flooded, no camp fires could be lit, nothing could be done, for no one could move, horses and riders being overthrown again and again. The misery was unutterable.

The winter which followed was emphatically "hard"—cutting blasts, persistent falls of snow, storms of sleet, torrents of rain. Thousands were frostbitten, many died; of those that survived the main number were grievously mutilated; few escaped without being maimed for life. During the winter, out of an average strength of 28,939 men, 10,053 died from sickness alone, most of the maladies being zymotic. The French suffered in like manner, 50,000 being admitted to their hospitals, while during the war 95,685 of their soldiers perished!

The invasion of France in 1870–71, the fall of the Second Empire, and the siege of Paris, like the Crimean War, was a crisis in which human suffering was aggravated by the extreme severity of the weather.

During the defence of Paris it was so terrifically cold that the infantry at Romainville are described as shivering like dogs in wet sacks, their teeth chattering, their faces leaden, their hands red as raw beef, their breath stiffening their beards and making them sticky with icicles. Wounded men exposed for a few hours were frostbitten. A sentry was found standing stiff and stark, frozen to death in his box; sixty deaths resulted in a few days from the same cause. The temperature grew worse and worse as 1870 closed, until Christmas Day was hyperborean. People said it was the severest winter known for forty years. Across the whitened plains the beleaguered Parisians saw an aurora borealis.

### TENTH TO FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Having glanced at nearly every period since that which preceded the Reformation, it may be worth while to note in a still more cursory manner a few striking facts with regard to the winters of the middle ages.

In the last quarter of the tenth century Europe sank into despair. Harried by the Northmen, the Slavs and Magyars, cruelly oppressed by the nobles who had possession of the soil, presided over by a series of degraded pontiffs, the people believed the earth was in its last agonies. In this terrible period there were forty-eight famines in sixty-two years. From 990–994 was a succession of famines, and of what seems to have been a carbuncular disease. In 1001 there was a great famine; from 1003–1008 another series; 1010, 1014, 1021, 1029 were a succession of famines, growing at last so bad, that stories of cannibalism were rife. 1031–1033, another frightful series, followed again in 1035 by famine and epidemics, and again in 1045–46, until in 1057 one commenced which lasted seven years, ravaging the whole of Europe, beginning in the east, and extending through Greece, Italy, France, England. No doubt this perennial state of famine was due mainly to the intestine warfare carried on by the lords of the time, by which the labourers were carried off from one part of a country to another, and by which vast tracts were so devastated that they remained for years without cultivation. A horribly wasteful system, a pure reign of terror, these wicked strong men made Nature herself agonise and groan. Such were the records of the harvest times; almost equally

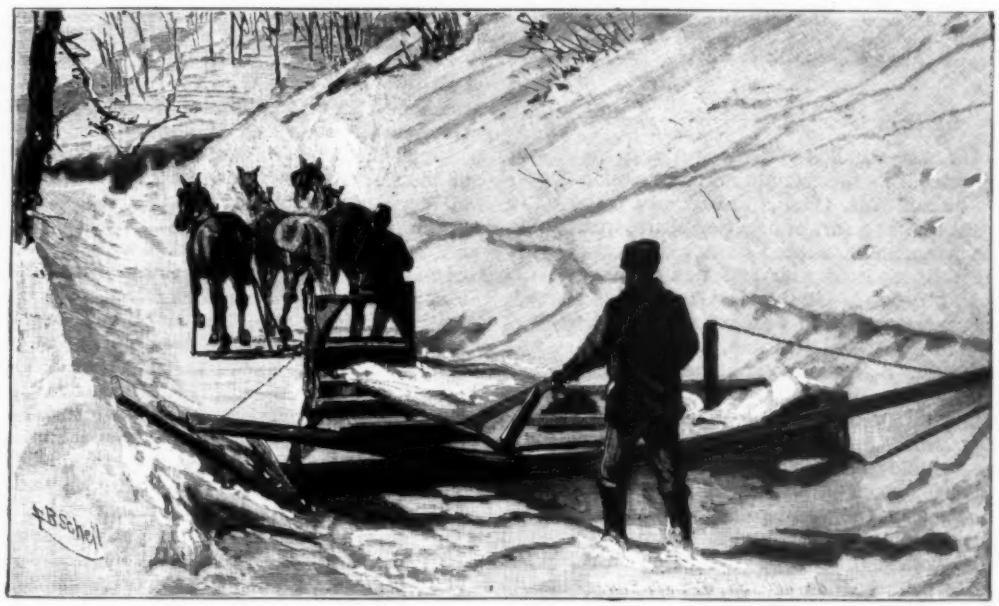
distressing are those of the winters. 974–75, called the "Great Winter," was such a terrible time, that one-third of the population in France was destroyed. It was also severe in England and in the east of Europe, the Bosphorus being frozen over so that passengers crossed on the ice. 987–88 was a winter almost as memorable in England as the "Great Winter" was in Europe. The frost lasted 120 days, and elsewhere all the seeds were destroyed. In 998 the Thames was frozen, in 1009 the rivers in Italy were frozen. 1020 was again a severe winter in England. In 1035 there was frost in England on Midsummer Day. Truly Nature was ill at ease.

And this goes on through the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, during which there were far beyond the average number of severe winters, between forty and fifty being mentioned as remarkable. The Thames was frozen over several times, and sometimes all the rivers of England are mentioned, and the same is stated of the rivers in France and the lagoons at Venice, all signs of a more than usually rigorous winter. The same kind of facts occur again and again—pestilence, famine, cannibalism; and in France, where in these bad old times things seemed always to go to extremes, we find in the fifteenth century the rich northern provinces reduced to a desert, and the wastes so perpetually increasing, that one province, La Beauce, was covered with brambles. In consequence of this state of things the peasants fled into the towns, only to find there new forms of misery. In Paris the poverty was so dire that the king fled, and the English conquerors never cared to come again. Wolves, so the story ran, had devoured fourteen men between Montmartre and the Porte St. Antoine.

The people who had to suffer these things were not physically stronger than their descendants to-day; indeed, to judge from the dimensions of old armour, they were probably less so. Moreover, the ordinary cold weather must have been worse than it is to-day, considering the unreclaimed state of the land, the greater part forests, marshes, and wild heaths. Thus it was that pestilence and famine swept them off by hundreds of thousands. The Black Death (1349) destroyed, it is said, half the population in England; and yet it came again in 1361, and again in 1369.

But, then, to balance these miseries they had processions religious and civil, everybody of consequence being dressed up; public life was, in fact, a series of theatrical shows. In winter and its mummers we have a picture of Mediæval Europe.

R. HEATH.




CANADIAN SNOW PLOUGH

# THE INCOMPLETE ADVENTURER.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "THE NUGENTS OF CARRICONNA," ETC



HE DID NOT FEEL SO SURE OF HIS FINANCIAL GENIUS ON THE OMNIBUS AS HE HAD DONE IN THE CARRIAGE.

## CHAPTER IX.—BREAKFAST AND NOTHING ELSE.

GUY was installed with honour and tributes of esteem in the sumptuous Elizabethan manor-house. Mr. Gault, who seemed disposed to regard him as a sort of new Cagliostro, treated him with a ceremonious and almost deferential grace which harmonised with and was pleasing to the exotic humour of Guy. Mr. Gault and his daughter were prepared to be charmed with Guy, and they were charmed with him.

The true Bohemian is at home everywhere. He is the cosmopolitan, who is at his ease at all times and in all places, because the comedy of life at large is his element, and his part in it is as easy and as agreeable to him in one scene as in another. In a drawing-room in the evening he reclines with grace against the mantelpiece; and at breakfast in his garret in the morning he smooths his landlord down with a promise of payment when the affairs of the country shall be happier. It is all one to him what government he lives under, and he never has the slightest idea whether the Tories or the Liberals are in office. Under the one *régime* or the other, the problem of the rent is the same.

Guy, being such an one as this, found everything to his taste in the manor-house. Dinner was ordered in the stateliest manner, and the host recommended with polite and punctilious praise dishes which he pointedly eschewed. Trona took them as they came with a healthy appetite; and Guy was on the side of the mistress.

A slight shadow passed over the steady features of the butler when his master, rejecting the dish of corn stewed in milk which had been his favourite regimen for a full nine days, asked instead for a plate of thin bread-and-butter. But when Mr. Gault produced the powder, the butler looked quite at his ease. He was the only person in the house, except Mr. Gault, who had a profound belief in Mr. Gault's maladies, and he was always sure that the new remedy was the one which they had both been seeking. Mr. Gault dined on bread-and-butter and powder, and rose from the table with the air of a man whom fate could not harm.

"This will do," said Guy to himself; "this is worth a fair five hundred pounds."

He was on the point of acquainting Mr. Gault with the nature and conditions of his bargain with M. Rohand, when Mr. Gault, who had already risen from his chair, suddenly remembered that he had neglected his regular practice of sleeping for fifteen minutes at the table, in an upright posture, with his chin resting lightly in the palm of his left hand.

While Mr. Gault slumbered, Guy went on with the story which he had begun to tell Trona under the honeysuckle earlier in the day. The piano stood open for a little music, but not a note was struck. Guy himself was a musician of some

genius, but the only instrument on which he played that evening was the imagination of his pretty hostess. Upon that instrument, however, he played to brilliant purpose. Trona gave back to him all his own raptures, and began straightway to stimulate him to yet larger notions of the wealth his secret might command.

She prattled on deliciously, throwing in every now and then a scrap of financial *argot* which (as he did not understand it at all) made Guy think that they were now arrived upon solid ground.

It is perhaps unnecessary to emphasise the fact that Guy himself—for all his lavish rhetoric—knew no more of syndicates than of sheep-folds. Trona could talk syndicates by the hour together; and while she looked so pretty and so charming that one could have wished she did not understand a syllable of what she said, she really appeared to have the whole naughty business of company-floating at her delicate fingers' ends.

Guy had to swagger most imperially to preserve the merest show of keeping pace with her.

Her seeming familiarity with the way they "did things" in "the City," her mingled shrewdness and impulsiveness, her limitless belief in the future of the undertaking (and perhaps even, in some infinitesimal degree, her fine and piquant beauty) wrought upon Guy in a manner that was at once stimulating and weakening.

The end of it was (and it is surprising how quickly an end of this sort may be reached) that Trona and the scheme, and the scheme and Trona, came to blend themselves as a single and indivisible interest in Guy's imagination.

"How ridiculous to think that one only wants £500 to set it going!" said Trona.

"Is it not quite absurd?" cried Guy. "Don't you think it altogether too small a sum?"

"Of course, it is very small," said Trona; "but, after all, it may make the start a little easier. You see, the company, or syndicate, or whatever it is going to be, will write you a cheque for that amount straight off, the moment the preliminaries are settled."

"Eh?" exclaimed Guy, to whom this notion had never before presented itself. "They would do that? You are sure they would do that?"

"It is quite ordinary," said Miss Gault.

"In that case," continued Guy—but just then the door of the drawing-room opened, and Mr. Gault entered, sweet and gracious, without a trace of slumber on his fresh and comely features.

"It is long since I felt so free from material discomfort," observed Mr. Gault, with a smile. "I am really almost well this evening," and the air with which, as he said this, he dropped tenderly on an ottoman in the centre of the room, conveyed the impression that the improvement in Mr. Gault's condition had made the world his debtor.

"Oh, papa," said Trona, "and do you think it is all owing to Mr. Warwick?"

"I cannot help being almost sure of it," answered Mr. Gault.

"Then, papa, a company must be floated at once," insisted Trona.

"Must it really come to that?" queried Mr. Gault, a little less warmly. "Must we indeed give it to the world?"

"Why, it is just for that that Mr. Warwick has come from Paris, papa. From *Paris*!" urged Trona, with an emphasis which removed the French capital to some region unknown to the geography of Mr. Stanley himself.

"And what is more," added Guy, "I feel that not a single day ought to be lost."

"Then I will tell you what I shall do," said Mr. Gault, with a certain unwilling deliberateness, "I shall ask Mr. Warwick to accompany me to town to-morrow" (Mr. Gault shivered a little as he said this, for he was always unwell in London), "when I shall introduce him to the only person who is fit to be entrusted with an undertaking of this magnitude."

Guy, that night, pillowed on down in the guest's chamber, visioned the accomplishment of everything. Some of us are prophets in our dreams. But Guy's was a waking dream, which neither chance nor destiny ever takes the smallest account of.

His early habits stood him in good stead on the following morning.

Mr. Gault, whose daily existence was a work of genius, a dietetic problem to the solution of which his best ingenuity was devoted, breakfasted invariably at 8 A.M.

M. Rohand's anodyne was evidently doing justice to itself and its inventor, for Mr. Gault descended to the dining-room fresh and winsome, murmuring in his delicate and soothing tones a couplet of Dryden:

> "Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

"For, you know," said he to Guy, on entering the room, "it is directly back to the fields that this ineffable anodyne takes us. Health, health! O health!"

"And competence," interposed Guy, drawing down the cuffs of his jacket that his wrist-linen might not contrast too markedly with the snowy damask of the table-cloth. "Health by all means, but I am for competence along with it."

"A heap of dust, a mere dust-heap!" sighed Mr. Gault, surveying himself reproachfully in the silver dish-cover before him.

"I venture to suggest that Miss Gault is not entirely in accord with that sentiment," remarked Guy.

"Miss Gault is entirely *out of* accord with it," smiled the young lady herself. "Miss Gault is for shares, and dividends, and 'booms,' and 'corners.' Miss Gault is for rigging the market."

"My playful darling!" murmured the father.

"Ah! wait till Mr. Warwick and I have floated the company, papa. I hope you have not forgotten that you are to present him in the City to-day."

"I have remembered it from an early hour this morning, dear," replied her papa, who, to say the truth, was always sick with apprehension before the prospect of a visit to town, which was to him the kennel of all the diseases that science and civilisation had united to produce.

"I hope you won't mind driving, Mr. Warwick," said Trona. "Papa is incorrigible about trains. He would rather walk the whole way than venture himself in a railway-carriage."

"A thousand times," said Mr. Gault. "I know of no more injurious or displeasing mode of travel. The vibration, the jerks, the irregular and sudden stoppages, the continuous whistling at something, the slamming of doors, which ought to close automatically and without a sound, the inconsiderateness of passengers who get into the wrong train and insist on your taking their part against the officials, the moral certainty that the cushions of the carriage are charged with disease-germs, the high probability that something is wrong with the shunting appliances or the signals, the——"

"There, papa, there!" interrupted Trona, soothingly (though Mr. Gault's diatribe was delivered in the kindest and most mellifluous accents), "your porridge is getting cold, and you have not half finished it."

"Accept my apologies!" said Mr. Gault to Guy. "I am accustomed to talk in this way to my child, who is sadly too much infected with the modern spirit; though I encourage her a little, in opposition to my principles, for the reason that everything she says puts me more strongly on my guard against the habits and tendencies of the age. My dearest child, your artless enthusiasms have often inspired me with renewed distrust of the whole fabric and foundation of society."

"Then I have, at all events, done something, papa," said Trona, reproducing the long-drawn smile and leisurely accent of her father. "Please remember, Mr. Warwick, that whether we win or lose with the company, I shall not have lived in vain."

"*Pardon!*" exclaimed Grey, who had been breakfasting ferociously during the anti-social excursions of his host; "that is, for a woman, the very negation of self-praise. A woman can no more live in vain than the sun can shine without vivifying the world. If that is all that can be testified of you at the last, your tombstone had better go bare of epitaph. *Ça ne vaut rien du tout!*"

"But I am going to make a fortune besides," said Trona.

"In that case, you will certainly deserve an epitaph," responded Guy. "If you make a fortune, whether in books or butter, you prove yourself a genius, and genius (whether of the book-writer or the butterman) merits an epitaph, because it is the sole possible link between one's own generation and posterity. We recognise our kinship with the past only by the highest achievement of the best man or woman of the generation that preceded us."

Mr. Gault, having finished his porridge, scattered a spoonful of the powder over a slice of fine brown bread, and ended his breakfast with that.

"The man of this generation who will be most regarded by the next," said he, "will be the slayer of the foreign cook."

"Then it will be M. Rohand," observed Guy.

"And Mr. Warwick with him," said Trona.

It was arranged that they should start for town at eleven o'clock.

## CHAPTER X.—A RESULTLESS PROPOSAL.

"WILL you walk into my garden?" said Miss Trona to her guest.

"Let us go and evolve a prospectus," answered Guy.

"It is just what I want to do," said Trona. "I have been drafting one in my head all night."

"The garden is the very place to do it in. We want the inspiration of nature for this prospectus. There must be something sweet and truthful in it. I think it should contain a 'message.'"

"Y-yes," said Trona, drawing on her garden gloves. "Y-yes; a little message might be worked into it, perhaps. But after all, you know, a prospectus is a prospectus; and the object of a prospectus is to hit the speculator—to hit him square."

"He is so simple a creature," said Guy, "that I have very little regard for him. He is caught too easily. But let us go and circumvent him in the garden."

There was a spot in the sunny south of the grounds which Trona held for her own; where she defied the hired gardeners, and absolutely forbade ribbon-gardening and geometrical borders; revelling in irregular masses of mignonette, and sweet-peas, carnations and sweet-williams; with hedges of sweet-briar, and archways draped in honeysuckle and convolvulus: the conventional man-trap.

"Now I'll tell you how I think it should begin," said Miss Gault; and whipping a gold pencil-case from her chatelaine, she dashed into the prospectus, quite like any practised deceiver owing a quarter's rent in Great Broad Street. When she had written a dozen sentences, she handed the manuscript to Guy.

There was a considerable lack of "message" in it, but for that reason it read very like a prospectus; and being the exact opposite of what Guy had vaguely imaged for himself, he concluded that it was just the document he wanted.

"It is finance transformed into a fine art! Your pen will be absolutely invaluable to us. I beg that you will at once accept the Secretaryship of the Company."

"But the Company isn't formed!" said Trona.

"With that for a prospectus," answered Guy, "I consider that it is not only formed but floated."

"We can think that, of course," returned Trona, "but we ought to look at the matter from every point of view, you know. Suppose that, after all, it shouldn't succeed. What I think about it is, that it must be either the biggest triumph or the biggest failure on record. Just think, if it should be the biggest failure!"

"That," responded Guy, "would be exceedingly and entirely deplorable. It would be the most deplorable thing that I am able to imagine."

"Oh! no, no; don't say that," urged Trona. "Are there not—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Guy; "if what you suggest were to happen, it would be impossible for me ever again to speak to you of love."

"Of what!" cried Trona, shutting up her gold pencil-case with a snap which emphasised the abrupt transition from finance to courtship.

"Of love," repeated Guy.

"But you have never before spoken to me of such a thing!" said she.

"Excuse me," answered Guy; "I have never spoken to you of anything else."

"I don't in the least understand," said Trona, in a great hurry.

"We have dispensed with the customary preliminaries, that is all," answered Guy.

"But—but it is utterly out of the question to dispense with them," said Miss Gault, breathlessly.

"Then we will go through with them," replied Guy.

She wore a great white sun-bonnet such as children wear, and, with the instinctive and ineradicable duplicity of her sex, she looked as though she were very much astonished.

No, she would not have anything to say to the preliminaries now.

"Please get out my tricycle," she said.

It is seldom prudent to begin by leaving out the preliminaries. If the effects of love are the same, or pretty nearly the same, in all ages, countries, and conditions, the modes of address (by which is meant, the manner in which courtship may be pursued) are infinitely various. But a certain style or method—influenced and regulated by custom, and seldom the same in two countries—underlies them all. Moreover, every girl has her own idea as to the way in which she would choose to be wooed: mostly a quite impracticable one.

There are, however, two plans which prudent lovers will eschew: the first is, to propose through the post; the second is, to spring your proposal without a moment's warning, and as from an ambush.

But Guy was firmly persuaded that he had been making love to Trona for four-and-twenty hours without intermission.

"Please get out my tricycle," she said.

The confident serenity of Guy was in no way disturbed, and he went with the lady to get out her tricycle. The resultless proposal is usually an embarrassing affair, but not so to persons with the temperament of Guy. He was still in the empyrean. He passed easily into those states of exaltation which form no part of the existences, objective or subjective, of regular and well-ordered persons. But the man is imperfect and unhappy in the intellectual and spiritual relations of life who has not a little of the lunatic in him, who cannot at times feel and perceive things that are not here, see himself and other men as trees walking, and the world as a much bigger and more glorious place than it is, and himself as the roof and crown of it. Who is not capable of hallucination knows not the world that may be, nor the possibilities of the world that is. Who has this capacity is as free of the one world as of the other, and dwells in both at once.

Guy fetched out the tricycle, and assisted her into the saddle. To mount a lady comfortably on her horse asks a certain lightness and grace of hand which are readily acquired in the hunting-field. To enable her to adjust herself easily on the poor little saddle of a tricycle built for a gossamer weight requires a nicer and more gallant touch. The tricycle is accountable for many new developments of the tender passion; and statisticians who have confessed themselves puzzled by the recent increase in the marriage rate are evidently not aware how many ladies are purchasing light roadsters on the hire system.

But all this while Miss Gault was not saying anything. The abruptness of Guy's observation, if it had not exactly taken her breath away, had startled her into a half-abashed, half-petulant silence. Guy was for striding along beside her, but at the moment she had no mind to that. The stable-clock boomed out ten and a quarter.

"A quarter past ten," said Trona. "I was quite forgetting your engagement with papa. If I'm not back before you start, give him my love and tell him to bring me the 'Economist.' I shall have tea for you at five. Good-bye!"

And she shot away from Guy at eleven miles an hour.

"It is the seven-leagued boot of mechanical science," observed Guy, as he watched the vanishing wheels. "To think that the spiteful fairy should enter into the shape of a tricycle! But she is in her dotage, or she would not have chosen me for her victim."

## CHAPTER XI.—FINANCE IN A FOG.

LET Guy be where he might, he was greatly influenced by his surroundings. Reposing on the seductive cushions of the softly-rolling carriage which was bearing him at a fair nine miles an hour to London, his regard for himself increased moment by moment. He had almost forgotten the presence of Mr. Gault, who, as his wont was, began to be ill at ease and melancholy as they drew near to town. It seemed to Guy that the situation was his own.

The elegant carriage might have been built expressly to his order, for he observed that his legs stretched exactly to the opposite seat, whereas Mr. Gault's came at least four inches short of it.

The scheme, that unrivalled scheme, took larger and larger shape in his imagination. What a great thing to have this genius for finance! How had he remained so long in ignorance of his genius? "Ah! it was the opportunity that was wanting," he murmured; forgetting that it is talent, not genius, which waits on opportunity.

And here he was now, whirling to fame and fortune, nine miles an hour. The pace was unworthy of the mission; he addressed himself to the coachman, requesting him to drive a little faster.

Mr. Gault, with a friendly smile, laid his hand gently on Guy's arm.

"A thousand pardons!" exclaimed Guy, reddening a little. "I was dreaming, dreaming. Yes, I was dreaming."

"I observed it," said Mr. Gault.

The carriage continued its progress, at nine miles an hour.

"Nevertheless, we shall arrive," was the reflection with which Guy consoled himself. And, in fact, they did presently attain the outskirts of the great city; and Mr. Gault, in visible distress,

passed his handkerchief across his nostrils, as if, even at this distance from its polluted centre, there were some uncleanness in the air.

"If I am not mistaken," he said nervously, "there is a slight taste of fog in the atmosphere. It is by no means impossible. I have known very gross fogs in town quite as late in the year as this. If there should be a fog in the City, I could not possibly go on."

"I smell nothing," said Guy; "and see how the sun is shining!"

"We will hazard it for another mile or two," replied Mr. Gault. "Drive slowly through the streets, Johnson."

The carriage continued its progress, at five miles and a half an hour. "Nevertheless, we may still arrive," reflected Guy.

As they advanced farther into the town, an incontrovertible haze was seen slowly spreading itself over the yet distant central area. In the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge the haze gave place to a yellowish vapour of some density; and at Hyde Park Corner the sun was barely in evidence. It was owl's light, though not yet one o'clock: it was a fog. Mr. Gault protested that he could go no further, and the carriage came to a standstill.

"I am willing," said he to Guy, "to make any concession that you may demand of me, short of proceeding another step eastwards. Take the carriage; I will return by train. I will give you my card as an introduction to the gentleman whom we were to visit, or I will write a note to him here. Ask anything you will, but do not take me further."

The twilight began to deepen into darkness, and Mr. Gault, keeping his handkerchief pressed to his face, turned the handle of the carriage door. As he opened it Guy sprang from the carriage.

"Return at once," he said to Mr. Gault. "I will not detain you an instant. Your card is all that I need. Thank you. Now, good-bye! Expect me this evening. Home, Johnson."

"And quickly, Johnson!" urged Mr. Gault, from behind his handkerchief.

The carriage turned about, and vanished from Guy's sight, at twelve miles an hour.

Guy buried the card in his waistcoat, and felt in another pocket as a preliminary to the next step in his progress. The serenity of his countenance after this examination attested his comparative solvency.

He was not, however, in all respects so well satisfied with himself as he had been a few moments before. His descent from the carriage to the pavement had taken a little of the colour out of his prospects. The carriage itself would have counted for something in the first stage of the affair. However, the carriage had detached itself from all participation therein, and the scheme must therefore dispense with its assistance.

An omnibus faring eastwards (at four miles an hour) drew up at the corner, and Guy mounted to the knife-board. Despite his inward protestations to the contrary, he did not feel so sure of his financial genius on the omnibus as he had done in the carriage. What annoyed him more was to observe the unmistakable change for the worse which his elevation to the knife-board had effected in his personal appearance. Decidedly, his clothes were shabbier than he had supposed.

"This is unfair to Rohand!" he thought, with a twinge of self-reproach.

The fog grew denser as the omnibus dragged slowly eastwards, and Guy grew less enamoured of his genius for finance. He would have given two hundred of the company's shares to be seated again on the downy cushions of the carriage.

At the Mansion House he got down from the omnibus, with that vague confidence peculiar to the child of fortune when he does not precisely know what is going to happen next.

There is a red-headed constable of the City police, standing six-feet seven (or less), who does duty outside the Mansion House, and is assiduous in his attentions to strangers.

Guy, whose six-feet one were dwarfed beside this flame-coloured Anak, inquired of him how far he was from Farringdon Street.

"Ye're no sae far in a gude licht, sir, but it wull be aboot twalve or saxteen minutes in ta' fog. Gang richt awa' down Cheapside twall ye come till the prison; hau'd on then till the kirk o'—'

"The Mansion House, no less! Who but myself could bring you straight to it in a fog! Threadneedle Street's not the breadth of your hand from us now."

This fragment of brogue cutting in upon the lingo of the Scotch policeman made Guy start as if a needle had been thrust into his wounded arm. It was not so much the brogue as the speaker. He turned quickly in the direction of the voice, and fancied that Dr. Phipson Rae with Trona on his arm disappeared in the fog not five yards ahead of him. Without waiting for the completion of the constable's directions he started off at once on the route precisely opposite to that which Rufus was so politely laying down for him. In two moments he was lost in the Sahara of fog which was bounded by the Mansion House on the south and the Bank of England on the north. Hoarse cries, muffled by the blinding mist; the roll of invisible wheels, and the thud of invisible hoofs besieged his ears. It was a midday nightmare—the nightmare of a City fog on a summer's day.

"Fog or no fog, there is nothing ghostly about Phipson Rae," said Guy; "and I am positive that I heard his voice. What is more, if Phipson did not pass me just now, with Trona on his arm, there is nothing real under the sun."

"Keep a tight hold of me, now, and don't carry on that way. Don't I tell you that Threadneedle Street's within two strides of us? I know by the itch I have in me pockets that we're almost under the walls of the Bank."

"Phipson!" shouted Guy. "Phipson Rae, answer me at once."

The echo of his own voice, distorted by the multitudinous vague roar of the murky circus, was the only response vouchsafed to him.

He paused on the refuge in the centre of the circus, baffled beyond words. Summoning his learning to his aid, he recalled a hundred instances of travellers who, on lonely mountain-heights, or

in desert wastes, had been lured—sometimes to their destruction—by "airy tongues" that syllabled strange things, and seemed to shape themselves from nothing.

What fog-sprite had cheated him so villainously? How should Trona be arm-in-arm with Phipson Rae, between the Mansion House and the Bank, in a fog?

He found himself presently on the *terra firma* of Cornhill; traversed that thoroughfare and Lombard Street, and then traversed Lombard Street and Cornhill; and arrived once more at the Mansion House. Not another sight or sound of the unaccountably united pair, Trona and the rising ophthalmic surgeon. Guy stood, bewildered and seriously annoyed, under the shadow of the Mansion House, with his back to the Scotch policeman, by whom he did not wish to be recognised again. A poignant hunger improved his sense of the unworthiness of affairs in general, until, by thrusting his hand into his pocket, he received the not too familiar assurance that luncheon was within the range of the attainable.

He had, to be sure, brought a little of M. Rohand with him; but not for the gross purpose of his own regalement; and he could not but reflect, in addition, that he had no right to submit M. Rohand to a test of this severity. He was always especially nice on the point of honour where M. Rohand was concerned.

Some clock which he took to be that of St. Paul's struck two, and Guy plunged again into the fog, this time in the direction in which Cheapside appeared to lie. In a steaming Cheapside restaurant, built and adorned in the style of a healthier age, and offering a bill of fare of which every item was an outrage on the dietetic principles of Mr. Gault, Guy ate a Philistinian meal without remorse; and paid for it.

But he continued to be moody and out of patience; and began to think more and more seriously that the continued existence of Phipson Rae could be of no benefit to society; even though ophthalmia should become as prevalent as obesity.

"For all that," he said, counting over his bill again with a certain satisfaction in the extravagance of the total, "this notion that I have taken is ridiculous. I have been the victim of an hallucination. This preposterous fog, which has already deprived me of the prestige of a two-horse carriage, has in some way affected my eyesight and my hearing. Gault showed some wisdom, after all, in declining to face it. Phipson and Trona—pooh! They never set eyes on each other. I might as well pretend to have seen my mother arm-in-arm with Peter the Great."

He quitted the restaurant, and to insure himself against further hallucinations, took a hansom cab to Farringdon Street.

His business in Farringdon Street was with the well-known Colonel Capperley, that popular man. Colonel Capperley was the managing director of one of our greatest liquid food companies, that very successful company. He was a gifted man, and had often thought of becoming a member of Parliament, in order that he might talk to the other legislators about feeding the people on liquids. His ascendency over the shareholders of the company was such, that when he stood up to address them at the half-yearly meeting, regard for the feelings of the chairman alone prevented them from rising to their feet.



GUY HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH COLONEL CAPPERLEY.

He was in his private room in the offices of the great Company, lunching on a lobster sandwich and a little dry champagne, because of the fog. Colonel Capperley was nearly as tall as Guy, but much stouter, riding seventeen stone at the head of his regiment of Volunteers: bald, smooth-shaven, and florid; a popular man, and very gifted. His splendid success as a colonel of volunteers, a managing director, and a man, owed something to his rare quality of accommodation; and when Guy

excused himself from assisting with the champagne, Colonel Capperley showed an amiable readiness to finish the bottle.

"This is shocking weather for servant-maids, Mr. Warwick," he observed.

"For—?"

"Yes; and to think that there are more than two hundred thousand of them in London at the moment while we are speaking! Have you any idea, as a man who has so deep an interest in the general welfare, how many servant-maids would be annually saved to London by the total abolition of basements?"

"Not the slightest," answered Guy.

"Neither have I; though I should think that the number would be considerable. The document under your hand is the statement to be presented at our next meeting. No, I won't trouble you to read it—a dividend of eleven per cent. You observed, I daresay, the progress we are making in Paris? And your own little matter, Mr. Warwick?—we are always pleased to receive a new suggestion; though you would hardly credit the number of proposals that reach us through the post every day of the week. Since we started, five years ago, the yearly delivery of letters in the London postal district has risen to two hundred and ninety-seven millions."

"Of which you receive—?"

"Our share, Mr. Warwick, our generous share. Only this morning I am in receipt of a letter from a widow woman in—"

"It is gratifying," said Guy, "but it is not enough. No, it is not enough at all. Since we are on the subject of figures, I must remind you, Colonel Capperley, that the population of Europe alone—to say nothing of Asia, Africa, and America—is considerably above three hundred millions. Now, when I have said twenty words to you about this scheme of mine, you will perceive at once that the whole three hundred and odd millions of Europe—leaving out of account for the moment the innumerable millions of Asia, Africa, and Am—"

"My dear Mr. Warwick, I catch your drift, and your enthusiasm charms me," interposed Colonel Capperley, in the rich baritone which had been so remunerative to him as a managing director, an officer of Volunteers, and a man. "But commerce, happily or unhappily, is commerce; and the first condition of success in that department of life is a knowledge of the limits of—"

"I know, I know!" said Guy. "But follow me a little further. There are twenty thousand persons annually committed by the magistrates of London for drunkenness and disorderly conduct."

"Are there indeed so many?" said Colonel Capperley, gravely. "But the number, I think, is rather smaller than it was before the principle of non-alcoholic liquid food—"

"But that is not my point. I—"

"Then (pardon me for interrupting you!) here is another example. There are about two thousand miles of piping for the gas supply of this city. Now, on a modest computation—"

"But there again—" exclaimed Guy.

"I wish," said Colonel Capperley, finishing his luncheon as he spoke, "that you would show me a sample of your preparation."

A quarter of an hour later, Guy was on his way back to the manor-house. His air was indeterminate. Sometimes he frowned, and then again he smiled. From the Ludgate Circus post-office he despatched a post-card to Mrs. Warwick:—"It begins to be in train. Have just been in conference with an important person in town. He talked a great deal of balderdash, *but saw and tasted it.* I am certain he was impressed, for he declined to taste it a second time until he had had it analysed by an expert. Left some with him for that purpose. A report to be made, so nothing now but to await the expert's encomiums in foolscap."

Then he strolled to Waterloo, and having carefully governed his expenditure to that end, he found in his pocket the precise value in pence of a third-class fare.

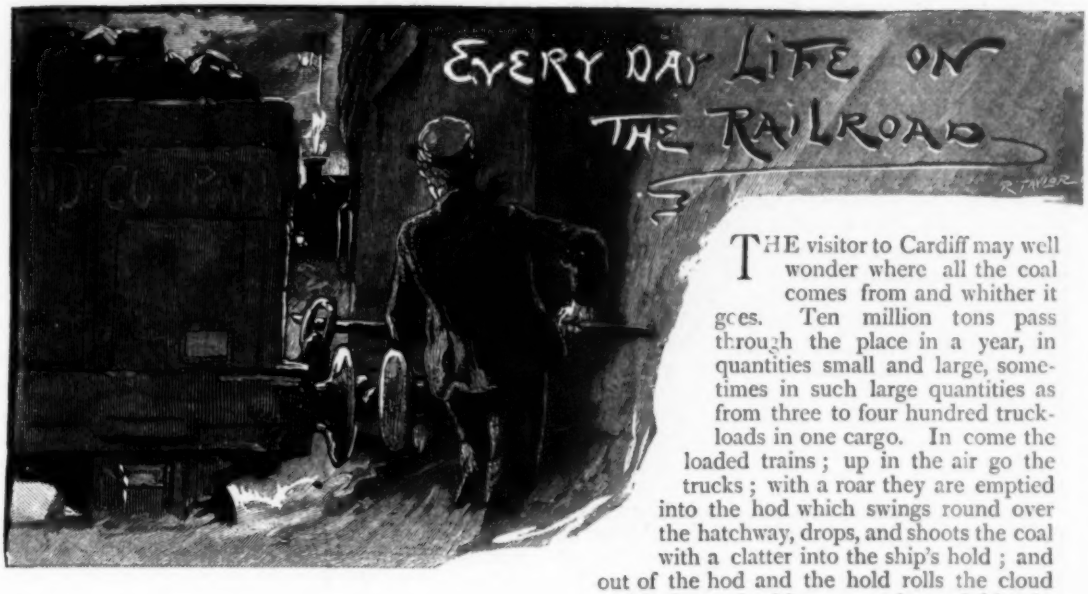
In the sunny south garden of the manor-house—Trona's own garden—Trona was seated at her tea-table, and Dr. Phipson Rae was eating muffins on a stool beside her.

They both exclaimed pleasantly on seeing Guy, but Guy let his sternest glance fall upon Phipson.

"My cousin!" said Trona sweetly, indicating the doctor. "But I think you know each other. I have been telling my cousin all about the great scheme, Mr. Warwick. He is going to dine with us this evening."

"Your cousin! Dine with us! I never heard of such a—What have you done with your aunt, Phipson?"

"D'ye know now, Trona," said Phipson with his adorable brogue, "we're just the greatest little cronies that ever were, myself and Guy. Tell him not to fix me that way with his eye. Do you know, I gave my aunt the pinch of his powder that he left with me, and I didn't set eyes on her since. But I'm sure there's no harm come to her, Guy avick · she has a terrible fine constitution."




IN THE SIDINGS.

THE visitor to Cardiff may well wonder where all the coal comes from and whither it goes. Ten million tons pass through the place in a year, in quantities small and large, sometimes in such large quantities as from three to four hundred truck-loads in one cargo. In come the loaded trains; up in the air go the trucks; with a roar they are emptied into the hod which swings round over the hatchway, drops, and shoots the coal with a clatter into the ship's hold; and out of the hod and the hold rolls the cloud which is as healthy as a charcoal biscuit. "Keep off the edge of the quays, as the coal dust, especially in calm weather, makes the water look like land." Such is the prominent notice in the docks; it is so suggestive of the state of affairs that we need say no more.

One point of interest there is to us in the destination of the coal. We are so accustomed to see trucks of coal, and to see engines burning coal, that it comes as a surprise to find coal exported to a distant land and there used for railway purposes. Some of the Indian lines burn wood and local coal; some burn wood alone; but a few, like the Bombay and Baroda and the Gaekwar's line, actually import their coal from Cardiff; while the South Indian works its engines with coal from both South Wales and New South Wales.

The coal trucks at Cardiff are a sight to see, but yet they carry not a twentieth of the coal yearly hauled in this island. The mind refuses to realise the quantity. Averaging trucks at ten tons each instead of the usual eight so as to eliminate the sundries, 210 million tons, the year's haulage of minerals, would require 21 million trucks, which at 350 to the mile would extend to 60,000 miles. If the notice as to the water was enough for Cardiff, is not a row of trucks that would put a girdle two and a half times round the earth enough for a notion of the country's mineral traffic?

It is the easiest of traffics to work. The trucks are loaded full at the colliery and generally made up into complete trains, and these in due order run on to the main line to be dropped in detachments or run through to the terminus. Forty years ago the work of carrying goods was performed by the Pickfords and other carrier firms, who provided their own sidings and built or rented their own stations and stores. The railway company merely provided the road and the power, and hauled the trucks without any responsibility for their freight. It was the carrier who loaded and unloaded the goods, checked and weighed them, and handed over the trucks full or empty in a convenient position for the engine to get at them. Nowadays the companies are the carriers, and have control of most of the sidings and goods warehouses; but many of the trucks are the property of the colliery owners, merchants and traders, the arrangement being a survival from the old system. Usually these trucks are built and run subject to the inspection and approval of the railway companies; but the Midland, in their care against accidents, have gone further and become the owners of the majority of the trucks they draw. How the figures tell up! In the past half-year the Midland working stock is returned at 93,982 trucks, 2,966 carts and drays, and 3,847 horses. The Caledonian followed the Midland lead and began to buy up the private trucks on the line, but somehow the policy has not been pursued, rumour having it that certain of the private owners sold their second-hand trucks to the company, and with the proceeds bought other trucks to sell in like manner in continuation of a circle of profitable trade.

The coal traffic is now as aggressive as it is humoured; but it began in the quietest way imaginable. It literally stole on to the line. When it was proposed to accept it, one of the London and Birmingham directors exclaimed that there was only one lower depth to which his trade could sink. And in witness of his sense of shame there stood for years the screen at Weedon behind which coal was furtively transferred

from the canal barges to the highly superior company's waggons ! And to cover the coal from prying eyes the waterproof sheets came in, which are now used to keep the weather from the miscellaneous goods.

Taking even these sheets, what an idea they give of the magnitude of railway work ! A few years ago at the Midland sheet stores near Trent, there were drying rooms heated by steam in which 600 sheets could be dried at a time, and the numbers are not likely to have decreased. The strips of canvas twenty feet long were sewn together by giant machines, and then the sheet rubbed over with boiled oil and vegetable black, coat after coat applied with brooms, till it was cured and hung on a scaffold pole ready for lettering. Every company has its distinctive marks : the North-Western has its two red lines, the Northern its white and blue diagonals, the Midland its yellow edges, the Brighton its slender white cross, the South-Eastern its red cross, and so on. Each sheet is worth some two pounds, and requires frequent repairs—in fact, no sheet can be trusted to be sound even after a single journey.

It is curious to note how customs differ even on the railroads. In Belgium, for instance, the use of a tarpaulin for covering goods is specially charged for, it being one of the numerous little extras by which the nominal rates are improved. To "count" your goods the Belgian charges you a penny a ton, to weigh them he claims fivepence per ton, to "book" them he charges you twopence, to "label" them he charges you another twopence, to send the "advice" he charges you a penny, for the "use of the crane" he charges threepence per ton, for the "use of the tarpaulin" he charges you one shilling and sevenpence, and for "disinfecting the truck" he charges you a shilling. No wonder that the Belgian journalist considers that the railway charges should be "assimilated to the English model."

On this side of the Channel a good many people have been thinking that the reform should be the other way about, though the average receipts for each mile run might warn them to be careful in coming to conclusions ; for in France and Germany the receipts per train mile are more than half as much again as they are amongst us ; and even in Belgium they are greater, and there the expenses on the receipts are 59 per cent., whereas amongst us they are 52.

In this country the wages form 60 per cent. of the working expenses ; in Belgium they form 58 per cent., in Holland 49, in France 47. Here an engine-driver does not earn less than 5*s*. a day, on no Continental line does he receive more than 5*s*. a day ; so it is with the firemen, the Continental wages leave off where ours begin. The wages of our guards range from a guinea to 2*l*. a week, those of the Dutch guards range from 13*s*. to a guinea. In Germany the range is from 15*s*. to 26*s*. ; in Belgium the guard is made more of, and his wages range from 18*s*. 6*d*. to 34*s*. ; in France he may even rise to 38*s*. 6*d*. Our signalmen are paid from 18*s*. to 30*s*. a week ; the French signalmen are paid better, the range being from 18*s*. 6*d*. to 32*s*. ; but the German signalmen never rise above 23*s*. a week, the Dutch never above 22*s*., and the Belgian begins at 12*s*. and leaves off at 17*s*. 6*d*. Our porters are paid from 15*s*. to 24*s*. a week ; those on the Continent begin at 13*s*. and rise to 20*s*. The wages of our shunters rise to 26*s*. ; in Holland they stop at 22*s*., in France at 17*s*. A Dutch platelayer gets from 12*s*. to 14*s*. a week, a German from 12*s*. 8*d*. to 14*s*. 6*d*., an Englishman from 15*s*. to 23*s*.

In short, the wages are less and the charges are more. A Frenchman, Belgian, Dutchman, or German, is simply aghast at some of our food rates. Even from Wick by passenger train no fish costs more for carriage to London than three farthings a pound, while from Grimsby the bulk comes at five pounds for a penny, being just a fifth of what it costs to carry a living man. As with the fish so with the meat. From Aberdeen to London the highest rate is three pounds for a penny, and vegetables are carried the same journey for six pounds a penny ; bacon and cheese travel a hundred miles for eight pounds a penny ; and milk comes the seventy-seven miles from Swindon at the rate of a penny a gallon.

But we are trespassing on thorny ground ; let railway rates wait awhile, and let us return to our tarpaulin. Great is the variety of the goods it covers. They may be of iron measuring seven cubic feet to the ton, or they may be furniture bulking out to the astonishing cubage of 3,500 feet to the ton. But however miscellaneous may be the load, the tarpaulin looks dressy enough when new.

In the twilight of a summer's evening we recently saw six new trucks with sheets complete forming quite the prominent feature of a passing train. It was one of those trains which grow as they travel. It started with four trucks ; it picked up four more at a junction twenty miles away ; six more tailed on outside a great city ; and thus matters went on until thirty-eight were passing us on their way to the south. As the train went so would it return, but distributing trucks instead of collecting them as it came northward.

We were by a gate at a certain sorting sidings at least two hundred miles from Cardiff, and watching what seemed to be the solving of an interminable puzzle. The train glided along the curved outer edge of a wide gridiron of parallel roads, and headed in pursuit of the express which had left its steam still floating in the valley. Here and there on the gridirons solitary waggons were running as if racing each other. From a train to the right of us truck after truck was dropped off and sent travelling down sometimes one and sometimes another of the many parallel roads to meet at the bottom in very different order.

"Sorting and marshalling" is a mystery to many, but curious as are some of its problems there is little difficulty in understanding the principle. In the large stations the trucks are loaded in "train order," that is to say, a train, or portion of a train, is loaded at each platform, and when, as at Broad Street, they come up by the lift on to the high level, all that has to be done is to couple on the engine and drag them away. But all stations are not large ones, and "train order" is not universal ; and if it were, the order could not be retained over a wide

area of distribution. Not only then have packages to be sorted like letters, but trucks have to be sorted like packages ; and an interesting operation it is.

The popular notion of sorting is a miscellaneous hauling up one line and down another until the arrangement is satisfactory. That was "shunting" in its infancy. Nowadays time is too valuable to be wasted, and the time-saving gridiron system is in general use. Let us try to make the system clear without a diagram. Essentially the problem is :—Given an alphabet on wheels, how are we to arrange it in any particular series. Let us take it in confusion. Here are our letters—

B Q C D E R J L M A I O U Y T F H G N K S P V W X Z

all of which have to be dealt with one by one, as none of them can stand aside to let another pass. They represent a row of trucks on a single road with the engine at the B end ; to perform the task of arranging them in alphabetical order at one operation is manifestly impossible ; but by sorting them out into short lengths we can manage it in two, if we so fill our columns as to keep the letters in order of precedence. For instance, let us take B down the nearest road, and then as Q is some distance on in the alphabet let us send it down the next road. Send C down the first road after B, let D follow C, and E follow D ; R will of course go down the Q road, but J being an earlier letter than Q will have a new road to itself ; L can follow it, so can M ; A must begin a road, and I can follow it ; O must be sent down the M road, and U can follow it ; and Y can follow that ; T can follow R, and F can follow E, and H can follow it. In our first column we can now take nothing before H, in our next nothing before T, in our next nothing before Y, in our last nothing before I ; we must consequently begin a new column with G, and follow the G with N. K we can send after I and S after N ; P will go after K, and V W X can be placed in the T line ; and Z we can put after S. The state of affairs will now be—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| H | X | Y | P | Z |
| F | W | U | K | S |
| E | V | O | I | N |
| D | T | M | A | G |
| C | R | L | | |
| B | Q | J | | |

Here are five columns or roads in none of which are the letters or trucks out of order. There are many gaps, but these we will fill up at the next operation. We will take away A and place it by itself. Then we will return for B C D E and F ; from the fifth column we take G ; from the first H ; from the fourth I ; from the third J. Our columns are now—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| X | Y | P | Z |
| W | U | K | S |
| V | O | | N |
| T | M | | |
| R | L | | |
| Q | | | |

and our line A B C D E F G H I J. Continuing the operation with K we gradually exhaust the columns and fill the line with the trucks in the required order. Let it be clearly understood that this is a purely imaginary train made up only as an example of the general principle, and dealt with just far enough to show the place of a sorting siding with a single gridiron.

Every great railway has its sorting sidings. The Midland sorts most of its goods at Chaddesden, near Derby, where the gridiron—answering to the columns in our example—consists of thirty-five roads, on which a train of forty trucks can be broken up and re-formed in four minutes, and from which there is despatched a train every seven and a half minutes during the twenty-four hours. The Midland "minerals" are dealt with chiefly at Toton in the Erewash Valley, where about four million tons of coal pass through the gridiron in a year. The Lancashire and Yorkshire sort on a large scale at Aintree ; the North-Eastern at Shildon and Blaydon. But the most famous sorting sidings in the North country are those on the North-Western at Edge Hill, near Liverpool, where there is a yard of 200 acres, with 57 miles of road, and siding room for 6,500 trucks.

At Edge Hill the work is done, not by engines or horses, but by gravitation, the trucks being sorted out as they descend a hill-side. On the higher ground are six reception roads with accommodation for 294 trucks ; connected with these by a "neck" is a gridiron of twenty-four roads on which over a thousand trucks can stand, and this, by other necks, communicates with four smaller gridirons leading on to the departure roads. The gradient varies from 1 in 60 to 1 in 115, the greater incline being when the trucks have to start singly and enter curves. Strange it is how, even in railway trucks, the rule of "no two alike" holds good. Here, under practically identical conditions, every truck has some peculiarity in its running ; and the examples are numerous enough to generalise upon, for the year's work through Edge Hill gridirons totals out to close on 700,000.

The shunting yard is said to be "the shambles of the railway man." At Edge Hill only one man has been seriously injured since this gravitation system was adopted. There is always danger in shunting, even if the stick be used which does away with the need of the man's placing himself between the trucks. Danger, however, is a matter of personal equation after all ; we have seen that individual trucks differ in their behaviour, and individual men differ more ; what is danger to one man is safety to another.

From the percentages of accident one would, however, imagine that shunting was not a particularly risky operation. There are half a million waggons working about the railroad every day in the year, and for the whole of last year the deaths of railway servants occasioned in connection with trains and by "the movement of vehicles" was 435, or rather more than one a day. The injuries are about seven times as numerous, so that, altogether, about 3,200 men come to grief in a year, being about one per cent. of the number employed ; but there is no doubt that this percentage, small as it is, is greater than it ought to be, and a feeling is

growing up that a system of automatic coupling should be generally adopted, which would have the double advantage of saving both life and labour.

Six years ago the railways of this country gave employment to 367,800 men; to-day, the railway staff is of course larger, but the 1884 record is worth remembering owing to its having been classified into the different occupations. It appears that Civil Engineers then formed ·03 per cent., being in exactly the same proportion as Storekeepers and Goods Managers; next to them in number came Accountants and Cashiers, forming ·04 per cent., the same percentage as Superintendents. Managers and Secretaries formed ·05 per cent. Draughtsmen formed ·07 per cent.; Agents formed ·23 per cent.; Gatekeepers formed ·44 per cent.; Policemen ·48 per cent.; Ticket-Collectors formed ·56 per cent.; the Refreshment Department claimed ·68 per cent.; Foremen formed ·79 per cent., and Inspectors and Timekeepers ·96 per cent. The Telegraphic department occupied 1 per cent.; Stationmasters formed 1·68 per cent.; Engine-drivers formed 3·5 per cent., being just a trifle more numerous than the Firemen; Guards formed 3·62 per cent.; Signalmen and Switchmen together formed 5·17 per cent.; Platelayers formed 8·11 per cent.; Clerks 9·15 per cent.; Porters formed 12·13 per cent.; Artisans 15·21; Labourers 19·14; the rest of the staff, including the steamboat and canal services worked by the companies, being accountable for about 13 per cent. The most remarkable thing about the railway service is the number of leaders who have risen from the ranks, there being hardly a head of a department who has not been through the mill. Some have even started in the goods yard at fifteen shillings a week.

The railway staff can be divided into four departments, those of the Superintendent, the Goods, the Locomotives, and the Engineer. The Superintendent's department includes the guards, ticket clerks, porters, signalmen, and most of the men who are before the scenes in railway work. To it belong about 21 per cent. of the staff; to the Locomotive department, which is chiefly represented in public by the drivers and firemen, there belong 37 per cent. of the staff; to the Engineers department, rarely in evidence except in the person of the platelayers, belong 23 per cent.; to the Goods department, which is much more under observation, there belong 19 per cent. Taking the whole staff, it is not too much to say that two-thirds of it exist behind the scenes and are never even dreamt of by the railway traveller.

The goods-yard porter is not the least important of railway workmen. The carriage-washers, the men with the broom and bucket, and the cleaners, the men with the brushes, have a far humbler task as the railway housemaids. On a well-managed line the passenger carriages in use are washed outside and cleaned inside every day, but there are lines on which it is evident the will has to be taken for the deed. How many varieties of vehicle pass under the washer's broom in a day we know not; but if a specimen of each from the earliest South-Eastern to the latest North-Western were sorted up into a train, the train would be a long one.

And not only have the carriages to be cleaned, but, like the trucks and brakes, their machinery has to be examined; and though all may seem to be right, yet at intervals they have to be returned to the repairing shops to be thoroughly overhauled, and even if nothing else be wrong to have their springs tested.

One of the most interesting shops at Swindon is that in which the springs are tried. No matter how good the metal may be, there is always a danger that alternations of temperature will cause it to assume the crystalline state; and hence the need of occasionally heating it to keep it in condition. To see the heavy springs brought in and have the band pushed off them as if it were of cheese; and, on the other hand, to see the completed spring put in a press and tested to a dozen times, perhaps, of what it may be expected to bear, is to witness an experiment in quiet strength that one is not likely to forget.

Here is the spring on a bed with its ends fast against two blocks, and the ram advancing at its centre. "Will it bend it straight?" we ask. "Yes," replies the foreman; "look!" And the spring is held with its plates perfectly straight and parallel. "I will show you what we can do," continues the foreman; "bring that long spring here!" One of the most powerful springs is laid on the bed and fastened in the blocks. "Now!" Out comes the ram, the spring is bent until it is straight, and still the ram advances and bends it as much outwards as it bends inwards in its normal state. Again and again see-saw goes the ram; and the spring is removed from the block having lost not one whit of its original curve. Close by there is a beam balance some six or eight feet long, on which the weight in tons the spring will bear is being found. Every corresponding spring in a carriage or an engine must give at the same weight; were it otherwise the running would be unequal.

Swindon has one shed which cannot be much smaller than Olympia in the ground it covers. It is a hospital for goods trucks, with the papers on the patients instead of on the wall at the heads of their beds. Close to this big fellow there is one of more ordinary dimensions, to which the passenger vehicles come for repair, and here the most noticeable features are the lifts for taking the bodies off the bogies so as to deal with them separately. The Great Western has a class of carriage unknown on any other line. It runs narrow gauge bodies on broad gauge frames in order to be ready for the inevitable day when the broad gauge will cease to exist. That that will not be long in coming is apparent enough from the Great Western track. Look how rusty is the outer rail compared with the inner one on which run the narrow-gauge wheels.

But the battle of the gauges is over now, and nearly all that is left of it is the sharing of New Street station on easy terms by the Midland. The word narrow gauge is obsolete as meaning 4 ft. 8½ in., and we now speak of "national gauge"; and the historian tells us how the national gauge arose from the measurement of country carts found wide enough to pass each other in a lane.

The crisis of the battle was in the West. Was the broad gauge to run from Bristol to Birmingham, or was the national gauge to run from Birmingham to Bristol? Which was to have the traffic from the Midlands to the West? Was it to be Great Western or Midland? The Great Western offered to buy in share capital, the Midland offered a six per cent. dividend on the old capital; and, needless to say, the Midland won. Whereupon, the North-Western, which had been backing the Midland in keeping the Great Western from coming up the Severn valley, compromised its guarantee regarding the yearly loss on the six per cent. arrangement for perpetual admission of the Midland into the new Birmingham station at the nominal rent of £100 per annum. For three years the Midland lost money on its six per cent. plunge, but since 1848 it has been on the right side, and the New Street bargain has not been a bad one.

The Midland has done much for railway progress. By winning this gauge battle it gave the country a national gauge, and by saving transhipment at break of gauge reduced the cost of transport. By abolishing "expresses" and "special expresses," it led the way to the uniform fares now adopted by nearly every other line. By the introduction of "third class by all trains" it began a new era in railway management which it has further done much to develop by the abolition of second class, the importation of the Pullman Car, and the great improvement of third-class carriages.

The Midland startled the railway world with "henceforth third class by all trains" on April 1, 1872. Gradually the policy has been generally adopted, and on October 1 last even the Great Western hauled down its flag of exclusiveness and joined the popular movement by sending all three classes by the Dutchman and the Zulu.

The advance of the Great Western has been one of the notable features of railway history. Twenty-five years ago, when the late Sir Daniel Gooch became its chairman, its mileage was 1,256 and its dividend was 2 per cent.; it has now almost doubled its mileage and more than trebled its dividend, and its receipts from its passenger traffic alone are as great as they were then for passengers and goods combined. And as it has advanced in prosperity it has abandoned its original gauge. Its new engines, like its new carriages, are all convertible, and require only the shortening of their axles to fit them for the new conditions when it will lose the three-lined tracks which now complicate its sidings in the west.

W. J. GORDON.

## Grown Old.

WHAT noble deeds we meant to do
When—in our long-lost childhood's days—
We planned how we would travel through
Life's tangled maze!

How very great we meant to be,
The whole wide world would hear of us;
And to our fame would all agree
Unanimous!

And we would be so very good!
All who were suffering or opprest
Would find their sorrow understood,
Their wrongs redrest!

While love would crown our nights and days
Deeper and fuller each glad year,
We look out on Life's unknown ways,
And know no fear!

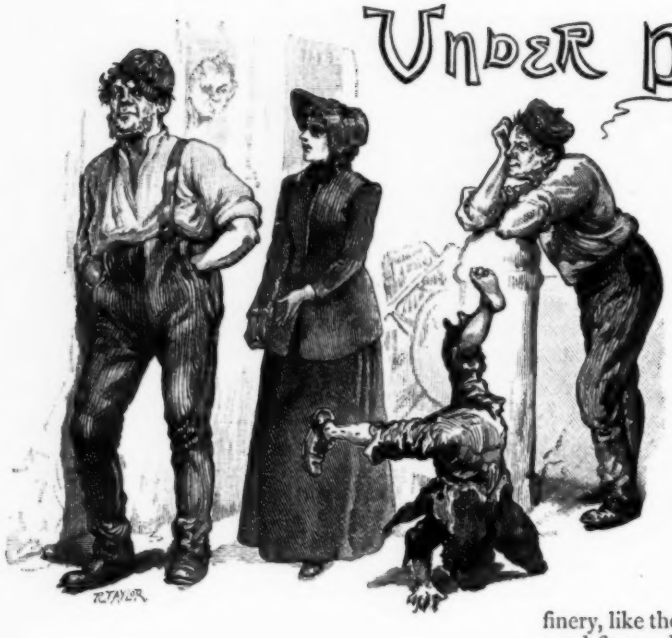
Now one by one the years have passed,
We are no longer glad and young;
We fold our hands for rest at last,
Our songs unsung.

We look back, while our hearts are bowed—
The noble deeds are still undone—
Glad to have helped, amidst the crowd,
Here and there one.

Love parted from us unawares,
The fame and glory never came,
We thank God if some in their prayers
Still breathe our name!

VIOLET M. KING.

# Under Discussion



## "IN DARKEST ENGLAND,"

### OR, THE GREAT PROPOSAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS," ETC.

"I DON'T know what is to become of London! I cannot go there for a day without seeing sights and hearing facts which haunt me for months. I think I should go mad if I had to live there! Yet, sometimes, I think that Liverpool is even worse. Or perhaps the appalling squalor and destitution strike one more when one arrives fresh from colonies where one never sees an ill-clad or ill-fed person, and where any term of misfortune that may befall an individual is readily tided over by individual beneficence."

It was Mr. Bryant who spoke. He had been invited to our house to meet some of our own little circle. And the conversation had taken its colour from a paper in a little journal printed for private circulation, which had been brought in by our next-door neighbour, Mr. Hume. The article dealt with the main lines of a certain book that had recently excited our interest.

"Well," said that kind little man, "I never shall forget the sights we saw that time when we went out before dawn to do a little sight-seeing before Bank holiday got too lively for quiet folk. I never would have believed how many people had been sleeping in the streets! Most of them did not look like people who had roughed it all their days, though I can't say that they all looked as if it was only their virtues that had brought them down. Still, there's no knowing how the virtues may look when they cannot get a chance to comb their hair and wash their faces, to say nothing of their clothes. And what hurt and shocked me terribly was to see the number of elderly women among them: poor old souls, between fifty and sixty, some of them with a gentle sort of carriage about them."

"Yes, and in draggled old finery, like the last of a stock of clothes that had been good five-and-twenty years ago," said Mrs. Hume. "Well, I can understand only too well how many such women cannot hold themselves up in the struggle for life. They may have spent their earlier years in little house-keeping duties for dead fathers or forgetful brothers, whose wives cannot 'get on' with them. What can they do for themselves in a world where younger and abler women toil sixteen hours to earn a shilling? I can understand, too, how such may prefer the streets to the rough lodging-houses, at least till cold weather comes."

"I remember one grim story, which has risen on my memory like a nightmare ever since I read it," said Mr. Bryant. "It was of a man found dying on a seat on the Embankment, an elderly man; he had once been a solicitor in fair practice, but he had lost health and friends too, and for many months before the end came he had had no home at all, and the police knew him well in the parks and on the bridges. He did not seem to have sought or found medical assistance, but was a repulsive mass of disease. He lay down to die just under the lights of a huge block of buildings, in whose offices he had perhaps done business in happier days. I recollect that the coroner observed that there ought to be some kind of retreat into which, both for his own sake and that of society, a man in such a state could be compelled to retire."

"But all these tragic cases which arrest everybody's attention for a day," said Penelope, "are nothing compared with the great mass of suffering in the normal life of thousands. There are

thousands of people who never enjoy pure air, good food, or quiet rest. There are children who do not know what such things are, and adults who are little wiser. A friend of mine, who has been working in the East End for thirty years, assures me that in that period the physical type has been perceptibly lowered, that many of the children now brought within her sphere of help are palpably defective in brain power, and that the inferior forms of the head would strike even an unobservant eye."

"Ah! poor things, they suffer for the sins of their parents, and so the terrible succession goes on," said the Vicar.

"Not always for the sins of their parents," replied Penelope, with animation. "In such a state of things as prevails in the East End of London, such suffering may be the direct result of virtue! The child of the harlot and the drunkard may often be better fed and 'enjoy' more of the privileges of life than the offspring of those who aspire to better things. Let me give two or three cases in point. I know a widow, a well-spoken, genteel woman, who lives by shoe-binding. Her eldest daughter, a girl of eighteen, works with her, the younger one is still at school. They work from eight in the morning till past midnight, but their earnings will not secure anything but most insufficient and inferior food, and the shelter of one tiny room. There they all live, eat, work, and sleep. It measures about ten feet by ten, and is about eight feet high. It is approached down a narrow passage, through a ruinous dwelling-house, and its solitary window looks on the tiny yard of the said dwelling-house, the horizon being its insanitary and utterly objectionable out-buildings. Do you wonder that the elder daughter looks in the last stage of consumption, while the younger suffers from chronic 'enlargement of the glands'? Where are they to get the strength and energy which are the backbone of industry? I could take you to another house, where a widow works for her three children, and they all sleep under her washing lines. This woman is of the highest character and very tidy and painstaking. She tries to keep her children indoors to prevent their association with the foul-mouthed youngsters of the lane. Consequently her boy has chronic bronchitis, and one of the girls suffers from St. Vitus's dance. That woman has never had a chance in life of which she failed to take the utmost advantage. Yet this is all her outlook now. It is not so with all, yet I don't think the others are less to be pitied. Only two or three doors off there is another widow, who received three hundred pounds from the firm in whose service her husband accidentally met his death. Remember that such a sum is absolutely a fortune to such a woman. But not one penny of that money—or of anything it purchased—remained at the end of three months!"

"Dear me, what did she do with it?" exclaimed Mrs. Hume. It meant Mr. Hume's salary for a whole year and a half, and I reckon if such a windfall had come to that house, it would have been used to provide a start in life for each of the three Hume little ones, whose future was never absent from their mother's mind.

"Drink," was Penelope's succinct reply.

"But she could not have drunk up that large amount so soon," said the Vicar.

"No," said Penelope, "but she called in her friends, after the only poor fashion she knew, to mingle their mournings and rejoicings with her own. Then, when she was drunk, she was robbed, and that going on day after day can get through a great deal in three months. I am told that once or twice at that period 'sovereigns' were to be picked up in the neighbourhood of her door. Alas, alas! what a miserable and delusive fulfilment of many a dream of London as a perpetual 'Tom Tiddler's ground.'"

"Wretched, degraded creature!" sighed Miss Barwick.

"Poor, darkened soul," said Penelope, "she has a kind heart. She turns a mangle now, and it is almost all the furniture she has. She is generally sober, too, because she cannot afford to be tipsy, unless somebody 'treats' her. But all the stray cats in the lane are welcome to sit in front of her miserable fire. 'Poor things, a bit of warmth is all I can give them,' she says. You cannot think how kindly some of these people are, and what a vein of poetry underlies all their rough degradation. The other day, as I was going along a back street, I heard a voice say, 'Hi, miss, I've got a present for you. I've been looking out for it a whole year, but I've got it at last!' Turning, I saw a poor barrow-woman of a very coarse type and sadly inclined to lapse into drunkenness. She dived into her house, and coming back, put into my hands a china cup and saucer, painted with flowers and bearing the inscription—'May we meet in Heaven!' That woman needs help as much as do some of her more worthy neighbours. But it is help of a different kind. And help is needed, too, for people of even a far lower sort—such as make sport of the torture of animals, or slowly slay their own offspring for some paltry gain, or such as figured in that awful history wherein two men (they lived on the edge of my district) went out together for robbery and murder, but in the end quarrelled over their spoils, so that one slew the other and returned straight home to the dead man's paramour, who received him without question as to what had become of the other. Think what a way of life must underlie such a state of things!"

"It is appalling: it is ghastly!" cried Miss Barwick. "One cannot bear to hear of such things—to think of such people! It is too awful."

"But these people exist," said Mr. Bryant. "They and their state of mind and their surrounding circumstances cannot be ignored in any comprehensive view of our nineteenth-century civilisation. Nor can anybody, save God Himself, apportion how much of their degradation is due to their own sins and the sins of their forefathers, or to some act of thoughtless sensuality or oppression, or some neglect of social duty, on the part of our own forefathers or ourselves. There are aristocratic pedigrees which reveal, under all disguises, a terrible heredity of evil. We must not forget the striking story of how a certain name was noted for its constant re-appearance on all the black lists of a certain district in the United States. That family from generation to generation peopled prisons, poor-

houses, lunatic asylums, and reformatories. At last the diligent search of an inquiring mind traced them all to one foundling girl who had grown up homeless and disregarded nearly a century before. One could not get behind her, or one might have found a man and woman who successfully eluded all earthly punishment for the sin they managed to conceal—people who may have passed respectably in society and whose legitimate progeny may have been reared with every care and endowed with every gift of fortune. And how much society would have gained had it at once come boldly forward to fulfil the duty neglected by some of its individual members, assured that there can be no gain either to morality or to social well-being, by leaving the innocent to suffer for the guilty."

"Ay," cried Penelope, "those thoughts are always present with me when I am dealing with these poor people! I know they are low and rough; I know many of them have no idea of truth or honesty, and that more still hate work and seek only such coarse self-indulgences as they can hope to enjoy. But I cannot help asking myself, 'How do they come to be thus?' And I feel that, after all, their thieving is not half so dangerous or so deadly as the 'adulterations' of the 'respectable' manufacturer, or the 'manipulations' of the respectable shopkeeper, or the conveniently deaf ear which the Limited Liability Shareholder turns to every moral question which might reduce his dividends and compel his wife to curtail her mercer's account or himself to suspend his wine bill."

"Yes," said Mr. Hume, "that is precisely the point taken up by the writer in this paper I am reading. He says:

"'There is strong inspiration in the bare hope of any great scheme that shall reach down into the black depths of our social pit and draw forth to new life and light those souls that are sinking and struggling there. It is something for such an idea to seize on the soul of a nation! The problem of the situation is how to utilise this white heat of enthusiasm so that it shall not waste its forces and die down in failure and disheartenment. An earnest worker, of a quarter of a century's standing, has recently unfolded to us his views of what is wanted, and what he desires, and believes can be accomplished. Let us give his words the utmost and most genial consideration. Do not let us be content with that easy operation known as "throwing cold water." Let us give forth our doubts, let us frankly express our convictions and put forward our own suggestions; but let it be in the spirit of those who would say, "We are all agreed that this thing has got to be done: come, let us reason together on the best methods of doing it." What is desired is that every human being shall get a chance of honest and worthy living; and more, that such chance shall be always ready for everybody as soon as he is ready for it, though hitherto he may have thrust it aside.'"



TREASURE TROVE.

"But is not that offering a premium to vice and worthlessness?" said Miss Barwick. "Is it not interfering between these and their penalties?"

"No, no, a thousand times, no," cried Mr. Bryant. "Quite the other way. At present a false charity often connives at people being kept in places for which they are most unfit, because it is feared lest any righteous interference might doom them to utter destruction. Take, for instance, the case—

not wholly unknown—of some drunken and demoralised schoolmaster or doctor. He is often upheld too long for the interests of others, but generally he is finally dropped. Then, if in time he repents, he finds no earthly door is open to him, and he is driven from disgrace to despair! A chance of worthy and honest living for such an one does not mean immediate—nor possibly ultimate—restoration to his former status. It means the opportunity of hard humble duties in the discharge of which he may prove his repentance and patiently await what the future may bring."

Mr. Hume resumed his reading.

"The scheme which we are considering lays its foundation stone in this ever-open offer of worthy and honest life to each and all, however previously degraded. Its starting point is Shelter Homes and Food Depots, in which everybody can find a roof and food at the lowest possible price; yet, as it is wisely said, this is all very well for your outcast when he has got fourpence in his pocket, but what if he has not got the fourpence? It is therefore proposed to establish in connexion with each shelter a workshop or Labour Yard, in which any person who comes destitute and starving will be supplied with sufficient work to enable him to earn the trifle for his board. From the more casual employments possible to these places, it is hoped to gradually draft the workers on to regular Factories, to Farm Colonies, and to industrial villages in this country, and finally, in suitable cases, to Colonies beyond the seas. There are other suggestions for the application of divers other kinds of sorely needed help, and some of these suggestions are not the least valuable parts of the Great Proposal. The question that instantly arises is, how are these costly schemes to be maintained, and what work is to be found to occupy the workless hands. Here we begin to encounter practical difficulties. Great hopes seem to be laid on the collection of waste food and other household jetsam and flotsam. It is asserted that it is by no means an excessive estimate to assume that the waste of the kitchens of the West End would provide a sufficient sustenance for all the Out-of-works who will be employed in the labour sheds at the industrial centres. It is said that the amount of food gathered by an experiment of this kind was enormous, and that sometimes legs of mutton from which only two or three slices had been cut were thrown into the tub awaiting the collecting cart. Now if this is so, it ought not to be, and therefore we think that to take advantage of it seems like that very futile course of action, doing evil that good may come."

Mrs. Hume spoke as her husband paused.

"For my own part," said she, "I'm always sorry to encourage people to think they show charity by bestowing broken victuals or cast clothes. There seems something ungentle in offering others what one does not think good enough to use oneself. It does not seem to accord with the Apostle's words, 'In honour preferring one another.' Sometimes it may be done with clothes in a friendly sort of way, as we make down garments among our own children."

Mr. Hume went on with his paper.

"It is to be feared that waste—that outcome of all sorts of self-indulgence—will increase tenfold when people can hug themselves into the feeling that only the more goes in 'charity.' We note with sorrow that, in his zeal to utilise the results, our philanthropist himself deals very gently with waste. He only calls it 'next door to sinful. Yet he might be nearest to the effectual relief of want, if he turned aside for a while from its contemplation, to preach a burning 'crusade' against this very waste itself. Why should not a Household Brigade go from door to door daily to 'gather up fragments,' farthings, pence, shillings, pounds sometimes, which people might be induced to save simply by denying themselves little luxuries of food or dress which they are quite as well without. This money could be employed as direct wages *for work found for the workless in doing those things for ill-paid workers which now simply go undone.* That would be a charity twice-blessed—good for the soul of the giver as for the soul and body of the receiver. Of course, side by side with this might go on the collection of that necessary residuum of food which is useful for piggery or poultry-yard, of waste paper of every kind which has generally to be sorted, and of those articles which have become 'lumber' and which we are only too glad to get rid of. But it must not be forgotten that there are already many humble, independent workers in these lowly fields of labour, and that it would be scarcely fair to them that some great organisation, with all its superior appliances furnished by 'charity,' should swamp their industrious endeavours."

"Ah," said Mrs. Hume, "I know how that works! I was standing in a baker's shop one day when a gentleman entered. He had come from a boys' refuge to solicit orders for paper bags, made by the inmates. The baker answered that he got his from an old woman, who had supplied his shop for many years. 'Ah,' said the gentleman, 'but think of the lads with all their lives before them, many of them rescued from great dangers; and you see, we must have this work to maintain them while we bring good influences to bear upon them. You don't know anything about your old woman,—very likely she drinks—and if she doesn't, anyhow, it's getting late in life with her and there's an end. But think of these, with all their future before them, &c., &c.' I'm glad to say my baker was staunch, but I know many people would not have been."

"And yet what a false piece of special pleading it was from beginning to end," said Pleasance, "for what was the use of employing the lads in that which could stand them in no real after use? It was 'a little industry,' just suited, as so many are, to the feeble and the aged. But we are interrupting Mr. Hume."

He went on:

"We know that we stand looking down on a great morass of misery, which we wish to drain; but while we debate as to how this is to be done our first care should be to do nothing which shall cost the foothold of those picking their dangerous way on its very brink. We fear it is too roseate a view of things which declares that 'the thrifty, the

industrious, the sober, and the thoughtful are already very well able, for the most part, to take care of themselves.' In many classes the struggle for life is getting too hard for that. One slip, such as a long illness, or the bankruptcy of an employer, and where is one? We hear of thousands of answers to any advertisement for a clerk, and men in that position of life, and many others, dare not resist any imposition, because they know that hundreds, equally qualified, are eagerly ready to rush into their place."

"That is quite true," said Pleasance; "not long ago I chanced to pass through one of the streets near the Bank of England. Just ahead of me I saw something like a rush towards a particular house, and a struggle for precedence in entrance. As I drew near I saw a crowd pressing up the stairs.




WANTED A CLERK.

I thought that some dreadful accident had happened, or that there was a pursuit of some runaway from justice. Seeing a commissionaire, who was lounging opposite, I asked him what was the matter. 'Nothing at all, ma'am,' he answered, 'only the party that lives there has advertised for a clerk, and it's been going on like that all the morning.'"

"I believe that many of our little dismal suburban terraces could tell stories of disheartenment and privation, as pitiful as any to be found in the slums," said the vicar.

Mr. Hume went on with his paper:

"There is another side of this question. Though we must remember that nothing must be done to imperil those whose economic position is already so precarious, we must recollect also that the labourer of every class has all to gain from the removal of the dread competition of destitution. If there was some sort of readily available provision for the great mass of the unfortunate or the incapable, it would relieve those above them, who are now dragged down as swimmers would be by drowning men clinging round their feet. The 'market price' of labour is too often rated at the wage which the least competent labourer is willing to accept. And when any body of workmen make the most legitimate effort to improve their condition, one always hears 'comfortable' people remark that 'it is hard these should be discontented, when so many would rejoice to get their work, even on harder terms.'

"In any hope, however, of dealing with this residuum of helpless want, we must remember that we have to deal with human nature, and that even those who might be glad enough to accept any plank whereby to escape from the ocean of absolute want, might still refuse to settle down into a way of life that did not accord with their own futile ambitions and desires. The destitute clerk or shopman, driven into the Shelter Home, might yet escape into the first ill-paid opening that he could find on his own congenial line, in preference to learning the trade of a shoemaker, or handling a spade or hoe, in prospect of the over-sea colony. Many agencies and associations have already been formed for the help of people in such difficulties, and they have done good service to such as used them in a whole-hearted candid spirit. But they must be always easily defeated by human variety or obstinacy.

"Then, again, there are those among the poor—as among the rich—whose philosophy of life is 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' These will clog the wheels and hamper the progress

of any organisation, and though it may easily throw them out, and proceed in triumph with its more pliable material, still that is but leaving the real difficulty for somebody else to face at some later day.

"This brings us to one of the most interesting suggestions in the 'scheme' we are considering, to wit, the proposal for a Final Retreat for those who are found utterly unamenable, and whose very existence is inimical to society. The difficulty here is, how is such an idea to be carried out with Christian justice and charity? It would be comparatively easy in the case of chronic inebriates, many of whom are only too anxious to be saved from their besetting weakness. It might not be very difficult in those cases of perverse temper, indolence, or incapacity, more often moral than merely mental or physical, which may prove such a dead weight in a family, and which, where the struggle for daily bread is very strenuous, often suffice to turn the scale from independence to pauperism, by being the last straw which breaks the heart of the bread-winner. Yet such cases as these might consent to withdraw themselves to such an asylum, especially if it were possible (with a poor law existing) to make them realise that if they refused the offer, they should be left to stand entirely on their own feet, and accept the apostolic dictum, 'If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.' But when we come to talk about 'involuntary incarceration' secured by 'State regulation' in the interests of society, then we open deeply reaching questions. Who are the greatest enemies of society? Probably few thoughtful people would reply that they are those most likely to subject themselves to any given number of 'convictions' for crime, drunkenness, or vagrancy. Does not this part of this great scheme, therefore, lie open to the objection that, after all, mere 'poverty' determines who shall be affected by it? Will there not be a natural murmur of rebellion when it is seen that, after all, it is only the 'poor' wicked man, who in General Booth's words is 'no longer to be allowed to go in and out among his fellows, carrying with him the contagion of moral leprosy, and multiplying a progeny doomed to inherit the vices and diseased cravings of its unhappy parent'?"

"Well," remarked Penelope Boughton, "I don't suppose anybody here knows better than I do how large a part drunkenness and immorality and self-indulgence of all kinds play as factors of misery and destitution. And yet, to speak truthfully, I must acknowledge that the very worst man I ever knew, a man who seemed to have no moral consciousness, who lied and cheated as if lying and cheating were natural to him as breath and motion, who broke every heart and marred every life that fell under his influence, who filled his own house with an atmosphere of the vilest licentiousness, even seeking to injure and destroy those who strove to save his hapless children from his evil example—that man has made a huge fortune, and when he dies the local newspapers will give him columns of panegyric! It is a picture which the Psalmist evidently had often under his own eyes, but which somehow seems strangely overlooked in our modern presentments of the evil that is in the world. I ask myself sometimes, 'Are there many Christians who deal personally with such a man as that, and tell him plain truths about his spiritual position and prospects, such as the poor man hears so constantly?' The rich do not need the gospel less. Our Saviour Himself said, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God.'"

Mr. Hume went on again with his reading.

"We feel that it is impossible thus to save society in patches. London cannot be severed from Liverpool, Britain cannot stand apart from the Continent, the Old World cannot be uninfluenced by the New. Even 'darkest Africa' and 'darkest London' have a solidarity of which they do not dream. And certainly the 'classes' and the 'masses' are one body of humanity, whose interests and duties are eternally bound together. We don't infer that the wounded on a field of battle are necessarily the worst and weakest of the rank and file. They may have led a forlorn hope, while those who escape may have sat by the baggage waggons. It is so sometimes in the battle of life. There are some virtues which may stand in the way of a man's 'getting on' in this world quite as much as some vices. Does not Mr. Booth himself own that those 'dockers' have the best chance of getting employment who hang about the public-houses and stand treat to the foremen? It is strongly borne in upon us that the best scheme for the relief or the removal of existing misery will fail to accomplish its true aim, *without a simultaneous and strenuous struggle against the causes which have produced and are still producing it.* There will be no effectual saving of the poor from want until the poor themselves and the rich and the well-to-do also are saved from waste. We do not now refer to the mere waste involved in throwing away what ought to be used; but the waste which lies in idleness, in luxury, in that ever-increasing elaboration of the needs and comforts of life, until the very soul of humanity faints beneath its enjoyments, like Tarpeia under the ornaments for which she betrayed her country. What we deprecate now is the waste caused by the capitalist who thinks that men are of less importance than dividends; and we equally deprecate the waste produced by those workmen who will disorganise a huge industry and spoil thousands of their fellows' homes, in sheer wilful disregard of promises made and contracts entered into. While these things continue, 'the poor man' of to-day may be rising through 'shelter' and factory into a flourishing colonist. *But the place in the slum which he leaves vacant will be filled by another 'poor man.'*

"By all means, and without the loss of another day, let us combine to do our best among the spoiled lives lying at our feet, among children warped from their cradles, among neglected old age, and ignorant and helpless ignorance sweated to starvation. Only let us remember that an immense amount of good work has been already done in these directions, and yet the tide of misery rises only higher and higher. Something more and something different must be attempted if it is to abate. Occasionally we get an open demonstra-

tion of what generally goes on in secret and complex ways. We have heard a great deal lately about the success of the farm experiment made by Mr. Craig at Ralahine. It is adduced as a proof how similar schemes may prosper. But few dwell long on the cause of its final overthrow—the awakening of the evil spirit of gambling in the breast of one weak man. We hear that this spirit is entering into every department of life, that commerce and recreation are equally tainted by it. Wherever this is so, another fountain of poverty is unsealed, whence wretchedness must flow, swamping not only the guilty, but the innocent, whose destinies are entangled with theirs! Then we see other men in all classes of life, who, already possessing adequate incomes, will take on more and more work till they kill themselves. They do this because they and their wives allow their expenditure to keep pace with and overrun whatever they may earn. They practically commit suicide that their wife may have a carriage to drive in, or that they may have a manservant to open their door. On these objects they consume the profits of the work they seize, and for which other men seeking in vain are in their turn driven to suicide because they cannot find bread! Others rush into speculation, and then perhaps, ruined in their race for riches, drag down and trample under foot unnumbered helpless victims.

"It is comparatively easy to get people to give out broken victuals and old clothes, and even money (if they have over and above what they need for their own whims), but if they are asked to give up something which may in the end make these other doles less necessary, they generally turn a deaf ear and leave the crying voice in the wilderness. The common conscience soothes itself in the paths of self-indulgence by the fallacy that it does not matter much how money is spent: so long as it is 'circulated' it is 'good for trade.' This is the firm belief of most women and of the thoughtless majority of men. The rich make it their excuse, the poor find it a consolation. The lady who orders a trumpery ball dress to wear for one night thinks she has done a virtuous thing, beneficial to many people from the manufacturer down to the dressmaker. She fails to see that it would have been at least as 'good for trade' had she ordered ten serviceable dresses to be made for ten industrious women; or, as the root of the matter really is, had there been such a better distribution of her wealth in the way of increased wages and smaller dividends as would have enabled ten industrious women to procure their own serviceable dresses according to their own tastes and needs, and to provide things needful and fit for their own aged or youthful dependents. The fashionable lady does not seem able to understand that what is really thrown away is not her mere money, but the labour for which she pays, and which instead of being wasted on her whim should have been employed in the general interests of humanity.




A BRIDE.

"Let us hope that a fire of enthusiasm to save the lost, raise the fallen, and help the helpless is lighting up among us. But why shall we not bring it to bear also, with all its fervour, on our well-to-do men and our fashionable women, awakening them to the consciousness that what seems to them so harmless and so pleasant is slaying the bodies of their brethren and stultifying their souls? If we could create a public opinion which would make people blush to trail yards of costly silk on the ground behind them, to spend hundreds of pounds on an evening's illusive 'pleasure,' and to indulge in such puerile extravagances as that reported lately of 'a bedstead decorated with real pearls, with the owner's name in pearls on the top bar.' —If we could arouse a public conscience which,

without pledge or promise to any human authority, would pause over each item of expenditure to ask, 'Am I really the better for this? Is anybody else really happier?' and then, when these questions were fairly answered, to add this vital one, 'Is there nothing on which I can spend this money which I feel sure will do more good and ensure more happiness all round?'—then indeed we should be in a fair way to attack the difficult problems of modern society. It is such a mistake to think and act as if money must remain idle unless expended on demoralising luxuries—(and demoralising luxuries mean anything which does not conduce to the physical, mental, or moral uplifting of him who secures them, be he a millionaire or a dock-labourer). If this were taken as the standard of desirable living, it would leave room for infinite variety of taste, opinion, and feeling, and yet it would certainly set free vast sums of money, part of which might well be devoted to rescuing from existing slums, but the rest of which would go to facilitate new channels of life for that stream of humanity which has not yet poured downward into the morass of despair.

"If the old Gospel rule of conduct, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,' were made the rule by which each man strove to measure every action, and if it were distinctly realised that such 'others' include one's masters and one's servants, the neighbour in the next house, and the ruined profligate in the gutter, the tradesmen with whom we deal, one's own wife, one's own children and other people's children, and even children yet unborn, then it might be found that many difficult questions could be answered very easily, and without the moral dust and slime that often defile well-meant attempts to meet such problems on any narrower ground.

"Do not say it is a Quixotic dream! Do not say that the world will stand still for ever, if we wait for the redemption of the rich, redemption from selfishness, from luxury, from idleness, and from thoughtlessness. To say that is to deny the power of the Gospel, which looks for its final triumph exactly there. When Jesus said: 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God!' it was the disciples who whispered: 'Then who can be saved?' The Master's answer came at once: 'With men it is impossible, but not with God!'

"Christ and Antichrist, or the Powers of Good and Evil, have been in the world from the very beginning, yet possibly they have never been drawn up in more formidable battle array than they are at the present day. And their battle must be first fought in each individual breast. Who shall conquer? Shall it be our True and Eternal Self, in whose existence some of us can scarcely believe; or our lower Self, who is ever present with us and pays the flesh its wages beforehand that it may hold it in slavery in the end? The value of any scheme for the benefit of society and the progress of the race must be always in the place it gives to the regeneration of the individual, made manifest by his recognition of the claims of the new spiritual life within him.

"Unless a man be 'soundly saved,' you have not secured much for him, though you give him a new suit and find him work, or actually furnish him with a University education. These things in themselves will not even raise a man out of the slums. For, from possession of them, ay, the very best of them, men have sunk down into the slums. The common want of all, rich and poor, the only help to save all from the temptations common to human nature, is the subjection of the old self to the new self,—the flesh to the spirit, wilfulness to the will of God.

"This brings us to a conclusion that might help much puzzled philanthropy, which often looks ahead, hesitating and wondering whether this or that scheme will really 'do any good.' That is not the first question. The first question ought rather to be, 'What is right for us to do?' It is not our duty to keep people on starvation wages, for slavery periods, and in wretched homes, because we fear—and perhaps not without some grounds—that they would squander better wages, misspend leisure, and destroy palaces if they got them to live in. Let us take care that we do our own duty.

"There was a time, not very long ago, when faith was too apt to forget works. Then followed a season when works imagined they could do without much faith. The ruin of many a brilliant vision and the dry bones of many an elaborate effort remain to show what that came to. But may not the time have come when we are ready to say, 'We will show you our faith by our works, praying that you may presently share our faith and join us in our works, and in greater works to follow'?

"Let us give sympathetic consideration to every voice that calls us out into the white harvest fields of the world. Let no theologic pride or sectarian prejudice deafen our ears or close our hearts. Let the thought of other's needs be ever present with us, and let us never rest content till some part of our life is sacred to their special service, and the whole of it set in lines compatible with their progressive welfare and their enduring joy."

"I say Amen to all that," said Mr. Bryant, solemnly.

"I am thinking of the eighth chapter of Zechariah," said Penelope Boughton, gazing straight into the fire.

"Ah, I am afraid that in these days few of us know our Bibles as we should," said the vicar, "or we should know that the inspired prophets and poets of antiquity are the strongest advocates of some of those views which are sometimes spoken of contemptuously as new-fangled ideas."

"Don't you think that the simplification of life, with the blessed freedom of mind and means which would ensue, is a subject for grave consideration?" said Penelope. "So many people get caught up in social vanities and expenses without seeing all they mean. And then they can scarcely extricate themselves. I know so many who profess to like the idea, but they say: 'It is so difficult to carry out.'"

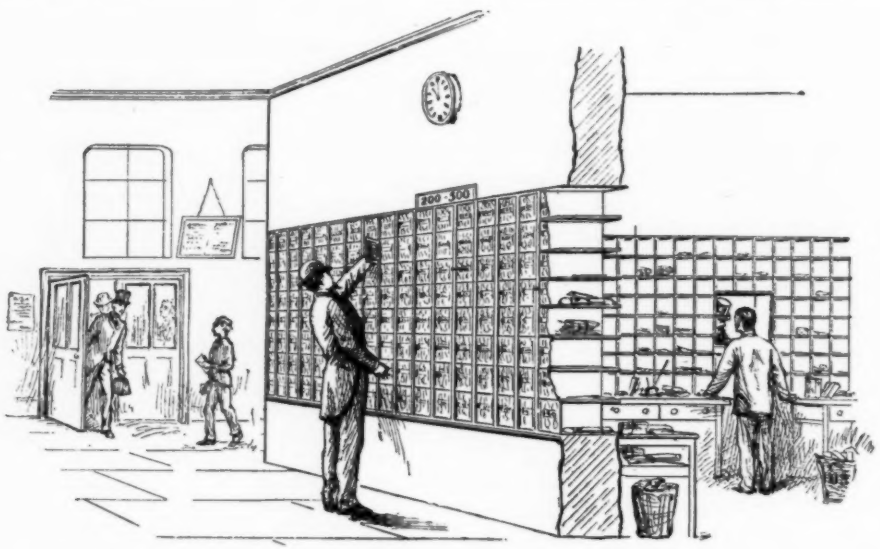
"So is everything worth doing," said Mr. Bryant. "Is there any one brave enough to start a crusade to 'drain the morass' of riches and luxury, which swamps the souls of those who dance upon it?"

# "YANKEE DODGES."

## BUSINESS LIFE AND THE PRESS.

### POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

BUSINESS life in New York is a scramble, although probably men appear to be in a greater hurry than they really are. They dive from elevated road to ferry, from ferry to tramcar, and from tramcar to elevator, as though they believed literally in the maxim about mischief overtaking the hindmost. Follow them into their offices, however, and you find them meditatively smoking a cigar and working calmly. The number of cigars which an average business man consumes during business hours must form a serious item in the petty cash account.



The offices are chiefly built in huge blocks, often thirteen or fourteen storeys high, and all furnished with elevators. In some offices there are six or eight elevators side by side, all fitted with indicators on every floor which record the progress of the cage, so that the breathless public may ascertain which of the doors will open the earliest to receive him. The rents of the top floors in these buildings are but little less than those on the ground, as the ascent and descent are made so easy and the top tenants also reap the benefits of quiet and light.

The feeling of "scramble" is heightened by the postal arrangements: business men could not possibly "wait around" for the postman to deliver their letters, so each firm has its private box in the General Post Office.

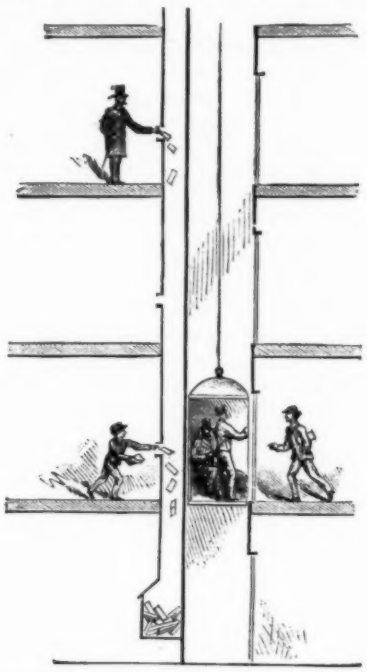
This system is universal in America, and has been introduced in many of our colonies. In the New York Post Office there are thousands of these boxes, each bearing a number, and clerks are sent over every hour or so with the key to bring any letters. The boxes are about four inches square and seven inches deep, and are arranged in hollow squares. They are open at the inside end, so that the post-office clerk inside the square may put any letters in, while they are closed outside by a glazed brass door, of which no one but the lessee has the key. In the middle of each range of a thousand or so boxes there is a window at which inquiries may be made of the official within, and whence newspapers, parcels, etc., too large to go into the box are delivered to the owner, who is notified of their presence by a card placed in his box directing application to the window. By this arrangement men with whom business is rather quiet can keep up appearances and relieve the monotony of existence by rushing to and fro to look for letters.

The street post-boxes are small iron affairs painted green, and generally affixed to a lamp post—very different from our magnificent military looking erections. The posting slot in the boxes is not very large, but if a newspaper or parcel will not go through the slot it is placed calmly on top of the box to await the postman. No one touches it, but presumably people do not post valuables in that way; still it is refreshing to be reminded of King Alfred and his bracelet-hung posts, in the nineteenth century.



Many of the higher offices are furnished with posting shoots running all down the building alongside

the elevator shafts, and provided with slots on each floor and one large box at the bottom, which the postman empties. Even sending a lad down the



elevator to post letters would be too great a waste of time for the Yankee, who believes in working his brain and sparing his body.

### THE TELEPHONE.

Every office has its telephone, of course, and so, in fact, have many private houses. The householder is in direct communication with the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker, and the process of "shopping"—at any rate for the vulgar necessities of life—is thus reduced to a minimum. The doctor is also on the telephone, and if the baby has the croup it may be held up to cough down the instrument into the experienced ear at the other end of the wire.

### MESSENGER SERVICE.

The "messenger" service is also a great institution, and a most convenient one. We have a similar thing in London, but on a very small scale. In America it is worked by the telegraph companies, for the telegraph is not a State business, as here.

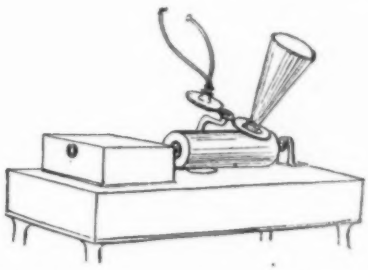
The company fixes a call instrument in any office where one may be desired and keeps it in repair. You press the knob, and in about five minutes a messenger-boy appears from the nearest telegraph-office, where a large stock of the article is kept.

Like Aladdin, you order your genius to do anything you want—take a message, carry a parcel, show a stranger the way anywhere, convey a telegram to the office, and so on. The youth is provided with a table of charges for his services to any part of the city, and as the people at the office note the times at which he was called and at which he returns, and receive the fee from the boy, they manage to keep a check on the young gentleman.

These boys are the smartest in New York, which is saying a good deal, for on even the ordinary unofficial Yankee boy "there ain't no flies," to use a chaste and expressive Americanism. It is a common sight to see ladies doing their shopping accompanied by one of these boys, and they are certainly most useful. The companies make no charge for the boy's services if he be employed in carrying a telegram to or from the office.

### THE PHONOGRAPH.

"Long" handwriting is rapidly becoming a lost art in America, owing to the universal prevalence of shorthand and the type-writer. With these we are rapidly becoming familiarised here, but the American is not contented even with these lightning-



like servants. Apparently it will not be many years before the utilitarian stenography will follow its more graceful sister caligraphy into the realm of things which "have been," for Edison's phonograph is coming into extensive practical use.

The manager or letter-writer sits down before one of these machines and quietly speaks into its faithful trumpet the letter he wishes written. When the wax cylinder is filled it is taken off the "boss's" machine and transferred with its almost imperceptible voice marks on to that of the type-writer. This functionary places the hearing tubes into his (or her) ears, starts the apparatus at a speed suited to his type-writing capabilities, and writes the letter word for word as he hears it. Errors in dictation are noted by the type-writer hearing the letter through first at a high speed. Meanwhile his employer is confiding more correspondence to another cylinder.

The machine—which is generally worked by a small electro-motor—is made with a convertible transmitter, either receiver or reciter, so that if a firm has only one instrument it can be used first to receive a letter, and then, by reversing the swivel diaphragms, to reproduce it.

The wonders and possibilities of the phonograph—its uncanny weirdness and queer brazen tones—are well known in England, where it is still an exhibition toy: in America it is already treated with the contempt which familiarity breeds.

Probably the next step will be to abolish the type-writer and send the wax cylinders spoken on to by one business man to be read off by his correspondent, who will get not only his friend's words but the tone and expression he put into them.

Tinfoil imprints have been tried instead of wax, so that they may be sent easily through the post.

A very interesting and fairylike article by W. Bellamy on the possible future of the phonograph appeared in "Harper's" for October 1889.

### ADVERTISING.

The American propensity for advertising is well known, but beyond the multiplicity of street shop boards or signs, before alluded to, they do not seem much further advanced in the science of making a city hideous by advertisement than we do. The rocks at Harlem are painted with big letters about some one's chewing gum, etc., but the same sort of thing may be seen in North Wales, though,happily, not to the same extent.

### NEWSPAPER ARTS.

The newspapers, however, give our staid English journals many points in the science of "push." It requires some practice to find what news you want in an American paper. For instance, if information be sought as to the progress of a revolution—say in Brazil—one looks in vain for any heading "THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL," or even for a paragraph headed "FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE." What may be expected is something like this :

"GO!" AND THEY WILL GO.

Castelar Believes that Within Fifty Years This Will Be Said to Autocrats.

NO BLOOD WILL BE SHED.

("New York Herald," Nov. 20, 1889.)

After a great baseball match one may feel anxious to know the result. It is useless to look for "NEW YORK *v.* BROOKLYN," but "GIANTS ON TOP! BRIDEGROOMS IN THE SOUP!" indicates the looked-for spot to the practised eye. This applies to the very best newspapers, and the genius who invents the headlines is a very important member of a journalistic staff.

The news itself is communicated in thrilling language interspersed with headlines after the fashion of the London "Star," though to compare that paper with a New York journal is like setting a volume of sermons alongside Edgar Allan Poe's works. The papers abuse one another freely in their columns and are not at all afraid of blowing their own trumpets. The titles of some of the country papers ought to be enough, however, to deter their rivals from evil speaking; who, for instance, would dare to be disrespectful towards the "Memphis Avalanche"?

Interviewing is the usual way of obtaining information for the press, and it is looked upon quite as a matter of course by the public. Lady interviewers and reporters are employed as well as men by most of the leading journals, in which they appear under their own names. For instance, a column may be seen headed

"NELLIE BLY INTERVIEWS MISS EASTLAKE,"

and will contain a minute description of the dresses and furniture and tea-things, as well as a record of a conversation well sprinkled with "My dears."

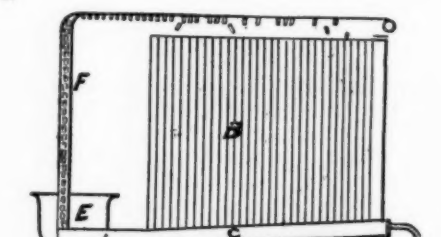
The aforesaid Miss Nellie Bly had just returned from a Jules Vernean voyage round the world, though, of course, she had beaten Phineas Fogg and done the distance in seventy-five days or thereabouts. She was on the staff of one of the New York dailies, which published accounts of her movements as she telegraphed them from the various points on her route. Besides this, in front of the office of the paper stretched a chart, about thirty feet long, of the world on Mercator's projection, and showing the circumnavigatress's route in red. A dummy figure of the immortal Nellie, "grip" (i.e. reticule) in hand, was pinned on to the chart and moved day by day in accordance with the telegraphed progress of the original.

In front of the same office is a large board on which the progress of baseball matches is indicated during the games. Every run made and almost the movements of each player is reproduced on this board, which is always surrounded by an excited crowd. The newspapers certainly understand the art of "getting their name up."

All the New York papers publish a Sunday edition, which is generally freely illustrated with zincotype pictures of indifferent merit, and which is of portentous size. Fifty pages is no uncommon number for one of these volumes, and they treat of every imaginable subject.

### THE LINOTYPE.

In the production of some of the leading New York papers an invention is in use which is still a comparative novelty in England, namely, the Linotype.



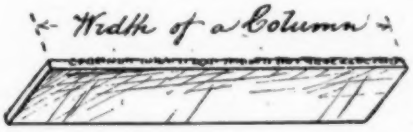

This real marvel is a machine about six feet square, and comprises type boxes, setters, and distributers, plus a type foundry.

The operator sits before the machine and spells out his copy by pressing keys (A) arranged like those of a type-writer. A set of flat vertical brass tubes (B), arranged like the pipes of an organ, hold the little brass moulds or matrices for the different letters.

Each lettered key when struck opens a door at the bottom of the corresponding tube, and lets one —but only one—matrix fall into an inclined pipe (C) which runs under all the tubes. A puff of compressed air admitted into the higher end of the tube blows the matrix down into a frame, where it is forced up alongside its predecessor by an automatic finger (D).

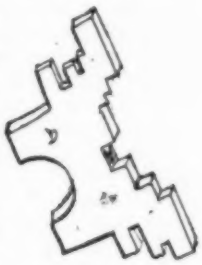
When enough matrices have been packed to

make a line of type (hence "linotype"), a bell rings, and the little frame, about three inches long, an




inch deep, and an eighth of an inch wide, slides along the machine until it arrives opposite the mouth of a large pot (E) of molten type metal, which is kept at a proper temperature by a gas jet. The valve closing the mouth is automatically opened, and a ram descending into the metal forces enough through to fill the little mould. The mould then separates and drops the casting into a planer, where the "runners" which have admitted the metal are planed off and the "line of type" trued up accurately, ready for setting up and stereotyping. All this is sufficiently clever, but the redistribution of the matrices into their respective boxes is the crowning feat.

When the casting has been made and dropped, the little brass moulds are separated and picked up by an endless band (F), which runs up from the foundry and along the top of the machine. The matrices are formed with wards like those of a key, and as they travel over the top of the machine they pass over all the tubes until they come to their own particular one, into which they drop. The tube wards allow each matrix to pass except the one belonging to it, and that one is intercepted.



The lifelike way in which the matrices march along over the top of the machine and drop methodically into their own domicile is so amusing that in laughing at it one almost forgets to admire the ingenuity of the inventor.

Should an insubordinate matrix attempt to drop off where it should not, it instantly finds itself literally in the "wrong box," for an electric circuit is completed, an alarm bell wrings, and the machine stops until the man looks along the line and finds that some wretched E has been trying to get into F's box.

The matrices last for years in spite of their many journeyings and heatings, and the machines appear to give but little trouble. A dozen or more are at work in the office of one of the large New York dailies, which is entirely printed by the linotype process, and is one of the best printed papers there.

The hand-compositors have in most cases learned to work the new machines, and do about three times as much work in the same time as with the old hand-setting.

The linotype is certainly one of the most striking examples of time and labour saving machinery in the world.

W. E. BUCK.

## A MUSICAL VILLAGE IN YORKSHIRE.

ABOUT forty years ago a manufacturer at Eccleshill near Bradford, who was fond of music, set his eye on a weaver who lived at Horsforth, near by, and who was one of the singers at the Wesleyan Chapel there. This manufacturer was interested in the New Connexion Chapel at Eccleshill, and he wanted a singer. The weaver in question, Fawcett by name, soon received an offer of employment from this music-lover. He thereupon moved to Eccleshill, and became the founder of a remarkable family of musicians, who are known all over the North of England as excellent orchestral players.

In a recent journey northwards I stopped a night at Bradford for the special purpose of making acquaintance with these plain, sturdy Yorkshire folk and of hearing the story of their lives. The Great Northern train lands one in a few minutes at Eccleshill station, and thence the walk to the top of the hill is soon accomplished. What a lovely view spreads before us! The chimneys of Bradford have been left behind, and we are in the land of dales and moors, of wood and stream. There is scarcely a yard of level ground, and one can understand how the hardy, robust natures of these hillmen are formed by their physical surroundings.

As we sit in the old-fashioned comfortable house of Joseph Fawcett, with a great oak beam crossing the ceiling, various members of the clan Fawcett are standing or sitting around. Most interesting of all, by his venerable appearance, is the old father, progenitor of the race, tall and spare, seventy-six years of age, yet clear of eye and mind, and full of pleasant recollections of long ago. In his young days women did not sit in the singing pews at the chapels. It would not have been considered becoming. He himself was a tenor, and learnt to read music by the old *fa sol la* system which prevailed in the time of Shakespeare. An old member of the Bradford Festival Choral Society, he went to London with the choir and sang with them before the Queen. He plays the violin and 'cello a little, but his work has chiefly been that of a choirmaster. The singing of glees by small parties of a dozen or so he well remembers. Those were days when a halo of celebrity hung round singers and players. There were so few of them that they were the envy and wonder of their neighbours. There was no tonic sol-fa then to make music easy for everybody. To attain the power of singing at sight or of playing an instrument demanded perseverance and self-denial. People had to puzzle

things out for themselves. Printed music was very expensive. Oratorios cost in guineas what they now cost in shillings. The consequence was that nearly all the music of these weavers was copied out by their own hands. Old Mr. Fawcett has sat up copying music till two or three o'clock in the morning. But when the music was copied and the performance came off, how the neighbours delighted! The "Messiah," or some other oratorio, would be performed with a band consisting of two violins, a flute, and a 'cello, yet the people of the village thought the effect perfect, and the performers showed no little pride in their work.

For years Mr. Fawcett senior, with his three sons John, Joseph, and Samuel, worked at their looms in their own house. This was the universal custom twenty-five or thirty years ago; every house in Eccleshill contained its loom, and the passer-by could hear the rattle of the shuttle. Steam-power has since crept in, congregated the weavers in factories, and destroyed some of the quaintness and domesticity of their labour. The peculiarity of the Fawcett household was that without neglecting their work, or weaving less deftly than their neighbours, they did a great deal at music. For years the lads, under the guidance of their father, practised singing or playing after each of the three meals of the day. Even while weaving they would sometimes stand their music on a shelf and cast glances at it from moment to moment, whistling or singing the notes so as to get familiar with them. The father was a good teacher. He not only had enthusiasm, and made his boys love their instruments, but he knew how to guide and control the waywardness and fitfulness which from time to time possess all young people. "He made us work," said one of the sons to me. "No shirking of difficulties was allowed. He was strict." Anyhow, the sons needed but little pressure in their musical studies. "Our mother," says one of them, "tired of the noise, has turned us out sometimes into the road at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and bid us finish our practice there."

As a result of this training the sons of Mr. Fawcett senr. are now all players. John plays the alto trombone, Joseph the tenor trombone, Samuel the bass trombone, Tom the pianoforte and organ, and Handel, the youngest son, the double bass. This, however, is but the beginning of the tribe, for the three elder sons and their married sister, Mrs. Midgley, have grown-up children who are also players. Thus John has two sons in the profession: Harry, a violinist, and Mendelssohn, a clarinetist; while of his younger sons Handel, aged 14, promises well on the trombone, Willie, aged 12, plays the pianoforte, and Tom, aged ten, plays the flute. Joseph has a son Charlie, a violinist. Samuel has three sons: Charlesworth, a clarinetist, Verdi, a violinist, and Weber, an oboeist. Fawcett Midgley, the sister's son, is a bassoon player. All these lads had summer engagements last season at such places as Llandudno, Douglas, Saltburn, and Blackpool, where orchestras are engaged. So much for the players fairly started in life; there are a number of younger Fawcetts "coming on." Stepping into Joseph Fawcett's kitchen I find a boy of nine who is studying the clarinet, and "Joseph Haydn" aged three, who is handling marbles on the floor, will no doubt become a player in due time.

The Fawcetts are proud of their village. It has only 7,000 inhabitants, but it sends out more professional players to concerts in the North of England than Leeds, Bradford, or Huddersfield. My friend, Mr. N. Kilburn, Mus.B., of Bishop Auckland, who first directed my attention to the Fawcetts, writes: "I have known them for years. They are true and genuine homespun Yorkshiremen. At our oratorio concerts at Sunderland they have played to the number of nine or ten at a time. It was during a performance of 'The Rose of Sharon' last winter, as I looked across the orchestra, that the idea popped into my mind that this was almost a unique clan, and I resolved to call attention to them. They are not only numerous, but most efficient players." This group of Eccleshill musicians travel far and wide to take part in concerts. They play regularly in Leeds, Bradford, Hull, York, Scarborough, Sunderland, and Bishop Auckland and elsewhere. Joseph once went to Ireland with Meyer Lutz, and had some curious experiences at Cork during the Fenian troubles. John as a youth enlisted, and served twelve months in the band of the 68th Regiment, after which experience his father bought him out. Then he went into the Yeomanry Cavalry band.

It was in brass bands that as lads the Fawcetts began to play, and from this they worked their way to the higher musical level of the orchestra. For three years Joseph conducted the celebrated Black Dyke band, and at the present time he is training a brass band at Eccleshill. He has often acted as judge in the competitions between these bands which are so common in Yorkshire.

The remarkable thing is that this tribe of players are all self-taught. "Our music," says Joseph, "hasn't cost us a penny." Their father was the first teacher; then the sons have themselves taught their children. "The violinists have had a quarter or two's lessons," says Joseph, "just to get them into right habits. But if we don't play an instrument we know enough about it to set our children right, or tell when they are playing wrong." What sums of money we spend on music lessons, and yet here is a group of players who have taught themselves and done without! The teacher can only guide the pupil. The real effort is the pupil's own, and in an art like music quickness of apprehension and an observant eye count for much. But of course for ordinary people lessons are essential, and even for the gifted they save time and prevent the formation of bad habits which have afterwards to be cured.

If the West Riding is noted for its instrumentalists, it is noted still more for its singers. The love of choral music there is not an affectation, but a strong reality. The full and deep-toned Yorkshire voices are famed everywhere; and one reason why the Yorkshire folk are such good singers is that they are always singing. At the fireside, in the mill, in school, in church, in social gathering, their voices blend and commingle in strains now gentle, now tumultuous. John and Joseph Fawcett

are both old glee singers, and Joseph is at present choirmaster of the Congregational Church at Eccleshill, where he has a choir of fifty-four voices. He has held this post for twenty years, and much enjoys the work. The church has an organist as well as a choirmaster, and is about to spend about £800 on an organ, although it only seats from 800 to 900. Joseph is also conductor of the Eccleshill Choral Union—formed among the middle-class folk of the district, and meeting by turn at the houses of the members. His sterling musicianship thus commands the respect and allegiance of all classes in his native place. The time of the Fawcetts is thus chiefly taken up by music; but John and Joseph spend their spare hours in working at a little coal-selling business, which keeps them employed at times when music is dull. Instrumentalists have a more certain income than solo singers, because they are not afraid of their voices wearing out; and only by an accident—such as the loss of a finger, or serious illness—can their public work be suspended.

I have sketched these honest, intelligent, and artistic Yorkshiremen just as they are, because I think they teach a lesson of industry which thousands of working men may learn. They teach, too, the possibility of pursuing at the same time art and manual labour. We want more of our operatives to lead this double life, working hard at the bench, the machine, or with the spade or plough, and recreating themselves when work is over by music, which is the prince of diversions. Why should they not do so? The Welsh colliers and quarrymen form some of the finest choirs in the world. Come with me to the rehearsal of a French *Orphéoniste* Society in Paris, and notice the porters, policemen, and mechanics dropping in in their uniforms or their blue blouses, and singing away with great heartiness when the hours of work are done. When they have sung a chorus they will sometimes pick up a set of brass instruments, transform themselves in a moment into a brass band, and start a quickstep or an overture. Our English choirs, except those in Yorkshire and Wales, contain but few *ouvriers*. The men are clerks or school teachers, the ladies are scarcely any of them wage-earners. Why should it be so? If we shorten the hours of work, there will be more time for recreation, and occupations must be found for leisure hours which refresh and renew the faculties. Otherwise the strength of our workers will be dissipated upon occupations which exhaust and weary, which leave body, brain, and soul poorer than they found them. It will be a good thing in these coming days for the body politic if in hundreds of villages of our land the spirit of the Eccleshill Fawcetts stirs and grows. Others may not have time or skill enough to work their way to the position of professional players. This is the privilege of the few. But the many can learn enough of singing and playing to give pleasure to themselves and their friends in an endless round of social and public gatherings.

J. SPENCER CURWEN.

## WARREN HASTINGS.

FRESH and unexpected light has been thrown upon the life and times of Warren Hastings, by the recent publication, in Calcutta, of three volumes of the records preserved in the Foreign Department of the Government of India. These documents, edited by George W. Forrest, and issued from the Government Press, consist of selections from Letters, Despatches, and other official State Papers. For the first time the materials are afforded, in authentic form, for a continuous narrative of the rule of Warren Hastings as Governor-General. How far the sentence of acquittal is confirmed remains to be seen.

Even in those questions of the impeachment where there seemed proof of harshness and cruelty, it is now shown that the Governor-General acted under precise instructions, and was carrying out the existing system imposed on him by express treaties. In the sternest dealings with native rulers or subjects, the Governor-General used every personal effort to carry out decisions in as mild and merciful a way as possible. One extract will suffice to show the spirit by which he was actuated. To Colonel Champion, who said that he feared that the conduct of the Wazir of Oude "will render our connexion with him reproachful to us," the rebuke given in the reply of Warren Hastings was severe. He thus wrote:

> It never could have been suspected by the Board that their orders to you would have tied up your hands from protecting the miserable, stopped your ears to the cries of the widow and fatherless, or shut your eyes against the wanton display of oppression and cruelty. I am totally at a loss to distinguish wherein their orders have laid you under any greater restraint than your predecessors. No authority which the Board could have given could be capable of preventing the effects you mention, since they could give you no control over the actions of the Wazir further than the weight and influence of your counsel and advice.

The instructions which Hastings issued to the British Resident at the Court of Oude were not less firm:—

> Colonel Champion complains of the conduct of the Wazir in suffering, and even ordering, his troops to ravage the country, and in his cruel treatment of the family of Hafiz Rahmat. This is a subject on which I cannot write to the Wazir. It might widen the breach between him and the Commander-in-Chief, and probably influence the Nawab to some private revenge on the unhappy remains of Hafiz Rahmat's family. I desire, therefore, that you will take an immediate occasion to remonstrate with him against every

act of cruelty or wanton violence. . . . Tell him that the English manners are abhorrent of every species of inhumanity and oppression, and enjoin the gentlest treatment of a vanquished enemy.

Then follow threats, by which, if the Wazir failed to follow these instructions, the prescribed policy of mercy might be enforced upon him.

The popular estimate of the character and rule of Warren Hastings is mainly based on the rhetorical pages of Lord Macaulay's famous Essay. He took his statements from the unfair and partial misrepresentation of James Mill, the historian of India, and from the vehement invective of Edmund Burke's speech in support of the impeachment.

In connexion with this historical vindication it is very interesting to read in the correspondence of William Cowper, the poet, the references to the memorable trial in Westminster Hall. Writing to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, Feb. 16, 1788, he strongly recommends her to embrace the occasion and to put herself in the way of being squeezed and incommoded a few hours, for the sake of hearing and seeing what she will never have an opportunity to see and hear hereafter, "the trial of a man who has been greater and more feared than the Great Mogul himself." Lady Hesketh went, and having heard Burke's greatest speech, wrote to Cowper her impressions, to which letter he replied :

I do not wonder that your ears and feelings were hurt by Mr. Burke's severe invective ; but you are to know, my dear, or probably you know it already, that the prosecution of public delinquents has always, and in all countries, been thus conducted. The style of a criminal charge of this kind has been an affair settled among orators from the days of Tully to the present ; and like all other practices that have obtained for ages, this in particular seems to have been founded originally in reason, and in the necessity of the case.

He who accuses another to the State must not appear himself unmoved by the view of crimes with which he charges him, lest he should be suspected of fiction or of precipitancy, or of a consciousness that, after all, he shall not be able to prove his allegations. On the contrary, in order to impress the minds of his hearers with a persuasion that he himself at least is convinced of the criminality of the prisoner, he must be vehement, energetic, rapid ; must call him tyrant, and traitor, and everything else that is odious ; and all this to his face, because all this, bad as it is, is no more than he undertakes to prove in the sequel ; and if he cannot prove it, he must himself appear in a light very little more desirable, and at the best to have trifled with the tribunal to which he has summoned him.

Cowper's own opinion of his old schoolfellow at Westminster he thus expressed :

Hastings ! I knew thee young, and of a mind,
While young, humane, conversable, and kind ;
Nor can I well believe thee—gentle *then*—
Now grown a villain, and the *worst* of men ;
But rather some suspect, who have oppress'd
And worried thee, as not themselves the *best*.

The trial was dragged on, with many and long adjournments, for eight years ; and ended in the acquittal of Hastings. It is gratifying that documentary demonstration of his innocence of the grossest charges has been at length brought to light.

An interesting memorial of the rule of Warren Hastings, showing his attention to minutest affairs in his Indian Government, has lately come to knowledge. In 1888, copies of two of the works of Tsong-Kapa, one of the greatest of Tibet literary men, were discovered in an old Hindooised temple on the banks of the Hooglee, opposite Calcutta. These books, as well as the effigies of several Tibetan deities, had been deposited there about a hundred and twenty years ago by a priest or lama, whose services had been utilised by Warren Hastings for the conduct of negotiations with the influential Lama of Jashi-Chümpi in Tibet. The Governor-General provided the temple for the use of Tibetan traders at Calcutta at the request of the Grand Lama. These books are now in the possession of the Bengal Asiatic Society. Other works of the same Tibetan author, in much better preservation, are in the Oriental Libraries at St. Petersburg. These facts are mentioned in a learned and valuable article in the "Edinburgh Review" for October 1890, on "The Literature of Tibet."

# Varieties.

### Montyon Prizes for 1890.

The customary address, at the special annual meeting of the French Academy for distribution of the Montyon prizes, was delivered by M. Léon Say. The reputation of the ex-Minister for wit as well as wisdom as a speaker attracted a crowded audience, and expectations were not disappointed. Familiar as is the history of M. Montyon and the nature of his charity, M. Léon Say gave an eloquent sketch of the philanthropist, and told anecdotes which were new to many who heard them.

He had to take refuge in England during the Reign of Terror and the troublous times that followed. His generosity was extended to many of the poor refugees in London. He was thrifty and careful amidst his large beneficence. Hearing of a lady who said she had a prospect of recovering property in France, but was without money for the journey to Paris, he sent anonymously five guineas for her travelling expenses. When the lady returned to London to settle her affairs, before finally returning to Paris, where she had succeeded in recovering her property, M. Montyon asked her if she had endeavoured to find out the friend who had given her the timely assistance. She professed inability to discover the anonymous donor. M. Montyon said he thought that she ought, if possible, to restore the money which had enabled her to recover her fortune. "Can you assist me," she said, "to find the giver ?" "You need not go very far to find him," was his reply. "Then it was you ?" she said. "Yes, and I now beg that you will return me my five

guineas," which she did gladly. The incident reminds us of Benjamin Franklin's kind and prudent method of beneficence: lending money under the condition of being repaid by the same sum being lent to another who might need assistance.

M. Léon Say spoke with philosophical earnestness on the subject of pauperism and injudicious almsgiving. He attributed to the English Poor Law much evil in encouraging improvidence, as well as hindering true charity. He thought that the system of private beneficence recognised in the Montyon awards belonged to a higher order of charity.

He paid a high tribute to the character and efforts of those who, like Miss Octavia Hill, teach the poor to help themselves and to help each other—a nobler spectacle than "rates for poor relief by law" could ever exhibit.

Of the awards one of the most remarkable, the first *Prix de Vertu*, was the gift of 2,500 francs to the Abbé Béraud, of Blanzy, in the Department Saône et Loire, who had by his personal exertions and influence founded two orphanages and done many notable acts of beneficence. It was announced that the Abbé is now eighty-four years of age, that he can still walk thirty miles a day, and is a capital swimmer. He rescued several victims in a pit explosion, and he is the bricklayer and carpenter of his orphanages.

**Frozen Meat.**—It was not until the year 1879, when the Bell-Coleman machine was introduced, that the problem of keeping carcases sufficiently cold to preserve them during long voyages through the tropics was practically solved, and a commercial enterprise of enormous magnitude was started. In the year 1889, as he gathered from figures furnished by the Mayor of Derby, upwards of 195,000,000 lbs. of beef and mutton were imported into England from various parts of the world, and in the first nine months of the year 1890 upwards of 187,000,000 lbs.—*Sir R. Webster's address at Society of Arts.*

**Charitable Bequests.**—An important decision was lately given by Mr. Justice North in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice as to a doubtfully defined charitable bequest. The case is headed in the Law Reports "*In re* Barnard-Majendie *v.* the Duke of Northumberland." This was a summons by the executors of the will of the late Miss Mary Esther Barnard, of Woodstock, for the determination of the charity entitled to a charitable legacy bequeathed by her will. The testatrix, who died in 1889, among other legacies to charities, bequeathed a sum of £1,000 to the "Poor Clergy Sustentation Fund." There is no fund or society known by this precise name, and after the death of the testatrix the legacy was claimed by two societies—the one called the Church of England Incumbents' Sustentation Fund, the other called the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation. The Duke of Northumberland, Lord Selborne, and others, who are the trustees of the Incumbents' Sustentation Fund, were made defendants, and the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation were also defendants. Mr. Justice North decided that the legacy must be divided equally between the two charities.

**Military Uniforms.**—An exhibition of old uniforms of the British Army is proposed as a permanent feature in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution. This would be more than a curious display, for it would be useful to artists and to others who require to be historically accurate in describing wars and battles of former times. What uniforms our soldiers wore in the days of Marlborough, Clive, and Wellington will be interesting to all visitors, and it would be well to have some specimens also of foreign uniforms, such as Napoleon's Old Guard, and others met by British soldiers.

**First Attempt at Book-printing.**—In the autobiography of John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides, he gives an amusing account of the printing of his first book in Tannese, the language of the island of Tanna. A merchant of Glasgow, Mr. Thomas Binnie, had given a printing-press and a fount of type. "Printing," says Mr. Paton, "was one of the things I had mentioned, but having now prepared a booklet in Tannese, I got my press into order, and began fingering the type. But book-printing turned out to be for me a much more difficult affair than house-building had been, yet by dogged perseverance I succeeded at last. My biggest difficulty was how to arrange the pages properly. After many failures I folded a piece of paper into the number of leaves wanted, cut the corners, folding them back, and numbering them as they would be when correctly placed in the book; then folding all back, without cutting up the sheet, I found now by these numbers how to arrange the pages in the frame or case for printing, as indicated on each side. Do you think me foolish when I confess that I shouted in an ecstasy of joy when the first sheet came from the press all correct? It was about one o'clock in the morning. I was the only white man then on the island, and all the natives had been asleep for hours. Yet I literally pitched my cap into the air and danced like a schoolboy round and round that printing-press till I began to think, 'Am I losing my reason? Would it not be more like a missionary to be upon my knees, adoring God for this first portion of His blessed Word ever printed in this new language?' Friend, bear with me, and, believe me, that was as true worship as ever was David's dancing before the Ark of his God! Nor think that I did not, over that first sheet of God's Word ever printed in the Tannese tongue, go upon my knees too, and then, and every day since, plead with the mighty Lord to carry the light and joy of His own Holy Bible into every dark heart and benighted home on Tanna!"

**Argentine Republic.**—Many a reader of the "money articles" in the newspapers and financial journals have inquired about the Argentine Republic, and the other remote regions of the South American Continent, which have absorbed vast sums advanced by English capitalists and bankers, and at the risk of causing widespread panic and disaster. The inquirer will find every information in that encyclopædic book, always at hand for reference in every house and office, "Whittaker's Almanack." The Argentine Republic is estimated to contain nearly a million and a hundred thousand square miles; with a population in 1889 of 4,200,000. There is a large seaboard on the east coast of the continent, and some of the provinces are rich both in mineral and agricultural resources. The capital, Buenos Ayres, has a population not much under half a million; in 1887 the number was given at 434,600. The chief cities are all connected with the capital by railways, of which 5,000 miles are in constant use, and the Republic is connected by cable with all the great cities of the world. In 1888 the revenue was 57,651,711 dollars, and the public expenditure only 50,801,631; with federal debt officially stated in 1889 at 119,450,782 dollars. The country would be prosperous if under good and settled government. The struggles of last year about the presidency revealed a condition of affairs which might well end in financial troubles; but with ordinary care and unselfish patriotism the prospects of the Republic should be hopeful.

**Mortuary Gold.**—A French scientist, M. Mennier, has made a curious statement about the quantity of what he calls "mortuary gold," or the gold annually lost in operations of dentistry, and buried in the graves of those who have worn false teeth. He estimates that the dentists of the United States use every year more than 1,800 lbs. of gold, by far the largest part of which is lost in the cemeteries, after it has served its useful purposes in life. He says that in a century the American cemeteries will contain a larger quantity of gold than now exists in France! We have recollection of a law in Ancient Rome forbidding the burial of gold with the teeth of the dead, but cannot now recover the passage—which perhaps some classical scholar or expert in Roman laws and antiquities can give.

**Piccadilly, Earliest Notice of.**—The first reference to Piccadilly in English literature is, we believe, in Gerard's "Herbal," published in 1596, in Queen Elizabeth's time. Under the head of the "small white buglosse" (Anchusa Officinalis) he says, "It grows upon the dry ditch banks about Pickadilla." In the Middlesex Flora of Dyer and Trimen it is said that neither the Anchusa nor the allied plant (Echium vulgare) Viper's bugloss can be reckoned indigenous, but always of garden origin. Most botanists now make the old bugloss of Gerard to be the Borago Officinalis of Linnæus, the borage of gardens and claret-cups.

**Helvellyn.**—The story of the faithful dog which watched the dead body of his master for three months after he perished on Helvellyn has been recorded in the immortal verse of Walter Scott and of Wordsworth. For tourists who may even be ignorant of these poetic tributes, a monument has been placed on a "dark brow of the mountain" to the memory of Charles Gough, and of the dog who guarded his remains. The cost of the memorial has been borne by Miss Frances Power Cobbe and the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Vicar of Crosthwaite.

**Stationers' Company.**—Not many persons, not even stationers and booksellers, are aware that this company was first incorporated by Philip and Mary, in May 1556, for the express purpose of examining all books printed in England, in order to prevent the principles of the Reformation being spread, or the tenets of Popery attacked. The company has on the whole served a purpose widely different from that for which it was founded. As to Stationers' Hall, it was long a dreary-looking, unfrequented place, but has recently been used for good and useful meetings and exhibitions. The old hall was much used for entertainments, and here was performed for the first time, in 1703, Dryden's Ode, or the power of music, written for the anniversary of St. Cecilia, which was annually celebrated by the Stationers, with music, songs, and speeches.

**Café Procope.**—The year 1890 witnessed the demolition of a house famous in history, the oldest coffee-house in Paris, the Café Procope. This was once the centre of literary France, more so than the similar houses in London, Will's or Button's. Here Marmontel and Diderot and Fréron and other wits assembled, and here Voltaire often stayed from early morn till midnight, and while sipping his coffee (more cups than those of Dr. Johnson with his tea) held levées, some days with notables, and other days with the bourgeoisie. The Café was first opened in 1689 by François Procope, a Sicilian, in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain, afterwards called Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, opposite the theatre of the Comédie Française. It was the earliest Café in France, though several coffee-houses had for some time existed in London. The Café Procope survived the Revolution, the Empire, the Restoration, the Orleans dynasty, the Second Empire, and was still frequented, by lower classes of littérateurs, in the days of the Republic. In 1791-3 the Café Procope was the head-quarters of the revolutionary writers, as the Café Foy in the Palais Royal afterwards was of the Royalists. There are now four or five thousand Cafés in Paris alone, and those throughout France are countless. The Café Procope never lost its eminence, in spite of modern luxuries and attractions. Here Gambetta met his friends, and here the leaders of the Commune settled themselves. From that time the Café was deserted by orderly people, and at last the place itself has disappeared.

**Herbert Spencer on the Penalties of Vice.**—The works of Herbert Spencer deal so largely with the merely natural and material aspects of life that it is a pleasant relief to find occasional recognition of higher laws and providential arrangements. Thus, he says, in speaking of the penalties attached to ignorance and incompetence, that it is impossible to interfere with the natural connexion between ignorance and its consequences without suspending the wholesome discipline intended; and more pointedly in his "Social Statics" he gives this utterance: "The poverty of the incapable, the distress that comes on the imprudent, the starvation of the idle, which leave so many in shallows and miseries, are the decrees of a large far-seeing benevolence."

**Unsearchable Ways of God.**—Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of His Name, yet our soundest knowledge is, to know that we know Him not as indeed He is, neither can know Him; and our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence, when we confess without confession that His glory is inexplicable, His greatness above our capacity and reach. He is above, and we upon earth; therefore it behoveth our words to be wary and few.—*Richard Hooker.*

**Cambridge from an American Point of View.**—An American traveller, who lately visited Cambridge, speaks with enthusiasm of the grand associations of the place. Here studied Sir Isaac Newton, who explored the laws of light and gravitation; and Harvey, who discovered the motive force of the heart and the circulation of the blood. Here were the poets trained: Spenser, with his wealth of fancy; Ben Jonson, the dramatist; Milton, with his lofty flight; Dryden, with his charming verse; Wordsworth, with his meditative wisdom; Coleridge, with his fine imagination; Byron, with his vigour of description; and Tennyson, with his insight and charming language. Here were Erasmus, Bentley, and Porson, men of renown. Lord Bacon began his study of philosophy here; Jeremy Taylor, known for the charm of his illustrations, his knowledge of casuistry, and force of argument, began life at Cambridge; William Pitt, the statesman, and Macaulay, orator and historian; Barrow, the divine and mathematician; Paley, with his natural theology; and Harvard, whose name reappears in a kindred institution in the United States.

**Great Bank Cheques.**—The Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company, it is reported, recently drew a cheque on the London and County Bank for £1,250,000. This might well be thought the largest ever drawn, but such is said not to be the case, as at the Clearing House cheques for equal, if not larger, sums are occasionally seen. In 1879, a cheque for over £3,000,000 was paid through the Clearing House. It was drawn on Messrs. Glyn and Co., and was paid to the Bank of England. Some of our readers familiar with banking operations may be able to give some additional facts of interest about large or special cheques, whether in commercial, or literary, or scientific connexion.

**Health and Mortality Reports for London.**—The reports of the Medical Officers of Health in various districts of the Metropolis afford interesting and useful information. The last report for the parish of Paddington is a good specimen of these statistical records, brief but clear and well arranged. Dr. James Stevenson, the Health Officer for this district, gives the following report on mortality at different ages, with comparative reference to other parts of London, and England generally. Of 482 deaths, in one quarter of the year, 104 were of infants under 1 year, 187 of children under 5 years, and 103 of persons aged 65 and upwards. The rate of infantile mortality in Paddington was 148 deaths to 1,000 registered births. In London it was 138. In the twenty-seven largest provincial towns it ranged from 111 in Birkenhead to 160 in Liverpool and in Sheffield. In fifty other large provincial towns the rate was 132 per 1,000, ranging from 55 in Darlington to 193 in Dover. The deaths of children under 5 years of age constituted 38·8 per cent. of the total deaths. 68 of these deaths were due to one or other of the seven principal zymotic diseases, viz.: Small-pox, Measles, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Whooping-cough, Fever, and Diarrhœa. The deaths from Consumption and diseases of the respiratory organs were 94. The deaths from Measles were 40, and from Scarlet Fever only 1; yet the new rules as to notification of infectious diseases omit Measles from the list of those required to be reported. Whooping-cough caused 24 deaths; Diphtheria 10; while Fever (typhoid), like Scarlet Fever, had only 1 victim, and there appears no fatal case of Small-pox.

**The Congo and its Affluents.**—The River Sangha, with the district of the same name on the right bank of the Congo, has been explored by a French traveller, M. Cholet. He reports that the Sangha River is a magnificent stream, varying from three-quarters to a mile in breadth, where navigable. The district is peopled by native tribes of considerable civilisation. Bongo was once held by the French as a trading post, and will be now re-occupied. Several of the tribes have regular trade with Brazzaville, chiefly in ivory. One village, Ouosso, the capital of a wealthy chief, Mingana, is built in regular form, the houses ranged in parallelograms, about 130 feet long, and 65 broad, the carved wood of the houses being often cleverly executed, and painted with figures of birds, serpents, and other living creatures. Since the return of M. Cholet to France, where he has published an account of his travels, M. Fornedes is continuing the exploration of these regions, said to be of great commercial importance.

**The True Church.**—That church of Christ, which we so properly term His body mysticall, can be but one; neither can that one be sensibly discerned by any man, inasmuch as the parts thereof are some in Heaven already with Christ, and the rest that are on earth (albeit their natural persons be visible) we do not discern under this property, whereby they are truly and infallibly of that body. Only our minds by intellectual conceit are able to apprehend that such a real body there is, a body collective because it containeth an huge multitude, a body mysticall because the mystery of their conjunction is removed altogether from sense. Whatsoever we read in scripture concerning the endless love and the saving mercy which God showeth toward His church, the only proper subject thereof is this church. Concerning this flocke it is that our Lord and Saviour hath promised, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man plucke them out of My hand." They who are of this society have such marks and notes of distinction from all others, as are not object unto our sense; only unto God who seeth their hearts and understandeth all their secret cogitations; unto Him they are clear and manifest.—*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity* (*Book* 3, *Ch.* 1).

**The "Angelus" Picture.**—Millet's "Angelus" is after all to come back to France. It has been sold by the American Art Association for 750,000f. to M. Chauchard, formerly managing partner in the Louvre drapery shops, who recently paid 850,000f. for Meissonier's "1814." The association paid 553,000f. for it.

**City and South London Railway.**—The inauguration of this new railway by the Prince of Wales on November 4, 1890, is a memorable incident, as being the first electric railway opened in England of public importance. The employment of electricity as the motive power has been successfully shown on several short railways, but this is a new departure, not merely on a larger scale, but from being accompanied by other innovations in railway travelling. As the Prince of Wales said in his address: "You have another advantage in having neither smoke nor steam in the tunnels, and you have ample ventilation. You have, moreover, a new system by which railway tickets are abolished, and all classes of the community will be able to travel at the same fare, and that a very small one. In that way you will save a great amount of time and trouble." The uniform and ticketless passenger traffic is managed by using turnstiles, as at the entrance to museums and exhibitions. Great praise is merited by the engineer of the line, Mr. J. H. Greathead, by Mr. Mott, Chairman of the Committee, and by all concerned in this undertaking, which will, it is hoped, sensibly relieve the pressure of traffic above ground in this part of London.

**United States Census.**—According to the Report of the eleventh decennial census, the population had reached, in 1890, 62,480,540. This does not include Indians, or white persons in the Indian territory, or the people of Alaska. A larger total was expected, particularly in New York and Brooklyn, and supplementary enumerations are there and in other places undertaken. The increase by the official returns since last census is 12,324,757, and of these 5,246,613 are classed as immigrants. The natural increase is at the rate of nearly 14 per cent., less than half of the rate in the preceding ten years. Careless enumeration, coupled with political trickery, especially in the Southern States, render the returns for 1880 very doubtful. The largest growth in 1880 was in Nebraska, which rose from under half a million to over a million. Of the States, New York leads the list, having close upon six millions. At each census there is re-apportionment of representatives to Congress according to population.

**From Russia through China to Tonquin.**—We have given occasional references to the expedition of M. Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans in Central Asia. Taking as their point of departure Kuldja, the extreme point of the Russian possessions upon the frontiers of Central Asia, and crossing the watershed between Russia and China by the Tien-Tchuang, or Mountains of Heaven, they followed for more than 1,200 miles an entirely unknown route, and the result of their observations is that a fairly well inhabited and relatively cultivated country extends from the Siberian frontier and the western part of the desert of Gobi. It took M. Bonvalot and his companions, included among them being, in addition to Prince Henry, a Belgian named De Dekent, six weeks to cross this vast Asiatic desert, and after this M. Bonvalot reached the desolate region of the Lob-nor, which for a distance of nearly a thousand miles does not contain a single inhabitant. The caravan then traversed the northern extremity of the tableland of Tibet, by a pass about 16,000 ft. above the sea-level. Not far from the summit of this tableland is the holy city of Tibet, Lhassa; but although the travellers were within thirty miles of it, they did not like to enter it, for fear of exciting the susceptibilities of the Chinese, whose territory they would have to pass through. They began their descent into the basin of the Yangtze-Kiang, where they reached Batang, whence they had no difficulty in reaching the Yunnan, and so on to the Red River at Manghao, where they embarked on board a sampan for Hanoi. Near Sontay their boat met the steamer "Yunnan," upon which they took passage for Hanoi with their suite, consisting of Russian servants, Chinese, and Calmucks. M. Bonvalot speaks favourably of Tonquin, declaring that the dangers, either from enemies or from climate, have been much exaggerated, and that it promises to be the most rich and prosperous of all the colonial possessions of France.

**Judge and Jury.**—Two cases of disputed wills, decided upon the same day recently by Mr. Justice Butt, serve to illustrate the uncertainty as to the power of the verdict of a jury, at least in civil causes. In one of the cases the jury pronounced against the plaintiffs, but the judge pronounced against the will as invalid. In the second case, where an old gentleman of ninety-three left £100,000 to the wife of a shopkeeper living next door, who had for many years looked after him, relatives of the deceased alleged undue influence, and the jury found in their favour. But Mr. Justice Butt pronounced for the will, there being no legal proof of undue influence. Very vague is the line of limitation as to the office of jury and judge in our courts.

**Dr. Koch's Remedy for Consumption.**—The nature of the fluid injected into the human body as a prevention or cure of tubercular disease is as yet kept secret. Of the efficacy of the remedy in certain forms of tuberculosis there is no question. The cure of the repulsive skin disease Lupus, which is assumed to be associated with tubercle, is the most striking instance of the success of the new method. Medical reports of the influence in decided cases of pulmonary consumption are being prepared, but this is a department for the observation of which longer time is required. In a paper published by Dr. Koch the results hitherto ascertained are stated with great clearness. He gives a remarkable instance of the power of minute quantities of his remedy on the human subject, while almost inoperative on other animals, an experience common in regard to the effect of poisons. He draws the inference that great caution is necessary in attempting to draw conclusions from experimenting on living animals and not on man himself. The words of Dr. Koch's report are as follows:

"As regards the effect of the remedy on the human patient, it was clear from the beginning of the research that in one very important point the human being reacts to the remedy differently from the animal generally used in experiments—the guinea-pig—a new proof for the experimenter of the all-important law that experiment on animals is not conclusive for the human being, for the human patient proved extraordinarily more sensitive than the guinea-pig as regards the effect of the remedy. A healthy guinea-pig will bear two cubic centimetres, and even more, of the liquid injected subcutaneously, without being sensibly affected. But in the case of a full-grown, healthy man 0·25 cubic centimetre suffices to produce an intense effect. Calculated by body weight the 1,500th part of the quantity, which has no appreciable effect on the guinea-pig, acts powerfully on the human being."

It was at the International Medical Congress at Berlin in the summer of 1890 that Dr. Koch first announced his discovery of the arrest of tuberculous disease by inoculation with the tubercle bacillus. The result of the trials on actual cases of consumption is looked for with the utmost interest. No event in medical practice is of greater importance since the introduction of vaccination by Dr. Jenner.

**Post-Office Progress.**—The Postmaster-General, the Right Hon. Cecil Raikes, M.P., in laying the memorial-stone of the new post-office building between Angel Street and St. Martin's-le-Grand, gave a most gratifying account of the progress of this great imperial institution. He said truly that whatever pertained to the General Post-Office in London was looked on with interest not in Great Britain only, but in every region of the world. Twenty years ago the new "Post-Office West" was opened, and the work has already far outgrown the accommodation. The present building would be occupied by 1,550 workers of all grades. Early in the coming century another building would be required in St. Martin's-le-Grand, although the whole business of the parcel post is transacted elsewhere. The jubilee year of the Uniform Penny Post system was now happily inaugurated by the opening of this building, a record of which—in the shape of Stamps, Reports, Newspapers, and the Jubilee Envelopes—was deposited in a jar beneath the memorial-stone. Mr. Raikes gave the following statistics of progress during the past twenty years: "In 1869 the number of postal packets, including letters and all other articles transmitted through the Post-Office, was 940,000,000, or 30 per head of the population; while in 1889 the total number of packets posted was 2,511,000,000, or 66 per head of the population. In 1871 the number of telegrams was nearly 10,000,000, while in 1889 the number had increased to 62,500,000, the telegrams in the United Kingdom in these eighteen years having increased by between 500 and 600 per cent. In 1869 the amount of money-orders despatched represented £19,500,000, while in 1889 the amount was £42,000,000. With reference to the savings bank deposits, they had risen between 1869 and 1889 from £13,500,000 to £63,000,000. The gross receipts of the Department from all sources fell short of £5,000,000 in 1869, whereas in 1889 they had exceeded £12,000,000. He did not suppose that any other institution which had ever existed could point to such a record of progress in every branch."

**Charitable Needlework Exhibition.**—A somewhat novel and very interesting exhibition was lately seen at the City and Guilds of London Institute, Prince's Gate. This was a display of work sent by the members of the London Needle work Guild. This guild was established some ten years ago by Lady Wolverton, the system being that each member should contribute annually at least two articles of clothing. Since then its numbers have rapidly increased, until at the present time they consist of several thousands. Last year 30,367 articles were contributed (amongst them being 2,043 from the Duchess of Teck, and 1,074 from Princess Victoria of Teck, who are both presidents), while this year the collection amounted to no less than 34,571 articles, being an increase of 4,204. The favourite contribution of work amongst the guild would appear to be petticoats, of which there were nearly 7,000 on view, while there are also specimens of every other imaginable kind of wearing apparel. The contributions from the Duchess of Teck were 2,660, and from Princess Victoria of Teck 1,285 articles. The immense assemblage of work is subsequently distributed amongst charities, hospitals, and poor parishes in bundles varying from 50 to 300 articles, which allows altogether for about 170 grants. The annual meeting of the committee, at which the Duchess of Teck presided, took place at 50, Prince's Gate, when the various applications for grants were considered and decided upon, the appeals being so numerous that many had to be refused. A resolution by her Royal Highness was carried, that notice should be given to each recipient of a grant requesting that the greater part of the clothing should be reserved for special necessity, such as illness, urgent cases of distress, outfits for situations, &c., and not to be given away wholesale immediately on receipt of the same, or as Christmas presents, or to sales of work.

## CHESS.

### The Longest End-game.

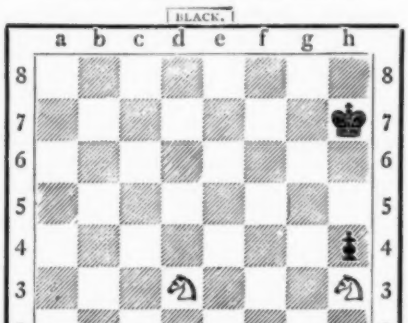
It is well known that the King with the two Knights alone cannot control and mate the adverse King alone, but when the latter is left with a Pawn, then the mate can sometimes be attained. This end-game, as it is technically called, has for more than a century occupied the attention of the greatest analysts, but has not yet been completely solved.

Chapais, a merchant of Paris, about the year 1780, wrote the following:—White, K—Q R 2; Kts—K 3 and K R 3; Black, K—K R 4; P—K R 5; White to play, and mate in 60 moves. This was incorrect, for a solution in 49 moves was published in 1863 by Bernhard von Guretzky-Cornitz, of Berlin. The latter plays 1, K to Kt 3, K to Kt 3. 2, K to B 4, K to B 3. 3, K to Q 5, K to B 2. 4, Kt to B 5, K to B 3. 5, Kt to Q 4 instead of Chapais's 5, Kt to Q 6, &c.

This solver, in 1864, shifted the Kings, placing the white on Q Kt 2, and the black on K Kt square, to which he gives a solution in 64 moves.

It has now been discovered that, with a different arrangement of the pieces, a still greater number of moves is required, for the five men can be placed so that the solution requires 75 moves, which is believed to be the maximum attainable, thus:—

By H. F. L. Meyer, of London.




White to play, and mate in seventy-five moves.

This diagram in the international notation is described thus:—White, K g1; O d3, h3; Black, K h7; P h4.

Readers will understand that the international notation describes the six kinds of chessmen by K, L, M, N, O, P, instead of K, Q, R, B, Kt, P, and the squares in accordance with the letters and figures on the frame of the diagram.

This end-game proves that the law of counting "fifty moves" at the end of a game must be extended to 75 moves. (Some of Blathy's problems require as many as 100 or 200 moves, but such positions do not occur in well-fought games.)

We propose to give a prize of one guinea for the first solution of this problem which reaches us; and two guineas for the shortest, if a shorter one be possible. A solver and composer who can show that seventy-five moves is not the maximum of this end-game, and will send in a position of these five pieces which would require a greater number of moves, will be entitled to three guineas. In case of a tie the prizes would be divided. Answers must be sent in by July 1 next.

## Answer to Double Acrostic.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **H** | O | T | E | **L** |
| **O** | | R | | **E** |
| **U** | | R | | **I** |
| **R** | H | E | I | M **S** |
| **S** | | O | | **U** |
| **O** | R | D | E | **R** |
| **F** | | I | R | **E** |

PAUL TAYLOR.

# Household Queries.

**Screens.**—In reference to a recent query, a correspondent writes that he has found a capital way to make a screen is to buy a threefold clothes' horse, then strain calico over the bars, and stick the scraps upon the surface. The plain deal uprights can be painted in enamel, or gold paint, according to taste, and six brass cupboard door knobs give a smart finish to the whole, screwed into the top of the uprights; varnishing the whole affair with a hard clear varnish. The same correspondent suggests that readers should try grated cork as a decoration. He says it does capitally for picture frames, &c. Brush the surface over with some good strong glue, and then scatter the fine grated cork over it; the worker will be surprised to see how nice it looks when done well. A pepper-box does best for this, making the holes much larger with a brad-awl, and filling it with grated cork. By the way, our correspondent "Curly," who complains that her two queries about screens have had no reply, will find the answer to the only query we have received on the subject, and which we believe is hers, in the August part.

**Graining.—Rust.**—(1) *Please tell a lady how she can grain doors herself?* (2) *How to get rust out of knives?*—For the rust, rub with emery powder and oil. It is impossible to instruct in graining in reply to a query; it would occupy pages. You will find a series of practical articles in "Work" (Cassell's), Nos. 55, 58, 62, 65, 69, 72, 76, 79, 84, and still continuing. We have heard that a new invention, consisting of "transfer" graining-papers, to be transferred like various coloured transferred designs, is about being introduced. If so, when they are procurable, they will probably meet your desires.

**Black Lace.**—*"Nano" would like to know how to renovate black chantilly lace which has been used and is rather crumpled?*—If it wants washing, do this in tea, dipping it merely in and out and squeezing a few times, not rubbing it. Then sponge over with ammonia water or sal-volatile. If no cleaning is needed, merely damp it, or sponge lightly with the ammonia water. Then either spread it on a clean sheet of brown paper, pulling it out well, or, if more convenient, wind it round a clean square box; and when nearly dry, iron it smooth under an old handkerchief with rather a hot iron.

**Stained Furniture.**—*Will you kindly inform me of any way to take the white mark out of a rosewood table, caused by having had a hot glass placed on it?*—It will probably be sufficient to rub it briskly, but rather lightly, with spirit or essence of camphor on a small pad, made by stretching soft linen over a bit of cotton-wool. It is, however, safer, though a little more trouble, first to rub in linseed-oil, and then a little spirit, in the same way.

**Parkin.**—*Could you oblige me with the receipt of a kind of gingerbread called in Yorkshire "Parkin"?*—We do not suppose it is all exactly alike, but the following is good. Rub half a pound of butter and half a pound of lard into four pounds of oatmeal, or oatmeal and flour mixed if preferred. Add half a pound of brown sugar and one ounce of finely ground ginger. Mix three and a half pounds of treacle with about a cupful of new milk, and stir this into the bread and mix. Bake it in a very moderate oven; if in patty-pans about twenty minutes will bake it the proper light brown; in large dripping-tins it may take up to an hour and a half. You go by the colour.

**Cats Ill.**—(1) *Can you tell me what is the matter with my cat, and give any advice as to treatment? Her fur, except when near the fire, is constantly quite wet, but is otherwise in good condition, and does not come off at all. The skin is a dark brick-dusty red, and on her back covered with scurf. At times she quivers when breathing as if in pain. She has been fed since her illness with milk and oatmeal porridge, and before only had a small piece of lights occasionally in addition. For medicine I gave her castor-oil at first (a month ago), and since flower of sulphur mixed with butter, and put on her feet for her to lick off. But neither have done her good. Can you tell me whether the disease is catching, as I have another cat?* (2) *Can you advise me as to my cat? She has sore places on the neck, with fur off. There seem to be others coming. She is well fed and looked after.*—The first is certainly a case of eczema, and the second probably so in slightly different form, though there is a chance of mange. The eczema is not contagious, but mange is. Treatment is very long and tedious, requiring many weeks, if not months, of constant dressing and attention, with recovery rather doubtful at that, and in most cases death by chloroforming is the best and most merciful course. One difficulty is that eczema requires pretty constant gentle washing, and that is, of course, in itself very bad for a cat, especially this time of year. If treatment be adopted, oatmeal should be abandoned in the first case, being sometimes a cause of the complaint; and it is possible the second may have been too well fed. Give ten grains acetate of potash morning and evening for a fortnight, then one drop *liquor arsenicalis* twice a day for a week, then thrice a day another week; then stop it one week, and do the same again. If no improvement in six weeks, try half a grain of iodide of potassium twice a day. As washing would be almost certain death in winter, apply to the places alternately a lotion of lead and carbonate of soda. There is no doubt a little iron and cod liver oil as well would be beneficial, but one cannot be always teasing a cat to give medicine, and altogether our advice is as above.

**Trees for a City.**—*Can you favour me with any information as to the kinds or names of any trees which would grow to 30 feet high or upwards; and also shrubs—evergreen and otherwise—that will stand the smoke on the east side of a smoky town? The situation in which I wish to plant some is fully exposed to the sun and fairly open, the houses being 50 to 60 yards distant. The lower part of the ground is very moist, the higher part pretty dry.*—There is a fairly good choice. The Chili Pine (*Araucaria imbricata*) is a "specimen" tree that stands most cities; the Austrian and Swiss Pines grow well, and so does *Pinus excelsa*. The Austrian will grow in nearly every soil and locality. The Deodara Cedar is not particular; nor the English Yew; nor the well-known *Cupressa Lawsoniana*; nor the pretty Maidenhair tree. The Laurels, also, do very well, and several varieties of the Rhododendron which any gardener could specify. Holly, too, will often stand a great deal of smoke, and we have often seen it growing in most unlikely places. Many shrubs and trees will stand better if they can be syringed to remove the coating occasionally. The tree usually planted in actual streets is the plane.

**Medlar Jelly.**—*Could you give me a receipt for making Medlar jelly; if not, could you tell me any other way of preserving or using them?*—Medlars cannot be preserved, to keep, at least with any ordinary domestic care, for the reason that their ripeness is really an incipient form of decay,

But for present use Medlar jelly can be made as follows: Select them ripe, but entirely without bruises, and simmer them some time in a pan with water half an inch above them, till the juice is expressed. Then strain through a jelly-bag—twice if not clear the first time; add a pound of loaf sugar to a pint of juice, boil rather fast, skimming it constantly, for one hour. Then let it cool a little and pour into glasses or moulds for serving.

**Furniture Deteriorated.**—*Kindly give me a hint in regard to what is best to be done in the case of mahogany furniture becoming covered with cracks and fine lines which give the otherwise smooth polish a very rough appearance. I have not had the suite very long, and would like to know the cause. It is well seasoned furniture and solidly made.*—We have consulted an experienced cabinet maker, and he agrees with us, that if the lines are actual cracks in the wood, the furniture cannot really have been well seasoned, unless you have had it in a very warm or very damp room. If you had it new, this will be the explanation. If there are no real cracks, but only tiny apparent ones the way of the grain, as in very ancient mahogany or oak, the fault may be that the French polishing was finished without sufficient "body" and has "gone in" owing to this. A French polisher or cabinet maker would tell you as to this, and, if it were the case, be able to remedy it.

**Saffron Cake.**—*I should be very pleased to get a recipe for Saffron cakes and Saffron buns. I have looked in several Cookery books, but cannot find them.*—The general method is perfectly simple, and consists in adding a spoonful or two, according to taste, of saffron-water to any kind of cake or bun at all suitable, taking care that the cake "rises" well. The water is made by infusing, say, a teaspoonful of saffron in a teacupful of boiling water and straining, or a little tincture of the drug diluted with water may be used. A very suitable cake would be made of one quartern of fine flour, one pound and a half of butter, 3 oz. carraways, six eggs well beaten, ¼ oz. mixed cloves and mace well pounded, a little cinnamon, one pound sugar, a quart of milk, a pint and a half of yeast, and the saffron, to which some add a little rosewater. Boil the milk and butter together, then skim off the butter and mix it with the flour, adding a little of the milk. Stir the yeast into the rest of the milk and strain it, and mix this with the flour also, put in the spice, rose-water, saffron-water or tincture, and sugar and eggs. Beat it all well up, and bake in a hoop or pan, well buttered, in rather a quick oven, for an hour and a half. N.B.—Saffron is a *drug*, and to be used in some cases with caution, though harmless (in moderation) as a rule.

**Grey Parrots.**—*Can you give me any advice to bring up a grey African parrot? I have bought two: the first lived about a month, then seemed to have a kind of paralysis. The next I had just a week, and that seemed to go off the same. They could not have caught cold while I had them. I shall be very much obliged if you can give me any information.*—Young grey parrots are now brought over crowded in boxes, and such are in nearly every case the subjects of blood-poisoning, and go off in from a week to six months just as you describe. Such can be bought for a pound each, whereas a really sound and acclimatised grey parrot cannot be had under £5, and is cheapest in the end. The most skilful fanciers all agree in the utter hopelessness of trying to preserve an average "young" bird. Sound adult birds are hardy enough, and may be fed mainly on oats, wheat and Indian corn, with some hemp and canary seed. Ripe fruit and a few nuts are good, but meat is bad. Unless they bathe they should have occasional shower-baths in summer. If you paid the necessary price, you have cause for complaint, and should only buy of a responsible dealer with a warranty.

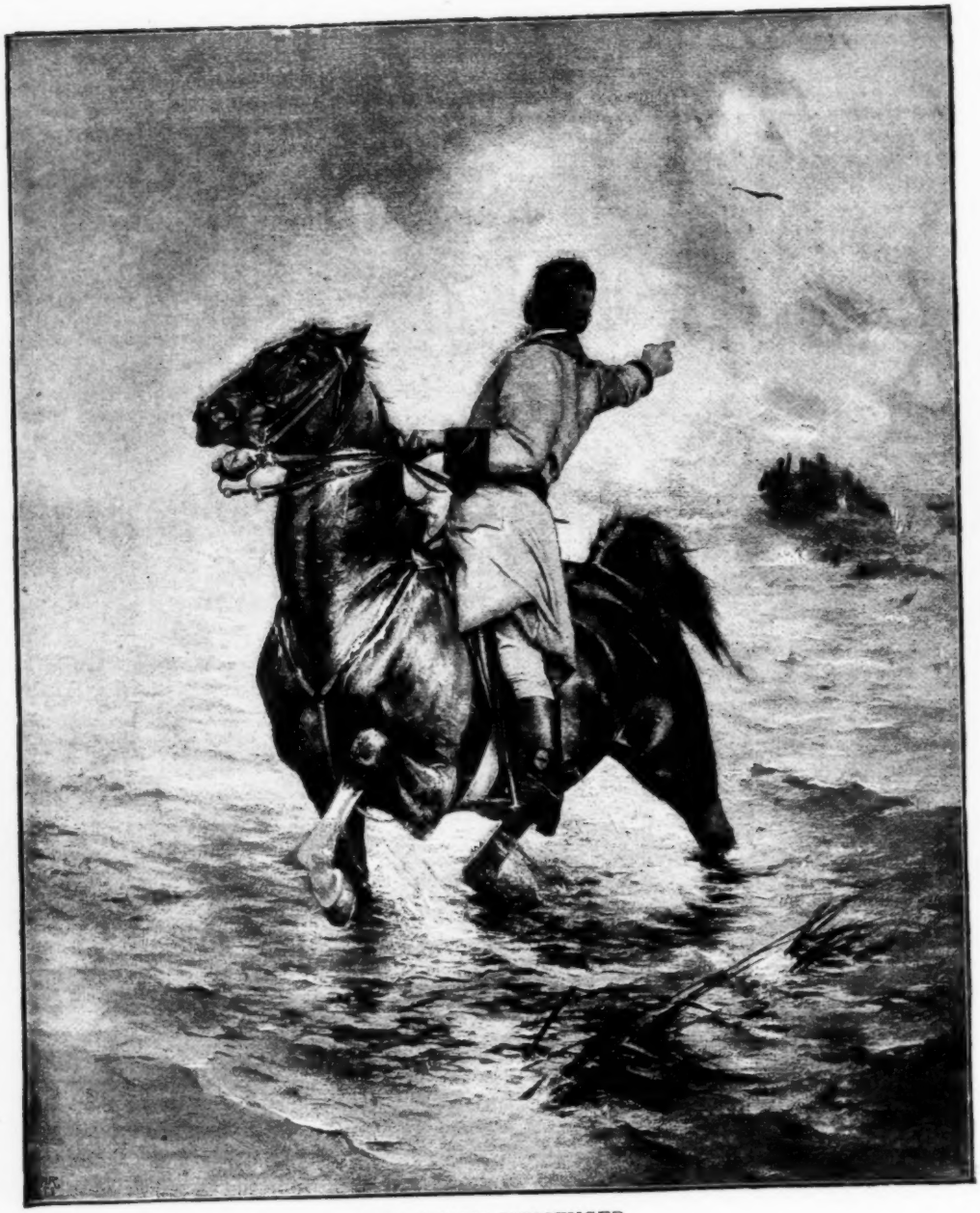
**Cleaning Dress.**—*I have got a pale blue Nun's Veiling dress and have had the misfortune to get the waist marked. Can you tell me of anything to clean it without cleaning the whole dress?*—We can say little, on account of your not telling exactly what the matter is. Benzine carefully used may get out grease stains. But this material is so flimsy that it will bear little domestic rubbing, and the delicate colour is so easily injured that, if it is of any value, it will be much the safest to send it to a dyer and cleaner.

**Furnishing Drawing-room.**—*I want to furnish a drawing-room which is absolutely bare at present, even to the walls. It is twenty feet one way and about sixteen the other, including a bay window. I have about fifty pounds to spare for the purpose, and would like to know how to lay out my money to the best advantage. If you could give me a hint or two as to a general scheme of colour, whether a suite would be best or odd pieces of furniture, and how the windows should be draped, I should feel very grateful. The pictures are not to come out of the fifty pounds, but I should be glad to know what to put on the walls that will not cost a great deal.*—We answered a very similar query some months ago, which you might turn up and refer to. Suites are quite gone out, and it is more usual to have a pair only of chairs of several patterns, as a couple of hammock chairs, a couple of baskets, a couple of easy chairs, and a couple of occasional chairs of simple pattern. This is much cheaper, as well as giving variety and picturesqueness. On the other hand, a thoroughly well stuffed sofa-lounge should always be provided, and two if the room "seems" to require it. Some people, instead of pairs, have almost every chair different, and sets are chiefly bought for very large apartments, where they are scattered about amongst others. Two or three convenient small tables are also cheap, and these, too, are usually different. The most expensive items—we conclude you do not reckon a piano in the money—will be what is bought in the way of cabinets and their furnishings, the floor-coverings, the overmantel, and the sofa-lounge; and as these also chiefly give the "character" to the room, they should be considered together, as expense in one may have to involve modesty in some of the others. Odds and ends or *bric-à-brac* must also have an allowance or the room never looks furnished. You will probably find one folding screen judiciously placed makes things look more homelike, and add individuality to the room. You would find useful hints in Mrs. Panton's "From Kitchen to Garret" (Ward and Downey). Buy nothing at all gorgeous or that you grudge using constantly, for a drawing-room is no use unless it is lived in. Colour must depend somewhat upon aspect; but as a rule light and cheerful colours for floors and walls are by common consent preferable. Pale sparrow-egg blue is a favourite colour for the paint, and many people like a blue carpet. To quote Mrs. Panton, a blue carpet and yellow and white paper and ivory paint makes a charming room, but should have a yellow and white ceiling-paper also. A light blue paper with a pale yellow frieze often has a very nice effect. As a rule the paint should be of a delicate colour nearly matching one of the shades of the paper. On the other hand, there are some cold aspects with little sun where much more "comfortable" effect is got by quieter and warmer tertiary colours, such as orange yellow with sage green. As for the windows, they are draped now almost any way except the old gone-out fashion of looping back and trailing on the floor. A very good plan is to only have them reach the bottom of the window, and arrange a stuffed seat round inside the bow with a valance under. For the walls, if economy be an object, chromo-lithographs are now obtainable of quality and at a price that leaves no ground for exception, and even water-colours can be bought at very moderate prices at most artist's shops, or you can do well with engravings and etchings alone. But besides the pictures, a drawing-room looks much better with a lot of small objects hung about interspersed with them. They add to the home-feeling, though it may be carried too far.

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## Astronomical Almanack for January.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | T | ☉ rises 8.8 A.M. | 17 | S | ☽ 1 Quarter 6.17 A.M. |
| 2 | F | ☉ sets 4.0 P.M. | 18 | ♋ | 2 SUN. AFTER EPIPHANY |
| 3 | S | ☽ 3 Quarter 10.12 A.M. | 19 | M | Daybreak 5.57 A.M. |
| 4 | ♋ | 2 SUN. AFTER CHRISTMAS | 20 | T | Twilight ends 6.28 P.M. |
| 5 | M | Clock before ☉ 5m. 37s. | 21 | W | Venus rises 4.35 A.M. |
| 6 | T | EPIPHANY | 22 | T | Gemini S. 11.22 P.M. |
| 7 | W | Venus greatest brilliancy | 23 | F | Length of Day 8h. 37m. |
| 8 | T | Camb. Lent Term begins | 24 | S | Taurus S. 8.15 P.M. |
| 9 | F | Fire Insurance expires | 25 | ♋ | SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY |
| 10 | S | New ☽ 3.24 P.M. | | | [Full ☽ 0.25 A.M. |
| 11 | ♋ | 1 SUN. AFTER EPIPHANY | 26 | M | Rigel S. 8.46 P.M. |
| 12 | M | Hilary Law Sittings begin | 27 | T | ☽ greatest dist. from ♁ |
| 13 | T | Orion's belt S. 10.0 P.M. | 28 | W | Clock before ☉ 13m. 11s. |
| 14 | W | Oxford Lent Term begins | 29 | T | Capella near zen. 8.30 P.M. |
| 15 | T | ☉ rises 8.2 A.M. | 30 | F | ☉ rises 7.44 A.M. |
| 16 | F | ☉ sets 4.19 P.M. | 31 | S | ☉ sets 4.45 P.M. |



THE KING'S MESSENGER.

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC.



IT WAS REAL, SUBSTANTIAL. A WAKING FIGURE.

### CHAPTER VII.—ON BOARD THE FRAMLINGHAM.

I AM told by people who have been sea-sick that the sound of the waves beating against the hull comes in time to be an intolerable torment. But bad as this may be, it can be nothing in comparison with the pains I suffered from the same cause as I recovered my senses. My brain seemed to be a cavern into which each moment, with a rhythmical regularity which added the pangs of anticipation to those of reality, the sea rushed, booming and thundering, jarring every nerve and straining the walls to bursting, and making each moment of consciousness a vivid agony. And this lasted long: how long I cannot say. But it had subsided somewhat when I first opened my eyes, and dully, not daring to move my head, looked up.

I was lying on my back. About a foot from my eyes were rough beams of wood, disclosed by a smoky yellow light, which flickered on the knot-holes and rude joists. The light swayed to and fro regularly; and this adding to my pain, I closed my eyes with a moan. Then some one came to me, and I heard voices which sounded a long way off, and promptly fell again into a deep sleep, troubled still, but less painfully, by the same

rhythmical shocks, the same dull crashings in my brain.

When I awoke again I had sense to know what caused this, and where I was—in a berth on board ship. The noise which had so troubled me was that of the waves beating against her forefoot. The beams so close to my face formed the deck, the smoky light came from the ship's lantern swinging on a hook. I tried to turn. Some one came again, and with gentle hands arranged my pillow and presently began to feed me with a spoon. When I had swallowed a few mouthfuls I gained strength to turn.

Who was this feeding me? The light was at her back and dazzled me. For a short while I took her for Petronilla, my thoughts going back at one bound to Coton, and skipping all that had happened since I left home. But as I grew stronger I grew clearer, and recalling bit by bit what had happened in the boat, I recognised Mistress Anne. I tried to murmur thanks, but she laid a cool finger on my lips and shook her head, smiling on me. "You must not talk," she murmured, "you are getting well. Now go to sleep again."

I shut my eyes at once as a child might. Another interval of unconsciousness, painless this time, followed, and again I awoke. I was lying on my side now, and without moving could see the whole



ON A SEA-CHEST AT THE FARTHER END OF THE CABIN WERE SITTING TWO PEOPLE ENGAGED IN TALK.

of the tiny cabin. The lantern still hung and smoked. But the light was steady now, and I heard no splashing without, nor the dull groaning and creaking of the timbers within. There reigned a quiet which seemed bliss to me; and I lay wrapped in it, my thoughts growing clearer and clearer each moment.

On a sea-chest at the farther end of the cabin were sitting two people engaged in talk. The one, a woman, I recognised immediately. The grey eyes full of command, the handsome features, the reddish-brown hair and gracious figure left me in no doubt even for a moment that I looked on Mistress Bertram. The sharer of her seat was a tall thin man with a thoughtful face and dreamy, rather melancholy, eyes. One of her hands rested on his knee, and her lips as she talked were close to his ear. A little aside, sitting on the lowest step of the ladder which led to the deck, her head leaning against the timbers, and a cloak about her, was Mistress Anne.

I tried to speak, and after more than one effort found my voice. "Where am I?" I whispered. My head ached sadly, and I fancied, though I was too languid to raise my hand to it, that it was bandaged. My mind was so far clear that I remembered Master Clarence and his pursuit, and the fight in the boats, and knew that we ought to be on our way to prison. Who then was the mild comely gentleman whose length of limb made the cabin seem smaller than it was? Not a gaoler, surely? Yet who else?

I could compass no more than a whisper, but faint as my voice was, they all heard me, and looked up. "Anne!" the elder lady cried sharply, seeming by her tone to direct the other to attend to me. Yet was she herself the first to rise, and come and lay her hand on my brow. "Ah! the fever is gone!" she said, speaking apparently to the gentleman, who kept his seat. "His head is quite cool. He will do well now, I am sure. Do you know me?" she continued, leaning over me.

I looked up into her eyes, and read only kindness. "Yes," I muttered. But the effort of looking was so painful that I closed my eyes again with a sigh. Nevertheless my memory of the events which had gone before my illness grew clearer, and I fumbled feebly for something which should have been at my side. "Where is —where is my sword?" I made shift to whisper.

She laughed. "Show it to him, Anne," she said; "what a never-die it is! There, Master Knight Errant, we did not forget to bring it off the field, you see!"

"But how," I murmured, "how did you escape?" I saw that there was no question of a prison. Her laugh was gay, her voice full of content.

"That is a long story," she answered kindly. "Are you well enough to hear it? You think you are? Then take some of this first. You remember that knave Philip striking you on the head with an oar as you got up? No? Well, it was a cowardly stroke, but it stood him in little stead, for we had drifted, in the excitement of the race, under the stern of the ship which you remember seeing a little before. There were English seamen on her; and when they saw three men in the act of boarding two defenceless women, they stepped in, and threatened to send Clarence and his crew to the bottom unless they sheered off."

"Ha!" I murmured. "Good!"

"And so we escaped. I prayed the captain to take us on board his ship, the Framlingham, and he did so. More, putting into Leigh on his way to the Nore, he took off my husband. There he stands, and when you are better he shall thank you."

"Nay, he will thank you now," said the tall man, rising and stepping to my berth with his head bent. He could not stand upright, so low was the deck. "But for you," he continued, his earnestness shown in his voice and eyes—the latter were almost too tender for a man's—"my wife would be now lying in prison, her life in jeopardy, and her property as good as gone. She has told me how bravely you rescued her from that cur in Cheapside, and how your presence of mind baffled the watch at the riverside. It is well, young gentleman. It is very well. But these things call for other returns than words. When it lies in her power my wife will make them, if not to-day, to-morrow, and if not to-morrow, the day after."

I was very weak, and his words brought the tears to my eyes. "She has saved my life already," I murmured.

"You foolish boy!" she cried, smiling down on me, her hand on her husband's shoulder. "You got your head broken in my defence. It was a great thing, was it not, that I did not leave you to die in the boat? There, make haste and get well. You have talked enough now. Go to sleep, or we shall have the fever back again."

"One thing first," I pleaded. "Tell me whither we are going."

"In a few hours we shall be at Dort in Holland," she answered. "But be content. We will take care of you, and send you back if you will, or you shall still come with us; as you please. Be content. Go to sleep now and get strong. Presently perhaps we shall have need of your help again."

They went and sat down then on their former seat and talked in whispers, while Mistress Anne shook up my pillows, and laid a fresh cool bandage on my head. I was too weak to speak my gratitude, but I tried to look it and so fell asleep again, her hand in mine, and the wondrous smile of those lustrous eyes the last impression of which I was conscious.

A long, dreamless sleep followed. When I awoke once more the light still hung steady, but the peacefulness of night was gone. We lay in the midst of turmoil. The scampering of feet over the deck above me, the creaking of the windlass, the bumping and clattering of barrels hoisted in or hoisted out, the harsh sound of voices raised in a foreign tongue and in queer keys, sufficed as I grew wide-awake to tell me we were in port.

But the cabin was empty, and I lay for some time gazing at its dreary interior, and wondering what was to become of me. Presently an uneasy fear crept into my mind. What if my companions had deserted me? Alone, ill, and penniless in a foreign land, what should I do? This fear in my sick state was so terrible, that I struggled to get up, and with reeling brain and nerveless hands did get out of my berth. But this feat accomplished I found that I could not stand. Everything swam before my eyes. I could not take a single step, but remained clinging helplessly to the edge of my berth, despair at my heart. I tried to call out, but my voice rose little above a whisper, and the banging and shrieking, the babel without, went on endlessly. Oh, it was cruel! cruel! They had left me!

I think my senses were leaving me too, when I felt an arm about my waist, and found Mistress Anne by my side guiding me to the chest. I sat down on it, the certainty of my helplessness and the sudden relief of her presence bringing the tears to my eyes. She fanned me, and gave me some restorative, chiding me the while for getting out of my berth.

"I thought that you had gone and left me," I muttered. I was as weak as a child.

She said cheerily: "Did you leave us when we were in trouble? Of course you did not. There, take some more of this. After all, it is well you are up, for in a short time we must move you to the other boat."

"The other boat?"

"Yes, we are at Dort, you know. And we are going by the Waal, a branch of the Rhine, to Arnheim. But the boat is here close to this one, and, with help, I think you will be able to walk to it."

"I am sure I shall if you will give me your arm," I answered gratefully.

"But you will not think again," she replied, "that we have deserted you?"

"No," I said. "I will trust you always."

I wondered why a shadow crossed her face at that. But I had no time to do more than wonder, for Master Bertram, coming down, brought our sitting to an end. She bustled about to wrap me up, and somehow, partly walking, partly carried, I was got on deck. There I sat down on a bale to recover myself, and felt at once much the better for the fresh keen air, the clear sky and wintry sunshine which welcomed me to a foreign land.

On the outer side of the vessel stretched a wide expanse of turbid water, five or six times as wide as the Thames at London, and foam-flecked here and there by the up-running tide. On the other side was a wide and spacious quay, paved neatly with round stones, and piled here and there with merchandise; but possessing, by virtue of the lines of leafless elms which bordered it, a quaint air of rusticity in the midst of bustle. The sober bearing of

the sturdy landsmen going quietly about their business accorded well with the substantial comfort of the rows of tall, steep-roofed houses I saw beyond the quay, and seemed only made more homely by the occasional swagger and uncouth cry of some half-barbarous seaman, wandering aimlessly about. Above the town rose the heavy square tower of a church, a notable landmark where all around, land and water, lay so low, where the horizon seemed so far, and the sky so wide and breezy.

"So you have made up your mind to come with us," said Master Bertram, returning to my side—he had left me to make some arrangements. "You understand that if you would prefer to go home I can secure your tendance here by good, kindly people, and provide for your passage back when you feel strong enough to cross. You understand that? And that the choice is entirely your own? So which will you do?"

I changed colour, and felt I did. I shrank, as being well and strong I should not have shrunk, from losing sight of those three faces which I had known for so short a time, yet which alone stood between myself and loneliness. "I would rather come with you," I stammered. "But I shall be a great burden to you now, I fear."

"It is not that," he replied with hearty assurance in his voice. "A week's rest and quiet will restore you to strength, and then the burden will be on the other shoulder. It is for your own sake I give you the choice, because our future is for the time uncertain. Very uncertain," he repeated, his brow clouding over, "and to become our companion may expose you to fresh dangers. We are refugees from England; that you probably guess. Our plan was to go to France, where are many of our friends, and where we could live safely until better times. You know how that plan was frustrated. Here the Spaniards are masters—Prince Philip's people; and if we are recognised, we shall be arrested and sent back to England. Still, my wife and I must make the best of it. The hue and cry will not follow us for some days, and there is still a degree of independence in the cities of Holland which may, since I have friends here, protect us for a time. Now you know something of our position, my friend. You can make your choice with your eyes open. Either way we shall not forget you."

"I will go on with you, if you please," I answered at once. "I, too, cannot go home." And as I said this, Mistress Bertram also came up, and I took her hand in mine—which looked, by the way so strangely thin I scarcely recognised it—and kissed it. "I will come with you, madam, if you will let me," I said.

"Good!" she replied, her eyes sparkling. "I said you would! I do not mind telling you now that I am glad of it. And if ever we return to England, as God grant we may and soon, you shall not regret your decision. Shall he, Richard?"

"If you say he shall not, my dear," he responded, smiling at her enthusiasm, "I think I may answer for it he will not."

I was struck then, as I had been before, by a certain air of deference which the husband assumed towards the wife. It did not surprise me, for her bearing and manner, as well as such of her actions as I had seen, stamped her as singularly self-reliant and independent for a woman: and to these qualities, as much as to the rather dreamy character of the husband, I was content to set down the peculiarity. I should add that a rare and pretty tenderness constantly displayed on her part towards him robbed it of any semblance of unseemliness.

They saw that the exertion of talking exhausted me, and so, with an encouraging nod, left me to myself. A few minutes later a couple of English sailors, belonging to the Framlingham, came up, and with gentle strength transported me, under Mistress Anne's directions, to a queer-looking wide-beamed boat which lay almost alongside. She was more like a huge Thames barge than anything else, for she drew little water, but had a great expanse of sail when all was set. There was a large deck-house, gay with paint and as clean as it could be; and in a compartment at one end of this—which seemed to be assigned to our party—I was soon comfortably settled.

Exhausted as I was by the excitement of sitting up and being moved, I knew little of what passed about me for the next two days, and remember less. I slept and ate, and sometimes awoke to wonder where I was. But the meals and the vague attempts at thought made scarcely more impression on my mind than the sleep. Yet all the while I was gaining strength rapidly, my youth and health standing me in good stead. The wound in my head, which had caused great loss of blood, healed all one way, as we say in Warwickshire; and about noon on the second day after leaving Dort I was well enough to reach the deck unassisted, and sit in the sunshine on a pile of rugs which Mistress Anne, my constant nurse, had laid for me in a corner sheltered from the wind.

Fortunately the weather was mild and warm, and the sunshine fell brightly on the wide river and the wider plain of pasture which stretched away on either side to the horizon, dotted, here and there only, by a windmill, a farmhouse, the steeple of a church, the brown sails of a barge, or at most broken by a low dike or a line of sand-dunes. All was open, free: all was largeness, space, and distance. I gazed astonished.

The husband and wife, who were pacing the deck forward, came to me. He noticed the wondering looks I cast around. "This is new to you?" he said smiling.

"Quite—quite new," I answered. "I never imagined anything so flat, and yet in its way so beautiful."

"You do not know Lincolnshire?"

"No."

"Ah, that is my native county," he answered. "It is much like this. But you are better and you can talk again. Now I and my wife have been discussing whether we shall tell you more about ourselves. And since there is no time like the present I may say that we have decided to trust you."

"All in all or not at all," Mistress Bertram added brightly.

I murmured my thanks.

"Then, first to tell you who we are. For myself

I am plain Richard Bertie of Lincolnshire, at your service. My wife is something more than appears from this, or"—with a smile—"from her present not too graceful dress. She is—"

"Stop, Richard! This is not sufficiently formal," my lady cried prettily. "I have the honour to present to you, young gentleman," she went on, laughing merrily and making a very grand curtsey before me, "Katherine, Duchess of Suffolk."

I made shift to get to my feet, and bowed respectfully, but she forced me to sit down again. "Enough of that," she said lightly, "until we go back to England. Here and for the future we are Master Bertram and his wife. And this young lady, my distant kinswoman, Anne Brandon, must pass as Mistress Anne. You wonder how we came to be straying in the streets alone and unattended when you found us?"

I did wonder, for the name of the gay and brilliant Duchess of Suffolk was well known even to me, a country lad. Her former husband, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, had been not only the one trusted and constant friend of King Henry the Eighth, but the king's brother-in-law, his first wife having been Mary, Princess of England and Queen Dowager of France. Late in his splendid and prosperous career the Duke had married Katherine, the heiress of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and she it was who stood before me, still young and handsome. After her husband's death she had made England ring with her name, first by a love match with a Lincolnshire squire, and secondly by her fearless and outspoken defence of the reformers. I did wonder indeed how she had come to be wandering in the streets at daybreak, an object of a chance passer's chivalry and pity.

"It is simple enough," she said dryly, "I am rich, I am a Protestant, and I have an enemy. When I do not like a person I speak out. Do I not, Richard?"

"You do indeed, my dear," he answered smiling.

"And once I spoke out to Bishop Gardiner. What! Do you know Stephen Gardiner?"

For I had started at the name, after which I could scarcely have concealed my knowledge if I would. So I answered simply, "Yes, I have seen him." I was thinking how wonderful this was. These people had been utter strangers to me until a day or two before, yet now we were all looking out together from the deck of a Dutch boat on the low Dutch landscape, united by one tie, the enmity of the same man.

"He is a man to be dreaded," the Duchess continued, her eyes resting on her baby, which lay asleep on my bundle of rugs—and I guessed what fear it was had tamed her pride to flight. "His power in England is absolute. We learned that it was his purpose to arrest me, and determined to leave England. But our very household was full of spies, and though we chose a time when Clarence, our steward, whom we had long suspected of being Gardiner's chief tool, was away, Philip, his deputy, gained a clue to our design, and watched us. We gave him the slip with difficulty, leaving our luggage, but he dogged and overtook us, and the rest you know."

I bowed. As I gazed at her, my admiration I know shone in my eyes. She looked, as she stood on the deck, an exile and fugitive, so gay, so bright, so indomitable that in herself she was at once a warranty and an omen of better times. The breeze had heightened her colour, and loosened here and there a tress of her auburn hair. No wonder Master Bertie looked proudly on his Duchess.

Suddenly a thing I had clean forgotten flashed into my mind, and I thrust my hand into my pocket. The action was so abrupt that it attracted their attention, and when I pulled out a packet—two packets—there were three pairs of eyes upon me. The seal dangled from one missive. "What have you there?" the Duchess asked briskly, for she was a woman, and curious. "Do you carry the deeds of your property about with you?"

"No," I said, not unwilling to make a small sensation. "This touches your Grace."

"Hush!" she cried, raising one imperious finger. "Transgressing already? From this time forth I am Mistress Bertram, remember. But come," she went on, eyeing the packet with the seal inquisitively, "how does it touch me?"

I put it silently into her hands, and she opened it and read a few lines, her husband peeping over her shoulder. As she read her brow darkened, her eyes grew hard. Master Bertie's face changed with hers, and they both peeped suddenly at me over the edge of the parchment, suspicion and hostility in their glances. "How came you by this, young sir?" he said slowly after a long pause. "Have we escaped Peter to fall into the hands of Paul?"

"No, no!" I cried hurriedly. I saw that I had made a greater sensation than I had bargained for. I hastened to tell them how I had met with Gardiner's servant at Stony Stratford, and how I had become possessed of his credentials. They laughed, of course—indeed they laughed so loudly that the placid Dutchmen standing aft with their hands in their breeches-pockets stared open-mouthed at us, and the kindred cattle on the bank looked mildly up from the knee-deep grass.

"And what was the other packet?" the Duchess asked presently. "Is that it in your hand?"

"Yes," I answered, holding it up with some reluctance. "It seems to be a letter addressed to Mistress Clarence."

"Clarence!" she cried. "Clarence!" arresting the hand she was extending. "What! Here is our friend again then. What is in it? You have opened it?"

"No."

"You have not? Then quick, open it!" she exclaimed. "This too touches us, I will bet a penny. Let us see at once what it contains. Clarence indeed! Perhaps we may have him on the hip yet, the arch-traitor!"

But I held the pocket-book back, though my cheeks reddened and I knew I must seem foolish. They made certain that this letter was a communication to some spy, probably to Clarence himself under cover of a feminine address. Perhaps it was, but it bore a woman's name and it was sealed; and foolish though I might be, I would not betray the woman's secret.

"No, madam," I said confused, awkward, stammering, yet withholding it with a secret

obstinacy; "pardon me if I do not obey you—if I do not let this be opened. It may be what you say," I added with an effort, "but it may also contain an honest secret, and that a woman's."

"What do you say?" cried the Duchess; "here are scruples!" At that her husband smiled, and I looked in despair from him to Mistress Anne. Would she sympathise with my feelings? I found that she had turned her back on us, and was gazing over the side. "Do you really mean," continued the Duchess, tapping her foot sharply on the deck, "that you are not going to open that, you foolish boy?"

"I do—with your Grace's leave," I answered.

"Or without my Grace's leave! That is what you mean," she retorted pettishly, a red spot in each cheek. "When people will not do what I ask, it is always, Grace! Grace! Grace! But I know them now."

I dared not smile; and I would not look up, lest my heart should fail me and I should give her her way.

"You foolish boy!" she said again, and sniffed. Then with a toss of her head she went away, her husband following her obediently.

I feared that she was grievously offended, and I got up restlessly and went across the deck to the rail on which Mistress Anne was leaning, meaning to say something which should gain for me her sympathy, perhaps her advice. But the words died on my lips, for as I approached she turned her face abruptly towards me, and it was so white, so haggard, so drawn, that I uttered a cry of alarm. "You are ill!" I exclaimed. "Let me call the Duchess!"

She gripped my sleeve almost fiercely. "Hush!" she muttered. "Do nothing of the kind. I am not well. It is the water. But it will pass off if you do not notice it. I hate to be noticed," she added, with an angry shrug.

I was full of pity for her and reproached myself sorely. "What a selfish brute I have been!" I said. "You have watched by me night after night, and nursed me day after day, and I have scarcely thanked you. And now you are ill yourself. It is my fault!"

She looked at me, a wan smile on her face. "A little, perhaps," she answered faintly. "But it is chiefly the water. I shall be better presently. About that letter—did you not come to speak to me about it?"

"Never mind it now," I said anxiously. "Will you not lie down on the rugs awhile? Let me give you my place," I pleaded.

"No, no!" she cried impatiently; and seeing I vexed her by my importunity, I desisted. "The letter," she went on; "you will open it by-and-by?"

"No," I said slowly, considering, to tell the truth, the strength of my resolution, "I think I shall not."

"You will! you will!" she repeated, with a kind of scorn. "The Duchess will ask you again, and you will give it to her. Of course you will!"

Her tone was strangely querulous, and her eyes continually flashed keen biting glances at me. But I thought only that she was ill and excited, and I fancied it was best to humour her. "Well, perhaps I shall," I said soothingly. "Possibly. It is hard to refuse her anything. And yet I hope I may not. The girl—it may be a girl's secret—"

"Well?" she asked, interrupting me abruptly, her voice harsh and unmusical. "What of her?" She laid her hand on her bosom as though to still some secret pain. I looked at her, anxious and wondering, but she had again averted her face. "What of her?" she repeated.

"Only that—I would not willingly hurt her!" I blurted out.

She did not answer. She stood a moment, then to my surprise she turned away without a word, and merely commanding me by a gesture of the hand not to follow, walked slowly away. I watched her cross the deck and pass through the doorway into the deckhouse. She did not once turn her face, and my only fear was that she was ill; more seriously ill, perhaps, than she had acknowledged.

## CHAPTER VIII.—A HOUSE OF PEACE.

AS the day went on, therefore, I looked eagerly for Mistress Anne's return, but she appeared no more, though I maintained a close watch on the cabin-door. All the afternoon, too, the Duchess kept away from me, and I feared that I had seriously offended her; so that it was with no very pleasant anticipations that, going into that part of the deck-house which served us for a common room, to see if the evening meal was set, I found only the Duchess and Master Bertie prepared to sit down to it. I suppose that something of my feeling was expressed in my face, for while I was yet half-way between door and table, my lady gave way to a peal of merriment.

"Come, sit down, and do not be afraid!" she cried pleasantly, her grey eyes still full of laughter. "I vow the lad thinks I shall eat him. Nay, when all is said and done, I like you the better, Sir Knight Errant, for your scruples. I see that you are determined to act up to your name. But that reminds me," she added in a more serious vein. "We have been frank with you. You must be equally frank with us. What are we to call you, pray?"

I looked down at my plate and felt my face grow scarlet. The wound which the discovery of my father's treachery had dealt me had begun to heal. In the action, the movement, the adventure of the last fortnight, I had well-nigh lost sight of the blot on my escutcheon, of the shame which had driven me from home. But the question, "What are we to call you?" revived the smart, and revived it with an added pang. It had been very well in theory to proudly discard my old name. It was painful in practice to be unable to answer the Duchess, "I am a Cludde of Coton, nephew to Sir Anthony, formerly esquire of the body to King Henry. I am no unworthy follower and associate even for you," and to have instead to reply, "I have no name. I am nobody. I have all to make and win." Yet this was my ill-fortune.

Her woman's eye saw my trouble as I hesitated, confused and doubting what I should reply. "Come!" she said good-naturedly, trying to reas-

sure me. "You are of gentle birth. Of that we feel sure."

I shook my head. "Nay, I am of no birth, madam," I answered hurriedly. "I have no name, or at any rate no name that I can be proud of. Call me—call me, if it please you, Francis Carey."

"It is a good name," quoth Master Bertie, pausing with his knife suspended in the air. "A right good Protestant name!"

"But I have no claim to it," I rejoined, more and more hurt. "I have all to make. I am a new man. Yet do not fear!" I added quickly, as I saw what I took to be a cloud of doubt cross my lady's face. "I will follow you no less faithfully for that!"

"Well," said the Duchess, a smile again transforming her open features, "I will answer for that, Master Carey. Deeds are better than names, and as for being a new man, what with Pagets and Cavendishes and Spencers, we have nought but new men nowadays. So, cheer up!" she continued kindly. "And we will poke no questions at you, though I doubt whether you do not possess more birth and breeding than you would have us think. And if, when we return to England, as I trust we may before we are old men and women, we can advance your cause, then let me have your secret. No one can say that Katherine Willoughby ever forgot her friend."

"Or forgave her enemy over quickly!" quoth her husband naïvely.

She rapped his knuckles with the back of her knife for that; and under cover of this small diversion I had time to regain my composure. But the matter left me sore at heart, and more than a little home-sick. And I sought leave to retire early.

"You are right!" said the Duchess, rising graciously. "To-night after being out in the air you will sleep soundly, and to-morrow you will be a new man," with a faint smile. "Believe me, I am not ungrateful, Master Francis, and I will diligently seek occasion to repay both your gallant defence of the other day and your future service." She gave me her hand to kiss, and I bent over it. "Now," she continued, "do homage to my baby, and then I shall consider that you are really one of us, and pledged to our cause."

I kissed the tiny fist held out to me, a soft pink thing looking like some dainty sea-shell. Master Bertie cordially grasped my hand. And so under the oil-lamp in the neat cabin of that old Dutch boat, somewhere on the Waal between Gorcum and Nimuegen, we plighted our troth to one another, and in a sense I became one of them.

I went to my berth cheered and encouraged by their kindness. But the interview, satisfactory as it was, had set up no little excitement in my brain, and it was long before I slept. When I did I had a strange dream. I dreamed that I was sitting in the hall at Coton, and that Petronilla was standing on the daïs looking fixedly at me with gentle sorrowful eyes. I wanted to go to her, but I could not move: every dreamer knows the sensation. I tried to call to her, to ask her what was the matter, and why she so looked at me. But I could utter no sound. And still she continued to fix me with the same sad reproachful eyes, in which I read a warning yet could not ask its meaning.

I struggled so hard that at last the spell was in a degree broken. Following the direction of her eyes I looked down at myself, and saw fastened to the breast of my doublet the knot of blue velvet which she had made for my sword-hilt, and which I had ever since carried in my bosom. More, I saw with a singular feeling of anger and sorrow that a hand which came over my shoulder was tugging hard at the ribbon in the attempt to remove it.

This gave me horrible concern, yet at the moment I could not move nor do anything to prevent it. At last, making a stupendous effort, I awoke, my last experience dreaming being of the strange hand working at my breast. My first waking idea was the same, so that I threw out my arms and cried aloud and sat up. "Ugh!" I exclaimed, trembling in the intensity of my relief, as I looked about and welcomed the now familiar surroundings. "It was only a dream. It was—"

I stopped abruptly, my eyes falling on a form lurking in the doorway. I could see it only dimly by the light of a hanging lamp which smoked and burned redly overhead. Yet I could see it. It was real, substantial, a waking figure; nevertheless, a faint touch of superstitious terror still clung to me. "Speak, please!" I asked. "Who is it?"

"It is only I," answered a soft voice, well known to me—Mistress Anne's. "I came in to see how you were," she continued, advancing a little, "and whether you were sleeping. I am afraid I awoke you. But you seemed," she added, "to be having such painful dreams that perhaps it was as well I did."

I was fumbling in my breast while she spoke: and certainly, whether in my sleep I had undone the fastenings, or had loosened them intentionally before I lay down (though I could not remember doing so), my doublet and shirt were open at the breast. The velvet knot was safe, however, in that tiny inner pocket beside the letter, and I breathed again. "I am very glad you did awake me!" I replied, looking gratefully at her. "I was having a horrible dream. But how good it was of you to think of me—and when you are not well yourself too."

"Oh, I am better," she murmured, her eyes, which glistened in the light, fixed steadily on me. "Much better. Now go to sleep again, and happier dreams to you. After to-night," she added pleasantly, "I shall no longer consider you as an invalid, nor intrude upon you."

And she was gone before I could reiterate my thanks. The door fell to, and I was alone, full of kindly feelings towards her, and of thankfulness that my horrible vision had no foundation. "Thank heaven!" I murmured more than once, as I lay down; "it was only a dream."

Next day we reached Nimuegen, where we stayed a short time. Leaving that place in the afternoon, twenty-four hours journeying, partly by river, partly, if I remember rightly, by canal, brought us to the neighbourhood of Arnheim on the Rhine. It was the 1st of March, but the opening month belied its reputation. There was a brightness, a softness in

the air, and a consequent feeling as of spring which would better have befitted the middle of April. All day we remained on deck enjoying the kindliness of nature, which was especially grateful to me, in whom the sap of health was beginnning to spring again; and we were still there when one of those gorgeous sunsets which are peculiar to that country began to fling its hues across our path. We turned a jutting promontory, the boat began to fall off, and the captain came up, his errand to tell us that our journey was done.

We went eagerly forward at the news, and saw in a kind of bay, formed by a lake-like expansion of the river, a little island green and low, its banks trimly set with a single row of poplars. It was perhaps a quarter of a mile every way, and a channel one-fourth as wide separated it from the nearer shore of the river; to which, however, a long narrow bridge



WE WERE LEFT FACE TO FACE WITH TWO STRANGERS.

of planks laid on trestles gave access. On the outer side of the island, facing the river's course, stood a low white house, before which a sloping green terrace also bordered with poplars led down to a tiny pier. Behind and round the house were meadows as trim and neat as a child's toys, over which the eye roved with pleasure until it reached the landward side of the island, and there detected nestling among gardens a tiny village of half a dozen cottages. It was a scene of enchanting peace and quietude. As we slowly ploughed our way up to the landing-place, I saw the rabbits stand to gaze at us, and then with a flick of their heels dart off to their holes. I marked the cattle moving homeward in a string, and heard the wild fowl rise in creek and pool with a whir of wings. I turned with a full heart to my neighbour. "Is it not lovely?" I cried with enthusiasm. "Is it not a peaceful place—a very Garden of Eden?"

I looked to see her fall into raptures such as women are commonly more prone to than men. But all women are not the same. Mistress Anne was looking, indeed, when I turned and surprised her, at the scene which had so moved me, but the expression of her face was sad and bitter and utterly melancholy. The weariness and fatigue I had often seen lurking in her eyes had invaded all her features. She looked five years older; no longer a girl, but a grey-faced hopeless woman, whom the sight of this peaceful haven rather smote to the heart than filled with anticipations of safety and repose.

It was but for a moment I saw her so. Then she dashed her hand across her eyes—though I saw no tears in them—and with a pettish exclamation turned away. "Poor girl!" I thought. "She too is home-sick. No doubt this reminds her of some place at home, or of some person." I thought this the more likely as Master Bertie came from Lincolnshire, which he said had many of the features of this strange land. And it was conceivable enough that she should know Lincolnshire too, being related to his wife.

I soon forgot the matter in the excitement of landing. A few minutes of bustle and it was over. The boat put out again; and we four were left face to face with two strangers, an elderly man and a girl, who had come down to the pier to meet us. The former, stout, bluff, and red-faced, with a thick grey beard and a gold chain about his neck, had the air of a man of position. He greeted us warmly. His companion, who hung behind him, somewhat shyly, was as pretty a girl as one could find in a month. A second look assured me of something more—that she formed an excellent foil to the piquant brightness and keen vivacity, the dark hair and nervous features of Mistress Anne. For the Dutch girl was fair and plump and of perfect complexion. Her hair was very light, almost flaxen indeed, and her eyes were softly and limpidly blue; grave, innocent, wondering eyes they were, I remember. I guessed rightly that she was the elderly man's daughter. Later I learned that she was his only child, and that her name was Dymphna.

He was a Master Lindstrom, a merchant of standing in Arnheim. He had visited England and spoke English fairly, and being under some obligations, it appeared, to the Duchess Katherine, was to be our host.

We all walked up the little avenue together, Master Lindstrom talking as we went to husband or wife, while his daughter and Mistress Anne came next, gazing each at each in silence, as women when they first meet will gaze, taking stock, I suppose, of a rival's weapons. I walked last, wondering why they had nothing to say to one another.

As we entered the house the mystery was explained. "She speaks no English," said Mistress Anne, with a touch of scorn.

"And we no Dutch," I answered smiling. "Here in Holland I am afraid that she will have somewhat the best of us. Try her with Spanish."

"Spanish! I know none."

"Well, I do, a little."

"What, you know Spanish?" Mistress Anne's tone of surprise amounted almost to incredulity, and it flattered me, boy that I was. I dare say it would have flattered many an older head than mine. "You know Spanish? Where did you learn it?" she continued sharply.

"At home."

"At home! Where is that?" And she eyed me still more closely. "Where is your home, Master Carey? You have never told me."

But I had said already more than I intended, and I shook my head. "I mean," I explained awkwardly, "that I learned it in a home I once had. Now my home is here. At any rate I have no other."

The Dutch girl standing patiently beside us had looked first at one face and then at the other as we talked. We were all by this time in a long low parlour, warmed by a pretty closed fireplace covered with glazed tiles. On the shelves of a great armoire or dresser at one end of the room appeared a fine show of silver plate. At the other end stood a tall linen-press of walnut-wood, handsomely carved; and even the gratings of the windows and the handles of the doors were of hammered iron work. There were no rushes on the floor, which was made of small pieces of wood delicately jointed and set together and brightly polished. But everything in sight was clean and trim to a degree which would have shamed our great house at Coton, where the rushes sometimes lay for a week unchanged. With each glance round I felt a livelier satisfaction. I turned to Mistress Dymphna.

"Señorita!" I said, mustering my noblest accent. "Beso los pies de usted! Habla-usted Castillano?"

Mistress Anne stared, while the effect on the girl whom I addressed was greater than I had looked for, but certainly of a different kind. She started and drew back, an expression of offended dignity and of something like anger ruffling her placid face. Did she not understand? Yes, for after a moment's hesitation, and with a heightened colour, she answered, "Si, Señor."

Her constrained manner was not promising, but I was going on to open a conversation if I could—for it looked little grateful of us to stand there speechless and staring—when Mistress Anne interposed. "What did you say to her? What was it?" she asked eagerly.

"I asked her if she spoke Spanish. That was all," I replied, my eyes on Dymphna's face, which still betrayed trouble of some kind, "except that I paid her the usual formal compliment. But what is she saying to her father?"

It was like the Christmas game of cross questions. The girl and I had spoken in Spanish. I turned what we had said into English for Mistress Anne, and Mistress Dymphna translated it into Dutch for her father; an anxious look on her face which needed no translation.

"What is it?" asked Master Bertie, observing that something was wrong.

"It is nothing—nothing!" replied the merchant apologetically, though as he spoke his eyes dwelt on me curiously. "It is only that I did not know that you had a Spaniard in your company."

"A Spaniard?" Master Bertie answered. "We have none. This," pointing to me, "is our very good friend and faithful follower, Master Carey—an Englishman."

"To whom," added the Duchess, smiling gravely, "I am greatly indebted."

I hurriedly explained the mistake, and brought at once a smile of relief to the Mynheer's face. "Ah! pardon me, I beseech you," he said. "My daughter was in error." And he added something in Dutch which caused Mistress Dymphna to blush. "You know," he continued—"I may speak freely to you, since our enemies are in the main the same—you know that our Spanish rulers are not very popular with us, and grow less popular every day, especially with those who are of the reformed faith. We have learned some of us to speak their language, but we love them none the better for that."

"I can sympathise with you, indeed," cried the Duchess impulsively. "God grant that our country may never be in the same plight; though it looks as if this Spanish marriage were like to put us in it. It is Spain! Spain! Spain! and nothing else nowadays!"

"Nevertheless, the Emperor is a great and puissant monarch," rejoined the Arnheimer thoughtfully; "and could he rule us himself, we might do well. But his dominions are so large, he knows little of us. And worse, he is dying, or as good as dying. He can scarcely sit his horse, and rumour says that before the year is out he will resign the throne. Then we hear little good of his successor, your queen's husband, and look to hear less. I fear that there is a dark time before us, and God only knows the issue."

"And alone will rule it," Master Bertie rejoined piously.

This saying was in a way the key-note to the life we found our host living on his island estate. Peace, but peace with constant fear for an assailant, and religion for a supporter. Several times a week Master Lindstrom would go to Arnheim to superintend his business, and always after his return he would shake his head, and speak gravely, and Dymphna would lose her colour for an hour or two. Things were going badly. The reformers were being more and more hardly dealt with. The Spaniards were growing more despotic. That was his constant report. And then I would see him, as he walked with us in orchard or garden, or sat beside the stove, cast wistful glances at the comfort and plenty round him. I knew that he was asking himself how long they would last. If they escaped the clutches of a tyrannical government, would they be safe in the times that were coming from the violence of an ill-paid soldiery? The answer was doubtful, or rather it was too certain.

I sometimes wondered how he could patiently foresee such possibilities, and take no steps, whatever the risk, to prevent them. At first I thought his patience sprang from the Dutch character. Later I traced its deeper roots to a simplicity of faith and a deep religious feeling, which either did not

at that time exist in England, or existed only among people with whom I had never come into contact. Here they seemed common enough and real enough. These folks' faith sustained them. It was a part of their lives; a bulwark against the fear that otherwise would have overwhelmed them. And to an extent, too, which then surprised me, I found, as time went on, that the Duchess and Master Bertie shared this enthusiasm, although with them it took a less obtrusive form.

I was led at the time to think a good deal about this; and just a word I may say of myself, and of those days spent on the Rhine island—that whereas before I had taken but a lukewarm interest in religious questions, and while clinging instinctively to the teaching of my childhood had conformed with a light heart rather than annoy my uncle, I came to think somewhat differently now; differently and more seriously. And so I have continued to think since, though I have never become a bigot; a fact I owe, perhaps, to Mistress Dymphna, in whose tender heart there was room for charity as well as faith. For she was my teacher.

Of necessity, since no other of our party could communicate with her, I became more or less the Dutch girl's companion. I would often, of an evening, join her on a wooden bench which stood under an elm on a little spit of grass looking towards the city, and at some distance from the house. Here when the weather was warm she would watch for her father's return; and here one day while talking with her I had the opportunity of witnessing a sight unknown in England, but which year by year was to become more common in the Netherlands, more heavily fraught with menace in Netherland eyes.

We happened to be so deeply engaged in watching the upper end of the reach at the time in question, where we expected each moment to see Master Lindstrom's boat round the point, that we saw nothing of a boat coming the other way, until the flapping of its sails, as it tacked, drew our eyes towards it. Even then in the boat itself I saw nothing strange, but in its passengers I did. They were swarthy, moustachioed men, who in the hundred poses they assumed as they lounged on deck or leaned over the side never lost a peculiar air of bravado. As they drew nearer to us the sound of their loud voices, their oaths and laughter reached us plainly, and seemed to jar on the even-




THEIR BOLD FIERCE EYES RAKING THE BANKS UNCEASINGLY REACHED US AT LAST.

ing stillness. Their bold fierce eyes raking the banks unceasingly reached us at last. The girl by my side uttered a cry of alarm, and rose as if to retreat. But she sat down again, for behind us was an open stretch of turf, and to escape unseen was impossible. Already a score of eyes had marked her beauty, and as the boat drew abreast of us I had to listen to the ribald jests and laughter of those on board. My ears tingled and my cheeks burned. But I could do nothing. I could only glare at them, and grind my teeth.

"Who are they?" I muttered. "The cowardly knaves!"

"Oh, hush! hush!" the girl pleaded. She had retreated behind me.

And indeed I need not have put my question, for though I had never seen the Spanish soldiery I had heard enough about them to recognise them

now. In the year 1555 their reputation was at its height. Their fathers had overcome the Moors after a contest of centuries, and they themselves had overrun Italy and lowered the pride of France. As a result they had many military virtues and all the military vices. Proud, bloodthirsty, and licentious everywhere, it may be imagined that in the subject Netherlands, with their pay always in arrear, they were, indeed, people to be feared. It was seldom that even their commanders dared to check their excesses.

Yet when the first flush of my anger had subsided I looked after them, odd as it may seem, with mingled feelings. With all their faults they were few against many, a conquering race in a foreign land. They could boast of blood and descent. They were proud to call themselves the soldiers and gentlemen of Europe. I was against them, yet I admired them with a boy's admiration for the strong and reckless.

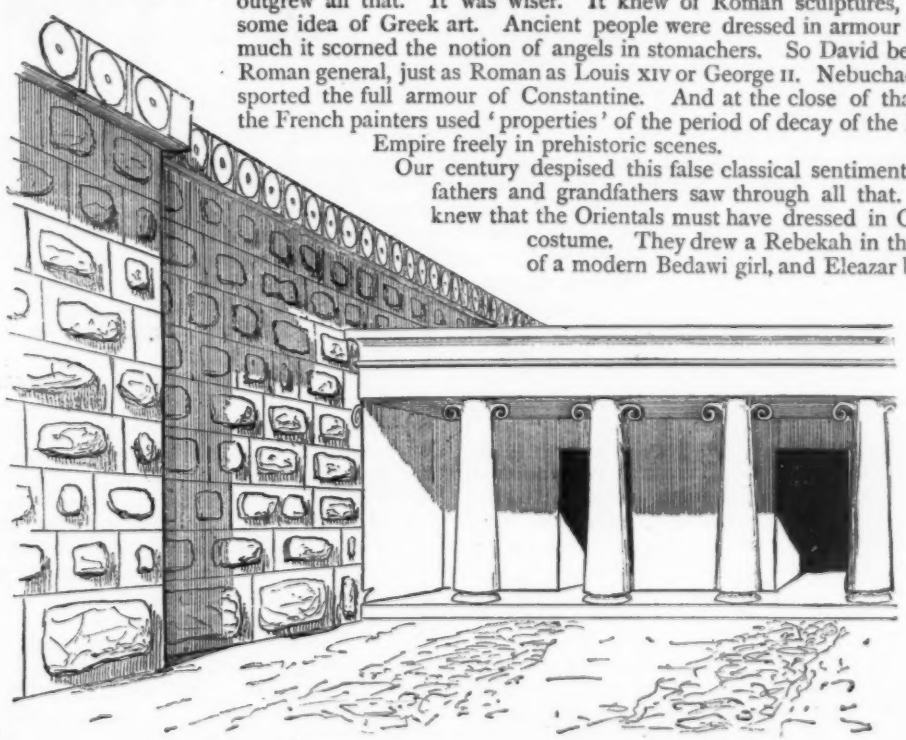
Of course I said nothing of this to my companion. Indeed, when she spoke to me I did not hear her. My thoughts had flown far from the burgher's daughter sitting by me, and were with my grandmother's people. I saw, in imagination, the uplands of Old Castile, as I had often heard them described, hot in summer and bleak in winter. I pictured the dark frowning walls of Toledo, with its hundred Moorish trophies, the castles that crowned the hills around, the grey olive groves, and the box-clad slopes. I saw Palencia, where my grandmother, Petronilla de Vargas, was born; Palencia dry and brown and sun-baked, lying squat and low on its plain, the eaves of its cathedral a man's height from the ground. All this I saw. I suppose the Spanish blood in me awoke and asserted itself at sight of those other Spaniards. And then—then I forgot it all as I heard behind me an alien voice, and I turned and found Dymphna had stolen from me and was talking to a stranger.

## ARCHITECTURE AND POTTERY IN PALESTINE.

BY WILLIAM FLINDERS PETRIE.

ABRAHAM in a full-bottomed wig, Sarah as a Dutch beldame, Bathsheba as a Batavian nymph, David as a burgomaster,—all these we have in the "old Masters"; very telling, very touching they are, if we regard them from the painter's point of view. But we laugh inevitably; to us they are incongruous; to the age that produced them they were inspiring realities. The seventeenth century outgrew all that. It was wiser. It knew of Roman sculptures, it had some idea of Greek art. Ancient people were dressed in armour: by so much it scorned the notion of angels in stomachers. So David became a Roman general, just as Roman as Louis XIV or George II. Nebuchadnezzar sported the full armour of Constantine. And at the close of that style the French painters used 'properties' of the period of decay of the Roman Empire freely in prehistoric scenes.

Our century despised this false classical sentiment. Our fathers and grandfathers saw through all that. They knew that the Orientals must have dressed in Oriental costume. They drew a Rebekah in the dress of a modern Bedawi girl, and Eleazar became



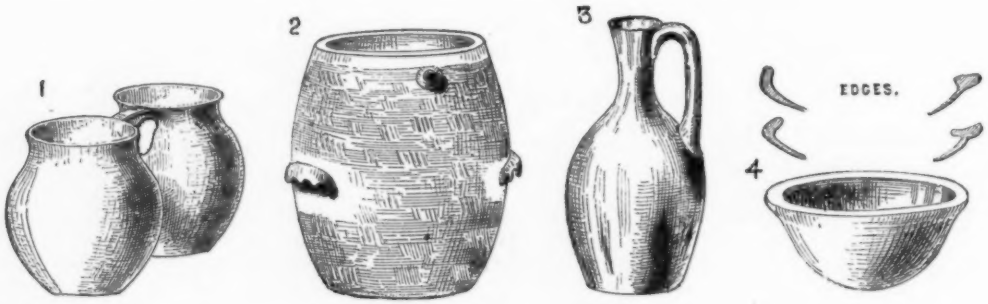
a Bedawi sketch. The matter was so beautifully and simply settled: you only needed to go to the "unchanging East," and there were costumes and customs, and pots and pans, all ready to hand. Painters revelled in it—it was art made easy, so far as the model business was concerned. And we have lately seen Greek pictures so learnedly painted: Andromache at the fountain, and all her neighbours, every one with a real Greek vase; yes, a *real* vase—no fancy imitations—actually copied "from the antique." Only the elegant and graceful brush of the P.R.A. had been busied over a whole museum full of vases of periods as diverse as might be. The result looks like the loot of a museum, everybody carrying off what suits their fancy; grand vases which never saw a fountain in their lives are here going once too often to the well. The combination is much as if a Sèvres Louis xv jar, an old English "grey-beard," a Doulton stoneware vase, and a Staffordshire washing jug were all put in one group by the village pump.

The discovery of the Assyrian sculptures was a great step for the restorer of ancient scenes. With Egypt on the one hand and Assyria on the other, it seemed as if it were only necessary to take a share of each, and temper it at discretion, in order to produce a Jewish picture. Such at least has been the source of the innumerable fancy pictures that have illustrated Old Testament history for a generation past. It is much as if a future painter of French history were to take a mixture of Italian and English dresses, ornaments, and architecture; and to suppose that the intermediate country must produce intermediate art. The Assyrian sculptures have also been heavily drawn on for a characteristic Semitic face; and the aquiline warriors of Sennacherib have lent their features to Jews and Hittites alike.

But during the last few years we have made almost a final step toward the true restoration of ancient scenes. The Egyptians had carefully distinguished the various types of the races who were their allies or their enemies, in carving the battles and triumphs upon their walls. These carvings we now have photographed; and we can safely distinguish between the various peoples of the early times about the age of the Exodus. A Hittite, a Libyan, an Amorite, or a North Syrian, are as well known to us as modern nationalities; and a painter might work on the Syrian and Hittite invasion of Judah under Ahaz with the same certainty of types as in a picture of English, Spaniards, and French in the Peninsular War.

Beside this we now have, from the excavations which I made at Lachish for the Palestine Exploration Fund, some material for the reconstruction of truly Jewish art.

In the restoration on the preceding page I have put together all the certainly ancient elements that are yet known. The wall on the left is built of blocks dressed around the edge (or *drafted*), with a central boss of rough stone left on the face. This mode of dressing is found on the walls at Lachish about the time of Ahaz, it was very common in the Herodian age and in Christian times, and it is used down to this day in Jerusalem. The projecting parapet of discs along the top is seen on the Assyrian sculpture of the siege of Lachish, and that it is not a fancy of the Assyrian artist is vouched for by its being a favourite ornament on Jewish tombs of the Herodian age. In that later development it became discs between triglyphs along an architrave, or even rosettes; but the type is proved to be ancient by the Assyrian drawing of the Jewish town. The origin of the ornament seems to be a row of shields held by a line of soldiers manning the wall, or hung over the battlements. The three hundred shields of beaten gold for the house of the forest of Lebanon, made by Solomon, were perhaps for decorating the parapet. That such a decoration might be used along an inner court, as in this restoration, seems likely, as it is found later on tomb architraves, and was not, therefore, solely an ornament of defensive architecture.



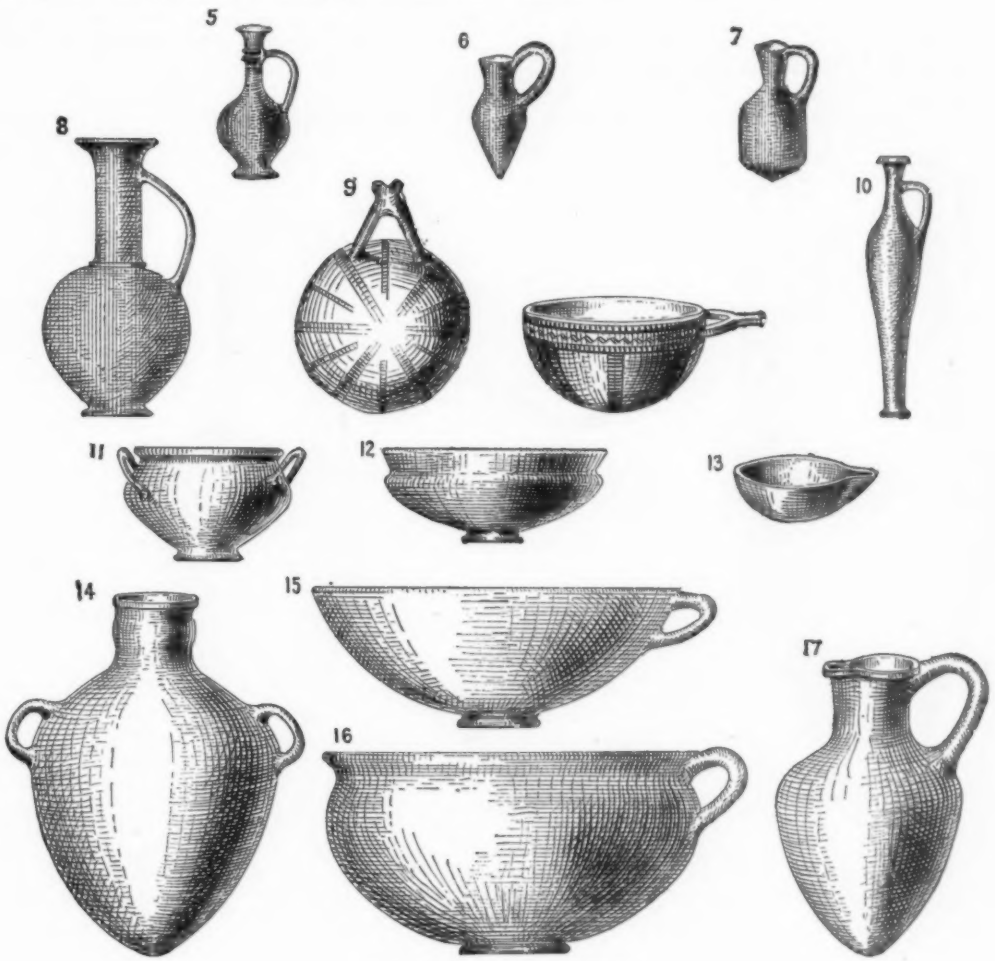

AMORITE POTTERY, 1600–1200 B.C.

For the porch form we have not an actual example as old as the kings; but as porches and colonnades are constantly mentioned in Solomon's work, as such spaces are always found before all the Herodian tombs, and as this form is equally found in Egypt and Syria, it may be fairly accepted. The architrave over it is that of the doorways about 950 B.C. at Lachish. The pillars are taken from the type of pilasters at Lachish, about 1,000 B.C. They seem to have originated in wooden shafts set upon a rounded stone base, to remove them from the damp ground. Mr. William Simpson tells me that he has seen just this arrangement in China. The shaft tapered a good deal, to judge by the pilaster. At the top volutes appear to have been attached, originally ram's horns, hung up, or nailed

to the simple columns as ornaments; these were imitated later in metal, to judge by the form, as translated into stonework on the pilaster. This stonework was formed roughly by flaking with hammers, then the surface was pounded smooth, and finally scraped down with flint scrapers. The surface of the Lachish masonry could only have been produced by chipped flint edges, and can be exactly imitated by using one of the innumerable flint flakes which are found there.

The two doorways are a peculiarly Jewish feature.

No doubt there were other architectural features, which we have no warrant for as yet in the scanty remains of early Jewish work; but we may accept what is here as being certainly proved to belong in all its details to the age of the Jewish kings. Probably a generation hence some one will be able to pick this to pieces, and to show that I have mixed together the styles of Solomon and Hezekiah; all we can say at present is that, so far, we are clear of all late or Herodian influence in what is here drawn.



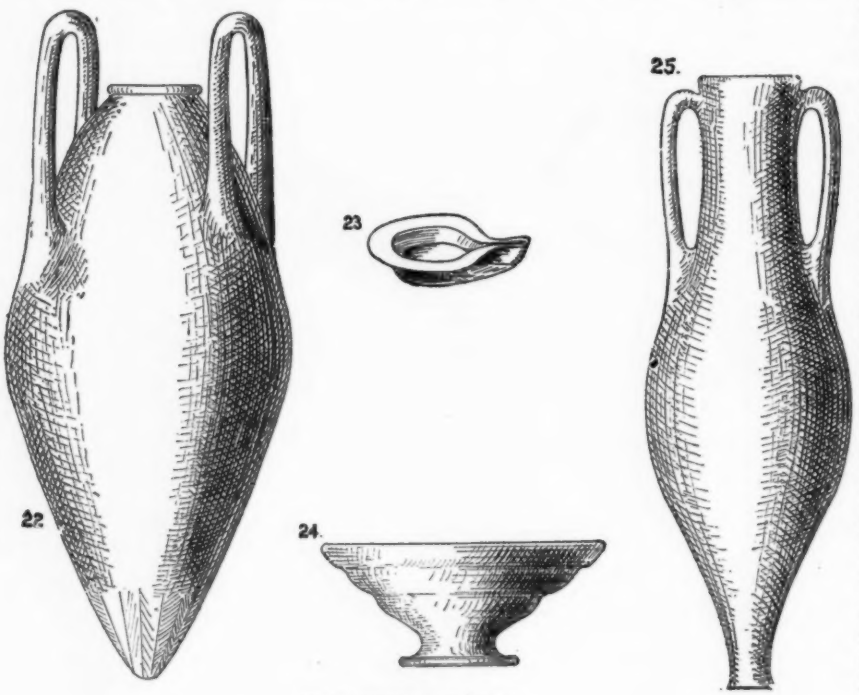

PHŒNICIAN POTTERY, 1100-800 B.C.

The building at Lachish, where the pilasters are, has two doorways at the ends of each face, but no central door. Some of the Jewish tombs of later time have likewise two entrances to the porch, with a pier of rock in front of the lower tomb passage; naturally the actual entrance to a tomb itself was but one, to avoid the need of securing two passages; but the pair of entrances to the porch show that the double doorway was familiar. The doors have a slight taper upwards; perhaps more would have been permissible, as the great door of the early (perhaps Amorite) building at Ramet-el-Khulil tapered seven inches from threshold to lintel.

We will now turn to the remains of handicraft, of which all that we know at present from Palestine is the pottery. Most persons will perhaps suppose that in the "unchanging East" everything is made alike, from the time of Abraham downwards. Nothing is more deceptive than this shallow phrase; fashions change with successive races—with successive generations. In Egypt, where we can find the fullest material by which to judge, it is clear that fashion of manufactures changed quite as quickly as in mediæval Europe; and when we know enough detail of the history we can date things to a single reign. In Syria we know enough already to be able

to separate as totally distinct the Amorite, the Phœnician, the later Jewish, the early Greek, the middle Greek, the Seleucidan, the Roman, and the Arab style.

The Amorite pottery is quite different to that of any other age or country yet known. The strange, barrel-shaped pot (2), with the face smoothed by a comb, across and around; with the little spout at the top; and the ledges for handles, with wavy edges—this stands quite alone in what we know of ancient pottery. The double vase (1) was not intended to hold different liquids, as there is a hole in the middle joining the two vases. The upright jug (3) is made with a polished brown outside, as bright and smooth as a glaze. But the leading type of the pottery is the thick-brimmed bowl (4). The brims are of all kinds of fantastic




GREEK POTTERY, 700-600 B.C.

forms, of which some are shown above; and the inside is faced bright red, and polished over with burnishing. This tooling is used to give regular patterns, trellis and diagonal, upon the surface. So strongly did the Amorites impress this type on their conquerors, that degraded forms of these bowls—thin, dull red, and coarsely burnished—survived down to almost the close of the Jewish monarchy.

The Israelites had no distinctive style. They came into Palestine from the desert, where they used skins and wood; whatever they knew of pottery in Egypt was lost with the generation who died in the wilderness. They naturally followed, therefore, the Amorite forms which they found in use in Palestine, until the spread of Phœnician civilisation under David and Solomon.

The Phœnician pottery is far removed in its style from that of the Amorite. Many elegant little vases were made (5 to 8), usually of very thin pottery, hard black throughout; or of an imitation which was soft, with a black face. Some are of soft pale olive, or gosling-green ware. The bowl (9), which is well known also in Cyprus, is an imitation of a pouch of skin attached to a bent withy, which formed the brim and handle, the pattern outside showing the stitching of the flaps of skin down the outer surface. The bowls (11, 12, 15, 16) are of coarse red or brown pottery, without the beautiful burnished red facing of the Amorites'. The lamp (13) is the oldest form that is known: simply a pan with the edge pinched up into a spout. Strange to say no lamps are known in Egypt until Greek times. The large jars (14, 17) were used for water and oil. Probably Gideon's pitchers and lamps were much like these (17, 13), as we do not find lamps in the Amorite pottery, and therefore in his time this Phœnician class was most likely in use. The same word (*kad*) is used of the barrels of water poured over Elijah's sacrifice on Carmel, and also of the widow's barrel of meal; so both of these were probably of the same form (17) as Gideon's pitchers. Although this word is used for Rebekah's pitcher, yet that was probably of some different form, being so much earlier. Saul's cruse of water, the widow's cruse of oil, and Elijah's cruse of water, may have been of the form of the long-necked flasks (8 and 10); or else of the later form (19).

After the decay of the Phœnician influence, a mixed style of pottery was usual, under the later Jewish kings; it retained some of the older Amorite and Phœnician forms, but was all of coarse brown material, and clumsy form. Some of the jars (18, 21) bear letters as potters' marks. The former (21) is akin to Greek pottery found at Tahpanhes.

But while the Amorite and Phœnician influences were decaying, a new life was coming in: Greeks had pushed into Palestine by the coast trade as early as 700 B.C., to judge by the pottery we find; and the massive loop handles of great jars like 22, the long slender handles of amphoræ like 25, the sharp twisted edges of the Greek lamps (23), and the massive bowls of drab pottery (24), with a plain

spheric curve inside and ribbed outside, all show characteristic Greek work. Only fragments of these have been found at Lachish, but yet enough to identify them with the jars already known from my excavations at Naukratis and Tahpanhes in Egypt. The massive cylindrical handles and cut bottoms of the great jars (22) can be recognised by a mere chip of them.

The later styles, after the return of the Jews, are better known in general; and as I have no example from my excavations in Palestine, I will not enter on those at present.

It will be seen how characteristic the pottery is of different ages; and therefore how much we can learn historically by noting the pottery found in any place. As, moreover, pottery is the commonest relic in nearly all countries and ages, we can determine the period of a town in a few minutes by its pottery, while it would take us many months of work to ascertain it by digging for inscriptions. Pottery is the key to all historical excavations, and now that this key has been recovered from Palestine by the Lachish excavations, we can read the history of its mounds and ruins at a glance.

We have now noted some of the materials for future artists to draw on in their sketches of the scenes of the Old Testament. The architectural backgrounds may be laid out with tolerable certainty; and for a model of Gideon's pitchers, or the widow's cruse, they will not need to look very far afield. A few years more work in Palestine would probably enable us to gain much more exactitude, and a vast deal of light on history and the understanding of the narratives of the Old Testament. Let us hope that in 1900 this article will be looked on as quite out of date amid the new light then obtained.




LATER JEWISH POTTERY 800-600 B.C

## In the Firelight.

Come and dream of kings and kingdoms,
  Cooking chestnuts on the bars—
Round us the white roads are endless,
  Mournful under mournful stars.

Whisper lest we too may sadden,
  Round us herds of shadows steal—
Care not if beyond the shadows
  Flieth Fortune's furious wheel.

Kingdoms rising, kingdoms falling,
  Bowing nations, plumèd wars—
Weigh them in an hour of dreaming,
  Cooking chestnuts on the bars.

W. B. YEATS.



APPIUS CLAUDIUS PERSUADING THE SENATE TO REJECT PYRRHUS OFFER OF PEACE.

"ROME NEVER TREATS WHILE THERE IS A FOE ON ITALIAN SOIL."

*[From the Fresco by Maccari in the Senate House at Rome.*

"ROME NEVER TREATS WHILE THERE IS A FOE ON ITALIAN SOIL."

*From the Fresco by Maccari in the Senate House at Rome.*

# STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

## ITALY.

### PART II.

#### GIOVANNI NICOTERA.

Giovanni Nicotera, alternately friend and colleague of Depretis and Crispi, whether in the Cabinet or on the Opposition benches, was in 1849 a lad of Calabria whom exile had launched into Piedmont. He suffered all the misery of a life of exile, and went through the education of a conspirator in the days when all patriots were forced to be conspirators. In 1858, an ardent follower of Mazzini, he joined Colonel Pisacane in the famous and unfortunate expedition of Sapri. Taken prisoner and condemned to death, his punishment was changed to lifelong detention. Liberated by Garibaldi, he took part in the Garibaldian campaign, became a deputy, a brilliant orator, and a fiery, but not always logical disputant. Towards 1874 this convinced Republican became a Monarchist—how and why does not exactly appear, but with the result that in 1876 he found himself Minister of the Interior, where he showed qualities and defects both equally great. What harmed him in public opinion was an imperious manner to which Parliament in those days was not accustomed, and which it ill supported, but which under Crispi's rule has become but too familiar. To-day Nicotera heads in the southern provinces of Italy a somewhat tame opposition against the government of Crispi. He holds, however, the same views with regard to foreign policy as his adversary. If he were to rise to power, the music would not change; it would be merely a change of the first violin. It is improbable, however, that Nicotera will be the successor of Crispi, or that Taiani will take his place—another of the companions of Depretis and a member of the last Cabinet.

Admitting for a moment that the parliamentary dictatorship of Crispi, like that of Depretis, should cease only with his death, the heir whom public opinion designates to the post is the Minister Giuseppe Zanardelli. He, too, is a lawyer, an ancient Mazzinian, an eminent Garibaldian, at one time a coadjutor of Cairoli in the Ministry of the Interior during the first years of the reign of the present king. He is a convinced Liberal, an excellent man, but difficult to discipline. As Minister of Public Works he showed a rare competence for his post, a matter which does him the more honour as his studies were those of jurisprudence and not of technical affairs. He has reformed the Italian penal codex in a modern scientific and liberal sense, making it the most advanced codex of the kind which any European nation at the present moment possesses. Although Zanardelli's intimate sympathies are not with Austria, nor with the Triple Alliance, were he to come to power in place of Crispi he would maintain the existing compacts, whose renewal in 1892 depends far more upon events than upon the men who happen to be in office.

There remains little for us to say about Guido Baccelli, Frederigo Seismit-Doda, and Alfredo Baccarini. The first, an eminent Roman doctor, has been Minister of Public Instruction, but during his term of office did not give proof of those powers which were expected from him. Seismit-Doda, an excellent patriot of Dalmatian blood, is not so well known among the great European bankers as was Magliani, his predecessor; and in the very difficult moment which Italian finance is now passing through there is required above all a man who offers to the great banking houses of Berlin, London, and Paris those moral sureties which belong to the category of imponderous but important things. As to Alfredo Baccarini, dead but a few weeks ago, his name will be associated with the vigorous opposition which he made against Depretis when the latter decided to present to Parliament his project that the railways should pass into private hands. The measure was necessary at the time because the State had need of funds. In former times, while sitting on the benches of the Left when the Right was in power, Baccarini would have hotly favoured the project. This little trait gives the measure of the logic of political parties, and especially that of the excellent man, but by no means eminent statesman, recently departed.

#### AGOSTINO MAGLIANI.

In this rapid review of the active forces of Italian statesmanship we must say a few words about Agostino Magliani—the Minister under whose direction the "corso forzoso" or forced paper currency was abolished. He contracted under sufficiently favourable conditions a European debt to favour this reform. Nevertheless, Magliani did not prove the regenerator of Italian finances, for the simple reason that they are not yet regenerated. When the grist-tax was removed, which gave to the State seventy million francs, and when public opinion insisted that the paper currency should cease and give place to bullion, Magliani was obliged to make up the deficit with taxes of divers natures, which proved no less heavy and burdensome. Thus nothing has been gained by either of these measures, Italy finds herself with a heavy debt upon her shoulders, and is taxed altogether beyond her resources. Magliani, although he was an excellent financier in the sense that he could calculate well, had the grave defect of ex-

aggerating, as Crispi, too, exaggerates, the Italian capacity for paying; and too readily consented to the demands of the Ministers of War, of Marine, and of Public Works, for ever new funds to help their various designs, believing that the Italian imposts would produce an increasingly greater sum. For a short time the income derived from the taxes did increase slightly, though not as much as was expected by the optimistic Ministerialists, until the day in which the Italian discord with France severed the close commercial communication between the two countries.

There remains always to Magliani the merit that he understood how to make the great European bankers share his own faith in an increasing Italian prosperity; and it is certain that, if Crispi had not accentuated too violently his German sympathies, which caused a constant irritation to French ears, the previsions of Magliani would in a modified sense have been verified.

His post is now occupied by Giolitti, a Piedmontese, a youngish man much thought of in his own province, little known outside it, who continues the work of his predecessor, but who has to fight with far greater difficulties than stood in Magliani's road.

Crispi's Cabinet, which, as we write, is on the eve of appealing to the country to renew its mandate,[1] has to combat a latent opposition, composed of the old members of the Right who refused to surrender their ideas in 1876, and of a handful of young men, some already members of the present Parliament, others preparing themselves for parliamentary candidature in journalism and by stumping the country.

Every government, to maintain itself in power, has directed its attention to the timorous and fluctuating mass of people who can only be held together in a compact whole by the constant waving of some scarecrow before their eyes. In this the Crispi Ministry does not differ from its predecessors. It holds at its disposal two scarecrows —a black and a white one. The timorous consciences of the great party of order are, therefore, made to understand that the old men of the Right are all more or less steeped in clericalism, and that if they were to reascend to power Italy would be once more chained to the Vatican. The same tame and unthinking consciences are made to believe that if the extreme Left which sympathises with the French Republic came into office, the most tremendous radicalism would devastate the whole of Italy, that anarchy would result, and that the land would be nothing but a slave of France. These two scarecrows, the black and the white, alternately held up, have done their office for twenty years, and are not yet worn out. It is worth while to inquire whether the two extremes are quite as black as they are painted.

### BONGHI AND BONFADINI.

Among the extreme Right may be found men like Bonghi and Bonfadini leading a band of deputies who hold that Italy must remain faithful to her diplomatic stipulations without accentuating them more than is needful, and who hold also that it is useless to irritate the Vatican more than is necessary, since, after all, its power has been entirely subdued since the conquest of Rome in 1870. Indeed, it was Bonghi who drew up the "law of the guarantees" which is the juridical platform for the relations between Italy and the Papacy. They also deem that it is imprudent for the land to throw itself into colonial enterprise, while the grapes of Puglia cannot be sold for a higher price than six francs the quintale, from lack of barrels to contain the wine, which might be made on the spot and could produce for Italy riches incalculable. They further hold it imprudent to have made so great a demonstration in Rome about the statue of Giordano Bruno, for which there was no imperative necessity. Not forgetful of 1859, they have for Napoleonic France a sympathy of grateful memories, and though they are sincere monarchists they retain a kindly feeling towards the Transalpine Republic, so long as it does not wish to carry a republican propaganda into Italy. They do not think it wise or desirable that in public education the name of God should be entirely cancelled, and that religious ideas and a liberal basis should be forbidden in the schools; and they do not expunge from the list of the country's glories such names as those of Santa Catarina da Siena and San Francesco d'Assisi.

The attitude of this party towards Government is that they desire to have a part in the management of affairs, and some security that the ideas of their party shall be in due measure considered. It is true that to a certain extent it is represented, for Boselli, Minister of Public Instruction, Brin, Minister of the Navy, and General Bertolè-Viale, Minister of War, are in sympathy with it, though the Government itself, pushed on by certain freemasonic currents, has combated its proposals, making them pass before the eyes of the public as clericals and reactionaries.

Bonghi and Bonfadini are the most eminent orators of this party, which finds special favour in Tuscany, in Venetia, and in the small towns of Lombardy and Piedmont, but less support in the great centres, which are rather dominated by the extreme faction of the rival Right. The "Fanfulla" and the "Corriere della Sera" may be considered as the authorised organs of the former faction, which is also represented in a cultured and well-written monthly review—not widely read—called the "Rassegna Nazionale." Belonging to this party are also the so-called Agrarian gentlemen, that is to say, the deputies for the Piedmontese and Lombard districts, which suffer from constantly increasing emigration, with the result that the lands remain uncultivated, and that Italy, which formerly not only produced enough rice for its needs, but was able to export it, has now to import this grain from Burmah, India, North America, and the Valley of the Euphrates. The Agrarian League, which was constituted about a year ago, has become slowly but surely a force with which the Government will have to reckon. Their spokesman is the Deputy Lucca of Vercelli, no lawyer, but a landed proprietor who speaks of what he knows.

[1] The elections have resulted in such a victory for the Liberal-monarchical party as surpassed even their most sanguine expectations.



A NIGHT SITTING IN THE ITALIAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

CAVALLOTTI.

The extreme Left, among whose rank and file were numbered in past years the present Cabinet Ministers, does not disguise its sympathies for republican France. By the mouth of the poet Cavalotti it openly accuses the Cabinet of having artificially exaggerated the character of the discord between Italy and France. The organ of this party is the "Secolo," and in a measure the "Tribuna," a much read Roman paper belonging to Prince Sciarra. The extreme Left is composed of old and young Garibaldians, and among these shines in conspicuous mode the Deputy Matteo Renato Imbriani—a frank, elegant, versatile young man, deaf to the cajolery of any special party, an ardent partisan for the liberation of the Trentino and Trieste. He is constantly calling the House to question, and always in the most correctly parliamentary form, and it would seem as if he had been put into the world on purpose to make Crispi lose his temper and self-control. He is the most vigorous force that the Opposition has at its command. He sits for the pacific district of Bari, whose cruel agrarian sufferings inspired them to send to Parliament a tribune who should plead their cause.

The popular platform held by the extreme Left is the double agitation against the clericals and against Austria. Crispi willingly lends his support to the movement against the former, and waves his black scarecrow; he does not approve the outcry against Austria, but makes use of it to strengthen the hands of his red bugbear.

Does the extreme Left desire a republic? It does not say so, but we are permitted to believe it. Is it subsidised by foreign gold, as the upholders of the red spectre pretend? We do not believe it, and in favour of our disbelief we point to the thoroughly honest and patriotic characters of the men who compose it—men mistaken no doubt, but incapable of perfidy so great as this.[1]

We have already spoken of the relations which exist between Italy and the Vatican, and there remains little more to say on this subject. We cannot however impress too strongly upon foreign readers, that it is here that must be sought the keystone of the arch of Italian politics, because it is these relations which are the principal cause of the difficulties which hamper Italian statesmen. The Italian people never were, and are not to this day, religious in the true sense of the word, and scepticism predominates. Notwithstanding this, they do not throw over the forms of the Roman Catholic Church, to which the population, especially in the country, is accustomed, and which, with its spectacular effects, and appeals to the senses, especially attracts Southern natures. This artistic tenacity in favour of their creed, side by side with religious indifference, is one great cause why the reformation of the fifteenth century never took root in Italy.

The Roman Curia is not ignorant of this, it knows perfectly well that Rome has been entirely conquered for Italy, and that no political party, of whatever colour, will ever cede in this respect. Indeed, if Rome were given back to-day to the Pope, he would not know what to do with it. Rome is no longer the city of the Popes, it has doubled its size since 1870, and it must ever be remembered that the Rome of to-day has become entirely dependent for its daily bread on the masses of people attracted within its walls by the government of Italy. The Pope knows this as well as the State: but for historic and financial reasons, and also for the sake of outsiders who contribute to Peter's Pence—which find but few subscribers in Italy—Leo XIII continues to repel all diplomatic relations with the existing Government, and every amicable step in advance which the Italian State is willing to make to him. The same policy will have to be continued by his successors, whether they believe in it or no.

That which frets the Vatican is not so much the presence of the Italian nation in Rome, as the residence in the Quirinal of the Royal Family. The struggle may be said to be between the two palaces.

It has seemed to the dweller on the other side of the Tiber, that the inhabitants of the Quirinal rob him of part of the lustre which he desires shall in Rome belong to the Papacy alone. The Vatican has not yet absolutely abandoned all its hopes on this subject, and it puts its trust, strangely enough, in the Republican cause in Italy, hoping that this party will restore it to its ancient splendour. A Prince of Savoy in Rome casts a shadow over the Vatican; a President of an Italian Republic in the same place would cause it no annoyance whatever. It is on this account that the Crown is forced repeatedly to manifest its presence in the Eternal City by ceremonious deeds and words, such as the King's now famous phrase of "intangible Rome." To this cause is also due the raising of monuments to heroes of the Italian wars of independence.

As for the probability of a future republic in Italy, for the moment such an idea may be dismissed as an idle dream. The present mode of government in Italy is as democratic as that of the United States, and it would be only a question of name to change it from a monarchy to a republic. It would be impossible for any President to be more easily approachable than is King Humbert; no President opens his ears more readily to the miseries of individuals and of the nation than does the King of Italy.

A very real plague-spot of the country, and a cause of further expense, is the enormous army of small employés that fill every post and office, doing their work indifferently, serving the public badly, miserably paid, and living upon the profits of the State. But a Republic could change little with regard to this, for every Italian aspires to hold a post under Government, and would rather earn a small income in such a position than make his way independently. Nor would a change in the form of government do anything to lighten the obligations which Italy has assumed towards the central Powers. However odious these obligations are to the majority of Italians, they nevertheless recognise

[1] Recent events prove that we have been a little too optimistic and generous in passing this judgment.

that under the existing state of things they are necessary and imperative.

It is natural that in England the questions should be asked: What has become of the old Mazzini party? Does it still exist? Has it still notable representatives? We will try to answer these questions rapidly. Mazzini was, above all things, an educator, and his influence upon Italian politics did not extend beyond the limits of an educative mission. It was Mazzini who implanted into the Italian people the double sentiment of independence and of liberty. His axiom, "God and the people," was well adapted for a period in which life was easy under all aspects. The few poor that then existed received even more help than they required from public and private charity. There was little commerce, no industry, and agriculture flourished. It may be said that in those days the struggle for life was unknown in Italy. Under such conditions the two ideas of independence and liberty easily took root and grew. From the bosom of the Mazzinian party there gradually issued a number of men, disciples of the master, who either rose to power in the Ministry or to eminent posts in the Government. Among these we may name Daniele Manin, Emilio Visconti, Venosta, Cesare Correnti, Giuseppe Garibaldi, Ninio Bixio, Giacomo Medici, and various others who were among the first not precisely to depart from the Mazzinian doctrines, but to modify the political methods employed by him.

Crispi, Depretis, and Nicotera were also old Mazzinians, but, like those above named, abandoned their faith in popular insurrections and in the fascination of the mere word Republic. The only other disciples of Mazzini of whom it is necessary to speak were Quadrio and Alberto Mario. These still preached the doctrines of their master, as did Aurelio Saffi, who was the truest follower of Mazzini; but when Saffi died the Mazzinians, though remaining nominally faithful to the republican tenets, felt themselves in a certain measure more free to act according to their ideas. The solid virtues of Saffi had kept the republican party together, but meantime new problems had arisen to be solved by thinkers. The People had obtained, thanks to the doctrine of the Mazzinians who had become Ministers, all those political liberties which they desired. The idea of God, on the other hand, has lost its value with the masses; these ask to-day nothing else but their daily bread and better economic conditions for their country. It is no longer possible to quiet the Italian lower class with promises of a change of government. The social reforms that have become necessary do not depend upon the existence at Rome rather of the president of a republic than of a sovereign. The burden of the taxation and national debt, the oppressive and almost prohibitive duties put upon industry which have closed factory after factory, the strikes, the emigration constantly increasing, in fact all the symptoms and all the effects of adversity, could not be mended by a mere change in the name of the government. It is therefore natural that the original Mazzinian party, having exhausted its password, remains nothing but an historical record. There is rising in its stead a group which desires reforms of every kind, some of them logical and just. This party is *au fond* a socialistic party, but it is divided into so many distinct sections, according to the intelligence or the sufferings of those who belong to it, that it is less likely to succeed. In Parliament it is represented by Andrea Costa, now living in Paris, who was obliged to fly from Italy because he was condemned to imprisonment for having assaulted a policeman. The Italian socialists are not absolutely republicans, or rather, they are so only in an indirect manner. They hold firmly that the monarchical system does not educate the people to practise certain simple virtues which, according to them, flourish in lands purely republican. They believe that under the monarchical *régime* it is more difficult to substitute international arbitration for war They deem that the monarchy is an obstacle to that, for them, holy cause, progressive taxation. They believe, finally, that modern monarchies demand for their basis an insolent, grasping, and pampered *bourgeoisie*. In the same manner that monarchs seek alliances and friendships with other monarchs, the Italian socialists, who may be all called Radicals, seek friendships with their brethren in other lands—especially in France; and this party is entirely Francophile. This love for France makes their enemies call them traitors to their country, but this is a calumny, for they are true patriots, though they perhaps understand patriotism in a manner diverse to that of the majority of their countrymen.

Has the extreme Left a leader? it will be asked. To all appearance their chief is Cavallotti, a poet and orator of merit, who speaks with elegance and eloquence, but who is a man in many respects resembling Emilio Castelar and Victor Hugo—that is to say, a dreamer. He lacks all the qualities essential to a statesman. If Cavallotti were called to represent the king in the post of Prime Minister he would find himself in a position not very dissimilar to that in which Crispi found himself—that is, he would have to submit to the necessities of the political State such as his predecessors had created it. Nor could he suddenly overthrow the colonial policy, since the abandonment of Massaua would not only provoke much opposition at home, but would probably bring objection from England, who counselled Italy to take possession of that port, in order that it might not become a Russian harbour. Unless the Italian policy should change, root and branch, it is not possible that Cavallotti should ever become Minister either of the Interior or of Foreign Affairs. Notwithstanding, he may have, and has, an important influence over national events. He is useful as a check and a counteracting force, and it is always possible that he might make a Ministry fall by means of legal agitation. It is certain that during 1889, when the Triple Alliance had assumed towards France a too menacing attitude, Cavallotti did real service to Italy in declaring himself openly opposed to an offensive war. In those days, by means of the "Secolo," to which he is a constant contributor, and taking as the basis for his operations

the province of Lombardy, he succeeded in imposing a little more caution upon Crispi.

In all this Cavallotti is greatly helped by Imbriani, a far more sympathetic and amiable character, also a gentleman by birth and feeling. He is not as eloquent as his comrade, but he bears better with the interruptions and tumults of the Chamber of Deputies. In Imbriani are accentuated the defects and qualities of the Tribune of the People, accepting the word in its old Latin sense. Until now this temperament has been, perhaps, a trifle exuberant, but with time it will become modified, and there are those who think that this young man has a great future before him. It is interesting to know that he is not unpopular at court, his very real virtues and his sincerity of conviction causing him to be appreciated even by those whom he would overthrow from their place.

Imbriani gave the measure of his moral courage when he attacked the Freemasons in the Chamber—a society which, in Italy, is still alive and active. The Italian Freemasons, according to the rules of the fraternity, are allied with those of the other nations, but, in contrast to their colleagues abroad, they are active in political life. During the period of the Italian *Risorgimento* the Freemasons enrolled a large number of men under their banner. Their leader at the present moment is Adriano Lemmi, a rich industrial, a former friend of the Mazzini party, but who has never taken a leading political place. In a land like Italy, where the people dearly love a flavour of mystery, it is natural that an exaggerated influence should be attributed to the Freemasons. We believe, however, that their influence is relatively slight.

Such in a bird's-eye view is the present state of Italian politics, and such are the men who lead in them. It would appear to an outsider that from this terrible chaos little good can result. We can but conclude by quoting the words of Cairoli, when he too one day felt depressed about the future of his nation:

"Parties dissolve, one assembly succeeds another, ministers pass away, but the nation, born in tears, matured in martyrdom, built up by the valour of her sons—this is an edifice that does not crumble to decay, this is a Pharos whose light does not dim."[1]

[1] The Senate House at Rome has been recently decorated with frescoes. Our engraving is from one by the painter Maccari. It represents the blind old Appius Claudius persuading the Senate to reject Pyrrhus' offer of peace: "ROME NEVER TREATS WHILE THERE IS A FOE ON ITALIAN SOIL."

## Cinderella.

POOR little Cinderella!
What did she feel, I wonder,
When that dread stroke of midnight
Snapped her bright dream asunder?

Such a dull blank "to-morrow,"
Such heavy, heavy eyes,
Such a grey world of duty,
No sunlight in the skies.

Was that brief pleasant madness
Worth all the after pain?
Back, little Cinderella,
Back to your hearth again!

My sister, Cinderella,
I, too, went to your ball;
Light, magic, silk, and splendour,
Fairy prince and all.

Glass slippers danced too lightly,
Heedless of midnight chime,
In that enchanted palace
"Once upon a time."

*Now* fairy-land has vanished,
Wishes once more are vain.
"Back, little Cinderella,
Back to your hearth again!"

Ah! happy fairy stories,
With morals quaint and old!
That was the age of magic,
This is the age of gold.

In that far-distant dreamland,
Which little children know,
Princes wooed beggar-maidens
"Years and years ago."

For those were fairy ages,
But never, *never* since
Has little Cinderella
Wedded the fairy prince.

HELEN SMETHAM.

# DE QUINCEY.

THE recent publication in fourteen volumes of a new edition of De Quincey's works under the editorship of Professor Masson, and a revised and enlarged life of the essayist by Dr. Japp, afford sufficient reason, perhaps, for touching in these pages on some of the more prominent points in the Opium Eater's career. "If this singular man's life," it has been said, "were to be written truthfully, no one would believe it, so strange the tale would seem."

From childhood to old age, indeed, De Quincey was a puzzle to all who knew him. In manners he was a courtly gentleman: in appearance, as Miss Mitford writes, he looked like a beggar. With knowledge that seemed boundless, he frequently acted like a child or a fool; always courteous in speech, he could be bitter, inconsiderate, and even malicious, in print; shy and reserved in society, he wrote of himself with a shamelessness that almost reminds us of Rousseau; regardless of money he scattered it among the most worthless of beggars, and was constantly in pecuniary difficulties. De Quincey had the warmest affection for his wife and children, but he often left them to live, nobody knew how, in solitary lodgings. Throughout the night he would ramble for miles over the country, or write for the press, and the best part of the day was given to slumber, to be followed frequently by nervous suffering, and a wretchedness "not utterable to any human ear." With a mind of amazing versatility, and many a beautiful trait of character, it is impossible to read De Quincey's life without seeing that it was, in great measure, a wreck, and that this failure was due, as in the case of Coleridge, to opium.

Thomas De Quincey, one of a family of eight children, was born in Manchester in 1785, whence shortly after the child's birth the family removed to Greenhay, then a rural suburb of the great cotton city. There his father built a house, but could have lived in it only a brief space; for after several years of travel in search of health, he died at home of consumption, when Thomas was a child of seven. The boy was one of the most sensitive of children, and extraordinarily precocious. "At thirteen," he says, "I wrote Greek with ease, and at fifteen my command of that language was so great that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but could converse in Greek fluently, and without embarrassment. . . . This boy, said one of the masters, could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one." It is interesting to find the boy explaining difficulties in Greek to Lady Carbery, who was at that time devoutly studying the Greek Testament in the original; and reading of this lady, we are reminded of the pious and lovely woman of the same name, who won the praises of Jeremy Taylor, and was the original of the Lady in Milton's "Comus." Whether, by marriage, she was connected with the Earl Carbery of Golden Grove, immortalised by the most eloquent of English divines, De Quincey's biographers do not tell us.

De Quincey's mother, a good woman, as clever in her son's judgment as Hannah More, and holding her religious views, removed to Bath after her husband's death, and there Thomas gained a part of his education. At sixteen the brilliantly clever youth was ready for Oxford, and wished to go there, but his guardians, much to his disgust, decided to send him for three years to Manchester in order that he might win an exhibition of £40 or £50 a year at Brasenose College. This was apparently a wise arrangement, for De Quincey's portion of the family estate was £150 a year, and on less than £200 no student could live at Oxford without privations which would make his life irksome. To De Quincey, however, the Manchester arrangement was hateful in the extreme, and after staying at the school for a year and a half, he pleaded for his immediate removal, not wholly without reason, for the daily plan of school life gave no time for physical exercise, and his health was breaking down. The request was refused, and the boy, for he was but seventeen, determined to run away. In his own inimitable style he has related the story of his adventures. His mother was at this time living at Chester, and De Quincey walked there in two days, a distance of forty miles. Great was the amazement of the household on the arrival of the truant, whom his mother was disposed to treat with severity, but, strange to say, on the intercession of an uncle, the youth was allowed to wander in North Wales on the allowance of a guinea a week. Any plan more indiscreet it would be difficult to imagine; and how was a youth, delicately nurtured, with a constitution far from vigorous, and the son, be it remembered, of a consumptive father, to live upon three shillings a day? While the summer weather lasted he had a happy time, living among the cottagers, sleeping oftentimes at night in the open air, and occasionally writing letters for rustic lovers as payment for his board.

As winter approached bivouacking became impossible, and De Quincey, eager for change and for society, "took," he writes, "a fierce resolution to sacrifice my weekly allowance, to slip my anchor, and to throw myself, in desperation, upon London."

The story of his strange career in the metropolis reads like a romance. How he tried to borrow money of the Jews, how he wandered about the streets by night and day, how he slept in the empty house of a low attorney to the comfort of a poor girl of ten years old, in whose charge it was left—this and much more about the misfortunes and privations he had brought upon himself by choice—is told with much pathos in the "Confessions." How far the tale is true, and how much of it may

be due to an imagination stimulated by opium, has been often asked, and not without cause. That De Quincey had any intention to deceive we do not for a moment believe, but he was seventeen when he passed through these London experiences, and thirty-six when he wrote the "Confessions;" is it not therefore reasonable to suppose that in this long period of time, a large portion of which had been spent under the slavery of opium, his recollections of those early days would be coloured and distorted? On returning to his friends (how this came to pass is not clearly explained) De Quincey's guardians, with a singular lack of wisdom, permitted him to go to Oxford, but refused at the same time to allow him more than £100 a year. To live on that sum was of course impossible, and De Quincey had once more recourse to the Jews. While an undergraduate of Worcester College he studied German and Hebrew, but it is a far more important fact in his history that not long after his admission he tasted opium for the first time, three years before Coleridge had fallen into the same snare, and ruined in great measure one of the finest intellects ever bestowed upon man.

With the perverseness that marked his conduct in the practical affairs of life, De Quincey left Oxford without a degree. He cherished an enthusiasm for men of genius, and unbounded was his early admiration of Coleridge and Wordsworth, in whose poetry he found, as well he might, a new world of beauty. He seems to have been in possession of money at this time, due perhaps to the Jews, and, with the generosity natural to him, upon hearing that Coleridge was in difficulties, he sent him anonymously £300. Then we read of De Quincey's conveying Mrs. Coleridge and her children to Greta Hall in Keswick, a house made fragrant by many a beautiful memory of Southey, and that stopping *en route* at Grasmere he made the acquaintance of Wordsworth. That was a memorable day to De Quincey, who describes in an often-quoted passage his first impressions of the poet and his family. A little later on he resided under Wordsworth's roof for a month or more, and, when the poet removed to a larger house, took possession of his cottage, "immortal in my remembrance," he exclaims, "as well it might be, for this cottage I retained through just seven and twenty years; this was the scene of struggles the most impetuous and bitter within my own mind, this the scene of my despondency and unhappiness, this the scene of my happiness—a happiness which justified the faith of man's *earthly* lot as upon the whole a dowry from heaven." One of the most pleasing traits in De Quincey's character was his love of children, and Wordsworth's little ones exercised a peculiar fascination. The affection he felt for them was amply returned. The little Catherine "never forgot Quincey," and when that lovely child died he was almost broken-hearted. "Oh that I might have died for her or with her," he writes, "willingly, my dear friend, I would have done this. I do not say it from any sudden burst of anguish, but as a feeling that I have ejaculated in truth and sincerity a thousand times since I heard of her death. If I had seen her in pain I could have done anything for her, and reason it was that I should, for she was a blessing to *me* and gave me many and many an hour of happy thoughts that I can never have again. You tell me to think of her with tender cheerfulness, but far from that, dear friend, my heart grows heavier and heavier every day. More and more of her words and looks and actions keep coming up before me, and there is nobody to whom I can speak about her." And afterwards he relates that he often spent the night on her grave, "not, as may readily be supposed, in any parade of grief; on the contrary, in that quiet valley of simple shepherds I was secure enough from observation until morning light began to return; but in mere intensity of sick, frantic yearning after neighbourhood to the darling of my heart."

There was not much that was congenial between Southey and De Quincey, though one link might have bound them together—an ardent love of books, and Wordsworth's friendship did not grow warmer as the years went on; but Wilson, who in his youthful days had a home in the Lake country, was a warm admirer of De Quincey, and carried him on a visit to Edinburgh, where he was regarded as "a puzzle, a paradox, a source of bewilderment."

"He became," Dr. Japp writes, "a kind of literary lion, and was persecuted with invitations to dine out, here, there, everywhere. All felt that a new influence was at work in their midst, and they enjoyed it. This new-comer, who could cap Hamilton's most recondite quotations from Plato and Plotinus, from Kant or Richter, or rectify on the spur of the moment the least lapse in a line cited from Euripides or Pindar, was worthy of study and of deference, both of which were so loyally yielded him, that De Quincey ever afterwards felt a love for Edinburgh as for a second *alma mater*."

The writer adds that he was then in that stage of opium-eating which may be regarded as a swift advance to the climax, "but, as yet at all events, his constitution and mental faculties seemed to be strengthened instead of impaired by it." Yet, according to De Quincey's own statement, he had now become a confirmed opium-eater, and Professor Masson observes that owing to this cause he regarded 1813 (the year before this visit to Edinburgh) as a fatal one in his history. "From this time the use of the drug increased and increased upon him till it reached the monstrous allowance of 320 grains of solid opium, or 8,000 drops of laudanum, per day. It may convey a more exact idea if we add that 8,000 drops would fill about seven ordinary wine-glasses."

In the prospect of a happy marriage, De Quincey resolved to fight against this fatal vice, and reduced his daily dose from 320 grains to forty. An extraordinary relief from melancholy was the result. He was happy in himself and happy in his prospects, but this reform did not last long, and in three or four years he sank into lower depths than ever. "His faculties," says his biographer, "were as though bound up in chains of frost. He shrank from mathematics and intellectual philosophy with a sense of infantile feebleness. He could not read what demanded any effort and sustained thought. . . . He seldom could prevail on himself to write a letter; an answer of a few words to any he received was all he could accomplish, and often not that until the letters had lain for weeks and even

months on his table." Horrible dreams, too, beset him. "Sometimes," says Professor Masson, "the dream-imagery was Oriental: Egypt adding her horrors to those of China and Hindostan, and all three yielding a monstrous jumble of things animate and inanimate amid which he was compelled to move and suffer, seeking refuge in vain in pagodas and their most secret rooms, or chased for ages through tropical forests, or buried in caves with mummies and sphinxes and all the abominations of the ibis and the crocodile." The terrors endured by De Quincey in the early years of the century afflicted him also many years later, when he wrote to Miss Mitford of the "undecipherable horror" that night and day broods over his nervous system, and how whatever he may be writing "becomes suddenly overspread with a dark frenzy of horror." Again and again De Quincey struggled with this enemy of his life, and again and yet again he fell, so that in 1844, when he was consuming about 5,000 drops of laudanum a day, he had been more or less under the slavery of the drug for forty years. No wonder that he called opium a curse!

It is but just to add that in the use of the drug De Quincey was able to exercise more control over himself in his later years, and also that he himself asserted that opium-eating was not due in the first instance to vicious indulgence, but was taken to obtain relief from pain caused by his early privations.

While under subjection to this tyranny at Grasmere, the necessity of winning bread for his family roused him to action, and for a time he undertook the editorship of the "Westmoreland Gazette." No man, however, was less fitted for the steady and persistent labour demanded of an editor, and he did not hold the post long.

It was as an essayist he was destined to win his fame, and at the mature age of thirty-six he became a contributor to periodical literature.

Leaving his wife and children in the cottage at Grasmere, he appears to have resided for the greater part of four years in London, living, as far as possible, in solitude, taking lonely walks at night, and suffering from the effects of opium on the liver. He was also in great straits for money and told his friend Wilson that he had not a place to hide his head in. It is pleasanter to read of De Quincey's intercourse at this period with Lamb and Hood, with Talfourd and Charles Knight. Knight, by the way, has a characteristic anecdote of the Opium Eater while a guest under his roof, during the absence of the family.

"A friend or two had met him at dinner, and I had walked part of the way home with one of them. When I returned I tapped at his chamber-door to bid him good-night; he was sitting at the open window habited as a prize-fighter when he enters the ring. 'You will take cold,' I exclaimed, 'where is your shirt?' 'I have not a shirt, my shirts are unwashed.' 'But why not tell the servant to send them to the laundress?' 'Ah! how could I presume to do that in Mrs. Knight's absence?'"

And now began De Quincey's connexion with "Blackwood," which led him to think seriously of settling in Edinburgh. Miss Wordsworth, always a wise friend, strongly advised this course, which was not ultimately adopted until 1830, when De Quincey was forty-five years of age. He was now fairly embarked on the sea of literature with every prospect, save for one drawback, of a prosperous voyage. He had a fund of the most varied knowledge always at hand, great originality of style, with a liveliness fitted for the bulk of general readers, and a frequent depth and beauty of thought which delighted readers of the highest culture.

In Edinburgh, as in London previously, his biographers have found it difficult to follow De Quincey's eccentric movements. The loss of two sons, one of whom he called the crown and glory of his life, and then of his faithful wife, left him a widower at the age of fifty-one, with six children to provide for, the eldest a girl in her teens. One of the brightest spots in a painful career is the conduct of his two daughters, who bravely undertook the management of the family affairs and settled in a cottage near Lasswade, about seven miles from Edinburgh, "where they and the four younger ones could live more quietly and economically than in the town, and to which their father could retreat when he wanted retirement."

Meanwhile he had more than one retreat in Edinburgh, and we read of his having several lodgings there, all being paid for at one time. After mentioning his extravagance in giving money lavishly to beggars, his daughter adds:

"His other extravagance grew out of the morbid value he set upon his papers, and their not being disturbed. He was in the habit of accumulating these till, according to his own description, he was 'snowed up,' which meant when matters came to such an extremity that there was not a square inch on the table to set a cup upon, that there was no possibility of making his bed for the weight of papers scattered there, that there was no chair that could be used for its legitimate purpose, and that the track from the door to the fire-place, which had always to be considered, had been blotted over even for his own careful treading; then he locked the door upon this impracticable state of things and turned elsewhere . . . At his death there were, I believe, about six places where he had these deposits, it may be imagined at what expense."

Then De Quincey had his "den" also in the country cottage, crowded, like the Edinburgh lodgings, with books and papers; and so careless were his habits that his daughters were not without fear lest the house should be set on fire. He was not a reassuring man, it is said, for a nervous person to live with. His inability to manage his affairs had forced him, even before his wife's death, to take refuge from his creditors in Holyrood, the liberties of which extended to the glorious walks in the neighbourhood of the Palace, while on Sunday, like the debtors hiding in the Mint in London, he could go whither he pleased. The "connexion with Holyrood," we are told, continued off and on for some years. Writing of De Quincey in his "Bookhunter," under the disguise of "Papaverius," Mr. Hill Burton says: "Those who knew him a little might call him a loose man in money matters; those who knew him closer laughed at the idea of coupling any notion of pecuniary or other like responsibility with his nature. You might as well attack the character of the nightingale which may have nipped up your five-pound note and torn it to shreds to serve as nest-building material."

This lack of common sense, to call it by no harsher name, brought its inevitable troubles, and it is pitiful to hear of De Quincey even in old age seeking about at times for the means of living and, like a literary neophyte, carrying his articles to the office of a newspaper or magazine.

De Quincey's eccentricities are so marked that it is difficult to think of him apart from them. To the outer world he was chiefly known as the Opium Eater, and as a brilliant essayist, but those who were near to him by blood or friendship found much to love and even to reverence. He had a sensibility that was almost morbid, and a refinement of politeness that charmed his visitors. To those beneath him in society his courtesy was extreme and sometimes a little puzzling, so elaborate was he in his explanations on requesting some small service to be done. "Ah, Mr. De Quincey," said a servant, "you are a great man, a very great man; nobody can understand you!" In society he talked with a charm that won every listener, and with the consideration natural to him was always ready to let other persons take their share in the conversation. It was only when he took pen in hand that his words ever left a sting. To accumulate books was a passion, and few men knew better how to use them. Yet he could call it, and not without reason, one of the afflictions of life, "that one must read thousands of books only to discover that one need not have read them."

Despite all he wrote of himself and all that has been written about him, we know very little of De Quincey. We can picture him as a very small, slovenly-dressed man, with gentle, winning manners, and strange and puzzling ways, as one who delighted in reverie and lived among the dreams of fancy, and who, with all his startling outside eccentricities and even the glaring candour of his opium confessions, remains an impenetrable being. This is the judgment of Dr. Masson, and probably no one living is more familiar with the works and ways of De Quincey. One of his most obvious and most beautiful characteristics was a love of children, and as his troubled life grew towards its close, his dreams seemed always to be of them. He lived until his seventy-fifth year, and died in Edinburgh in 1859, the year in which Lord Macaulay also passed away.

As an author, De Quincey is distinguished for originality of thought and style, and for the great variety of subjects upon which he has exercised his powers. He is a dreamer of poetic phantasies, and in this line of art has no rival. And there is this peculiarity with regard to De Quincey, that a taste for his essays is far from universal, even among critics and men of letters. Every one whose judgment is of value will praise, without reserve, the "Essays of Elia;" but a good many readers of culture will be moderate almost to coldness in their praise of De Quincey. They cannot contest his consummate skill as a literary artist, or the weird-like charm of his highest imaginative efforts; but at the best he wins their admiration, not their love. His elaborate and rhetorical style is sometimes supremely effective; on the other hand, his circumlocution is often infinitely tedious, and the simplest statement may be concealed in a labyrinth of words. But the words are generally musical, and allured oftentimes by the sweetness of the sound, we are willing to listen even when the meaning conveyed is trivial. The reader is told that if he dislikes the "prolonged wheeling and soaring" of De Quincey's rhetorical flights, it is because of his own incapacity to rise with him, and to such an argument the modest reader may find it difficult to reply. Yet he might answer not unreasonably that the author's flights are often without a purpose, and are not due to the loftiness of his theme. De Quincey, it has been said by Mr. Leslie Stephen, "was hardly a responsible being," and his imagination, splendid though it be in its gyrations, does not, like the imagination of great poets, feed the soul.

It is not his stately style that daunts the lover of fine literature. That is the characteristic of some of his choicest literary companions—of Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne; but what he misses in De Quincey is the want of aim, the want of vivifying thought, the want of that masculine strength that gives consistency and stability to the works of our greatest authors.

Professor Masson has suggested that a young man might read the entire works of De Quincey in a month, but he adds that even for the fittest readers a month's complete and continuous course of De Quincey would be too much. This is quite true. A leisure hour with De Quincey is delightful, but he is not an author to be recommended for a prolonged course of reading. Much that he has written is scarcely worthy of preservation in book form, and all the papers that exhibit De Quincey in his finest mood can be included in one or two volumes.

The "Confessions," "The English Mail Coach," "Joan of Arc," "Levana and our Ladies of Sorrow," "Memorials of Grasmere," "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," the "Literary Reminiscences," and the essays on Rhetoric and Style—are the finest efforts of De Quincey's art, and these will probably satisfy most readers. Whether time will be gentle to his memory, and what rank he will ultimately take among our famous prose authors, are questions to which a critic can only reply by guesses. This at least may be said without fear of controversy: that his position in literature is unique, for he dwells in a land of dreams to which no other English author has access. His phantasies have been called by the absurd name of prose-poetry, which is, and always must be, an impossible form of literature; but in the borderland between poetry and prose De Quincey reigns supreme.

JOHN DENNIS.

# WINTER RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF MICROSCOPIC LIFE.

BY W. H. SHRUBSOLE, F.G.S.

## MARVELS IN MUD.

THERE is plenty of mud in the Medway. From the nature of the soil of the district drained by this river, it could not well be otherwise. The waste of the land is always being borne in suspension seaward, and much of it is dropped on the way.

This never-ceasing action results in a vast accumulation of earthy matters, which, sooner or later, checks the river flow in places where the current is comparatively feeble, and then deposition takes place there more rapidly, until the soft banks reach the level of ordinary tides. Large areas of swampy land have thus been formed by natural process along the course of the Medway between Chatham and Sheerness, and the southern borders of the Island of Sheppey have been greatly enlarged by the coalescence therewith—due to the silting up of the water passages—of the islets of Harty, Elmley, Russenden, Queenboro, and Sheerness, all of which probably maintained insularity in Roman times.

Man has supplemented nature by throwing up earthworks to shut out the water altogether. This work was first undertaken on a large scale in this locality in the reign of Edward III, by a Special Commission, which according to the record included such local dignitaries as the Bishop and the Prior of Rochester, Thomas de Cobham, and the Abbot of Boxley.

Long before enclosure was thought of, however, some occupants of the land had constructed raised tracks, called pede-ways (afterwards corrupted to peatways), at convenient distances apart, through the oozy marshes to the adjacent uplands, whereby to facilitate the removal of flocks and herds when high tides were expected.

After a time, as the land level gradually rose by reason of the constant settling down of the fluent slime thereon, it was seen that the water could be kept out of a limited space by connecting the river ends of two neighbouring "pedeways" by a rampart of dried mud. The idea was successfully reduced to practice, and the water excluded from areas which, from being thus shut in, were said to be "inned." A piece of land thus enclosed along the upper reaches of a river was known as a "fresh-inn," whilst a reclaimed space bordering the lower reaches was termed a "salt-inn." In time a continuous line of "wall" was formed, and the course of the river confined within narrower bounds, with the result of accelerating the speed of the current, and of deepening the channel. Now, the mud-banks that have grown up outside the artificial barriers so much that their surface, covered with saline herbage, is only submerged at spring tides, are by a strange perversion of terms called "salt-inns," or "saltings," and the true "salting" is known as a marsh.

Land of this character, not yet enclosed, extends for miles on both sides of the Medway, and constitutes an almost inexhaustible hunting-ground for the entomologist and the micro-zoologist.

It may be remarked that the enclosed land not only ceases to increase upward, but actually lowers its surface level as a consequence of shrinkage and consolidation, and from being subject to the wasting action of atmospheric forces.

As the so-called "saltings" meanwhile continue to rise, a considerable difference between the land levels in and outside the sea-wall becomes apparent.

Opinions may vary as to the character of this riparian scenery. Some speak of it as being gloomy and desolate; others find animation and beauty around, and cheerfulness within, whilst plodding along the tortuous sheep tracks. Much depends on the disposition of the plodder, and the object he has in view.

During part of the year the Sea-Lavender (*Statice limonium*), Thrift (*Armeria vulgaris*), Aster (*Aster tripolium*) and other plants form successive carpets of colour which invest these spots with transient beauty; but even without such adornment the saltings have for me a special charm which long acquaintance only serves to strengthen.

They certainly have a character entirely their own. Big creeks bend about in all directions, and throughout their devious courses ramify in innumerable gullies, most of which are impassable to the pedestrian. Smaller drains and gutters meander into the gullies, and still further cut up the ground. Mazes of puzzling complexity abound, having barriers of mud or water instead of hedges. Once I spent some hours trying to reach a certain point in Stoke Marsh less than a mile distant in a direct line, and after all failed to attain the object. At first a local guide is really needed in the larger areas.

I do not recommend any one to ramble in the saltings in foggy weather, or when darkness is approaching. A few years ago I escorted a stranger to the neighbourhood thither, and when we were busy collecting specimens a light fog overspread land and water, and obscured everything beyond a quarter mile radius. This we did not mind until the sound of rifle firing was heard not far away. Although nothing was seen of the party I had a suspicion that the bullets were coming in our direction, and I now frankly confess that we hurried from our exposed position to the friendly shelter of a sea-wall. Presently the fog lifted, and on peering cautiously we saw the firing party facing us! Being unable to attract attention to our signals of distress hoisted during lulls in the firing, we were kept prisoners for nearly two hours, until

the stock of ammunition was exhausted. Afterwards, on remonstrating with one concerned, I was told that it was thought that no human beings ever went that way save the shepherd. When he had been asked the day before to keep his flock out of the line of fire, it was supposed that everything needful to ensure safety had been done. It seems as if solitude, with all its reputed charms, has at least one drawback.

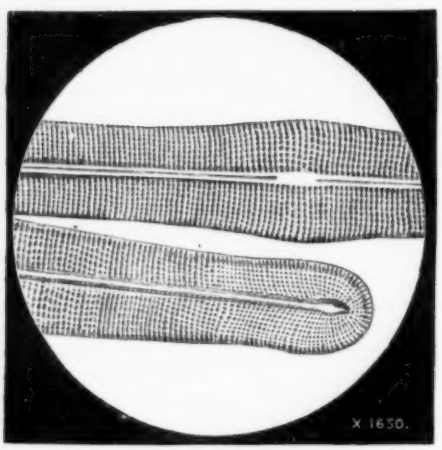
The saltings most easy of access to me are those bordering the Swale, south of Queenboro. Thither have I often gladly wended my way in leisure hours at all seasons of the year; and from thence



FIG. 1.—RISSOA ULVÆ (*magnified*).

have obtained many forms of minute life, the possession of which has enabled me to gratify microscopists in various parts of the world, and has led to the enlargement of the scientific records.

On one occasion when skirting a small bay I pointed out to a companion large quantities of the shells of a small spiral gasteropod (*Rissoa ulvæ*, fig. 1) lying on the beach. By stringing these shells together children make pretty necklaces and bracelets. Then I stepped out on to the "flats," to indicate the living animals feeding on the marine plants growing thereon.




FIGS. 2 AND 2*a*.—NAVICULA JOHNSONII.

My attention was at once arrested by patches of colour varying from a rich brown almost to black. It was as if some one had been there with a large supply of treacle or tar, and had splashed it freely around. Never before had I seen anything like it, there or elsewhere; still, the colour revealed most unmistakably the diatomaceous character of the deposit. Two large jars were eagerly filled, and when the contents were afterwards examined at home, it was found that the gathering consisted of a single species of diatom, known as *Navicula Johnsonii* (figs. 2 and 2*a*). Up to that time, so far as my knowledge goes, it was quite strange to the locality, and I have not seen it since. Elated by the acquisition of this unexpected prize, I pressed on to the saltings.

On arrival there, the first thing was to get some iron spoons and other appliances from a hiding-place which serves the purpose of a tool-box. For years these useful articles have been kept there, always available to me, yet undiscovered by others.

The next thing was to examine the rills for any particular form of life, either animal or vegetable, that I might be in search of, and it sometimes happened that when looking for traces of an old friend I stumbled across something quite new.

After brushing through vigorous growths of marine plants, the Sea Orach (*Atriplex limonium*) being the most rampant, and perhaps after one or two tumbles, owing to a foot suddenly going down a hole masked by vegetation, a likely looking spot is reached.

Then it is found that the best way for one who is not so lithe as he was to effect a close scrutiny is to get into horizontal contact with Mother Earth. It matters little that the unctuous mud left by the receding tide covers everything, for it is almost as detergent as soap, and can be easily removed by the application of water, or rubbed off when dry. Well, in the bottom of the rill are seen manifold traces of life, with many silvery bubbles of oxygen enlivening and beautifying the whole. But there is some overlying water which must be removed before the coveted objects can be conveniently got at. Now the iron ladle comes into play.



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Little dams of mud are erected, and the intervening water is baled out, after which it is easy to pare off with a spoon the surface of the densely populated slime, and to transfer it with its rich burden of life to a wide-mouthed jar. When a full load has been obtained it is time to turn homeward. Accidents sometimes happen on the way, owing to the treacherous character of the ground, and disastrous smashes have taken place (fortunately but seldom) when surmounting wattle-gates or stiles. But oftener than not, home is safely reached, when the contents of the various receptacles receive due attention.

Some of the semi-fluid mud is put into spirit sample bottles, which are then placed on a window-ledge. The remainder of the gathering is transferred to soup-plates, borrowed from the kitchen. By the next morning there is a clear line of demarcation between mud and water in the bottles, and at the junction many little worms are, by the aid of a good lens, seen as in natural conditions, with their pretty tentacular crowns visible in the water, indicating the presence of the other part of their

bodies in the mud. Amongst them one of the most noticeable is *Haplobranchus æstuarinus* (fig. 3[1]), which I had the good fortune to discover a few years ago.

Those readers who may be curious as to the minute structural details of this tiny annelid can find full particulars in another work.[2] To others, perhaps, fig. 3 will convey sufficiently clear ideas of form and size. The only further information that need now be given is that the colour of its blood is not red, but green.




FIG. 3.—HAPLOBRANCHUS ÆSTUARINUS.

In the same bottle, and by the same means, will generally be seen another worm, *Hekaterobranchus Shrubsolii* (fig. 4[3]) recently introduced to scientific circles by Miss Florence Buchanan in an exhaustive paper.[4]

Beside those above mentioned, there are in the same sample of mud other worms, at present nameless, which will doubtless some day be described and labelled.

Using a lens again one sees some minute specks, surrounded by a whitish fluff, adherent to the interior of the bottle. These are animals very low down in the scale of being.

Let us examine one. In the act of detaching it from the glass with a hair pencil the fluffiness disappears. On getting it into a shallow glass cell on the microscope stage, an elegant little shell is seen, *Nonionina crassula*, var. clavata, fig. 5, somewhat nautiloid in outline (the similarity goes no farther), built up of connected chambers, each of which is occupied by a piece of living jelly, which, although it has no discoverable parts or organs, yet is able to collect and assimilate food, and to assist in locomotion and other animal functions.

After waiting a little the fluffiness noticed at first reappears, and it is seen to consist of numerous prolongations of the body substance in delicate interlacing filaments, protruded through minute pores in the shell.

These small openings originally suggested the name of the class to which the organism under inspection belongs, viz. *Foraminifera* or Hole-bearers. This particular one and many others of the same and other species were in the mud at the bottom of the bottle, and during the night they managed to raise themselves to various heights in the clear water. On turning the bottle round, the side that had been most exposed to the light is

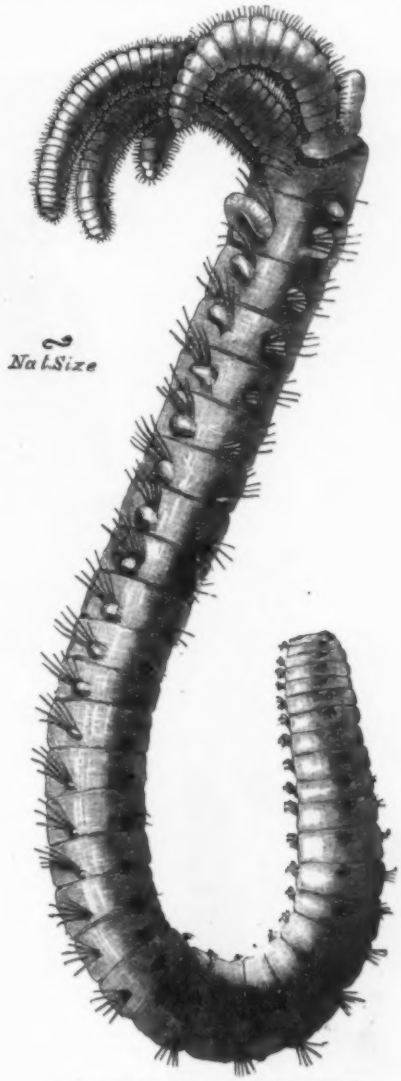



FIG. 4.—HEKATEROBRANCHUS SHRUBSOLII.

seen to be lined with what, to the uninitiated, appears as a brown stain.

Let us look at it closer. To do this easily we pour off the water, and then, using the hair pencil again, transfer a little of the stain from the bottle to a glass slip, drop a thin glass cover on, and examine it microscopically. What a beautiful sight meets the eye! A multitude of graceful, golden-tinted forms are gently gliding to and fro in the film of water between the two glasses.

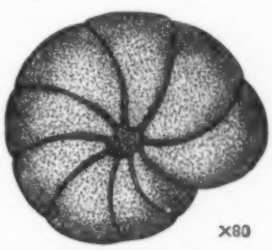



FIG. 5.—NONIONINA CRASSULA.

[1] By kind permission of Messrs. Churchill & Co.
[2] *Quar. Jour. Micro. Science*, vol. xxiii. N.S. plate ix.
[3] By kind permission of Messrs. Churchill & Co.
[4] *Quar. Jour. Micro. Science*, vol. xxi. N.S. plate xxi.

# THE INCOMPLETE ADVENTURER.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "THE NUGENTS OF CARRICONNA," ETC.



GRACE HERSELF APPEARED IN THE PORCH.

## CHAPTER XII.—DINNER, AND SOMETHING MORE.

GUY paid not the slightest heed to Phipson's raillery. He did not bestow a thought upon the possible fate of Phipson's aunt, whose existence he regarded as barely worthy of credence. The sole concern in his mind was the cousinship of Phipson and Trona, and as it seemed to him eminently unreasonable that those two should be in any way related to each other, he was not certain that it would be proper in him to allow it.

But he recollected that it was Trona who had spoken to their relationship, and the word of Trona compelled him to acquiescence.

He even softened a little towards Phipson: as Trona's cousin Phipson was entitled to consideration. He congratulated him on being the cousin of Trona. He could not justly do less than that, though the merit was none of Phipson's.

"But you were in the City together to-day," said Guy.

"And you must thank me for braving the fog," returned Trona. "It was a little mission of my own on account of—well, you know what."

"Then it was because you were there too that I succeeded in spite of—in spite of everything," said Guy.

"Then you *did* succeed?' exclaimed Trona.

Guy told them of Colonel Capperley, and the expert who was to examine and report upon M. Rohand.

"That's a grand man, Capperley," said Phipson. "I'm hearing of him this great while past. He'll have the rights of you, if there's one in London can do it. What's the name of his expert?"

"That I did not inquire," said Guy.

"No matter," answered Phipson. "'Twas just as well. Capperley's a great man for experts. He has the whole of them at his call. They're all qualified, too; so you can't go wrong with them."

"*They* cannot go wrong with the powder, at all events," answered Guy. "Any expert stands or falls by his report on that. But tell me, Miss Gault, was your errand successful?"

"We did not complete it. Fate, in the shape of the fog, prevented us from crossing the path of Colonel Capperley. We lost our way."

"Then Colonel Capperley is certainly the man," said Guy.

"Go bail on Capperley!" said Phipson.

Trona poured tea for Guy, and seemed to show by her liberal serving of the cream that she had decided to condone his omission of the pre-

liminaries. Indeed, she was as gay and frank of manner with him as before. She was amiability itself to Phipson, who passed Guy the muffins with the careless confidence of old friendship.

Guy took a muffin from the plate, but on his side the *entente cordiale* with Phipson was not yet complete. He felt Phipson's presence inharmonious. Phipson was not a believer in the scheme; he was, therefore, in Guy's opinion, an opponent of it—standing to the scheme in the relation of the east wind to an April orchard.

Floating in his world of phantasms, Guy had suddenly fetched up another cause of hostility to Phipson. Phipson might be in love with Trona. In fact, since he was her cousin, and invited to dinner, he must be in love with her. This question must be disposed of at once.

Tea over, he took Phipson aside, pinned him in an alley of the garden, and said:

"Are you quite certain, Phipson, that you know what it is to be in love?"

"And who's telling you I'm in love?" chirruped the little surgeon.

"I insist upon your being absolutely candid with me," said Guy. "Love is the privilege of none but the rarest souls. At a certain time of life every one professes it; but I assure you, Phipson, that very few are capable of it. Are you amongst these rare souls? I am one of them myself, but that is not to the purpose. Rochefoucauld has said that few men would ever have been in love if they had never heard of love. Tell me, Phipson, who has persuaded you that you are in love."

"Why, man! I never said I was in love at all."

"That is enough. I see that you are not capable of it. Persons of your age (Phipson was Guy's junior by a year) are sometimes consumed by a second-hand flame which they have lighted up at the works of novelists or poets. You must never think of your cousin, Miss Gault. I may settle you in marriage myself, perhaps, one day."

Guy habitually put on this absurd manner with Phipson, who was maliciously pleased to encourage him in it.

"Is it Trona?" said he. "And do you think now that men of our sort would pretend to Trona? I hope we're a great deal cuter than that, the pair of us."

"The pair of us!" exclaimed Guy, "the pair of us! Listen to me, Phipson; what would be the most unwarrantable presumption on your part might in another case——"

"Whisht!" said Phipson. "Keep it back for me. Here's my uncle's man with a face like fate. What if the powder has miscarried!"

Mr. Gault's valet approached them. His master was not very well, he said, and would be glad to see Dr. Rae in the library.

Phipson wrung the hand of Guy gravely and almost tenderly—at least this was how it struck the servant.

"I don't know what will come of this," whispered he, "but we'll hope for the best. Maybe he didn't give it a fair trial yet."

"I will not allow the suspicion of a jest on this subject," said Guy. "Be off with you, Phipson! I am surprised that, with a forehead like yours, you should have the power of rational speech."

"I'd be the world's wonder if I kept that same power here for a week," and with this Phipson skipped after his uncle's valet.

The doctor found Mr. Gault in his library, surrounded by Culpeper on "The Practice of Physick," in seventeen several books, containing five hundred and thirteen observations on famous cures.

"I am profoundly unwell, Phipson," said Mr. Gault. "Take that chair, please; examine this powder, and tell me plainly what its effects might be on the digestive organs of so fragile a being as myself."

Guy strolled away from the garden, down through the horse-chestnut avenue, and out at the park gates.

"If the curate has a proper sense of his responsibilities in the matter of this scheme of mine," he said, as he stood to survey the road on either hand, "some parochial affair will be taking him this way almost immediately; for I should be glad to hear from him again about his capitalist."

He took the road towards Oxshott, sauntering to where it dipped abruptly, and wound thence with large soft curves amid a vale of sunlit heather. The curate was not in sight, but at the foot of the hill he saw Miss Gault dismount from her tricycle, and commence to push it upwards.

He hurried to meet her, and took the tricycle from her hand.

They mounted the hill together.

"How is your arm?" said Miss Gault. "Do you think it was wise to discard the sling so soon?" for Guy had cast off that support since the morning.

"I could not go lamely into the enterprise, so I threw it away," he said. "You see, the mere show of sickness might affect the life-blood of an affair like this."

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," answered Trona, who caught an echo of Shakspere in Guy's last words, and saw no harm in capping him with Johnson.

She looked exceedingly nice that afternoon; her face, like the Milky Way, "a meeting of gentle lights without a name," her slender figure winsome in millinery which took the form of a riding-habit adapted to the tricycle. The perfect riding-habit is perfectly simple; the tricycle permits a little license in ornament. The riding-dress is the only wear for which the Englishwoman seeks no foreign model, and in which alone she is a pattern to the world. The adaptation of the riding-habit to the tricycle is one of the prettiest innovations in modern millinery. Trona wore a close gown of fine tan-coloured cloth with the hem braided in faint gold.

Guy observed her and approved. Then he fell into another mood.

The sharp and vivid beauty of the afternoon, which was exceptionally ripe and fragrant for early summer, touched Guy the more acutely that it woke in him memories of the days when he first burned for the triumphs of a life that had been lost to him since last he was at home in June. It was rarely that he sang at this time, but the buried

passion of the past rose up on a sudden, and seized and swept him back into its sphere. All at once, pushing Miss Gault's tricycle mechanically up the hill, he burst into song.

Miss Gault was astonished; a thousand surprises glistened in her eyes. She took a sidelong glance at the singer, but was not displeased to observe that he was quite unconscious of her presence. It was not to her that he sang, though it is possible that her presence a moment before had contributed to the inspiration that moved him. But the music that issued from his lips had response in her face. It was manly music, such as might justly shake even a young lady who was capable of rigging the market. Miss Gault, in a word, was enchanted; and when Guy, quite careless of her under the momentary spell which his voice had cast upon himself, brought the off hind-wheel of the tricycle into contact with her tan-coloured frock, she merely laid a finger on the handle-bar and set it straight again. Who said that music is the food of love?

"I knew that you ought to sing!" she said, when Guy had finished. "At least, I knew that yours was a singer's voice, but I couldn't have supposed that you would sing like that. Is it possible that you have never made any use of—of such a great g—gift?"

"There was a time when I was to have been a very great singer," answered Guy with that ineffable earnestness and gravity of manner, at once childlike and sagelike, which almost always saved his egotism from offence. "It did not happen, however," he added, "and that is the end of the story. Perhaps you can tell me the name of that herb on the top of the bank there. I have forgotten it, but it is one of the simples well known by our grandmothers, and an excellent specific for liver. I am sorry that herb medicines are so little reputed, or so much despised, in these days; but in Paris I heard of an Italian who is said to have revived their use with great success. Pardon me, the subject does not interest you, I believe."

It did not; the song was still flowing in her ears. But she looked towards where he pointed her, though she did not see the herb which was good for the liver. She had neither the voice nor the heart of flattery in her, else she might at this point have said something, or looked something, which would have prompted Guy to an expression proper to the situation. She did not say anything. In certain circumstances, and with certain temperaments, nothing is more difficult than to conjure up the spirit of love in conventional and practical shape. Old amateur philosophers (the majority of whom knew the distemper only as a subject for speculation) said that you should stand still and make a circle. This was the way to evoke the passion in a lady. But to do this presupposes a fixed and deliberate design, which is not agreeable to simple love. Trona and Guy were not persons of that quirk. Trona was moved, but she said nothing to show it. Guy, being already in love with her, had not sung with intention to allure, and did not perceive the effect he had produced. So they climbed the hill in silence.

At the top they met the curate, carrying his hat behind his back on account of the sun; and Mr. Craig engaged Guy for a visit to the City.

"Then Mr. Craig is also one of us?" said Trona.

"He has a capitalist in the family," answered Guy.

"And a telegram will ensure us a luncheon at his expense any morning," said Mr. Craig. "I have a letter from him to that effect."

"They lunch a great deal in the City, I believe," said Trona.

"They have no end of a time!" said Mr. Craig. "It's one big picnic. You call on a man in the City and he's just going out to have what he calls a snack. He takes you out with him, and after that, if you know any other fellows, you're sure to meet them all, and they're all going to have snacks, and they all take you with them. And the snacks are principally champagne with anything light on the counter to balance it. My cousin, who has introduced me to several people in the City, says that companies are floated on snacks nowadays. But I shouldn't approve of it every day, of course. I have to go up now and then to get my dividends, and somehow all the fellows I know in the City seem hungrier than usual on those days."

"But our company is not going to be floated on snacks," said Trona. "However, you had better come up and dine, Mr. Craig, and you shall hear what Papa has to say about it."

"I should like it very much, but we have a meeting to-night to discuss 'The possible future of the Manual Labourer in view of the probable decline of the Landed Owner.' Those are the words on the programme. Rather a warm question for the time of year, isn't it? I've been voted to the chair, on the ground that I must be a strictly impartial critic, because I can't be expected to know whether my bread will be buttered better or worse in an age of socialism than it is at present."

"I propose to butter the bread of the world at a very cheap rate presently," said Guy. "Perhaps I may look in at the meeting later on, and say a word or two on food reform. This scheme of mine is a purely democratic one, but it will stand as well under one system of government as under another, and no economic arrangement of the future will be able to overlook it. Suppose we fix the day after to-morrow for a visit to your cousin in the City, Mr. Craig?"

"I'll clinch the appointment by the next post," answered the curate. "Ha! Miss Gault, there's your first dinner-bell. I know the punctual habits of Mr. Gault; don't let me be responsible for a moment's irregularity on your part."

"Very well. Good-bye! I'm sorry you can't come with us. Mind you impress your cousin properly about the company."

"Our friend Mr. Gault is not quite well this evening," said Guy to Trona, when the curate had gone to join the socialists.

"Do you mean Papa?" said Trona.

"Papa, apart from the scheme," replied Guy.

"But he is never quite well when Cousin Phipson is with us. I mean when Phipson is with us Papa

passes himself in review, and wants a new prescription. He believes ever so much in Phipson——"

"Who is quite unable to embrace the notion of a scheme like mine. Phipson, although a surgeon, is dreadfully typical of professional medicine, which is the most conservative calling in the world, and the chief opponent of healthy living. Our friend Mr. Gault must certainly be saved from Phipson. It is, of course, impossible that the powder has disagreed with him; but it is by no means impossible that Phipson may have endeavoured to give him that idea."

"But whatever Cousin Phipson says, Papa will believe," said Trona.

"In that case," responded Guy, "unless nature herself cries out against him, we must submit to a temporary check. It may be Phipson's fate to bar the progress of the race for a week or two; and I doubt whether he could conquer fate."

"But he must not conquer our scheme," said Trona.

"No one can conquer what is commended by essential necessity. He will be spared that ultimate reproach."

"If we can save him from it ourselves, it will be so much time gained," said Trona.

They had to scamper home from the top of the hill, and though Trona allowed herself only ten minutes for dressing, Mr. Gault's patience suffered the strain of a full thirty seconds.

The meal commenced ominously, so far as the host was concerned, for he had none of M. Rohand before him. Yet his voice was tenderness itself when he said—by way of second grace—"I trust that most of us may be spared the miseries of dyspepsia!"

"The most of us have a touch of it," put in Phipson.

"I hope you do not say that lightly, Phipson," said Mr. Gault, with some emotion.

"We have, but we don't know it," answered Phipson, with that great cheerfulness of his. "'Tis the stomach we don't understand."

"Ah! The stomach, the stomach!" said Mr. Gault.

"What have you to say about that organ, Phipson?" inquired Guy, gravely.

"Well, now, don't we abuse it powerfully?" returned Phipson.

"There you are, of course, right," said Guy. "The rich abuse it through feeding too abundantly; the poor through feeding coarsely, irregularly, and insufficiently. We must return to first principles. We must feed regularly, but with the simplicity of little children. There must be an end of flushed faces, and the sense of oppression at the pit of the stomach. This is what M. Rohand is to do for us."

"I hope Phipson has told you, Papa," observed Trona, "how cordially Mr. Warwick was received by Colonel Capperley. You have never lost faith in Colonel Capperley, you know."

"He tasted the—the powder?" queried Mr. Gault.

"He has sent it for analysis," said Guy.

"I wonder now," observed Mr. Gault, "whether Capperley has ever suffered from dyspepsia. Town life predisposes to it, of course; but Colonel Capperley is a very careful man. Despite the hurry and excitement of his business, he commits fewer physiological sins than any person I am acquainted with."

"He lunched on lobster and champagne," said Guy.

"It was a terrible fog," said Mr. Gault. "But he tasted the—the powder, you say?"

"He has promised that his chemist shall analyse it," said Guy.

"Capperley's great on analysis," murmured Phipson.

"It showed his confidence in it," said Trona.

"I am certain of it," said Guy.

"I have always thought him a very shrewd man," said Mr. Gault.

"His place wouldn't be worth a week's purchase if he put an indigestible thing before the public," said Phipson.

"Indigestion is the evil of evils," said Mr. Gault.

"It is of all evils the most curable," said Guy.

"There isn't a doctor has abolished it," said Phipson.

"M. Rohand is not a doctor," said Trona.

"I am profoundly unwell!" said Mr. Gault for the second time that day, as he rose from the table.

"Papa is no good!" whispered Trona to Guy. "He has taken a prejudice against the powder."

The next day Guy was home again. In parting with him Mr. Gault had said, with an air of perfect friendliness, that, whatever might be the cause of indigestion, its results were the same; and he detailed the symptoms. Guy still wanted £500.

### CHAPTER XIII.—UNIMPORTANT.

MEANWHILE, the curate had made up his mind. He was in love with Miss Warwick, and had all at once decided himself on that point to his own satisfaction.

Mr. Craig had achieved some reputation as a match-maker in his parish, and was proud of having done so. He had a feminine delight in marriage, and had succeeded in tying several couples who had no idea that they had not fastened the knot themselves. In China, where match-making is a recognised and not unremunerative profession, he would have made money by it. In his parish he made no money by it (except when the fees fell to him), but the practice increased his zest of life; so he promoted picnics, tennis-parties, reading-clubs, botanical excursions, Shakspere readings, mixed cooking classes, and other innocent games designed to further the end of matrimony. Perhaps in some things he was too little mindful of the proprieties and duties of his professional position.

In uncivilised communities woman is commonly secured in wedlock by being purchased or captured. There are survivals of both customs in civilised life. Marriage by capture is called elopement in

our day, and the money marriage is the modern equivalent of the ancient marriage by purchase. But both forms have become seriously complicated by the introduction of a passion called romantic love, the joys and pains of which are not known to the savage, and which civilised antiquity knew chiefly by intuition. The curate was a romanticist in love.

In that case how could he be a match-maker? since a prime condition of romantic love is absolute freedom of choice.

The discreet match-maker assists to their choice the doubtful, the timid, and the waverers. In its ideal aspect match-making is a beautiful calling, demanding sensibility, sympathy, tact, and other delicate gifts. The curate viewed this art on its humanitarian and on its æsthetic side.

But he languished with an inward and gentle envy when any two of his unconscious pupils got safely over the question of questions, for he had never satisfied himself how it should be put; and, profoundly convinced that woman in love is at her best and most resourceful, and man in love at his most foolish and his most inept, he looked forward wistfully to the enfranchising of woman in the matter of the great proposal. "How graciously woman would woo, and how fluently!"

He went down the hill, after parting from Guy and Trona, with a keen and disquieting presentiment that his hour was at hand. Theoretically, he had always believed that "'twere well it were done quickly," arguing that studied eloquence is usually fatal to the issue, and that, the shorter the time for preparing it, the more natural the proposal mus' be. Then he remembered that ever so many people had said that nature was only the perfection of art, and, of course, the perfection of art involved a good deal of preparation. Where was his match-making now? Professors are rarely perfect save on the theoretic side of their art.

He took his way over a stile and along a footpath that led him through meadows where the grass was nearly ready for the scythe, back to the village of Deershott. The footpath ran in a direct line to the church and through the churchyard, on the western slope of a hill. As he passed under the chancel window, he heard a strain of organ music from within.

"Miss Warwick is practising," he said.

At that moment nothing was needed to complete his subjugation but Miss Warwick's touch on the organ. He paused under the window, absorbing every note as she gave it forth. Music was a passion with him, but nature had denied him the power of musical expression. He could neither play nor sing; and desiring above all things to sing, he had first been drawn towards Miss Warwick by a good-natured suggestion of hers that he should take the bass solo in an Easter anthem. This was more kind than well considered on her part, but the vicar interposed a charitable veto at the last moment, and no harm was done.

He stood in the porch, hot and irresolute, gave himself half a minute for rallying, and was still there, shifting from one foot to the other and inventing and rejecting forms of words, at the end of a minute and a half. O for a love charm or the power to work spells!

"Some are very bold at it, others are humble. I wonder whether they like the bold or the humble proposal better?" he thought. He recalled the case of the pair whom he had most recently assisted to unite, a land-surveyor's pupil and the youthful widow of a maltster; but in that case the suitor had certainly been helped to the point by the discreet good-nature of the widow.

"Widows, of course, know what you are driving at, directly," he thought; "but I have known girls who screamed and said, 'How dare you?'" He half wished that Grace were a widow.

At the end of three minutes the music ceased, and Grace herself appeared in the porch.

"Oh, Mr. Craig, how hot you look! Have you been playing cricket? Do you know, I think the organ is a little out of tune."

"Out of tune, Miss Craig? The organ out of tune? Do you really think the organ is out of tune?" ("Why, it is as easy as anything, when you've found your voice!" he thought.) "I shall have that looked into at once, though of course your word is sufficient, and more than sufficient. So you really think the organ is out of tune, Miss Grace? I wonder that never occurred to us before. I wonder—— No, I haven't been doing any cricket. Do you know, I think I should like to listen to you playing Mendelssohn on the organ all day. Of course I mean if the organ were in tune; though really I don't believe our organ, or any other organ, could sound very much out of tune while you were playing on it. I——"

Then a sudden nervousness took him, as the fear arose whether all or any of this were germane to the purpose in his heart; whether it were even reasonable speech for any human crisis.

A momentary mystification on Miss Warwick's part issued in a clear perception that she was on the point of receiving an offer of marriage.

"Would you mind my calling on Mrs. Warwick to-morrow?" was Mr. Craig's next throw. He usually called there about five times in the week, but sometimes only four.

"I'm sure mamma would be delighted. Am I to be out of the way?" answered Grace with becoming gravity; wondering what caused man to be so awkward and so foolish in a situation which called for such a nice and firm address.

"Oh, no, no. Not out of the way. I couldn't have meant to--but I'm delaying you, Miss Warwick. Perhaps you wouldn't mind my walking with you a little. The fact is that I—thank you; you are always so considerate."

Miss Warwick had acquiesced in his proposal to accompany her, by smilingly quitting the porch in the direction of home.

"So you really think the organ is out of tune, Miss War—, Miss Grace? I feel myself in sympathy with the organ. I am a little out of tune to-day myself."

"That is very unusual with you, Mr. Craig."

"Yes, it is. It is indeed. Quite unusual with me. But there is a cause, a most unusual cause. Oh! Miss War—, Miss Grace, permit me to say something which will relieve you—I mean, which will relieve me of an anxiety, a strain, which has

become unendurable. You were kind enough to say the other day, when I attempted to sing a little Mendelssohn to your accompaniment, that it gave you pleasure to note the improvement, the slight improvement, of course, in my singing. Oh, Miss Grace, if you could only bring yourself to tell me that I was not quite indifferent to you when you spoke those kind, those refreshing words. It was my heart which sang that day, Miss Grace, not my voice. But the words, you remember the words? I felt that the words were my own."

"But the words amounted—very nearly, at least—to—to a proposal of marriage, Mr. Craig; poetically put, you know."

"May I dare—will you refuse to hear—if I repeat them now?"

"Without the music, Mr. Craig?"

"You smile! Ah! but it is not a cruel smile—what smile of yours could be cruel! Miss Grace, Grace, I—I have repeated the words!"

"I think I prefer them with the music," said Miss Warwick. "But don't look so miserable at that. When you call to-morrow, if I am not out of the way, pernaps we will sing them together, and mamma shall accompany us."

### CHAPTER XIV.—NEWEST NEWS.

MRS. Warwick was a little put out by her son's sudden return from the manor-house.

"If you had only waited one day longer, dear. I have ordered some new clothes for you; they will be home this evening."

"Dear mother, it was very thoughtful of you. They will still be serviceable. Let them be put away with care."

"Put away? But I want you to wear them, Guy."

"An entire new suit, mother! All at once! The time has not come for such prodigality. In my club in Paris, last Christmas, we raised a new suit amongst us by subscription. By distributing it carefully it lasted us till Easter, and was the means of marrying three of the club. It is the club's second best suit at present, the trio who married subscribed a new one between them as a parting gift."

"What a shocking existence, dear Guy! I only hope you never had to distribute your meals in the same way."

"Our distribution of meals, mother, was like the distribution of good and evil." An enigmatical response not intended to convey exact information.

"I hope that doesn't mean that you were ever hungry, dear; but I'm sure it's a blessing you are home again, and going to make a fortune, too, which no one deserves more, considering all that you must have gone through in Paris. But you haven't heard the newest news of all, Guy! Mr. Craig has proposed."

"Proposed? What has he proposed? We are to lunch to-morrow with his relative in the City. Has he proposed anything else?"

"He has proposed for Grace."

"I think he ought first to have mentioned it to me. Grace could not very well accompany us to luncheon in the City. We shall be talking of things that she would not understand."

"Oh! my dear, dear boy, what are you thinking of? He wants to marry Grace."

"That is a different matter altogether," said Guy.

"I think myself that it is a most excellent matter," said Mrs. Warwick. "He is the most good-natured man, and so talented, and willing to oblige in everything; and he has told me this morning that there is a living in his family as well as a capitalist, and really I think it is the very thing for Grace. He might be a bishop some day, you know. The bishop lives not five miles from the parish which will be Mr. Craig's one day, so it would be a most natural thing, would it not? For of course he will often be at the palace, and the bishop is certain to take a fancy to him. At the very least they will be sure to make him a rural dean, or something of that sort, and he has two hundred a year of his own besides his curacy. Really, what with Grace's marriage, and the fortune you are going to make, I shall have no head to order dinner for a month to come."

"We will sacrifice appetite for that time, mother. As a matter of discipline, it is sometimes well merely to eat when one would prefer to dine. It is a principle which I have put to the test of practice. Yes, I think we may marry Grace to the curate. It is not a matter of the last importance, but she would no doubt expect us to marry her some day. The match is not unequal; and equality, of one kind or another, is the first condition of successful marriage."

"I think, you know," said Mrs. Warwick, "that Grace is quite able to be the wife of a bishop."

"I have no doubt, dear mother, that abundant time will be allowed her to prepare for that part."

"Well, of course, we must not expect everything at once, Guy. As I said, the bishop's palace is five miles away from Mr. Craig's rectory; and there is no denying that bishops do live to a very advanced age in these days, which of course is an advantage in many ways, as it gives them an opportunity of providing for their families, and I could not bear to think of Grace being left uncared for in the world. But you have not told me, dear, how you—how you liked Miss Gault on closer acquaintance."

"Ah! if there were only she in this affair!" exclaimed Guy. "What makes enthusiasm, I wonder, and why is it so rare, since there is nothing else but that and devotion which drive the world? I shall read you her prospectus, mother; her soul is there; she has spoken to me in it, though none of the speculators will ever imagine that. Can you conceive a prospectus which hits the speculator square, and is at the same time the intimate confession of one heart to another?"

Mrs. Warwick looked a trifle perturbed. "But Mr. Gault, dear, surely you have had no unpleasantness with him?"

"He is what dyspepsia has made him," answered Guy. "It is impossible that I should be offended with him. His case affords one of the strongest arguments for the necessity of such an undertaking as mine. But I have decided to dispense with him."

He got up from the garden bench, and paced the tiny terrace impetuously.

"Guy," said his mother, "I am quite sure that something has gone wrong. Why don't you tell me?"

"I will tell you, mother, when I have read the telegram," answered Guy; for as he spoke the telegraph messenger from Oxshott station came through the wicket with a yellow envelope in his hand. Guy opened it, and read the message.

"Let me see you to-morrow.—Capperley."

"It is settled," said Guy to his mother. "The analyst has reported. I have only to fix my terms."

# Courtship or Marriage?

MARRIAGE is an ordered garden,
  Courtship, a sweet tangled wood;
Marriage is the sober Summer,
  Courtship, Spring, in wayward mood;
Marriage is a deep, still river,
  Courtship, a bright laughing stream;
Marriage is a dear possession,
  Courtship, a perplexing dream:
Which of these, my wife, shall be
Crowned as best by thee and me?

Marriage is the blue day's beauty,
  Courtship, the capricious morn;
Marriage is the sweet Rose gathered,
  Courtship, bud still fenced with thorn;
Marriage is the pearl in setting,
  Courtship is the dangerous dive;
Marriage the full comb of honey,
  Courtship, the new-buzzing hive:
—Which of these, dear wife, shall be
First preferred by thee and me?

O, the tangled wood was lovely,
  When we found it, in our play,
Parting curiously the branches
  White with masses of the May,
Eagerly the paths exploring
  Leading to we knew not where,
Save that million flowers edged them,
  And that bird-songs lit the air,
Thrushes' joy-notes, Philomela's
  Still more exquisite despair.

How we wandered!—Now our wild wood
  Has become a garden-plot,
Something missed of that strange sweetness,
  In the method of our lot.
—Ordered walks, and formal borders
  For the wood-paths strange and wild,
Rose superb, and stately lily,
  Where the careless wood flowers smiled,
—Summer, grave and sober matron,
  For young Spring, the eager child:
Which, O which preferred shall be,
Twelve-years' wife, by thee and me?

Nay, the garden has its glory,
  Stately flower and fruit mature;
And the wild wood had its dearness,
  Strange delights and wonders pure;
And the summer has fulfilment,
  If the spring has promise-store;
And the river is the deeper,
  If the young brook laugheth more;
And the real joy abideth,
  When the teasing dreams are o'er.

And the broad blue sky has glories,
  If the morn was wildly fair;
And the gathered rose is safer,
  If the buds more piquant were;
And the pearl is rare and precious,
  If the dive was full of glee;
And we would not change our honey,
  For the flower-quest of the bee;
—Sweet is Courtship; sweet is Marriage:
  Crown them, darling, equally![1]

J. R. VERNON.

## COST OF A LONDON FOG.

A LONDON fog is not merely a cheerless and disagreeable, but also a very costly affair. Some years ago, after a day of regular fog in the month of January, the following statement was issued by the "Gas Light and Coke Company":—"Ninety million cubic feet of gas were sent out during the twenty-four hours ending at midnight. This quantity was an increase on that of the corresponding day in the previous year (which may be taken as an ordinary January day) of 37 per cent., or over thirty-five million cubic feet."

The price was at that time three shillings per thousand cubic feet, so that the public had to pay to this one company £5,250 extra on account of the fog. No less than 9,500 tons of coal were carbonised during the twenty-four hours to produce 90,000,000 cubic feet of gas—the largest quantity ever sent out in one day by the Gas Light and Coke Company.

Let it be remembered that this was the quantity ascertained and declared by only one of the Companies supplying gas to the public; others having also an enormous production, such as the South Metropolitan Gas Company, the strike at the works

[1] From "Valentines to my Wife"—one section of a new and characteristic volume, entitled "Gleanings after Harvest; or, Idylls of the Home," by the author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye" (Cassell).

of which at Lambeth last year caused so much difficulty and annoyance. What was the total amount over the average, due to that January day's fog, there are no statistics to show; but it is evident that the cost to the public for additional light must be very great.

Nor is it by gas-bills only that the cost of a fog is to be reckoned, in the matter of artificial light. Gas meters and the records of Gas Companies afford some approximate statistics, but how can we reckon the total expense to the multitudes who use candles and lamps of every kind?

Many readers will remember the famous "Economical Project," as he called it, of Benjamin Franklin. He thus introduced his plan to the people of Paris. "I was the other evening in a grand company, where the new lamp of M. Lange was exhibited, and much admired for its splendour. But inquiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded; in which case there would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us in that point; but I was pleased to see the general concern for economy, for I love economy exceedingly." A few days after, Franklin published his project, which was no other than a recommendation to use sunlight more, and artificial light less. The paper is in Franklin's best style, full of sound sense and genial humour, but our reference to it is only on account of the calculation he makes as to the cost of candle-light. Suppose, he says, there are 100,000 families in Paris, and that these families consume in the night half a pound of bougies, or candles, per hour. Taking one family with another this, he thought, a moderate estimate. In the six months between March 20 and September 20 there are 183 nights, during 7 hours of which candles are burnt; in all 1,281 hours. These hours multiplied by 100,000 give the total of 128,100,000 hours. At the current price of wax and tallow, he demonstrated that the city of Paris could save 96,075,000 livres, in the half year, by early rising and using sunlight! There would be also considerable saving in the other six months, though the days are shorter. It is pleasant to recall this *jeu d'esprit* of Franklin, as it sets us a-thinking what must be the actual cost of candle-light and lamp-light in the hundreds of thousands of houses and work-rooms, shops and offices, during a regular London fog.

There are many things besides the increased expense for light that must be counted in the cost of a fog. We wonder how much the railway companies have to pay for the detonating signals, heard on every line and near every station, on a foggy morning or evening, for the safety of the crowds of passengers, as well as of property. Inquiry at one of the chief stations failed to obtain any trustworthy estimate of this expense.

The largest and most serious loss due to fog is caused by the total cessation of labour and traffic on the river. Not the steamers only, but the barges and lighters and boats of every kind, have to be laid up, to avoid collision and other mishaps; and work has to be suspended at the riverside wharves and quays. On some occasions, when the fog has been dense and long-continued, the commercial loss has been enormous, and the poor labourers have also suffered from the enforced suspension of business on the river.

Shopkeepers detest fogs because customers avoid dark days for shopping, and "carriage people" stay at home. Cabmen dislike them, from the waste of time and the damage to which their vehicles are liable. Drivers of omnibuses, and of wheeled vehicles of every sort, know the danger, especially as it is almost impossible to discern the customary signal of raising the hand or the whip, which warns those behind to stop. The crash of broken panels is no infrequent sound amidst the gloom. To some outdoor trades and occupations a fog puts a complete stop, and many an indoor industry is seriously hindered. One winter, not long ago, there was a loud complaint from painters, and colour-printers, and artists, that the fogs interfered so much with their work that the loss to them was very great. In fact, to all sorts and conditions of men, except to thieves and rogues, a London fog is an injury and a nuisance.

A far more serious thing is the loss of life inevitable during a fog. Some years ago there was an unusual visitation during the time of the Cattle Show at Islington, and not a few of the animals perished. At the Cattle Show of 1890 there were also many casualties from pulmonary disease caused by the fog, including the Queen's prize ox, which had to be slaughtered. It may be said that this was natural, as the fat, overfed pigs and oxen had difficulty enough in breathing even when the air was clear. But the fatal effect of the fog was much commented on at the time, and may now remind us how injurious it is to men as well as to animals. There may in ordinary fog be no remarkable or immediate increase in the rate of mortality, but the permanent mischief done to those of delicate lungs and feeble constitution tells afterwards.

Then there is scarcely a fog in which fatal accidents are not reported, either in the streets or on the river. Every winter a certain number of persons are struck down and maimed or actually slain in the confusion and darkness of a London fog. We may well wish success to all undertakings which give promise of lessening the evils of such visitations, whether by larger introduction of electric light, or draining the Essex marshes, or compelling chimneys to consume their own smoke.

A recent statement by Mr. Sowerby at a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society shows that the loss is large in the vegetable as well as in the animal world. In answer to a question by Professor Bentley, Vice-President of the Society, the Secretary said the destructive action of fog on plants was most felt by those tropical plants in the society's houses of which the natural habitat was one exposed to sunshine. Plants growing in forests or under tree shade did not so directly feel the want of light; but then, again, a London or town fog not only shaded the plants, but contained smoke, sulphur, and other deleterious agents, which were perhaps as deadly to vegetable vitality as absence of light. Soft, tender-leaved plants, and aquatics, such as the *Victoria regia*, suffered more from fog than any class of plants.




## SOME WOMEN'S MANNERS AND WAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS," ETC.

"I AM in a thoroughly bad temper," said Pleasance, as we sat down to lunch.

"Dear me, that is not like your name," I said, "nor your looks either," I added, as I glanced at her. For to anybody not quite familiar with her, she would have seemed radiant with good nature and good spirits, though my initiated vision could detect what one old friend calls "a fierce spark" in her eye, and "a fine friskiness" about the silvering hair, which never will cease waving above her open forehead.

"I have been visiting Miss Lee, the drawing teacher," said Pleasance. "She is in quite low spirits, because all her own expenses—rent, taxes, and servant's wages—are coming upon her, and she just falls short of the needful cash because three or four of her lady pupils have not yet paid her for teaching she gave them nearly two years ago. You see, they engaged her for certain courses, say, of twelve or twenty lessons, and then, to suit some convenience of their own, such as visitors at home or an invitation from home, interrupted their course, say at the tenth or eighteenth lesson, and, not having yet chosen to complete it, seem to ignore the fact that payment was due when the course should have been completed, when Miss Lee was quite ready to complete it, and for which of course she had made all her pecuniary arrangements."

"Miss Lee ought to fix the time for payment in the middle of the course," said I, "and she ought not to allow her pupils any right to break it. If they wish to do so, she may, of course, permit it, but distinctly as a favour only."

Pleasance shook her head knowingly. "And then Miss Lee would get the reputation of being exacting and disobliging," she answered, "and that would be the greatest injury of all. For if she got the ill-word of that kind-hearted Mrs. Carew, of Montford Park—such an excellent woman, you know, patroness of every bazaar, and promoter of every good work—how many would be inclined to believe that poor Miss Lee had done nothing to deserve it? For it is Mrs. Carew who is one of these unjust women who contribute this last straw of worry and uncertainty to a hard-working and meritorious life."

"It is done in thoughtlessness," I said; "though I use that explanation as no excuse."

"It is too euphemistic!" cried Pleasance, "we are blinding our eyes—especially we women—by using these softer terms, which give a sort of innocent grace or attractive mystery to what are just plain sins! We begin to call treachery, tact; and lies, fibbing; and drunkenness, over-stimulation! This 'thoughtlessness' is simply sheer vulgar selfishness and disregard for the rights of others."

"I am afraid that disregard for others' rights, an indisposition to look not only 'on one's own things, but also on the things of others,' is a besetting weakness of our poor sex, Pleasance," said I. "I think it is John Ruskin who somewhere says, in his rather sweeping fashion, that he has come across very few women who seem to realize that there is anybody else in the world except themselves and their own children! Oddly enough, I have spent

this morning in reading Sir Walter Scott's journals, and they bristle with the same indictment! He instances one lady who thought her admiration of his genius entitled her to ask him to send her all the Waverley Novels then published, and the new volumes as fast as they came out! Another lady wrote him a letter, requesting him to give his name to a story of her own writing! A widow who had once visited Sir Walter's mother addressed him, requesting him to write to Mr. Peel (then in the Cabinet, and afterwards Sir Robert), saying, on her authority, that her second son was a youth of infinite merit and accomplishment, quite fit for any position in any public office, and requiring that he be at once provided for thus! I must admit, however, that the great author seems to have had many masculine correspondents equally deficient in modesty and delicacy."

"Ay, but I am inclined to maintain," said Pleasance, "that even in many of these cases you would find these were weak men, egged on by mothers or wives. Scripture itself gives us an instance, in the vaulting petition of the mother of Zebedee's children! Now do not accuse me of over-stating feminine influence over men, for you know I always maintain it is looked at and considered too much to the exclusion of the immense influence men have over women; but I maintain that the selfishness which may be equal in both sexes (and here the people who imagine women are all adorable by nature may shriek if they like!) manifests itself pre-eminently in some women, by their capacity for petty push and grasp, and by their callous indifference to the rights or feelings of others. Is a queue of people waiting at a ticket-office, who is it who, arriving late, tries to insinuate herself into a foremost place? In nine cases out of ten, a well-dressed British matron! She tries to put herself in front of some astonished gentleman, and if he shows a little mild resistance, not so much, perhaps, for his own sake, as in the interests of common justice and courteous consideration for better-bred women patiently waiting farther back, then does his tacit reproof recall her to any consciousness of misdoing? Not a bit of it! A scowl, and perhaps even a muttering, hints that he is not 'very gentlemanly.' When I was a girl, in the days when fashion dictated that foolish women of not fastidious feelings should trail a yard of skirt on the dirty ground, I remember coming out of a crowded meeting behind a person whose train spread along, so that a gentleman could not avoid treading on it, and nearly stumbled in his effort to avoid doing so. She turned upon him sharply, saying: 'One might at least beg pardon.' 'Madam,' said he, 'I was just wondering you did not do so.'"

"I remember a comical incident in my Highland journey last autumn," I said. "The coach put our party down at a little inn where the horses were changed, and the passengers could get lunch on their thirty miles' drive. We—there were but myself and another lady—were accordingly shown into the only parlour the primitive little house could boast. We found it already occupied by a tourist family who were evidently boarding there for a few days, but room was made for us at the dining-table, and our tea and eggs were brought in. Now it is not likely that this family had made their arrangements without understanding the necessities of the local coach, the only means of transit in the neighbourhood. Even if they had been misled, which is most improbable, the bone of contention would lie between them and the landlord, and the commonest sense of courteous hospitality would have dictated that no affront should be offered to the innocent travellers, who might as justly have resented that no room was retained for the private use of the coach's passengers! But the mother of the resident family, a stout, comfortable-looking person, of about fifty years of age, addressed her husband in a tirade about 'the disagreeableness of having strangers thrust into one's apartment, sitting eating their food before one's eyes' (and our very inoffensive viands might have been pots of beer and strings of sausages by the tone of contemptuous disgust which she threw into her voice as she mentioned them!). Then she evidently got some sign of disapproval from her husband—I think it must have been a touch of his foot beneath the table—but instead of this checking her, she made matters worse, both for us and for him, by going on: 'Oh, you may make believe you don't mind it to-day, but you make fuss enough sometimes, and you like it just as little as anybody.'"

"Ah," said Pleasance, "I always travel in dread of the unpleasant women who enter railway carriages and seize on all the windows and ventilators to close them without any reference to the wish of previous occupants. Then they take up the coolest seat, and if you gaspingly suggest that an exchange with you (who have your back to the engine) would allow a window to be opened without subjecting them to any undue current of air, they fix you with a stony gaze, and say they are quite unable to travel save with their faces looking forward. A quiet persistency to maintain one's absolute rights becomes a duty in such cases, since it may tend to hinder this arrogant self-regard from asserting itself quite so strenuously on some future occasion, and so spare real suffering to some nervous or timid traveller."

"And what railway passenger," said I, "does not know the half-bred girl whose flippant levity of manner emboldens some under-bred youth to ask her permission to smoke his cigar on forbidden ground, and who, when her giggling consent is set aside by the grave reminder of some wiser woman, thinks she makes herself girlishly graceful and agreeable by indulging in cheap little witticisms about 'old frumps,' 'too selfish to let others enjoy what they can't appreciate'?"

"I believe that young person," observed Pleasance, "eventually develops into the middle-aged dame who voluntarily enters a smoking carriage when there is plenty of room for her elsewhere, and then, as soon as the train starts, says, 'I object to smoking, and no gentleman who is a gentleman will take advantage of my position to inflict suffering upon me.' And what an amount of harm must she have done in the course of her transformation from one form of selfishness to the other!

Penelope Boughton tells me that down in her

district there is no branch of work more hopeful than the classes for working boys under sixteen. However rough-and-tumble they are, they are always affectionate, and generally amenable to gentle discipline and influence. But with the lads between sixteen and twenty, it is—as a whole—widely different. They seem mistrustful and suspicious of any efforts to please or benefit them, are saucy in manner, scornfully indifferent to all wholesome interests, and actually ashamed of all that is best in themselves! She and I debated over that mysterious difference for a long time, but at last certain little insights which we had, led us to the conclusion that it was mainly due to their advancing years opening them up to ill-regulated young feminine influence, which exerted itself in scoffing at whatever it felt to be superior to itself, and in gibes at submission to any of those social restraints which the wise voluntarily accept, and feel no more irksome than decent clothing is to a civilised person! Thereupon the lads felt put 'on their mettle' to defend their liberties against the encroachments of 'the frumps'! And I fancy many a mother and sister and aunt in a far different class of society could tell much the same story, as they sit deserted among their disregarded efforts to make homes bright and happy! And their loving hearts can certainly take no comfort in the grim thought that they are sure to be better understood and bitterly regretted when it is too late!"

"Ah," I sighed, "it has often shocked me to see how, sometimes to gratify a mean vanity, sometimes out of spiteful inquisitiveness, sometimes in the very guise of kindliness itself, women, other than mere flighty girls, will recklessly undermine or damage the influence or authority which is really responsible for the welfare of young lives. Such a question and remark as, 'Is your auntie very strict with you? You see, she's had no little ones of her own, and mayn't know how to make allowance for boys' ways,' will raise a doubt in an orphaned nephew's breast, which any chance friction may rub into sheer rebellion. 'I suppose Dr. Blank does not allow you much liberty? He is very rigid about hours and acquaintances, isn't he? Does Mrs. Blank keep a good table? Well, don't let them kill you with over-work. I think you look rather pale,'—and the lad is sent home to his tutor's house, chafed and restive."

"Yes," said Pleasance, "I recollect Mrs. Yeldham saying that in her husband's tutorial days she often felt very keenly about the thoughtless way outsiders act towards young folks who have found a home in the home of others. They do their very utmost to nullify the growth of that home feeling in whose encouragement lies any true advantage of such a position. The merest acquaintance—somebody perhaps only seen once or twice—will send such young people invitations for those very occasions on which anything like a family circle should keep itself intact,—such, for instance, as Christmas dinner or New Year's Eve. Of course, where the young people have warm hearts and fine feelings, they remain loyal to their adopted roof, and no harm is done. But many are thoughtless, flighty, and always ready for change of any sort,—and then the house-mother has to carry on her hospitality with a crippled programme and a chilled enthusiasm, or else to give an ungracious hint, and to feel that she has detained an unwilling guest to cast a shadow instead of a sunbeam on her festive board. Some of Mrs. Yeldham's friends who had never been in a similar position told her that she was too sensitive on this subject, and that nobody else would think of being hurt by such things, and poor Mrs. Yeldham, always ready to believe herself a little overstrained and exacting, tried to give herself that discipline which is called 'schooling down the heart.' But presently she got an opportunity of testing the soundness of the feeling.

"At Mr. Yeldham's recommendation, a youth, a stranger in this country, had gone to live in the family of a clergyman's widow, a practical matter-of-fact person, only too unlikely to give undue weight to sentimental considerations. When Christmas came round, Mrs. Yeldham felt this boy a little on her mind. He had brought introductions to her husband; he was alone in a strange land. If it had been so wrong of her to resent mere acquaintances' Christmas invitations to her housemates, then it would be wrong of her not to extend a similar invitation to this lad. He, and even the clergyman's widow herself, might actually think her silence cold and negligent. Her friends had been ready to suggest that her own charges had been asked out, partly to relieve her from all responsibility concerning them; and the clergyman's widow might much more look at things from this point, since she had children of her own coming home from a distance, and might well like to have them all to herself during their brief visit. Still Mrs. Yeldham could not so far forget her own previous feelings as to ignore their possibility in another. So she resolved to proceed cautiously. She paid a private call on the clergyman's widow, told her she was thinking about this boy, and would like to show him seasonable kindness, but, as regarded the Christmas Day invitation, would ask the widow's own wish and act upon that. The lady looked up at her with her strong, sensible face. 'Thank you for giving me the opportunity of saying I'd rather you did not do it,' she said, 'for if there is any use in our trying to give them a home feeling, it is just these occasions which give us any possibility of success.' Whereupon Mrs. Yeldham assured her of her warm sympathy, and returned home rejoicing that she was not quite so hypersensitive and 'imaginative' as she had been led to believe herself."

"Well, Pleasance," I said, "I think that story further brings out a sound principle—that of putting oneself into others' place, if we would really find out how to act kindly and wisely towards them. People do so many things which are, as they say, 'no harm,' and yet which do actual harm by inflicting wounds and pain. There are actions which are like fruit seeds, not only innocuous, but bearing good promise, which yet, by being done in the wrong way or place, may become as detrimental as is a fruit seed sticking in one's gullet! For instance, money must pass between parents and teachers, but is it pretty that 'mamma' should come bustling into the schoolroom, and count out the governess's little golden guerdon in the presence of her pupils?

When a husband gives an old family friend a pair of cosy winter gloves, is it necessary that his wife should tell the old friend that 'he has paid for them twice as much as she ever pays for her own,' the fact being that her yearly glove bill will be far more than twenty times that of the other lady? Is it in good taste to be always pressingly forward in loading a poorer friend with costly gifts, but never to mingle with these little attentions of personal help and service, almost more welcome to an over-driven life, and certainly far sweeter to a gentle and noble mind?"

"I think," said Pleasance, "that young married women are great sinners in the way of failing to realise that other lives have avocations as exacting and far more exhausting than the delightful natural duties they find so engrossing. There was something quite comical in the way that little Mrs. Newby, with her two children and her four highly trained servants, considered herself quite 'too busy' to show anybody the same social civilities and domestic furtherances, which she herself always unhesitatingly demanded from her husband's maiden aunt, who kept a ladies' school, had an invalid sister upstairs, and two very primitive domestics in the kitchen. You see, Mrs. Newby had so many 'anxieties' about the babies' frills, and her weekly kettledrum, and the floral decoration of her dinner table, whereas the maiden aunt had no cares more important than the physical and spiritual well-being of her pupils, the difficult payment of her bills, and the constant dread of her sister's removal by death. Of course, such a busy woman as Mrs. Newby had a perfect right to be nervous and irritable sometimes. But woe be to the maiden aunt if she showed any similar signs."

I am afraid Pleasance can be bitter sometimes.

She went on again.

"You know I always maintain that men and women are far more alike than they are different. Not very many of either sex are capable of high friendship. If women are jealous of each other, so are men. And yet I own there is a curious and almost indefinable distinction between them in these matters which we are discussing, which distinction is not to the credit of the women. For instance, women go out of their way to inflict pain or contumely on each other, even when there is no question of revenge or spite, or scarcely of personal knowledge. I have no doubt some men are quite as purse-proud or house-proud as some women, but generally they will simply neglect those whom they outshine. The woman wishes to drive home her triumph and enjoy it with the flavour of somebody's humiliation. For instance, I know a woman who lives in a big house near a very tiny vicarage. When the new vicar brought home his bride, this woman somehow managed to slur over a call, but sent the young pair an invitation, which they accepted, wishing to live in peace and amity, and make the best of their neighbours. The amusement she offered the bride was to go from attic to basement of her vast establishment, telling her all the while how inadequate it was to "anybody's" requirements, and how she was planning new additions. Afterwards she said to the vicar, 'Your wife is a sweet little creature, I hope she will often come in to see me. I fear I offended your predecessor's wife. She invited me to spend an evening with her in that little place, and I was quite ill next day with the closeness of that cupboard of a parlour! And what do you think—in the simplicity of my heart, and only wondering how she managed to bear it always, I told her the plain truth. I could see she was angry! I suppose it was very dreadful of me—it was—wasn't it? But I'm sure I meant no harm.'"

"What did the vicar say?" I asked.

"I don't know what he said to her. Nothing, I suspect," Pleasance answered. "But in telling the story to me, he said drily, 'I was struck by the ingenuity of the method by which she conveyed to me that she did not think my house was worthy for her to visit.'"

"I remember," I said, "being very much shocked to hear a kindly and observant man remark that it seemed to him that few women have among themselves any share of that which among men is called 'honour.' He had been started on that line of observation when he was a little schoolboy, sitting unnoticed over his books in a parlour full of young women. A lady coming up the avenue became the subject of a series of unfavourable comments and criticisms. She was 'fast'; she took airs; she aped talent; she was stupid; did you ever hear her singing through her nose? 'Pretty! nobody could think her pretty—except herself. What an awful bore if she is coming to visit! Yes; she is. Can we find any pretext for asking her to sing. If not, let us get her on the subject of voice-culture, and you will hear how much she takes upon herself.' Enter the visitor. Whereupon the young ladies surrounded her with greetings, put their arms about her neck, kissed her on both cheeks, called her a dear and a darling, and besought her to give them the pleasure of hearing her sing the song which they had heard had thrilled all hearts at last week's conversazione. And then they revelled in the credulity with which the poor girl fell into their snares! That little boy learned a terrible lesson as to the possibilities of feminine treachery."

"You bring me back to what I said before," Pleasance answered. "I have heard men make remarks about others as spiteful and severe as those which you repeat. But those men would not straightway fawn upon the object of their contempt, and profess an unctuous joy in his society. If any man did so, his fellows would instantly dub him a cad and a sneak. And yet too many men only laugh when they detect women in these mean treacheries! Only last week a 'society' journal said airily, as a matter of course, that women are allowed to speak and behave in ways which would cause the immediate ostracism of a man. Don't you think that some of this falseness is due to the way in which that quality called 'amiability' is exalted to be the universal feminine ideal? In their dread of forfeiting this attribute women seek to disguise any instinctive dislike or well-grounded aversion, and issue their particular criticisms under the mask of professed good-will. Men are to blame for much of this, for

the candid opinion of sister or friend is often laughed away as 'sheer jealousy.' We hear a great deal about men being what women make them; but reverse the proverb, and it is equally true: women are what men make them. Any sensible and truthful woman, reviewing her own life, will admit the influence, either for good or for evil, that they have had upon herself, and will be probably far more conscious of good influence she has received than of any she has bestowed."

I am silent for a few minutes. For knowing something of Pleasance's history, I can guess what rises to her own thoughts. He whom she loved was not made worthy by her love, and when the day came that the two paths went apart, there was no question with Pleasance as to "which keeps the sorrow and which the blame," for she keeps them both herself! The two paths are still going on—ever farther and farther apart. How does God govern the end of these tragedies? For can Pleasance ever forget? No. We must leave it in God's hands, and when we see what He will bring to pass, we shall be satisfied.

Pleasance went on again with all her usual cheerfulness.

"I think the virtue about which women should examine themselves and their ways is truthfulness! I do think it is the lack of this which underlies much bad manners, and social treachery, and petty injustice. I think I see what it was that shocked me so in Mrs. Carew's withholding Miss Lee's hire. I know plenty of men who would do likewise among their employed, but then they are men who would rather glory in any shabby trick that brought them a little gain, or if they do make any profession of philanthropy or religion, such profession is distinctly understood as only part of their business equipage. But I am quite sure Mrs. Carew believes herself to be one of the kindest-hearted and most considerate of women. She does not search into her grounds for this opinion. It is simply the character which she desires, and she assumes it. In this instance, want of truthfulness is shown by the facility of self-deception. In cases of arrogant disregard of others' rights and feelings, it is displayed by the undue estimate of one's own personality, again ignoring all inquiry into its foundations. We see it in another aspect, crying out under every blow, as if the world might abound in pain and loss, but this sacred personality should have claims for special and life-long exemption."

"Yet what wonderful instances of the faculty of accepting one's own personality as a mere insignificant item of the general plan of things one sometimes finds among those who have been schooled by the hardest facts of life," I observed. "A good old woman in the workhouse said to me: 'It's not my blame, nor nobody's, that I'm here. Only there's some have to go through a great deal compared with what is set for others. The sea is rich at the bottom, and my treasures are there.' For husband and sons had been drowned. And what true dignity there is beneath the self-suppression! For, after all,

> 'Of broken shells God maketh, when He wills,
> The everlasting marble of His hills.'

"Then, in the abounding cases of feminine social treachery and double dealing—things so common, that one can scarcely turn one's head without encountering a new instance thereof," Pleasance went on, "this same quality of falseness comes manifoldly forward in the desire to ape amiability and yet achieve the ends of malice. I know a woman quite lately who wished to convey a reproof. (She had made no impartial inquiry into the circumstances which she rashly judged deserved it.) And she conveyed it, in texts of scripture, written in red ink on a post-card from which she withheld her name!"

"Women have been too much taught to regard themselves in the reflection of others' opinions," I said. "And so they seek to produce a pleasant impression there, regardless of reality—like those faded beauties who never approach a looking-glass till their maids have tinted their cheeks and piled on their false hair. True goodness and honesty of heart and life troubles itself as little about opinions as healthy youth does about mirrors!"

As I spoke I went to the bookcase. "I want," I said, "to look up a little work by one of the great doctors of the English Church, who declares that a lack of impartial justice is a crying defect in women which needs to be made good. He deprecates that merely emotional side of the religious life, seemingly all that is visible to many women, who vaunt a religion miscalled of 'love,' which simply means a confusion of all distinction between right and wrong, a currying of favour with sinners *in* their sins rather than any seeking to save them *from* such. Their mawkish utterances and compliances come perilously near to Isaiah's strong indictment against those who 'call evil good and good evil,' who 'take away the righteousness of the upright from him,' by petty insinuation and antagonism, and who 'justify the wicked for reward,' by condoning in wealthy relatives, 'whom it would not pay to offend,' lines of action which would not be tolerated for a moment in any labourer or servant to whom wages are paid!"

I had found my place. I went on: "Listen to what Canon Littledale says:

"'I cannot see that a woman would become less lovable by sharing in justice—that attribute of the Supreme Loveliness, and I do see very clearly the remorseless cruelty of the wounds which women will inflict on men and on each other daily, just because they are not deterred by a sense of justice. Men are less emotionally compassionate than women, but men rarely stab one another with the personal stilettos of concentrated spite which women are apt to wield; and, above all, men are loth to strike a *fallen* enemy, whereas too many women delight in trampling on him to the last.'

"Again, he agrees with you, Pleasance, that 'there is a lower standard of truthfulness amongst women than among men, not so much in deliberate and conscious mendacity—though even in that department an accomplished female impostor is far the superior of men—as small social hypocrisies, continual inaccuracy, and a marked tendency to exaggeration.' He attributes the two latter faults to imperfect mental training, and the former he sets down as a result of 'the physical weakness

and social inferiority which have put women for so many centuries under the feet of men.' He accuses them, also, of a sin which has, I fear, wrought to their present complexity many of the worst social problems of to-day, 'the determination to have a thing without giving a fair price for it.' He thinks this 'may grow out of the inactive lives led by too many women, which make them incapable of understanding the value of labour, especially of skilled labour, and of time. . . . They do not realise manual industry as being a just integer of cost; and therefore constantly try to get articles at a price below that of the raw material of manufacture.' But he does not excuse this on the ground of scientific ignorance, believing that its origin is moral, and lies in 'the imperfect sense of justice.'

"Then he turns to his own sex, and owns that he looks 'in vain for any instruction, in the pulpit or in most books of spiritual reading, which deals with such feminine defects as those' which we have been discussing."

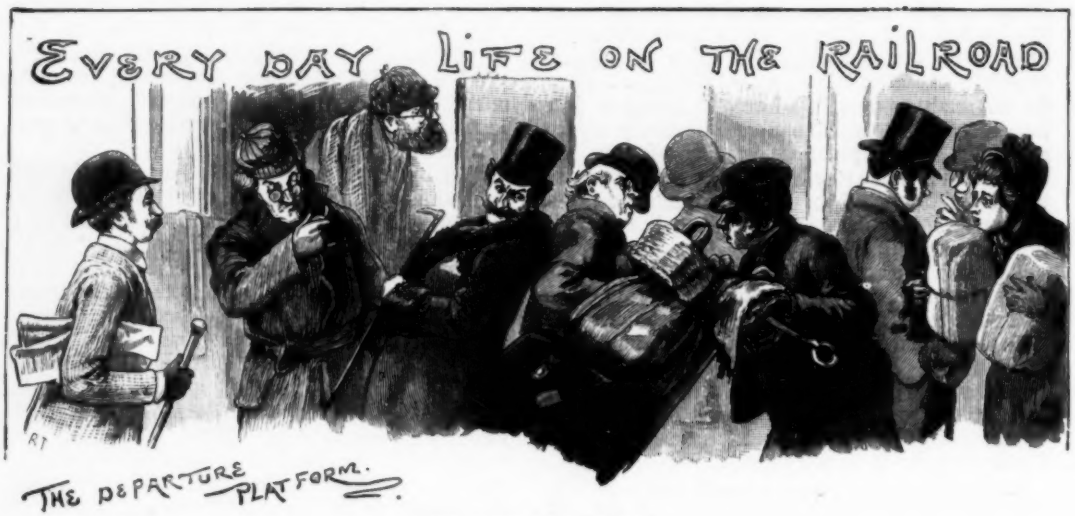
"I maintain that all men owe the duty of showing as much contempt and indignation for a woman's falseness as for a man's," said Pleasance. "It is the bitterest insult to the sex when they don't."

"My author is prepared to assert that it is 'the feminine way of regarding theology, and not the masculine, which is in the ascendant among us.' 'Preachers have acted, consciously or unconsciously, on the principle that there is no use in trying to influence men, and that it is better to devote their energies to women, *as they now are*, and the policy has, of course, ended in creating the premises from which it apparently started.' Whereas, in his opinion (and I am inclined entirely to agree with him), that 'subjection of woman,' which treats her not as the daughter of God, but as an appanage of man, requiring no qualities but such as shall 'please' her 'master,' is no outgrowth of Christianity, 'but is an unmitigated evil which Christianity did not even tolerate, as it did slavery, with the intent of ultimately destroying it.' For it is a striking fact 'that the ancient Christian Church, recognising woman's separate responsibility for her actions, and having a great career for her, did not merely abolish the old invidious restrictions, but threw open to her all the stores of learning, all the methods of education, then available. The early teachers of Christendom did not content themselves with stimulating the emotions, affections, and submissiveness of women into disproportionate prominence . . . but they did aim at strengthening them where they are weaker, in solid reflection, in breadth of view, in accuracy of reasoning, in justice of aim, in steadfastness of purpose.' He sets before us the galaxy of early Christian women who were famous not only for their character and virtues, but also for their learning and judgment."

"I don't think just now that women are quite remarkable for 'submissiveness,'" murmured Pleasance. "It does not strike me as their 'disproportionate' quality!"

"And yet you too seldom find a woman bravely maintaining her own ideal of right against the avarice or ambition of a husband, or the lust of a son, or the luxury of a friend," I replied. "As for the rest, we know that slaves—especially those slaves who are spoiled for their master's pleasure—are characteristically full of insolence and 'cheek.' The African valets and table maids of Southern slavery are an illustration ready to hand. Modesty, reticence, and self-restraint are essentially the virtues of a responsible freedom. I think I am inclined to agree with Canon Littledale, who seems to look for the further development of true womanhood in the seeking back among the roots of Christianity to the ideal there propounded to her,—the active life of bringing up children, using hospitality to strangers, showing honour to the saints, relieving the afflicted, and diligently following every good work. No woman can set herself to these duties—not, mind, as mere 'graces,' in some amateur fashion, but accepting them as the only basis on which she can justify her existence, and recognising that they bring her questions of right and wrong which must be promptly answered every hour by corresponding actions—without acquiring humility, patience, and firmness, and discovering her need for the best of all culture, physical, mental, and moral. And so shall she fulfil the grand ideal of the beautiful lines:

'Every woman is, or ought to be, a cathedral,
Built on the ancient plan—a cathedral pure and perfect—
Built by that only law, that Use be suggester of Beauty.
Nothing concealed that is done, but all things done to adornment;
Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and embellish.'"




ON THE PLATFORM.

A TRAIN of 110 vehicles, with 4 engines in front and one pushing behind, is lengthy enough for a stretch of the imagination; and yet it was in such a train that the people returned from Edinburgh after seeing the Queen in 1842. Nowadays we manage our excursion traffic differently. Instead of cramming all the passengers into one train, no matter how many they be, we divide the crowd into sections, and despatch these in separate trains one after another at "block" intervals.

If any one will see how a great excursion traffic is handled with success, let him give the Great Northern a trial and pay two visits to Doncaster, one in August and one on the St. Leger day. In August he will find the sidings full of goods trains and coal trains; on the roads into the works there will be the usual parade of injured rolling stock awaiting its turn for repair; and in the shops, amid the clang of the hammer and the scream of the saw, he will find a small army busy in a wilderness of bands and wheels.

In the St. Leger week all this is changed; the workmen make holiday, the works are closed, the goods and minerals are not allowed to stop on the sidings, and the engines and carriages come for repair are either run off to be shunted further down the line or locked in the silent shops. The block sections around are cut into half lengths by extra signal cabins. Every siding is numbered, and the number in huge figures is like a target. Every train that is due in has a corresponding number, and hung on to its engine funnel is a board with a big placard showing in large type the stations to which it will return.

Here, then, are numbered sidings, numbered trains to shunt into those sidings, and bills clearly showing what these trains are to do. But something more is required. As the trains run in on the day of the race, every passenger is given a handbill telling him the number of his train, the number and position of the siding in which he will find it at night, and the time it will start.

Whatever the sight on the Town Moor may be, there is no question that Doncaster station-yard is worth seeing while the great race is being run. The whole area is one mass of these conspicuously labelled trains, come from all points of the compass. Say there are a hundred of them, and there are only one or two less; there they stand all at attention, with steam up and staff waiting ready for the rush. At five o'clock it comes; the station is black with crowds, handbills in hand. The trains are like hives thick with stormers, and fill as quickly as if the people had been poured into them. At a quarter to six there is a terrific whistle from an engine, and No. 1 train is off; in a little over a minute off goes No. 2. In five minutes four trains have gone; in the next five four more. In an hour fifty have gone; in two hours they have all gone, and the sidings are silent and empty.

The fine roomy station at Liverpool Street on a Bank Holiday, or, still better, the Epping Forest stations, afford another example of dealing with a plethora of passengers, but in this case the organisation is not so much in evidence or so satisfactory. The longer excursions of the Great Eastern to the North Sea coast afford far more favourable examples of what that rising company can do. Some of these are cheap enough to recall the days of the great competition, when the passenger fare from Leeds to London was five shillings, and occasionally half-a-crown. The man in the moon was wise in inquiring the way to Norwich; should he

ever reach that favoured city in an afternoon, he will be able to go from there to Cromer and back, fifty miles, for the small sum of one shilling.

The London line that has most specials is the South Western. There is not a week passes without Waterloo having to deal with a race or a review, or some excuse for a flood of excursions with which to complicate the ordinary traffic. Portsmouth, Aldershot, Bisley, Ascot, Epsom, and Parks irrepressible afford a continual round of gaiety to the South Western. From its special trains a large amount of its income is derived. When the fact of the University boat race taking place at too early an hour in the morning means a loss of 20,000 passengers, no wonder the special traffic is thought worth cultivation. During the afternoon of the Jubilee Review, the South Western ran 72 specials between London and Aldershot; and when the Derby was in its prime Waterloo has worked 125 specials to and from Epsom; but the Epsom work is now shared by the Brighton Company, who spoilt the South Western game with their station on the Downs. Since that station was opened the Waterloo traffic has dropped considerably, though the total amount passing through Clapham Junction is much as it used to be.

Clapham Junction—which is not in Clapham at all, but a mile away from it—is one of the busiest of the suburban junctions round London. Between five o'clock in the morning and midnight, a passenger train, up or down, stops at Clapham Junction every two minutes. Of these 600 trains, the South Western is responsible for over 340 to and from Waterloo; the Brighton, to and from Victoria, provide less than half as many; and the Kensington and other trains that start from the Junction make up the remainder. These 600 trains, be it understood, are ordinary passenger trains only, and no account is taken of the specials and expresses that do not stop, or of the goods and empties, which, taking the year through, would probably total up to half as many again. One of the curiosities of the traffic is that while the South Western stops fewer trains on the way to Waterloo than on the way from Waterloo, the Brighton reverses the policy and stops more trains on the way in than on the way out.

Waterloo is the largest passenger station in this country: that is to say, it covers a greater area. And it is the busiest station, for in and out of it there pass about 700 trains a day, and not even the busy Great Eastern comes up to this, although Liverpool Street deals with the larger crowd. The reason is obvious: a South Western train averages 150 passengers, a Great Eastern train averages over 400.

When the South Western was young it had no intention of stopping at Waterloo. The plan was to get at least as far as Barclay and Perkins' brewery, if it could not cross the Thames by Southwark Bridge. In fact the South Eastern road from Charing Cross to Cannon Street was simply the revival of the old South Western project. The terminus at Waterloo was a making the best of the inevitable, and a growth under difficulties from small beginnings; and no South Western official will feel annoyed at being told that one would have thought as much from appearances. Architectural features it has none; it is a mere aggregate of platforms spreading like a fan, and cut up into groups by the most unpretending of offices.

Contrasting with it in every way is St. Pancras, a station with a really fine frontage, and worked simply and straightforwardly under one roof, with nothing to break the view, though how St. Pancras unaltered could deal with the same number of trains at a time as Waterloo is not quite clear. It is, however, a model station, and a wonderful one. The trains really run in the roof; the tie beams that one usually sees aloft stretch across under the platforms, and the girders of the great arch, spanning as many feet as there are pence in a pound, come right down into the ground. The brick walls that are visible are but screens; and the offices, though on the level of the road, are practically in the parapet. The true building that carries the roof is below the level of the metals. In it the storage space, chiefly used for beer, is gigantic. Below its foundations runs the City branch, which has to cross the canal before it can rise into Camden Town; and in addition to this curving tunnel under the stores, there is a spare tunnel under the front of the hotel for the Metropolitan to use with a double line of rails, when need arises; and below the tunnels flows the once famous river Fleet safely wrapped in a drain pipe.

There are thus three floors of rails: the one which the passengers use, the middle one by which the stores are worked, and the lowest for the City traffic. And the unit of measurement from which the proportions of this vast building had to be designed was no other than that familiar object—the common beer barrel.

When the station was projected "it was determined," says Mr. Williams, the Midland historian, "that iron columns and girders, instead of brick piers and arches, should be used; and as the area was to be devoted to the accommodation of Burton beer traffic, the distances between the supports were arranged at such intervals as to allow of the largest number of barrels of beer being placed between them. These distances were found to be 29 ft. 4 in. As the great outline of the superstructure had necessarily to be adjusted to the position of the supports below, the unit of the entire fabric came to be founded on the length of a barrel of beer."

To come to London and make this station and the immense goods depot alongside cost the Midland £9,000,000. Time was when the Midland thought of amalgamating with the North Western and running its trains into an enlarged Euston. Those were the days of the Great Northern war, when the Northern ran a train into the Midland preserve at Nottingham, and just as it was about to return loaded with passengers, the Midlanders made a capture of the engine. Here was a notable episode in everyday life on the railroad: a Northern engine, peaceably backing, finds itself cut off from its train by a Midland engine rushing in from the siding. Halting to consider, the Northern driver sees a second Midland engine backing up the

first; striving to escape, he finds a Midland engine in front of him, and another behind that; slowly the enemies advance, deliberately take the Northern engine prisoner, and run off with it between them into shed!

Then the day of the olive branch dawned, and the foes became friends for a time, and the Midland traffic came to King's Cross. But the Northern could not carry the double load; the state of affairs became exasperating. "This year 1,000 Midland passenger trains and 2,400 Midland goods trains were delayed in the thirty-two miles between Hitchin and London." There was no help for it; the octopus of Derby must get a tentacle into London, and to do it was well worth all the money spent.

Attempts are sometimes made to compare American railways with ours. The only comparison must be contrast, so different are the conditions. In this country a railway is bitterly opposed and discouraged, there it is warmly welcomed; here the line has to pass a Government inspection, and be so solidly and evenly built as to bear about the same relation to an American line as a first-class carriage does to a trolly, the object of the Americans being to lay the line at the fastest possible rate, and chance the accidents which occupy so prominent a place in transatlantic telegrams. The number of American railroad accidents is a wonder. Taking the returns of only one month, the last month available, we find eighty-five collisions, eighty-two derailments, and eleven miscellaneous disasters. This is an ordinary month, with no sensational catastrophe to distinguish it, and it means that three times as many railway accidents occur in the United States in a month as in Great Britain in a year. Another point worth remembrance is that in this crowded country the company has to pay for every yard of land, while there it not only gets its land for nothing, but thousands of acres into the bargain, so that the statist of a hundred years hence when that land is occupied will be able to show that to start with American railroads cost considerably less than nothing, while those of old-fashioned Britain cost £50,000 a mile.

Once, as we have said, the Midland was coming into Euston; so was the Great Western. In fact it obtained its Act of Parliament on the understanding that it was to effect its junction with the London and Birmingham in a field between the Canal and the Harrow Road at the western side of Kensal Green Cemetery; and it was only when the scheme of a joint station was abandoned that Paddington was thought of. The two small departure platforms and the outward parcel offices at Euston now stand on the site of what was intended to be the Great Western terminus.

There is a healthy well-to-do look about Paddington which no other station possesses. It is the most English of railway stations. Whatever be its order of architecture—and it seems to be less of the Palladian than of the nothing in particular—it is unobtrusive and comfortable. And when on a summer's day its departure platform is busy with luggage and passengers bound to the west, a pleasanter picture will be sought in vain.

But somehow there is never much stress at Paddington; the work goes easily and without fuss, for the traffic is a level one. Not so that of the North Western or the Northern, particularly in August. Those who would see station work at full power should look in at Euston on the eve of St. Grouse, or an evening or so before, between, say, seven and eight.

Slowly the empty train runs in from the cleaning shed eleven miles away. The paint is as bright as new after its rub down with paraffin, and the glass is without a smear after the abundant sousings from the Willesden tanks. The North Western chiefs are fully alive to the value of a good advertisement, and keep their expresses quite up to the standard of the locals they send as object lessons on foreign lines. That standard is a high one. Even at Victoria the trimness of the occasional North Western train is noticeable, at Waterloo it is more apparent, at Herne Hill the dingy Chathams make it painfully obtrusive, and at Croydon it and the South Eastern curiosities seem to have come from different worlds. Of course it is a cheap triumph, but it is a legitimate one.

The train, then, appears at the platform, a thoroughly respectable, workmanlike "turn-out," to use the familiar expression of the road—and, by the way, had we spoken of "coaches" instead of "carriages" we should have been more technically accurate. What are its colours? Chocolate and white, we are told; but the railway nomenclature of colour is not always the popular one. The Midland engines, for instance, are officially described as "brown," and the South Eastern coaches are "Wellington brown," the colour being that of the Duke of Wellington's livery, and having been adopted to tempt the old hero, who then lived at Walmer, to take a ride on the new line. Great care is exercised in keeping these colours true. At Wolverton, at Swindon, at Derby, and the other great carriage works, there are steam grinding-mills constantly preparing the colour to pattern. Railway carriage painting is like roadway carriage painting and house painting as practised in Holland; it means an indefinite number of coats, pumiced and sandpapered and laid one on the other, till the proper gloss is attained.

There have been many suggestions as to the colour of railway coaches. The prevalent notion is that each company should have its own combination by way of advertising its existence, but there are not wanting some people who insist that every class should have its colour, and some even go so far as to require that the carriage should be the colour of the ticket. If this were adopted, unless the whole ticket system were to be changed, the painters in oil would find their occupation gone, for the only way to meet the demand would be with distemper. The coaches would be a different colour on the up journey from what they would be on the down; coaches for return tickets would be half and half on the outward run and single coloured on the other; and excursion ticket-holders would be accommodated in the loudest of nigger

stripes to start with, and in stripes of a totally different pattern for every day in the week on which they would return. And yet, gay as all this would make the trains, they would not look any more startling than did the Rocket, the Novelty, and the Sanspareil, when gorgeous in bright jockey colours they ran their great race at Rainhill.

When a train is in a station it is under the control of the station-master, and should it not have been lighted it is his duty to do so. The miserable oil lamp is now making its last fight on the heavy lines. The North Western have over 20,000 of these lamps in use, but they are diminishing monthly, and no one regrets them; and the fragrant old lamp-rooms with their slate tables and sawdust bins are getting themselves into trim for quite another duty. The substitution of petroleum for rape saved the Midland £10,000 a year; the substitute for petroleum will save them more. Oil, mineral or otherwise, has almost disappeared from trains that consist of the same carriages throughout the run. For single carriages and branch lines oil has its advantages, and a lamp-man's carelessness may still make travelling a misery. From York to King's Cross we once journeyed in the dark. At Grantham we asked the guard for a light. "You've got a lamp, can't you see it?" was the reply. "No," we answered, "but we can smell it!" But neither guard nor station-master could appreciate third-class humour.

It is by oil-gas that most of the lighting is now done. The manufacture is much on the same lines as that of coal-gas. The petroleum is squirted as a spray into red hot retorts to be vapourised, and passed through a hydraulic main to the condensers, and on through a scrubber to the gasholder. Thence it is pumped into a reservoir at a pressure of 150 lbs. to the square inch, and thence by means of the main it is admitted into the cylinders under the carriages at a pressure of 110 lbs. Two of these cylinders, thirteen inches in diameter and sixteen feet long, hold enough for a journey from London to Aberdeen and back, the gas being reduced to burning pressure by a system of regulators.

Some years ago the Brighton Company introduced electric lighting for their Pullman train. The electricity was obtained from accumulators which were charged from a dynamo at Victoria. Now there is a dynamo in the guard's van driven by the axle of the wheel, a compact contrivance, dynamo, accumulators and all being contained in a cupboard occupying but two feet of the length of the van. The electric light is making many friends on every railroad on which it has been introduced, and though the systems are many the results are in almost every case satisfactory to the public, though not perhaps to the shareholders. But every year more economical methods are introduced, and we live in hope that a bright, cool light will become universal.

Another of the station-master's duties is to see that the carriages are properly warmed. The old hot-water foot-warmer has received notice to quit. Acetate of soda is the new solution, the advantage being that while water has to be put on the fire to be reheated, all that acetate of soda requires is a good shake. The acetate is liquefied in an iron tank, and seven quarts of it poured into each warmer, together with seven ounces of water and two cast iron marbles. The warmer is then boiled up in another tank to be fit for use. It cools slowly, and before it is quite cold it is only necessary to shake the marbles about to restore it to a comfortable temperature. In the North Western and other sleeping saloons another system is in vogue, the carriages being warmed by high pressure hot-water pipes.

Among the next improvements in the conditions of night travelling we shall probably have the abolition of the practice of waking up the passengers at the more important junctions. It has been found to be within the powers of human ingenuity to avoid an examination of tickets at four o'clock in the morning, and on one line it is reported that the porters have received instructions to announce the names of the stations in a considerate whisper. Why it is necessary for porters to shout at all is not very clear, and that the practice, even in daylight, is of any value may be doubted.

A good paper might be written on porters' cries, treating them under their several varieties as modified by local and individual circumstances. We have heard of the music of the waters as heard at Niagara: why not the music of the porters as heard on the Great Western? How varied are their accents and intonations! We can hardly expect a porter to be an elocutionist, but there might be a trifling pruning of his excrescences. The late Sir Daniel Gooch once put a stop to the exasperating misuse of the aspirate in an admirable manner. "Hacton! Hacton!" roared the man. "Dear me!" said the chairman of the Great Western from the railway carriage; "let that fellow be transferred to Hanwell; he can't give us too much *h* there." If the station had been Ealing instead of Hanwell the story would have been even better, for it so happens that Ealing, formerly Healing, has dropped the aspirate which has been so strangely picked up by the ancient Anwell.

Passing through Newton Abbot we once overheard a discussion on porters' cries. It seems they are fairly divisible into three groups. There are the mere grunts, as at Havant and Yeovil; the abbreviations, as at "Snks" (otherwise Sevenoaks) and "Drm" (as at Durham); and the jubilantly rhythmical, as the "Woodleywoodley-woodley Junc." of the M. S. and L., and that glorious crescendo of the Midland, "Mangotsfield! Mangotsfield! Change here—for Glaster and Chaltenam, Woster and Barmingham, Darby and the Narth! Glaster and Chaltenam, Woster and Barmingham, Darby and the Narth!" Between London Bridge and Victoria, it may be noted by the way, there are, or used to be, three stations, S'num, St'rum, and Bl'um, or Sydenham, Streatham, and Balham.

The carriages, having been cleaned and lighted and warmed, have also to be examined to make sure that the wheels are sound and the axles

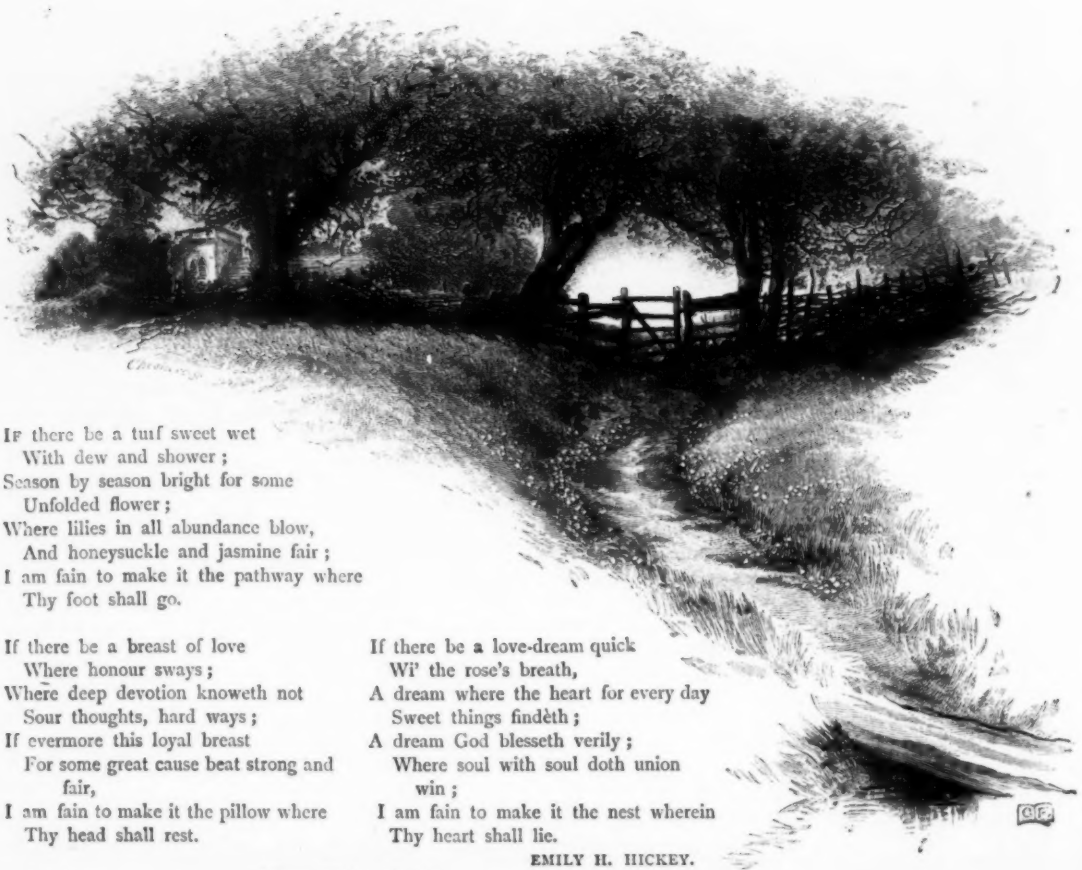
properly lubricated. This task is, as a rule, gone through behind the scenes before the train is backed into the departure platform, but at the stations on the road it has to be done in public. For express work oil is being increasingly used; it flows more quickly, and is altogether better so long as the wheel is on the move. But when the wheel stops the oil's very fluidity results in the squeezing out of the lubricant between axle and bearing, so that the wheel starts "dry," and requires more engine power to move it. The old yellow mixture of palm oil, soap, soda, and tallow is not so squeezable, and with it the friction at the moment of starting is less; and hence our expresses are beginning to be lubricated with oil, and our stopping trains and goods trains with grease. Time was when the companies oiled their bearings with a lump of tow at the end of a hazel wand; but they do not do so now. It is not often that anything is found wrong with a tire, but twice in our travels we have seen a carriage taken off a train because the metal did not ring true. And as to the greasing, we once saw a case of workmanlike thoroughness in work which has ever since given us an interest in that generally despised occupation.

Seventeen years ago we were in the last carriage of an express that had stopped at Bedford. The wheels had all been tapped and rang true, and clicking up the lid of each axle box, the greaser was coming along the train. It seemed a mere matter of form, this lid-lifting. Click! click! wheel after wheel all right; and as the clicker reached our carriage the guard started us. The wheels began to move; the greaser clicked the first—but the box was dry!

What did he do? Let it pass? By no means. In a moment his tray was on the step, and he was on after it. As the express at fast-increasing speed ran out of the station, he threw up the axle-lids. By the time he had finished we were over the Ouse. Throwing his tray off, he sprang after it, and saved himself from falling by a long staggering run.

A very ordinary performance of merely a greaser! But the present writer is of the same opinion now as then, that the man did his work at the risk of his life, and the work was not too humble to be done by a hero.

W. J. GORDON.



If there be a turf sweet wet
With dew and shower;
Season by season bright for some
Unfolded flower;
Where lilies in all abundance blow,
And honeysuckle and jasmine fair;
I am fain to make it the pathway where
Thy foot shall go.

If there be a breast of love
Where honour sways;
Where deep devotion knoweth not
Sour thoughts, hard ways;
If evermore this loyal breast
For some great cause beat strong and fair,
I am fain to make it the pillow where
Thy head shall rest.

If there be a love-dream quick
Wi' the rose's breath,
A dream where the heart for every day
Sweet things findèth;
A dream God blesseth verily;
Where soul with soul doth union win;
I am fain to make it the nest wherein
Thy heart shall lie.

EMILY H. HICKEY.

(*From Victor Hugo.*)

# HOUSEHOLD DOGS,

## AND HOW TO CHOOSE AND TRAIN THEM.

I NEED offer no apology—and I certainly do not mean to make one—for commencing this paper with "a bit" in which Newfoundlands figure. They are household dogs *par excellence*, and one of my own pet breeds.

It is a year and a week since poor Hurricane Bob passed over to the majority. Many readers of the "Leisure Hour" will remember him as the companion of my Caravan Rambles throughout the length and breadth of Britain. I have only to add that he was faithful and loving to the end.

It is several years now since I first met Maude McKenzie down in one of the flowery lanes of bonny Berks. Not more, perhaps, than sixteen was Maude, and as fresh and beautiful as the wild daisies her feet brushed the dew from, as she came tripping along. Somewhat frightened she looked as she noticed my companion, Hurricane Bob. But frightened she need not have been, for she, too, had a Newfoundland by her side—tall as a mastiff, black as raven's wing, the blackness just relieved by the red ribbon of a tongue that peeped from his mouth, and by the two rows of alabaster teeth that flashed in the sunlight every time he glanced upwards at the face of his mistress.

There was no inherent vice about Hurricane Bob, although he was of a bounding disposition—a "Rantin' Rovin' Robin"—and would at times fight with another big black dog for the mere fun of the thing.

"Dear me, now," said Hurricane Bob, fixing his eyes on the other Newfoundland, "I'd dearly like to know whether that dog or I am the taller. Mightn't I just run over, Master, and measure shoulders with him?"

"Certainly not, Robert," I replied. I always called him Robert when talking seriously. It seemed more impressive than the simple "Bob."

"You need not feel the slightest alarm, Miss," I continued, addressing the young lady, who was kneeling on the grass with both arms thrown round her pet's great neck. "I have my dog securely by the collar. But what a lovely animal you have there!"

"I'm so glad," she said, with slightly heightened colour, "that you admire him. Every one loves Juniper."

"Juniper!" I repeated. "Strange name!"

"Protection, you know," she explained, apparently a little surprised that I should not be quite *au fait* in the language of flowers.

I met Maude often afterwards; and even Hurricane Bob and Juniper grew friendly. The girl never went anywhere without Juniper, and more than once he followed her to church, and behaved there in a most exemplary manner.

The strange sad part of my short tale comes in at the end. Maude died of consumption. And it was affecting to see poor Juniper, with anxious and wondering looks, following the funeral. There was some mystery about the matter that his canine understanding could not grasp; but when the coffin was lowered and the sods arranged, hardly could the poor fellow be persuaded to leave the churchyard. Juniper refused food then, and died within a fortnight—of grief, they said, and I can well believe it.

But my memory teems with anecdotes of the sagacity and affectionate fidelity of the noble Newfoundland dog. It is not my desire, however—albeit I mentioned him first in the list—to claim for this animal the title of *facile princeps*. My object is to write a plain, practical paper which shall be of use to the reader, whether a dweller in town or in country, who is desirous to know the best qualities of different species of dogs as companions, children's pets, or household guards. I shall also give the characters of the animals I name, and various hints which may be found useful, though they may not accord with public opinion—which generally means public fallacy.

A curious thing happened in the village near which I reside a few years ago. We were visited one winter's night by a gang of burglars. Every good house, to the number, I think, of six or seven, was requisitioned before morning, with the exception of my own and that immediately adjoining it. I possessed at that time four or five great Newfoundlands, among them my champion Theodore, Nero, Hurricane Bob, his son, and an old prize-taker called Brewer. The house next mine belongs to H. Warde, Esq., M.P., and the loot therein would have probably swelled the treasury of the burglars considerably. Owing, however, to the terrible storm my dogs brought to bear on them, they fled, although they had already broken the latch of the dining-room window in Mr. W.'s house.

The Newfoundland bitch Queen Bolina lies at my feet as I write. She is not only a great beauty, and much admired, but a splendid guard. Here at home she is free to roam the grounds all the livelong night. Of course she is not such a fool as to do so, but she sleeps with her door open, and her ears as well. The man may bring the milk in the morning, or the police-patrol may pass by, but let a strange footstep be heard, or an "unkent" voice, and loud and deep as thunder is her honest bark.

It is pleasant to hear a watch-dog bark at night. The barking only occurs when necessary, it is always accompanied with a low and threatening growl; and when we hear this we know we are safe, that the animal who watches over us is more

faithful than any human sentry ever was. And so we go to sleep again with a sweet sense of security.

During four months of the summer of 1889 I camped with my caravan and tents in a lonely spot by the sea at Deal, not far from the old ruined castle of Sandown. Queen Bolina, as soon as the sun went down, took charge of the whole bivouac. So sure were we that no one could molest us and go unpunished, that we seldom were at the pains to lock our doors. Although on the road I sometimes bivouac by night in strange and lonely places, and in camp I invariably have a pair of good revolvers handy, I trust mainly to my dogs for protection. Queen, at all events, seems to know precisely what is required of her, and my last words to her before turning in are, "Good night, old girl. *Watch!*"

The Newfoundland is a dog of immense size and strength, with plenty of bone, a magnificent head, short ears, and eyes that brim over with intelligence. There are two sorts or species—the all black, and the Landseer or black and white. Neither must have curl in the coat, nor a high-carried tail, while the jacket or feather should be very long and abundant. Newfoundlands make delightful companions for children or ladies, are the best watch-dogs in the world, and save life from the water as if by instinct. A dog of this breed, however, ought never to be chained. He is a household dog and a house-dog *par excellence*. There is little fear of him making any mistake if left loose and on guard; and it is all but impossible for thief or burglar to bribe the animal.

Great care is now taken with the breeding of Newfoundlands in this country. The animals may have originally come from St. John's, but they are now improved beyond all comparison with their half wild ancestors—as much in mental attributes as in bodily form.

The St. Bernard is the next dog that claims my attention. The vexed question of origin I do not mean to go into. But every one who has visited a dog-show must have been struck with the extreme and princely magnificence of this breed of dogs, with their lovely wise heads, and massive frames, covered—in the rough species—with a coat that is snow-defiant and as warm as an eider-down quilt!

Sagacious in the extreme is the St. Bernard; but for him to be of any real service the owner must make a companion of him. If he does not appreciate the qualities of the animal he possesses, or turns him into a mere outdoor kennel dog, he does not deserve to have him. Kept much on the chain these fine fellows are apt to wax sour in temper, and even fierce at times. But if well-treated, well-fed and *loved*—what a deal there is in that wee word to a dog!—you shall hardly be able to find a better guard or better companion for ladies and children.

One of the noblest of these animals recently died, the grand old Champion Save, the property of J. F. Smith, Esq., of Sheffield. The dog was quite one of the family. In the large kennels not far from the house there were seldom fewer than a score of these wondrous dogs, but there was only one Save. He used to carry wherever he went a small barrel of polished wood depending from his collar in front, after the manner of the dogs belonging to the monks of St. Bernard. It is brandy that these latter carry, for the use of the poor travellers whom their sagacity enables them to exhume from the snowdrift. Save's mission was none the less noble, for his barrel was a cash-box, into which many a silver and even gold coin found its way. The dog thus managed for many years to support a child's cot in an hospital. The poor fellow is sadly missed.

The very appearance of a St. Bernard dog at a country or even town house is in itself a protec tion against the burglar or thief.

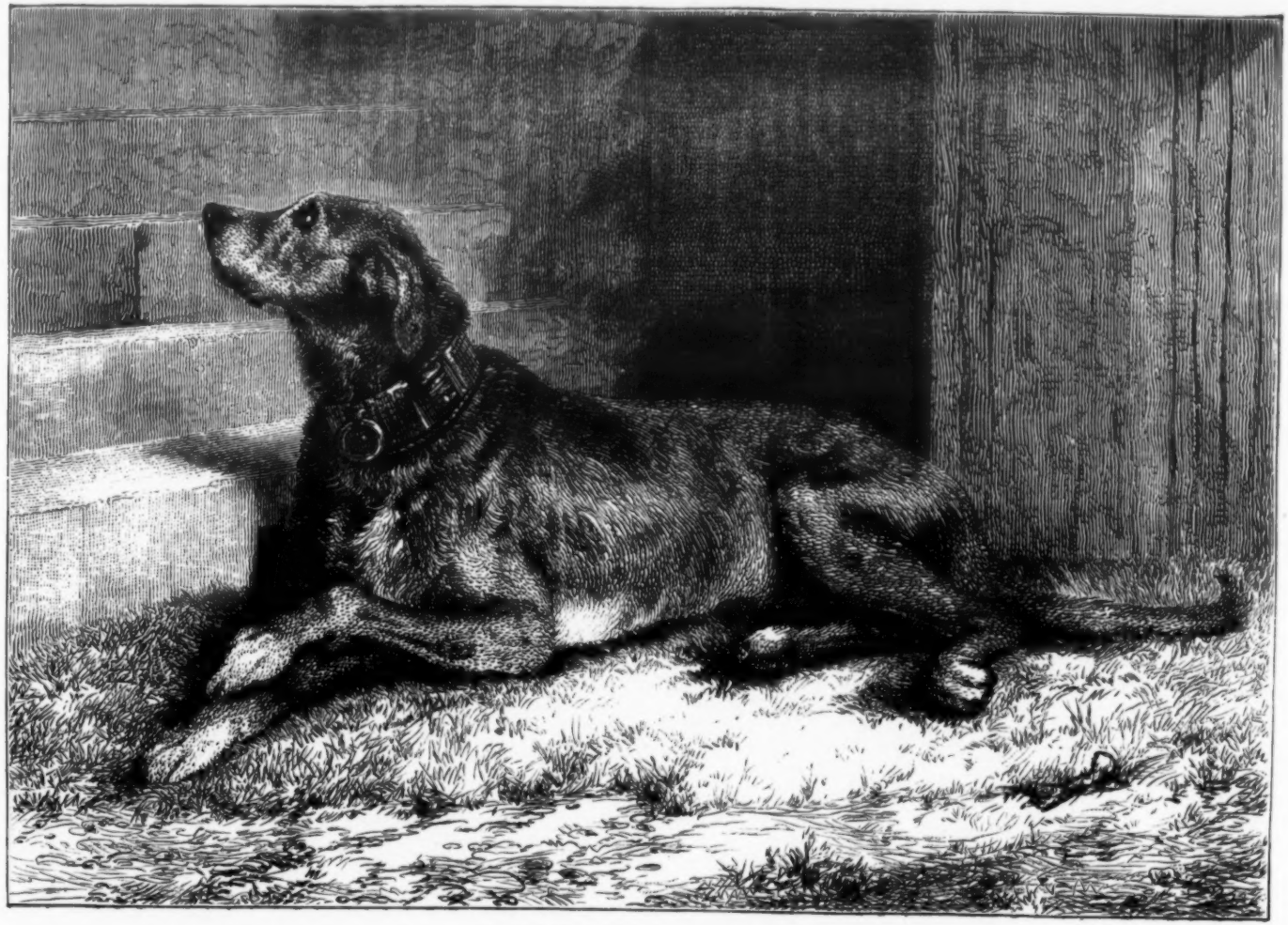
Some of these dogs fetch enormous prices that often amount to many hundreds of pounds. The celebrated dog Plinlimmon stood about thirty-four inches high at the shoulder, and was bought for the large sum of £1,000, and is now "starring it" on the American stage. I am told that one part of his performance is to lie dead at a certain part. Plinlimmon lies dead enough to all appearance, only no power on earth can prevent him from wagging his great tail now and then. Of course dead dogs do not wag their tails, but Plinlimmon cannot be supposed to know this.

Happy indeed may the man be, and safely may he sleep at night, who is guarded by a member of the princely tribe St. Bernard.

Another monster dog is the British Mastiff. Of extraordinary strength and substance, with a muzzle that could pin and hold a bull, he is, nevertheless, possessed of kindliness of manner and extreme sagacity. He is a gentleman's dog, and himself a gentleman. While the strongest man that ever lived could not *drive* the dog, a child can lead him. It is strange but true that nearly all large dogs are extremely fond of and condescending to children, especially to master's child. I myself—though I cannot remember it—was dry-nursed, as one might call it, by an immensely large Landseer Newfoundland, in whose arms I used to go to sleep on the lea or lawn. One day I was found asleep as usual, but with my clothes sadly disarranged, and face and breast besmeared with blood. Near me lay Snap—watching. A bull-dog had come on the scene some time before, and it would appear that a terrible fight had raged around and over me, in which the Landseer was victorious. This accounted for the blood, for, like Llewellyn's child, I was intact.

Mastiffs are either outdoor or indoor dogs. They are apt to get very fierce if kept much on chain, so ought to have all the freedom it is possible to give them. They are, I need hardly say, as short-coated and as glossy as a greyhound or horse. Like most smooth-haired dogs, they are almost constantly on the moult to some extent. This and a habit that many of them have of running at the mouth when they think of or see food, are the only objections to their being indoors. But the daily use of the hair-brush and hound-glove certainly obviates the first objection to a very large extent.

Like Artemus Ward's "elerphunts," mastiffs are "powerful eaters," and therefore hardly poor men's



WAITING FOR THE MASTER.

dogs. A St. Bernard, too, is generally ready for a good substantial meal, while, on the other hand, Newfoundlands are very easily kept.

I never had the honour of possessing a Scottish deerhound, so cannot speak from experience anent their qualities as house-dogs. They are said to be good guards for either person or property, and there is no doubt they are exceedingly handsome. There is, too, that air of nobility and high breeding about them we like to associate with romance and chivalry. Scottish deerhounds follow well on the street, keeping close to heel, and, although they never provoke a street fight, are more than capable of taking their own part.

The Great Dane is a dog that I am sorry to think is rather losing ground in this country, if we may judge from the meagrely filled benches containing this class at our large shows. He is a great favourite in Germany. It is said that Prince Bismarck hardly ever moves about without one or more of these grand fellows as followers. He has recently lost one of his best. I can speak from experience concerning this breed, and, to begin, do maintain that, considering their immense size and agility, no dog could be more gentle and winning. These dogs often measure more inches at the shoulder than the tallest mastiff, and possess almost as much strength, while they have all the agility of a Scottish deerhound. They are close-coated like the mastiff, generally self-coloured or with dark spots shining through the ground colour or brindle, and I have seen some very beautiful ones almost pure white.

Roughly speaking, the Great Dane should have a long, lean, but muscular head, in shape somewhat like that of a bull-terrier; the ears are usually cut, though this habit is now written down by all sensible and kindly-hearted people. If a Great Dane be of a slate colour, the whole body will very likely be of the same hue from nose to tail-tip, even the eyes themselves and the moustache-hairs.

As a household dog it would be difficult to find its match. It will be best to let such a dog sleep in the house. He need not be in one's bedroom, for he sometimes snores rather loudly; but he may make his bed on the mat just outside the door. Woe be, or woe would be, to any dark-lanterned burglar who might get half-way upstairs. Indeed, it is highly probable your Great Dane would permit him to get nearly all the way to the top, but then * * * *—the asterisks represent the descent of the staircase by dog and burglar. By the time you come with a light the *tableau vivant* at the foot of the stair might be represented thus ?:. N.B. The mark of interrogation is your Great Dane, the mark of interjection is the burglar. Both are prone, but the dog holds the coigne of advantage, and, if you now do your duty as well as the faithful Dane has done his, that burglar will have plenty of leisure to repent of his sins for ten years to come.

On no account should Great Danes be kept upon chain. There is little fear of these animals becoming too good-natured, but, if chained, it will be quite the other way.

When purchasing dogs of large breed, for household guards, it is well to make strict enquiries into the characters of the sire and dam; if they be fierce, ten to one the son will develop the same qualities.

No large dog is worth a Spratt cake if fierce and unmanageable, or if he be subject to fits of anger. You never know when you are safe with such an animal.

We sometimes see dogs advertised for sale with the following "recommendation" (?): "Gentle by day, a demon at night." Now, what on earth is the good of a dog who is a demon at night? Such a beast is generally a superstitious coward, and a Cerberus that will accept a sop. But, supposing he were not, one would have to keep the demon on chain all night. Small good would he be then. He might give the alarm; but a tiny black-and-tan terrier, small enough to breakfast off a pigeon's egg, could do the same thing equally as well. So never buy a demon.

Talking about demons puts me in mind of keepers' dogs. They may be bull-and-mastiff, or bloodhound-and-mastiff, or any cross betwixt big breeds, say Newfoundland-and-collie or retriever-and-Newfoundland. They must be excellently well-trained, and none but a genuine keeper can bring such a dog up in the way he should go. I possessed a beautiful creature once—no irony meant—he was lovely as a dream; but, if any man but touched my shoulder, he went to ground immediately, no matter how tall he was—it is the spring and push that do the work. But this dog never bit his man, only held him down. Nor would he touch a woman or child.

The Bull-dog, albeit the appearance and shape of head and body may, in the eyes of some, detract from his beauty, is a really excellent household dog. As a rule, which admits of hardly any exceptions, the Bull-dog is faithful, kind and true: that is, if well-bred. Let him be a cross of some kind, and often enough he is a cur and a coward. The very appearance of a huge-headed red-eyed bull-dog is quite enough to scare away any ordinary night-prowler, be his "game" whatever it may. A well-trained dog of this breed will not make any mistake and go for the wrong man. Knowing his immense strength, he seems, as a rule, unwilling to proceed to extremes: but, when duty bids him, then he suddenly awakens to the necessity of doing his best. When he does begin he means business, and when he lays hold, nothing short of semi-strangulation is going to make him let go until his duty is performed.

It is a mistake that these animals are naturally bloodthirsty, vindictive and ferocious. No dogs that I know of are more gentle and affectionate than they are, and none more endearing in all their ways. They are exceedingly wise with it all, and may be talked to and reasoned with as one reasons with a child. So great is their sagacity, shown in every look and movement, that if one does get angry and talk cross to his bull-dog friend, he feels sorry the next minute for having done so.

For the points of this and all other household dogs I must refer the reader to books on the subject, but, as to colour, I may state the animal may be all white. I hardly like a patch-eyed dog: there

is something of the Bill Sykes about such a head—at least, so it seems to me. Red-smut or tar with black muzzle is better, or fawn-smut or yellow-smut; but a lovely brindle is my own particular choice.

Once more let me warn the reader against the abuse of the chain.

The Collie, rough or smooth, has much to recommend him as a household dog. This dog is universally admitted to be king of the canine race, so far as wisdom is concerned. He is almost too faithful; and it is a very great mistake to lay the charge of treachery at his door. This is a popular fallacy which it will take at least a hundred years to abuse the English mind of. If collies as house-dogs have a fault it lies in their excitability. The fact is, they need more exercise far than it is possible to give them in this country. The consequence is that when they are taken out for a run they often go "daft" with joy. Perhaps, too, it is but right to admit that some collies have a bad habit of chasing and barking at horses.

A Poodle if well-bred is a very knowing, wise, and amusing house-dog. He is nearly always a very great favourite with little folks, and there is really no end to the fun one can get out of the animal. He is a faithful pet too, and, although he may not be able to defend the house, he will assuredly give an alarm if anything be wrong. Poodles have often ere now alarmed master or mistress when fire broke out, and thus they have saved many valuable lives and much property.

There are one or two foreign dogs that may be recommended as house-dogs to any one who has a fancy for things odd. The Esquimaux dog, for example. Some of these are exceedingly faithful and excellent guards. They are very strong in the fore-quarters, and some friends of mine amuse themselves on the ice by getting their pets to tool them along. I am not aware that there is any law to prevent this.

Then there is the Australian dingo, that looks like a breed between a collie and wolf, but of course is nothing of the sort.

The Thibet dog is an animal of quite a different sort and character. He is not unlike an immense half-wild black or bronze Newfoundland. "He is bred," says a good, though old, authority, "on the tablelands of the Himalaya mountains bordering on Thibet. The Bhoteans, by whom many of them are carefully reared, come down to the low countries at certain seasons of the year to sell musk, etc. The women, however, remain at home, and they and their flocks are most sedulously guarded by these great dogs. They are also defenders of every considerable mansion in Thibet. Every writer who describes these dogs speaks of their noble size, ferocity, and antipathy to strangers."

An animal of this sort would make a splendid companion for a man in the backwoods of Canada, or wilds of our Scottish Highlands.

But what says the reader to our "new-fangled" friend the Schipperké (pronounced Skipperkey)? He is a recent importation from the Low Countries across the silver streak, but bound to become a very great favourite in Britain as time goes on. He has always been a utility dog, having served generations of boatmen on the Belgian canals as not only vermin-killer but watch-dog as well. No wonder they are called schipperkés or little captains. In England they have supplied a long-felt want. There was ample room for a little dog under or about twelve pounds weight, sharp as a house-dog, clean in build, without a long coat to sweep up the mud, healthy and hearty, not wheezy and subject to fits, or heir to ailments arising out of hereditary pampering and lap-nursing. The schipperké is a healthy pet dog. He forms a strong and undivided attachment to his owner, delighting in his company and pining when he is away. He is ever on the *qui vive*, and watches everything that goes on with an air of alertness that suspects everybody, and his great weakness is curiosity. Whatever he hears, sees, or feels, he must investigate and find out all about. The doggy is tailless, but, looking at his pert, amusing, coaxy face, you never miss the caudal appendage. He is all black and has a hard dense coat.

There is a dog called the Siberian wolf-hound, very large and beautiful; but hardly enough is known about him in this country to justify his recommendation as a house-dog.

Although I very greatly admire the character and keenness, not to say pert beauty, of the schipperké, I do not forget that there are quite a variety of small dogs in this country that make very excellent house-guards indeed. These, of course, are not meant to do anything else except sound an alarm. I have only to mention the black-and-tan terrier, the old English terrier, the Skye, the Dandie, the Yorkshire. These last are usually considered merely in the light of ladies' pets. Yet with all their extreme beauty they are very game, and if left in charge of anything will defend it with their little lives.

The Airdale terrier and Irish terrier are larger dogs, and these can fight as well as spring an alarm. The dogs that are little or no use as guards are—some sporting dogs, pugs, Maltese terriers, and lap-dogs generally. A retriever, however, is good in-doors or out.

So in England wherever we live we surely need not be afraid of thieves by day or burglars by night.

We have only to consider and choose and purchase. This purchasing is often looked upon as the most difficult part of dog-keeping. The tax is a mere trifle—seven shillings and sixpence for a dog of any size. It should be remembered that it is just as cheap keeping a well-bred and beautiful dog as a cur, and that mongrels are often bad-tempered and as full of faults as they often are of fleas. I have a poor opinion of that man who permits himself to board a dog of no pedigree.

Touching pedigree, we have to remember when purchasing that there is a stud-book, and that all really good dogs are registered therein. It is always easy, therefore, to verify a given pedigree, by sending it up to such journals as the "Stock Keeper," "The Live Stock Journal," etc. Forgery thus becomes impossible and is penal.

But *where* to purchase? Avoid replying to advertisements in cheap organs. I do not say many good dogs are not so advertised, but eight-tenths of them are trash, and if you are not a *connoisseur* you may go considerably to leeward of the thing you want. A plan I freqently recommend is to write to the secretary of some big show for a prize-list. You thus get the names and addresses of good breeders and winners at once. These may charge higher, but you are almost sure of getting a good dog.

The dog should be had on approval, and, before completing the purchase, it will be well to obtain the advice of some good vet. as to the state of its health. If a puppy —and it is best to buy about two or three months old—the skin should be clean and free from scurf or vermin—especially the latter. Puppies, like babies, change their skin, and this may give the puppy's coat a scaly look—but a vet. can distinguish between this and skin-complaint. The puppy ought to be as fat as a lamb and as frisky as a kitten, the limbs should be straight, teeth and eyes clear, and ears and tail correct.

Having got the little rascal, you must feed him well—*four or five times a day is not a bit too often.* Milk and bread and boiled Spratt cake must be the staple diet. But to tiny dogs you may give boiled eggs. I reared the Champion Newfoundland Grenville on boiled Spratt cake and good milk, and all dog-fanciers know what he is now. Bone-meal, cod-liver oil, and Parrish's chemical food (a syrup of the phosphates) are accessories for the growth of bone and general stamina.

It is a great mistake that all dogs must have distemper. I have never seen a case yet in my own kennels. It is prevented by careful feeding—especially about the time the dog is getting the permanent teeth, say from the fourth to seventh month —cleanliness, freedom from damp, warmth at night, and unlimited *exercise* and *food* all day. Big bones to gnaw help to pass the time, so do old boots and shoes to worry and play with; but small bones that he can swallow should on no account be given to a puppy.

A word or two about the training of the household dog. The owner himself should take this in hand. A puppy must not be scolded and talked at by every member of the family, including the servants. There is no surer method of making the poor fellow grow "bad," morally and physically. "The best trained dogs," says a recent writer, "are the most intelligent, and consequently the best looking, and any young dog with a heavy stupid expression may be vastly improved by a judicious course of training." This stands to reason. Indeed, there is as much difference between a dog like my Queen Bolina here and an ordinary street or stable loafing cur, as there is between a lady of culture and a charwoman.

"Proper training not only improves the dog but binds more closely the tie of affection 'twixt him and his master. Different dogs, of course, require different sorts of training, as the terrier for vermin and the Newfoundland for the sea."[1]

But what the householder requires is a dog that will be clean indoors, faithful and kind outside or in; if large, capable and willing to defend master or property, and if small, always on the alert and ready to give the alarm by day or night.

In training the dog one must have patience, and be gentle, firm, and kind. You must not attempt to rush a dog's education. The chief secret is to get the animal not only to love you—that is easy —but to believe that you love him. He will then take an interest in your every movement and strive to please you.

As to cleanliness in the house, when a dog forgets himself, show displeasure or grief in your face, shake the warning finger or the tiny cane, do not beat him, but turn him out at once.

Never thrash a dog at all if chastisement can be done without. Talk slowly and quietly to a dog when you want him to understand and obey a command. Dogs study one's face. They are splendid physiognomists. If, for example, you are sitting of an evening writing or reading in a quiet room and a footstep sounds outside on the gravel, the dog will raise his head and his eye seek yours, and I can assure you you can communicate your fears or suspicions far better by expression of face than words. You may, however, say in a low whisper, "Who is it, boy?" or "You had better watch!"

I have an idea that all animals, from a dog down to a parrot, soon know the meaning of the word "rascals." At night in the country, then, one may make plentiful use of the word on meeting, or hearing the footsteps of, any suspicious character. The dog will immediately be on the *qui vive*, and the dear fellow will be as happy as a king to think you trust him and put yourself under his protection.

Never correct a dog in anger, nor some time after he has done the offence, or his finite mind will be unable to form any connection 'twixt crime and penalty.

Remember in all your dealings with your dog that he *means* to do well, *means* to please you, and tries his best to do so. Only make him understand what you want.

Let me repeat that love is the bond that binds dog and master together, love and CANDOUR.

GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

[1] Vide "Dog Owner's Companion" (Dean and Son, publishers) by same author.

# "YANKEE DODGES."

## MACHINERY AND ENGINEERING.

THE American does all he can by machinery. If he has only a dozen articles to make he schemes a machine whereby they make themselves.

Handicraft is at a discount, brains at a premium. "We make dropped forgings and malleable castings," said an engineer one day to an inquirer, "but we don't make smiths."

Most of the elaborate carving in a Pullman car is done by machinery; miners rarely use a hand-drill, but one worked by steam or compressed air; farm-work on the immense fields of the West is, of course, all done by machinery.

The simplest processes, as well as the more elaborate ones mentioned above, are performed by a machine. For instance, every one knows, who has tried it, what an awkward piece of business it is to "shoot" or plane up the end of a plank, to make it straight and true across the grain.

You fix the thing upright in a vice and take the back corner off with a chisel to prevent the plane splitting it off; then slowly and laboriously you work the plane, stopping every two or three strokes to apply straightedge or square until the work is



satisfactory. In any American pattern or carpenter's shop there is a tool like a guillotine working horizontally; a true bed and a sharp vertical knife worked from above by a long handle. The workman places his piece of timber on the machine, sets the rest to any angle, gives one or two strokes with the handle, and has a true straight "glue joint" at once.

These machines are, of course, made and sold here, and in fact were introduced, I believe, by an Irish firm; but an English master-man needs much persuasion before he introduces one, while the American "goes for" it at once. If he could not buy one he would make one; there's the difference. It is in the *adoption* as well as in the invention of a machine that the American shines.

Jig saws, band saws, steam augers, countersinks, and screw-drivers, lathes with tools held in the back-centre, which is made to swivel so as to bore out taper if required, and all kinds of cutters for making spur-wheel patterns, are found in every *small* shop, and are not, as here, the exclusive servants of large concerns.

In iron-work also everything that can be done by machinery is done: stamped work is exquisite; gun-sights and the most delicate small forgings are made under a "drop" hammer. Flanging, drawing, welding, etc., are brought to great perfection, although, probably, the old country holds her own here. I was shown a cylinder, 15″ diam. and 8″ deep, with a top to it, all stamped out of one steel plate and untouched by hand. It was not an eighth of an inch thick, and the inventor of the process said he could have made it much deeper if required.

Electric welding is coming into extensive practical use, and appears to be a beautiful and satisfactory process. The two pieces of metal (not necessarily of the same kind) which it is desired to weld are placed in close juxtaposition by screw-holders, and an electric current of low electromotive force is passed through them. At the point of separation intense heat is generated which is sufficient to render the interior of the pieces almost fluid, while the outside remains comparatively cool; when hot enough the pieces are jammed together by the screws and the weld is made; it only remains to smooth off the slight burr raised at the junction. At present this process is chiefly used for light delicate work, for which it is admirably adapted.

No one who saw the working exhibition of the Waltham Watch Company at the London "Inventions" will deny the excellence of American machinery for light fine metal-work; but the same ingenuity and economy of labour are displayed in the heaviest iron-work. Carnegie's Rail Mills at Pittsburg, for example, are an admirable example of how to do work without touching it by hand.

The blooms, or rough bars of steel, are drawn from the furnaces, conveyed to the rolls, passed through them, cut to length and finished with a slight curve, so that as they cool they may straighten themselves; and all this by one or two men who stand on platforms and work hydraulic levers.

No man to haul up the furnace door when the "heat" is ready; no gang waiting about until the time comes for them to work the handle end of the great tongs and pull the bloom out. All is done quietly, and the doors, tongs, cranes, trollies, and rolls move as though endowed with intelligence.

Wire-drawing through rolls is an exceptionally difficult operation, because as the wire becomes thinner it of course also becomes longer, so that the speed of the last rolls has to be much greater than that of the first. This necessitates very careful gearing, as the least strain on the wire between two sets of rolls would stretch and probably break it. To guard against this it has been usual to allow the wire to make a bend between each pair of rolls, and a man stands in each bend to guide the wire round.

In Worcester, Mass., however, there is a mill in which the wire goes straight from one set of rolls to the next, and hundreds of yards of steel-wire are drawn from a bloom without being touched by hand.

The first train of rolls which reduce the bloom to medium-sized rods of course do far more work in a given time than the later rolls, which have to deal with the wire in its lengthened condition; therefore to every set of first rolls there are arranged three or four sets of finishers, and the rods are delivered to each in turn by the instrumentality of a "switch."

Horse-nails are made out of solid cold square iron bar, which is passed down through rollers, cut into lengths, which have the heads formed on them, and finally pointed between dies.

Instances of clever machinery might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but many or most of them are now well known here.

American design in engineering has one striking feature, and that is its lightness. Machines are made light, for people prefer to "scrap" a machine and have another of a later pattern to possessing plant that is practically everlasting.

Bridges are also very light looking, and occasionally break down. The controversy between American and English schools of engineering is constantly raging, however, and need not be gone into here, except to say that the conditions in the two countries are entirely different, and that it is practically impossible to build a bridge strong enough to withstand a Johnstown flood or a Chicago avalanche.

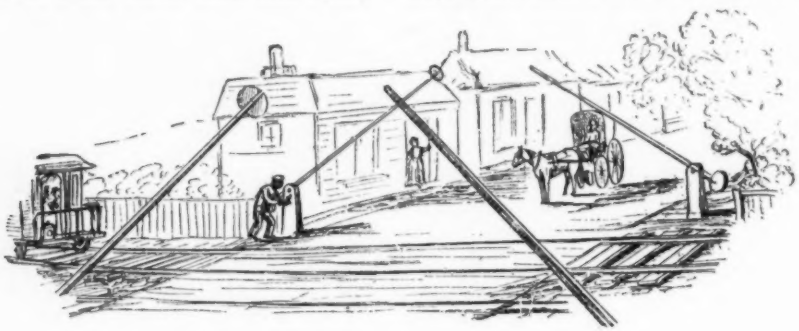
The American has to build one strong enough to carry his trains and stand ordinary bad weather, and inclines to risk calamities. The distances also are so great that the railways, at first at any rate, have to be constructed in a quasi-temporary manner

Cast iron is used much more freely in the States than at home. A cast-iron locomotive driving-wheel with hollow spokes and a steel tire would frighten many English locomotive superintendents, though such wheels are common enough on the other side. Car wheels (all "bogey") are generally cast-iron with a chilled tread and no tire, and are ground up by emery wheels.

In places where ordinary cast-iron is inadmissible a "malleable" iron casting will be used, and only in the direst necessity does an American have recourse to a forging. The Lake Superior iron is said to be the best in the world for "malleable" work, and full advantage is taken of it. All gas-fittings—elbows, tees, etc.—are malleable castings, and most of the angle pieces, etc. used in car construction are the same. A visit to any American Novelty Store in London is enough to confirm these statements.

LOCOMOTIVES.

The American locomotive is a curious and "rattle-trappy"-*looking* contrivance, but there is a reason for all its seeming eccentricities. The huge spark-catcher on the funnel is required to



prevent forest fires; the severity of the climate produces a large and sumptuous "cab;" the length of the roads and their consequently unprotected state render the "cow-catcher" essential. The immense grate and fire-box are wanted on account of the poor coal, which is also answerable for the cinder accumulator or prolonged smoke-box. The gimcrack look of the "motion" is due to the fact that the Yankee fitter prefers to see the valve face he is surfacing to lying prone on his side between the cylinders, as in an English engine; therefore the valve chest is put above the cylinders and the spindle connected to the eccentrics by a rocking shaft. The outside connecting rod, which generally looks very light, is due to the well-founded American abhorrence of cranked axles; the immense polished bell and head lamp are concessions (and about the only ones) to public safety. The trains run along on the level through the stations, there being no platforms, so that the first care of a passenger on alighting from one train is not to step into the way of another.

Thus all the excrescences on the locomotive may be accounted for, and it must be borne in mind that very little is sacrificed to appearance. Machines are made to do their work on the

cheapest and simplest principles, irrespective of æsthetic proportions ; what is lacking in these is compensated for by brass bands and polish. Whatever be the faults of the American locomotive, it at least "gets there." Ten or twelve seventy-foot Pullman cars is no uncommon load for one engine running three hundred miles between sunset and sunrise, and over gradients and round curves which caused the eyes of an imported English driver to open considerably.

The railroads often run through the streets of a town, which echo to the "churchy" sound of the engine bells all day long.

Level crossings instead of bridges are universal, and these are generally protected by four swivel barriers which are lowered simultaneously across the roadway on the approach of a train. They are intended to serve the same purpose as the gates in use here, although there is nothing to prevent children or idiots running under them in front of an advancing train ; but all children there are about twenty-one years of age to begin with, and idiots —well, they are not wanted "anyhow."

### THE FIRE BRIGADE.

There is one "dodge," or rather encyclopædia of "dodges," which, while it does not entirely come under the head of machinery or engineering, includes so much of both as to render mention in this connection admissible. It is the American Fire Brigade.

For efficiency and promptitude the New York Fire Brigade is probably unequalled in the world, and these qualities it owes quite as much to the ingenuity displayed in its apparatus as to the admirable discipline and training of its members.

For purposes of fire protection the whole city is divided into a number of sections, each of which contains from three to four fire-engines and two or three "hook and ladder" stations. Each station is under the command of a captain and lieutenant, and the whole section is under one chief, who has his headquarters at one or other of the stations, and rides to fires in his own gig, which is kept in readiness alongside the engines.

The crew of each station consists of ten men : one in turn is always on duty, one off duty and away altogether, and the other eight off duty but on the premises, ready night and day for action. Every man thus has every tenth day "off."

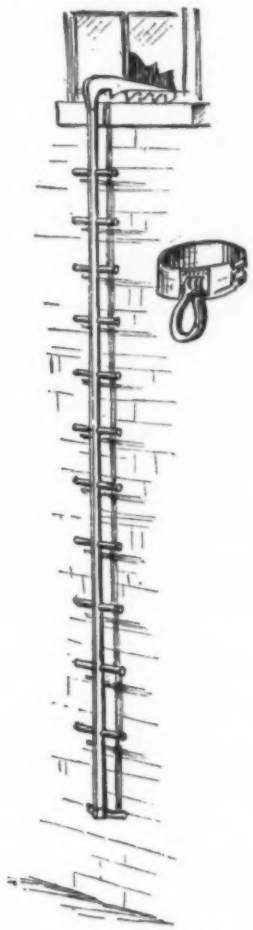
There is nothing special about the engines except that they are all steamers, and that the boilers are connected to a stove in the cellar which keeps the water in them boiling. On a "call" the connection to the heater is broken by a simple disengaging valve, the fire is lighted as the engine is moving out, and full steam pressure is obtained almost immediately.

The "hook and ladder" station contains a fearful-looking conveyance on four wheels, and about forty feet long. It carries fire escapes, hooks, and numberless other appliances, and the way in which it and its three horses abreast are driven at full speed through the rough, narrow, crowded and column-studded streets of New York is a marvel. The escape is pivoted on the fore end of the carriage and is raised by powerful screw-gearing to the vertical position ; the second continuing ladder may then be hoisted above it by chains and a winch.

The hook, which is part of the equipment, and gives its name to the station, is a very long-handled implement armed with a sharp iron tooth or hook, for tearing down ceilings or other overhead obstructions.

The carriage is packed full with scaling-ladders, leaping-nets, grappling-irons, "Siamese" unions for three or four streams of water, special hose-nozzles, crowbars, pitchforks, axes, etc. etc. All these devices are admirably designed, for they have to work, not deliberately and in the daylight, but at a moment's notice, in the dark, in a crowd, and under every conceivable disadvantage.

A scaling-ladder, with its accompanying belt, is shown in the sketch. The long iron-toothed projection at its upper end is pushed through a window or over a ledge, and the fireman, having put on the belt, ascends the hanging ladder. Arrived at the



top, he clips the ladder with the spring hook—made like a gigantic watch-chain staple—which hangs from the front of his belt, and then has both hands free to raise a second ladder, handed him by his mates below, up to the window on the next floor.

The spring hook or ring on the belt also serves as a pulley, by which a man can lower another to the street. To do this he sets his feet against the wall inside a window and takes a turn or two of the lowering rope through the ring.

Some of the special hose-nozzles are very ingenious. One is formed at the end of a long piece of bent iron pipe, and is intended to deliver water into a cellar from which smoke may be issuing in such dense clouds as to prevent the men getting close to it.

Another carries jets revolving in each direction, which are turned by the force of the stream, and make a perfect ball of water, which can be lowered into a cellar or thrust through a hole into the midst of the fire.

The most striking feature in the Brigade, however, is the rapidity with which an engine or ladder cart gets out of its house and away to the scene of action on receiving a call. This, again, is largely secured by the excellence of the mechanical "dodges."

To many a recital of the performance will be an oft-told tale, but since there is nothing like it on our side of the water it may be of interest.

The eight men off duty may be eating their dinner, or playing billiards, or sleeping soundly in their rooms above the engine-house; should the great gong below, which is connected electrically to the central station, sound and give the "first alarm," every man in that particular house, and in every fire-house in the city—for the "first alarm" is given them all round—leaves his dinner, his game, or his bed, and rushes to a hole in the floor, in the centre of which is a vertical brass rod. Grasping this he slides down like lightning into the engine-house, landing on a rubber mat placed there to lessen the shock.

Meantime, down below, the same current which sounded the gong has released the strap which holds each horse in his stall. The stalls are close alongside the engine, and the horses face towards the door. The instant they are released they clatter into their respective places on each side of the pole—being trained, of course, to do so—and await events.

Thus, in about one second after the "first alarm" the nine men are at their stations and the horses in their places. In nine cases out of ten the performance finishes here, for although the "first call" is given to every station in the city—with the object, presumably, of keeping things from rusting—the "second alarm" is only given to those stations in the vicinity of the fire.

Let us suppose that the station we are watching receives the "second alarm," which will come, if it come at all, immediately after the first. The collars, traces, and reins are all slung up to the roof by an arrangement of cords and pulleys. One man will release these and lower them on to the horses. Another man clips the collars, which are hinged, and puts in the bits. The cords release themselves automatically when the horses start.

The engineer cuts off his boiler-heating connection and puts a match to the fire. Another man opens the door, the crew swing up on to the engine, there to don their helmets, etc., kept there in readiness, and in six or seven seconds from the alarm the engine is tearing along the street.

If there be truth in the fireman's axiom, that the first half-minute at a fire is worth as much as the succeeding ten, American blazes should have small chance of developing into conflagrations.

With this crowning instance of Yankee "dodges" these papers may well close. Countless other still more clever contrivances in house and factory and machinery there doubtless are, but I prefer to describe only what I saw.

Only a few instances have been given, but they suffice to show one great characteristic of the American—the desire for speed.

He talks fast, walks fast, eats fast, thinks fast, travels fast. His very horse has a gaunt and restless appearance, disdains all such useless proceedings as arching of the mane or stepping high, and sweeps along with neck extended and hoofs just skimming the ground.

To be "slow" is the *bête noire* of the average Yankee, and "dead slow" is the most contemptuous epithet in his vocabulary.

With this craving for speed and the acuteness and ingenuity which it has developed, the American combines a readiness to impart information which is admirable, and an open-handed hospitality which must be experienced to be appreciated.

W. E. BUCK.

# THE DRAGON'S BREATH.

"YOU'D better hold your tongue just now, mate, unless you can trim it to a better fashion," said Jack Heronshawe, the headman at the "night-shift" at the Clapperston Iron Works. "Talk o' your sort don't go down well with th' maister." And he jerked his head towards a tall figure looming through the lurid light that crossed and recrossed the huge shed in bars and paths and patches of blood red.

"Th' maister—be it he?"

"Ay, and he's ears like a hare, as you'll likely find to your cost."

"I were saying no harm, Jack."

"No harm! Well, ye were cursing at a rate I'd rarely heard beat. You would appear to be a sort of prize-medal chap at cursing, Edwin Field. Perhaps ye reckon yourself on that question; perhaps ye take kind o' pride in piling up the big black words higher than the rest o' us can reach to. Is that so, Edwin Field?"

But the figure they had spoken of had come close up by this time, and Jack's question got no answer. Perhaps Edwin Field did not care to display his peculiar style of conversation so near to the "master" with ears like a hare, and who had a prejudice against cursing. He was a new hand at the Clapperston Iron Works, and was not very sure of his ground as yet.

Besides, a critical moment had come; a huge mass of molten iron was ready for "rolling," and there was no time for talk, good or bad.

The master, or rather the manager of the works, stood watching the scene. This rolling-work was a special feature at Clapperston, and all the care and skill of the place was centred in this shed, where the wheels and shafts and whirling bands drove the mass of iron down its appointed course, until what had been a shapeless incandescent thing—too bright to look upon, too blazing hot to approach—was stretched and cooled into a girder for an iron bridge, or a deck beam for some ocean steamer.

The men, defended by leathern garments soaked in water, "tended" the rolling-mill, seizing the iron with their long-handled pincers as it passed from side to side, and thrusting it again and again into the ever-narrowing grip of the machinery.

They were neither blinded, deafened, nor scorched, although any one not used to such fierce heat and glare would have deemed that rolling-shed a place fit only for such creatures as the gnomes of old legends or the demon genii of Arabian tales.

That particular beam of iron lay at last finished—a massive flawless bar; dark, inert, almost cold—wholly different from the white-hot lump that the machinery had first seized upon.

The men stood back; even they, seasoned muscular giants as they were, panted, and mopped their dripping foreheads.

"Terrible weighty bars, these," said Edwin Field, the new hand; and then he grumbled at the size of the Clapperston "rolls" in that awful vocabulary for which he was evidently famous.

"You believe in God, my man?" said a grave deep voice at his elbow.

He jumped as though he had been reached by one of those flakes of fiery rain that were falling from the furnace on the other side of the shed.

It was the manager. "You believe in God, Field?" he asked again.

"'Spose most on us do, sir," he answered awkwardly; "but why for should you ax me in particular?"

"You appealed to Him, and that earnestly. I also believe in Him, Field, but my strong belief keeps me from using His Name unless with respect, or allowing it so to be used here while I manage these works. God is our King, our Judge, our Great Father: we should be careful how we speak of Him."

No one replied. What was there to say? The "shift" was over, and the men going home; another gang of fresh hands were already gathering about the doors; there was some "puddling" to be done now, the rolling-mill was at rest for a space. Jack Heronshawe took his coat from a rusty nail in the "tea-house," Field and the rest followed to get their own belongings. To the men's astonishment, Mr. Lang, the manager, stepped in after them.

There was comparative quiet in the tea-house. Certainly the racket of the trucks rushing up the incline to feed the furnaces was tremendous, and the pounding of the forge-hammers unceasing, but still, to ears used to the din, the tea-house was a haven almost calm.

"Men," said Mr. Lang, "I've been wanting to speak to you all about this same habit of strong language; no time like the present, as the saying is, so here goes. I'm no preacher——"

"Nay, you're not," came in gruff chorus from some part of his audience.

"And I wish to dictate to no man's conscience; but this thing is open insult to One I serve, and as such I can't suffer it where I have any bit of authority. Do you see?"

"Mr. Lang, sir," spoke up Jack Heronshawe, "it's but a bit habit; we means no harm, no sort o' harm; the words just slips out and there's the end of them——"

"I'm not sure of that, Jack. In fact, I don't think there *is* the end by any means. But don't you be thinking I can't gauge the hold a habit has over a man; ay, and *this* habit, this devil-taught habit itself. There's not a man here—I *hope* theres not a man here—that has sinned as blackly as I have sinned with my blaspheming tongue."

(Was it fancy, or did his glance really rest on Edwin Field as he spoke?)

The men stared at him in silence. Their manager was not exactly a favourite with them; he was too strict, too unbending, to be very popular with a set of hard drinkers and wild livers such as were most of the Clapperston workmen; but they respected him, every mother's son of them; and to hear that he hoped there was not one amongst themselves as wicked as he had been was startling.

"I know the power of the habit, and the guilt of it; and I know the fight a man has to kick it out of himself," went on Mr. Lang. "See you here—I was a lad at the Huntwearsley Works. My father was a workman, a puddler, and so was I."

Again the men stared. A queer chap, this manager of theirs! Not often did a master confess to his own underlings how low his beginnings had been. What was he driving at? He was always odd and cold and sudden, but had he gone fairly off his head to-day, this Mr. Lang?

"Huntwearsley was a rough place in my day—well, yes, rougher even than Clapperston, and we know what Clapperston can do in the matter of roughness, some of us. But Huntwearsley was just God-forsaken, as the saying goes. But that word is *merely* a saying; God never forsakes any man or any place. *No, never!* Don't you believe it. Anyway, He didn't forsake me all those wild evil days when I was serving His enemy, the devil, as hard as a lad like me could serve. Jack!"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you care to hear, you and the rest? Would you care to know how I turned from the bad road to the pleasant path, from earning the wages of sin to trying to do some scrap of my dear Lord's work in these working days? It will take me ten minutes or more, and you're all needing home and your rest."

"You go ahead, sir, we're keen to hear."

Jack Heronshawe was over the others, it was for him to speak for the rest, for him to show manners, and humour the master by listening. Only Edwin Field shuffled a little nearer to the door, glancing uneasily round as if calculating whether he could possibly slip away unobserved.

But Mr. Lang spoke directly to him.

"Field, I should wish you to know my experience, and how fully I can understand *your* position, and gauge the big fight *you* will have if you determine to shake off the devil's chains and be God's freeman. I was about the foulest-mouthed boy that ever handled iron. I gloried in it, as the devil's slaves do sometimes glory in their shame. The men laughed at me and egged me on, and at length they too took a sort of pride in what I could say; and they'd tease me, or bribe me, or flatter me, on purpose to hear what horrible string of oaths I could get through without taking breath. God forgive me! . . .

"And then—well, I can't say much of *that*. . . . But I'd a little sister, a sweet white wee lass, just one of the lambs of God, such as the Saviour loved and lifted long ago. He loved *her*, that's plain, and He took her away from us—away from *me* that I might not smirch and soil her soul by my ill words and ways. But as they opened Heaven's gate to let her in, it seemed as though some bit of the Light fell through, right down into the blackness of my heart. I saw by the help of that Light what I'd never reckoned of before:—I saw that gentleness is stronger than fierceness, that truth must outlast lies, that God's way of clean unselfish living is the only life that can fit a man's needs. And I saw too that the only Poor Man who ever triumphed over vileness and spitefulness and death, who lives now after eighteen hundreds of years, is the Man Christ Jesus, who has given His word to help and save all who come to His Father in His Name.

"So I came. And He did help me.

"He helps me yet.

"There was an end of my cursing. I could not insult Him, for I loved Him well for all His Love to the child, and to me. The world seemed changed somehow, and the work too. Times were hard, and bread was dear, and my hours were long enough to make every bone of me ache most days; but the heart of me was light, and the labour did not daunt me as it had done.

"A fight? Well, yes, Field; the devil was not likely to give me up without trying to hold on. I almost thought afterwards in the fever that seized me that he and his friends had come bodily up from hell to worry me. Anyway they entered into the minds of my mates and put them up to try me hard.

"The men could not understand the change that had come over me: and like a lad I was foolish, and took no pains to stand aside so that the truth of God should show out to them rather than my own poor rags of goodness. They laughed at me at first; then they vowed I should be what I had been for so long, and that I should amuse and delight them by the immeasurable badness of my language. Come,' said they, 'round off for us, once at least. *Once at least*, or it will be worse for thee.'

"I tried to turn the bitter tide that was rising against me: I tried to please them by other things, to soften them, to pretend I thought their threats mere 'fun;' but it wouldn't do. Their blood had got up. Work their will I should, or——

"For that day I was safe, for something happened to call off their attention. And the next day, and the next, they *only* plagued and threatened. Then there came a Friday night, pay night. I remember it well, the last pay I drew for many a weary week. We were all standing about, and the big blasts were staining the cloudy sky blood-red above us: then one of them began at me. The old story—curse and swear I must and should! and the rest gathered round. I can see their faces now in that red glow; and their eyes, all full of cruel laughter.

"They clutched me. Would I reel off the old oaths? would I give up this uppish nonsense? Would I? No, I would not. Well then, they'd see who would conquer.

"They tied me to one of the stanchion-heads: I was but a slip of a lad, and it didn't take much roping to keep me fast. Then they all fell back from me, and I saw—I saw what they were going to do.

"I was but a yard or two from the doors of the great blast furnace. I heard the rattle of the lever chains. *They were going to open the doors on me.*

"You know, men, what that means.

"And so did I. I grew deadly sick, and was smitten with mortal fear. I unclosed my lips to cry out that I would give in, that I would say what they chose, do what they chose; I rolled my despairing eyes round on them—were they indeed devils sent by Satan to torture me?

"I know now they were men like myself, men Christ died for and loved; I know now that all the horror of that minute was measured and allowed by my Father in Heaven. I don't say I would go through it again—I don't think, strong man as I am, that I *could* go through it again; but I can look back and thank my Father that He asked and had from me such proof that I am in truth His child.

"He kept me safe in spite of my wild fear.

"The vast doors opened, and that intense tide of heat swept over me as the scorching breath of some devouring dragon. I felt it, and shivered and shrank, as a leaf shivers when one flings it on the fire-bars of the grate. I felt it, but I also felt that One was with me in that fiery ordeal. Long ago, when the half-mad angry king cast Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego into the midst of his Babylonian furnace One stood by them there. And He, the Son of God, the Friend of men, stood now by me! . . .

"They shut to the doors again, and lifted me. I was senseless, and for many a day after I raved in agony, delirious with fever and with pain. Three or four of them were smitten to the heart at what they had done. They tended me, they brought their wages that I might have all that doctoring and nursing could do for me: they are my friends, my close-held friends to this hour. They serve my Master, they help me in my humble stand for His service and His glory. You don't know Huntwearsley Works? Ah, they're a different sort of place since; not only three or four but many a score of men have stood out as servants of the gentle King, and striven to work His will.

"It is many and many a year ago, and I have prospered well. I am here, set over you all to see that you do your duty. I am set here by the Clapperston Company, and have my duty to do to *them*. But I am sent here, too, by my Master Christ, the 'gentle King' of whom I spoke, and I have my duty to do to *Him*.

"Will you help me, one and all?

"Will you help me, John Heronshawe? Will you help me, Edwin Field? Will you help me to keep clean lips at least in these work-sheds: that Christ may not be openly insulted by 'Christian' men? I'd give a great deal. . . . I'd give all I have. . . . I'd give *my life* if you and the rest out there could believe what I believe, and hope what I hope. Some of you *must* surely be on my Lord's side? some of you *must* surely have His gentleness in your hearts? . . . Ah well, He knows. And He reigns. He will work out His will in His own good time."

The strong voice sank away almost in a sob. The reddened twilight stole through the grimy tea-house windows: did it show tears on the manager's eyelashes, and on more than one furrowed and toil-marked visage in that group of silent men?

There was a long pause. Then Jack Heronshawe spoke out; his voice was very faltering, and his words few and broken, but he knew what he meant to say, and he said it.

"Mr. Lang, sir, we *will* back you up. We mean to be decent men. And for myself, I know the truth. I've learned it all, times past, at Sunday school, and in my father's house,—a God-fearing house if ever there was one!—and I've a wife as is just a saint on earth. For myself, I'll try to stand on the right side from this day out. God help me!"

So spoke John Heronshawe: and as God had helped the manager, so God did help him.

It was not plain sailing at Clapperston for him or for Mr. Lang. There will always be a battle when good meets evil, when the hosts of God advance against the forces of darkness. But the right will win at last, for stronger is He that is for us than he that is against us.

And even Edwin Field is uneasy in the chains of his tyrant task-master; even Edwin Field is ashamed of the reckless life he leads; perhaps the day is not far off when even Edwin Field will see that the service of God is the only liberty.[1]

CRONA TEMPLE.

[1] The incident on which this sketch is based had its counterpart some years ago in the North of England, with a sadder result. We give the narrative as it reaches us, in the hope that it may stimulate working-men in these days of advancing privilege and education to do more towards purifying the public speech, which by all classes is degraded as much from senseless usage as from any other cause.—ED. L. H.

# HOW COMMODORE ANSON CAPTURED THE SPANISH GALLEON,

## AND BROUGHT THE SILVER TO LONDON.



ANSON IN 1744

IN the year 1739, when war between Great Britain and Spain seemed inevitable, it was planned that an expedition should be sent out to attack the Spanish settlements beyond the seas. Captain George Anson, then in command of the Centurion, 64, was designed as leader of the expedition. High expectations were raised in the country, and the seamen of the fleet rejoiced in the anticipation of adventure and of gain, as in old times, when rich prizes were taken and much booty obtained from the enemy's towns and forts within reach of the ships.

The plan was as a whole boldly conceived, and if it had been carried out promptly must have proved disastrous to Spain. But in the naval history of England there is no record more painful and humiliating than the actual mismanagement of this enterprise. The preparation of the ships was delayed so long that the Spaniards sent out a powerful fleet to watch the English movements, and had time to put their distant forts and coast defences into a condition for repelling attack. In England there was meanwhile the most shameful intriguing and jobbery as to the fitting and victualling the ships; and when ready for sea it was almost impossible to get sufficient seamen to man them, or soldiers for embarkation as land forces.

It was intended that Colonel Bland's regiment, as it was called, and three independent companies of a hundred men each, should be sent with the squadron. None of these were forthcoming, and, to the Commodore's vexation, all the forces placed at his disposal were 500 invalids, to be mustered from the out-pensioners of Chelsea College, a handful of marines, raw recruits who had never been to sea, and a number of released convicts. Sir Charles Wager, in command of the Pearl, 26-gun ship, joined the Commodore in making an indignant remonstrance. They were told that naval men could not judge of the efficiency of troops as military authorities could do. The fleet was therefore ordered to Portsmouth, there to fill up their complement of seamen, and to receive the land forces on board.

On arriving at Portsmouth the Admiral on the station, Sir John Norris, told Anson he could spare no men from his own ships. For the Centurion alone 300 additional able-bodied seamen were required, and instead of this only 170

were sent on board at Spithead, of whom 32 were from the hospital or sick quarter, about a hundred marines, and the remainder pressed-men, or prisoners from Salisbury. The other ships of the squadron, the Gloucester, the Severn, the Pearl, and the Wager, had the same bad treatment as to the shortness and inefficiency of their crews. The worst point of all was that on the 5th of August, when the 500 Chelsea pensioners were to come on board, there appeared only 250, most of them above sixty years of age, many above seventy, and few of the whole lot with health or vigour fit for such an expedition.

The last detachment of marines came on board on the 8th of August, and on the 10th the fleet sailed from Spithead for St. Helen's. This proved only the beginning of disappointments and delays. Contrary winds detained the ships long in the Channel, and they had to take charge of a large convoy of merchantmen, so that the Commodore did not get clear of the Channel till the last week of September.

The narrative of the "Voyage Round the World," compiled, from the ship's papers and his own observation, by Richard Walter, M.A., chaplain of the Centurion, gives details of all the events of the long voyage, extending over the greater part of five years, 1740–1744. It is a heavily-written book, but with matter so varied and novel that it was immensely popular on its publication. In 1756 it had reached an eighth edition, of which a copy is before us. Much of the narrative is useless now, containing records of the many cruises in southern seas and along the coasts of South America, without any decisive results. There are some chapters, however, of unfading interest, such as the account of Juan Fernandez, with many traces of the residence of Alexander Selkirk, who left the island about 30 years before Anson's visit; the condition of the South American colonies of Spain and of Portugal, Peru, Brazil, Mexico, and other regions, as they were in the middle of the eighteenth century; the Philippine Islands and their rich capital Manilla; Macao, Canton, and the coast of China, and the island of Formosa. On these and many other topics much curious information is found in Anson's Voyage Round the World."

The book also narrates the adventures of the other ships of the squadron—some of them wrecked, others despatched on various services, and at last all separated from the Centurion, which alone remained under the Commodore to carry out the objects of the expedition. The Gloucester, the largest ship after the Centurion, was broken up and burned. Out of 961 men who left England, after three years only 335 men and boys survived, not sufficient for the Commodore's ship alone. At the time of his great fight with the galleon he had little more than 200. To the Centurion we confine what we have yet to tell of the proceedings.

The crowning event of the whole expedition, and that which had kept up the spirits of the Commodore and his comrades through years of trial, vicissitude, and disappointment, was the capture of the famous Manilla ship that traded between the Philippine Islands and Acapulco on the coast of Mexico.

Floating rumours of this ship had long been current in England. Its capture had been the ambition of Anson throughout the whole of his voyages. On arriving in those remote seas he began to collect all the information he could obtain as to the trade of Manilla, and the time and course of the annual voyage of the renowned ship. He ascertained that Manilla was the great emporium of the trade of Eastern Asia, to which merchantmen from the isles of the Indian Sea, as well as from countries on the mainland, and also Chinese traders, brought their merchandise for conveyance to the New World.

Rare woods, spices, ornaments, and textile fabrics of every sort, especially silk goods, were brought to the Philippines and sent thence to America in the great ship, which returned laden with silver from Mexico. From China vast quantities of silk stuffs, including 50,000 pairs of silk stockings, were sent. Anson ascertained that the ship went only once in each year, and learned the usual time of arriving and departure. The last two years of his voyage he had mainly passed in preparation for intercepting the great Spanish ship. He kept out of sight as much as possible, often remaining a long time at Macao and near the Chinese coasts. In 1742 the Spaniards had heard of his purpose, and no ship came out that year. The next season he thought that two ships would probably sail with the accumulated freight, and his watchfulness was all the more keenly excited. As there was much intercourse between Macao and Manilla, he kept his purpose concealed in case of warnings reaching the Spaniards; but at last he put to sea on the final venture.

When he got quite clear of the Chinese coast he mustered all his people on the quarter-deck of the Centurion and announced to them his intention of intercepting the ships, for he expected this year there would be two of them, and encouraged them to exert themselves for such a prize. The Spanish vessels were said to be stout ships, with 44 guns apiece and numerous crews, but he trusted in the courage and skill of Englishmen to disregard any odds on such an occasion. He had only 227 hands on board all told, and the Spanish ships might have 500 men each, but he did not fear the result if he could come near them.

The speech of the Commodore was received with great joy, and the answer was given with three hearty cheers, after the manner of British sailors. All the perils and mishaps of the past were forgotten. The enthusiasm spread through the whole of the ship's crew. Much amusement was caused one day when the Commodore asked the butcher why he had lately seen no mutton at his table, and the butcher replied that he had only two sheep left, and, with the Commodore's leave, he proposed to keep them for the entertainment of the Spanish general.

During the weeks that passed in anxious waiting the Commodore caused the men to be exercised every day with working the great guns and in the use of their small arms. Rewards were

given for successful shooting, and most of the crew became expert marksmen.

At length the long-expected event took place. The story must be told in the words of the chaplain, as an eye-witness and the narrator of the fight.

On the 20th of June O.S., being just a month after their gaining their station, they were relieved out of this state of uncertainty; for at sunrise they discovered a sail from the masthead in the S.E. quarter. On this a general joy spread through the whole ship, for they had no doubt but this was one of the galeons, and they expected soon to descry the other. The Commodore instantly stood towards her, and at half an hour after seven they were near enough to see her from the Centurion's deck, at which time the galeon fired a gun and took in her topgallant sails. This was supposed to be a signal to her consort to hasten her up, and therefore the Centurion fired a gun to leeward to amuse her. The Commodore was surprised to find that during all this interval the galeon did not change her course, but continued to bear down upon him; for he hardly believed, what afterwards appeared to be the case, that she knew his ship to be the Centurion, and resolved to fight him.

About noon the Commodore was little more than a league distant from the galeon, and could fetch her wake, so that she could not now escape; and no second ship appearing it was concluded that she had been separated from her consort. Soon after the galeon haled up her foresail and brought to under topsails, with her head to the northward, hoisting Spanish colours and having the standard of Spain flying at the topgallant masthead. Mr. Anson in the meantime had prepared all things for an engagement on board the Centurion, and had taken every possible measure, both for the most effectual exertion of his small strength and for the avoiding the confusion and tumult too frequent in actions of this kind. He picked out about thirty of his choicest hands and best marksmen, whom he distributed into his tops, and who fully answered his expectation by the signal services they performed. As he had not hands enough remaining to quarter a sufficient number to each great gun in the customary manner, he therefore on his lower tier fixed only two men to each gun, who were to be solely employed in loading it, whilst the rest of his people were divided into different gangs of ten or twelve men each, who were continually moving about the decks to run out and fire such guns as were loaded. By this management he was enabled to make use of all his guns, and instead of whole broadsides with intervals between them, he kept up a constant fire without intermission, whence he doubted not to procure very signal advantages. For it is common with the Spaniards to fall down upon the decks when they see a broadside preparing, and to continue in that posture till it is given; after which they rise again and, presuming the danger to be for some time over, work their guns and fire with great briskness till another broadside is ready; but the firing gun by gun in the manner directed by the Commodore rendered this practice of theirs impossible.

The Centurion being thus prepared, and nearing the galeon apace, there happened a little after noon several squalls of wind and rain, which often obscured the galeon from their sight; but whenever it cleared up they observed her resolutely lying to. Towards one o'clock the Centurion hoisted her broad pendant and colours, she being then within gunshot of the enemy, and the Commodore perceiving the Spaniards to have neglected clearing their ship till that time, as he saw them throwing overboard cattle and lumber, he gave orders to fire upon them with the chace-guns to disturb them in their work and prevent them from compleating it, though his general directions had been not to engage before they were within pistol-shot. The galeon returned the fire with two of her stern-chace; and the Centurion getting her sprit-sail-yard fore and aft, that if necessary she might be ready for boarding, the Spaniards in a bravado rigged their sprit-sail-yard fore and aft likewise. Soon after the Centurion came abreast of the enemy within pistol-shot, keeping to the leeward of them with a view of preventing their putting before the wind and gaining the port of Jalapay from which they were about seven leagues distant.

And now the engagement began in earnest, and for the first half hour Mr. Anson over-reached the galeon and lay on her bow, where by the great wideness of his ports he could traverse almost all his guns upon the enemy, whilst the galeon could only bring a part of hers to bear. Immediately on the commencement of the action the mats with which the galeon had stuffed her netting took fire and burnt violently, blazing up half as high as the mizen-top. This accident, supposed to be caused by the Centurion's wads, threw the enemy into the utmost terror, and also alarmed the Commodore, for he feared lest the galeon should be burnt, and lest he himself too might suffer by her driving on board him. However, the Spaniards at last freed themselves from the fire by cutting away the netting and tumbling the whole mass which was in flames into the sea. All this interval the Centurion kept her first advantageous position, firing her cannon with great regularity and briskness; whilst at the same time the galeon's decks lay open to her topmen, who, having at their first volley driven the Spaniards from their tops, made prodigious havoc with their small arms, killing or wounding every officer but one that appeared on the quarter-deck, and wounding in particular the general of the galeon himself.

Thus the action proceeded for at least half an hour; but then the Centurion lost the superiority arising from her original situation, and was close alongside the galeon, and the enemy continued to fire briskly for near an hour longer; yet even in this posture the Commodore's grape-shot swept their decks so effectually, and the number of their slain and wounded became so considerable, that they began to fall into great disorder, especially as the general, who was the life of the action, was no longer capable of exerting himself. Their confusion was visible from on board the Commodore's ship, for they were so near that some of the Spanish officers were seen running about with much assiduity to prevent the desertion of their men from their quarters. But all their endeavours were in vain, for after having as a last effort fired five or six guns with more judgment than usual, they yielded up the contest, and the galeon's colours being singed off the ensign staff in the beginning of the engagement, she struck the standard at her maintop-gallant masthead, the person who was employed to perform this office having been in imminent peril of being killed had not the Commodore, who perceived what he was about, given express orders to his people to desist from firing.

Thus was the Centurion possessed of this rich prize, amounting in value to near a million and a half of dollars. She was called the Nostra Signora de Cabadonga, and was commanded by General Don Jeronimo de Mentero, a Portuguese, who was the most approved officer for skill and courage of any employed in that service. The galeon was much larger than the Centurion, and had five hundred and fifty men and thirty-six guns mounted for action, besides twenty-eight pedreroes in her gunwale, quarters, and tops, each of which carried a four-pound ball. She was very well furnished with small arms, and was particularly provided against boarding, both by her close quarters and by a strong net-work of two-inch rope, which was laced over her waist and was defended by half-pikes. She had sixty-seven killed in the action, and eighty-four wounded, whilst the Centurion had only two killed and a lieutenant and sixteen wounded, all of whom but one recovered, of so little consequence are the most destructive arms in untutored and unpractised hands.

The treasure thus taken by the Centurion having been for at least eighteen months the great object of their hopes, it is impossible to describe the transport on board when after all their reiterated disappointments they at last saw their wishes accomplished. But their joy was near being suddenly damped by a most tremendous incident; for no sooner had the galeon struck than one of the lieutenants, coming to Mr. Anson to congratulate him on his prize, whispered him at the same time that the Centurion was dangerously on fire near the powder-room. The Commodore received this dreadful news without any apparent emotion, and taking care not to alarm his people, gave the necessary orders for extinguishing the fire, which was happily done in a short time, though its appearance at first was extremely terrible.

The Commodore appointed the Manila vessel to be a post ship in his Majesty's service, and gave the command of her to Mr. Saumarez, his first-lieutenant, who before night sent on board the Centurion all the Spanish prisoners except such as were thought the most proper to be retained to

assist in navigating the galeon. And now the Commodore learnt from some of these prisoners that the other ship, which he had kept in the port of Acapulco the preceding year, instead of returning in company with the present prize, as was expected, had set sail from Acapulco alone much sooner than usual, and had, in all probability, got into the port of Manila long before the Centurion arrived off Cape Espiritu Santo; so that Mr. Anson, notwithstanding his present success, had great reason to regret his loss of time at Macao, which prevented him from taking two rich prizes instead of one.

The Commodore, when the action was ended, resolved to make the best of his way with his prize for the river of Canton, being the mean time fully employed in securing his prisoners, and in removing the treasure from on board the galeon into the Centurion.

The Commodore's anxiety was not over when the treasure was secured. He had to make the most careful arrangements for the custody of the prisoners, who far outnumbered his own men. The officers, 17 in number, were lodged in the first-lieutenant's cabin, and the general in the captain's cabin, always with sentinels on the watch, while the Spanish soldiers and seamen were kept in the holds of the Centurion and the prize ship, with guns pointed at the hatchways and air-holes, and guards with loaded muskets always ready to fire into the hold in case of any attempt at disturbance. The poor fellows all reached Canton in safety, except a few who had been seriously wounded. Being on short allowance both of food and water, they presented a very haggard and spectral appearance at the end of the voyage.

On examining the cargo of the prize it was found that she had on board 1,313,843 pieces of eight, and 35,682 ounces of virgin silver, with some cochineal and other commodities, of small account compared with the specie.

If we reckon the plunder taken in previous events of the voyage, especially at the capture of Paito, the port of Lima, and the destruction of Spanish property, the damage done to the enemy probably exceeded a million sterling. To this must be added the cost to Spain of fitting out the vessels sent to watch Anson, and other charges in fortification and defence in the places liable to attack.

The Chinese were greatly astonished at the capture of the Spanish ship and the defeat of the troops by a force so greatly inferior. They were still more astonished at the humane treatment of the prisoners, as they would themselves doubtless have put them to torture and death. Great fame came to the Commodore, who with his officers was honoured and fêted by the Chinese Viceroy and other authorities. The prisoners were sent away in Chinese junks hired for the purpose, and in due time Anson set out on his return to England.

The homeward voyage was not all plain sailing. There were storms to encounter, and a sharp look-out had to be kept for Spanish war-cruisers. The most critical time of all was in approaching the Channel, for by this time there was war with France as well as Spain, and there were French ships in the Channel. Under cover of an opportune fog this last peril was escaped, and Anson brought the Centurion safely into Portsmouth Harbour.

The Spanish prize had been sold to Chinese merchants at Canton on December 15, 1743, Anson sailing the same day for England. The Centurion passed the Straits of Sunda early in January, anchored in Table Bay at the Cape of Good Hope on March 11, on April 19 sighted St. Helena, on June 12 got sight of the Lizard, and on the evening of the 15th came safe to anchor at Spithead.

The public triumph was when the treasure was brought to London. Thirty waggons laden with the silver were drawn through the streets to the Tower, the ship's company heading the procession with colours flying, and band playing with escort of troops, and vast crowds lining the way. The distribution of the booty made all the survivors comparatively rich, or at least compensated them for their privations.

The Government did not behave well to the Commodore, but on a change of Ministry he was made a Lord of the Admiralty by the Duke of Bedford. He subsequently rose to be Rear-Admiral, and finally Admiral of the Fleet. For his services against the French during the war he received a peerage. He died, full of honour, in 1762. Many of the naval commanders of later years—Saumarez, Brett, Keppel, Hyde-Parker, and others—were trained by Anson, and had served with him in the Centurion. His exploits occupy a large space in naval annals, but his name will be chiefly memorable in history for his "Voyage Round the World" and the "Capture of the Manilla Galleon."[1]

[1] The story of his life is given in a book entitled "From Middy to Admiral of the Fleet," by Dr. Macaulay (Hutchinson & Co.). The portrait at the head of this article was taken in 1744, as Commodore, on his return from his South Sea expedition. His portrait was painted again, as Admiral, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

# Varieties.

### H.M.S. Serpent.

The loss of H.M.S. "Serpent" on the Spanish coast is still fresh in the public memory. The following letter, relating to the burial of the bodies recovered, reaches us from the British Consulate at Coruña:—

"The funeral service in memory of the officers and sailors lost in H.M.S. 'Serpent' was held at Puente de Buey. The commander of H.M.S. 'Lapwing,' also my husband, wished us, my children and me, to be present. Naturally our hearts had been stirred to their depths by the terrible catastrophe. We had collected ivy, ferns, etc., to make a cross and wreaths, and had secured from a garden near Coruña some white roses; these were sent on board the 'Lapwing.'

"We arrived in Camariñas on Saturday, the day before the ceremony was to take place; rooms had been prepared for us in Camariñas itself, a poverty-stricken little town.

"The following morning we were roused by the tramp of sailors and marines, and the firing of twenty-one guns from the 'Lapwing,' and the passing of carts carrying arms and uniforms. At ten the commander called for our party; we rode on mules and horses to the scene of the wreck, through the wildest and most desolate looking country, no roads, our animals stumbling over boulders, crossing a sandy beach, climbing a mountainous path, then for a while on a tolerably smooth level near the sea.

"After a ride of about two hours we reached our destination. We then walked to the cemetery, which had been inclosed, but as many more bodies were washed on shore, it was decided to enlarge the ground and consecrate two plots. Strange to say, the morning of the funeral service a large portion of the wreck appeared, also thirty bodies—the largest number washed up at a time. The officers and my husband, having donned their uniforms, found temporary shelter behind a huge boulder. The bugle sounded for falling-in. Just then the Spanish commander, McMahon, of the gun-boat 'Mendez-Nunez,' and his men, appeared on the scene with the captain of the port of Camariñas, and the mayor. All were drawn up with military precision, awaiting the arrival of the priest, who punctually at two arrived at the cemetery, dressed in his robes. Then followed the consecration of both grounds, after which the Spanish sailors fired three volleys. Our commander ordered his party into the inclosed spot, the crowd—which was immense, from all parts of the surrounding neighbourhood—respectfully making way.

"Then followed our funeral service read by the commander, in a clear impressive voice. How solemn it was! The burial ground close by the sea, with its always agitated waves at this spot—the wreck showing—the newly made mounds: what wonder that our very souls were touched! Our little son dressed in his sailor's suit stood to the left of the commander and joined in the responses, his face white with emotion.

"After the service our sailors fired three volleys, and the 'Lapwing' responded with twenty-one guns. Wreaths were then placed on the cross, one being presented by the Spanish commander in the name of the Spanish navy; this consisted of a coronet of flowers decorated with black ribbon embroidered with gold letters, 'The Spanish navy present this in token of sympathy with the English navy on their loss.'

"Evening was now drawing on, and we prepared for our return. Any one unaccustomed to a Spanish saddle finds it most difficult to keep on, especially a woman: *we* mount on the *left* side, the saddle itself is nothing but a pile of cloth strapped on, a stirrup hangs loosely down, the bridle generally consists of one piece of rope attached to the bit on one side only. My girls and I preferred to ride with our feet free, *ready* to fall; two girls did come off unhurt, while one met with what might have been a serious accident: the mule falling, the trappings of the saddle giving way at the same time, threw her with some violence against a stone wall. We were all glad to reach Camariñas and rest.

"The following day the Romish 'Requiem Mass' took place in the parish church at Camariñas, to which we were all invited. Seats were provided for us on either side of the altar. The service was a long, mournful, and tedious one, but there was something pathetic in all the arrangements. The masses were paid for by subscription, the very poorest inhabitant giving his or her mite; there was intense devoutness in the attitudes and expressions of the worshippers. The church was cold and damp. Near the altar stood a catafalque covered with a black cloth, at the corners the designs of death's heads and cross-bones. The service consisted of the Romish prayers for the dead, the sprinkling of the catafalque, the tolling of bells, etc.—a most weird ceremony it seemed to us; it lasted two hours and a half, and I never remember feeling more glad to get into the fresh air. Yet I repeat there was something intensely pathetic in the whole service.

"We prolonged our stay a few days in Camariñas, again visiting the scene of the wreck, where the first lieutenant and a party of men remained encamped, working at favourable tides in order to secure the torpedoes discovered in it; we were told our visits animated the men in that lonely, dreary spot.

"I think we shall all have a warm place in our memories for Camariñas, the people were so kindly and sympathetic. It was a little trying at first to be followed about everywhere by a crowd, but they were not rude, the children often giving us wild flowers. English women are a novelty down there, and it greatly pleased the simple folk when we turned round and chatted with them. Mothers thought from my boy's dress and ribbon that he was a sailor on board the 'Lapwing', and loudly pitied the little fellow. Many times and oft explanations were given. Many were the kind farewells, the authorities coming to see us off. And so we left Camariñas, its neighbourhood sacred now to the hearts of many English men and women.

"LOUISA M. RAWSON WALKER."

**Inventor of the Steamboat.**—There are many disputes as to who is really entitled to be called the "inventor" of steamboats. American as well as English claims are maintained. In Scotland there seems no debate on the subject. Recently a marble bust of William Symington was unveiled in the west wing of the Museum of Science and Art, Edinburgh, by Professor Sir William Thomson, Glasgow. In the course of some remarks, Sir William said that Symington was the real discoverer and the practical originator of the steamboat. It was interesting to note that Symington exhibited before the professors of Edinburgh University a model of a carriage to be moved on the public roads by the power of steam. In 1803 Symington constructed a steamer which took in tow two laden sloops, each seventy tons burthen, on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Provost Macpherson, Grangemouth, said that it was claimed that at Grangemouth the first practical steamer was built, and her engines were made at the famous Carron Ironworks. The unveiling of the bust took place amidst loud cheering. Sir R. Murdoch Smith, on behalf of the museum authorities, accepted the custody of the bust. Amongst those present at the ceremony was Mrs. Dickie, Glasgow, a granddaughter of Symington. The bust is by D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A.

**Wrecks in Chinese Seas.**—The terrible calamity of the loss of the Turkish ship "Ertogrul," having on board a large number of cadets of high families (as was the case when our "Captain" foundered), has caused discussion as to faults of naval construction, as well as to the dangers of the Chinese waters. A writer in the "Times" said that "The loss of H.M.S. 'Wasp' in 1887, in the China seas, was due to glaring faults of construction." This is a very unfair as well as untrue statement. A communication from the Admiralty affirms that the "Wasp" was pre-eminently safe as a sea-going vessel, and that three sister gun-boats, built from the same design, have been highly reported on as the result of actual service. The truth is that the China coasts are extremely perilous, and insufficiently surveyed, with few trustworthy charts, and insufficient beacons and lighthouses.

**London Fogs.**—The regular London fogs, dense and dark with carbonaceous and sulphurous products, do not dissolve and disperse gradually, as white vapourous mists and fogs do, but are borne far off by the currents of air. In December, 1890, when the winds were for a long period easterly, the London fog, unmistakable both in colour and odour, was injuriously felt, and disfiguringly deposited in various places in Berkshire and Oxfordshire. Mr. Martin Sutton of Reading, and Mr. Stephen Darly of Cookham Dean, near Maidenhead, reported the arrival of the dingy clouds of fog in these localities.

**St. Martin's-le-Grand Sanctuary.**—In olden times there were many places in London with the privilege of affording refuge to criminals, or of persons liable to prosecution by law. One of these was in the parish of St. Martin's-le-Grand, on the site of the present Post Office. A curious incident occurred here in 1439. A soldier was being taken by the Sheriff from Newgate to Guildhall for trial. In passing Panyer Alley, between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row, five men rushed out suddenly, and took the man to St. Martin's Sanctuary, close at hand. The Sheriff and his guards were incautious enough to follow them into the church, seize them, and take them to Newgate Prison. The judges and magistrates, however, soon compelled the Sheriff to release the prisoners, and replace them in the Sanctuary, for which they would watch their own opportunity to escape.

**Paupers in England.**—Dr. J. M. Rhodes read at the last meeting of the British Association a paper on pauperism, which gave rise to an animated discussion. Few people are aware of the amount of pauperism still burdening the country. There are paupers enough, supported by rates, to form a procession four deep over a hundred miles in length. Fortunately, the numbers are diminishing. In 1834 there could not be less than 2,000,000, while now they are under 800,000. In 1832 the sum expended was £7,000,000, or ten shillings per head of population, while in 1888, with double the population, the sum expended was £8,400,820, at less than six shillings per head. The increase of coal-mining and other industrial work has chiefly been effective in keeping down pauperism. Alcoholism is a huge feeder of pauperism, along with idleness and vice in every form.

**Future Wars.**—Sir Frederick Abel, in his Address as President of the British Association, after describing the extraordinary improvements in the military resources of European nations, thus spoke of the probable influence of these appliances in future wars. "The conditions under which engagements by sea or land will in future be fought have certainly become greatly modified from those of thirty-five years ago, and the duration of warfare, even between nations in conflict who are on a fair equality of resources, must become reduced; but, as regards the results of a trial of strength between contending forces similarly equipped, as they now will be, with the latest of modern appliances only varying in detail, these must after all depend, as of old, partly upon accident, favoured perhaps by a temporary superiority in equipment, partly upon the skill and military genius of individuals, and very much upon the characteristics of the men who fight the battles."

**German Chivalry.**—During the Franco-German war the country round Domrémy, the birth-place of Joan d'Arc, was in possession of the Prussians. The German regiments always presented arms in passing the house reputed to be that in which the heroic Maid of Orleans was born. It is the custom for French troops to beat the drum in marching past the place.

**The Columbus Celebration.**—Several Governments having been consulted as to the celebration of the fourth centenary of Columbus's departure "in search of the new world," the Madrid Government, at the request of the American Congress, has fixed upon Huelva as its place of celebration, this being the estuary (now known as Huelva Harbour) from which the great discoverer sailed. The meetings will be held at the Convent of La Rabida, which sheltered Columbus when he was about to abandon his project in despair, and the prior of which secured for him that royal aid which he had himself failed to obtain. It is expected that the great celebration is to be at Chicago, where preparations are making for "the biggest world's show" ever known.

**Tax-eaters in America.**—Among the returns of the census are tables of taxes in various States and cities. The costs of government are indicated, and it appears that, while ten dollars per head serves for municipal government in Philadelphia, the more corrupt government of New York City requires fifteen dollars. It is stated that on the pay-rolls of New York, there are at least 12,000 persons getting on the average 1,000 dollars apiece! With such an army of tax-eaters, and with scandalous misgovernment and jobbery, no wonder that the "politicians" make strong fight for place and power. The taxes are excessive, the waste great, and the respectable citizens, in the minority, grumble but pay.

**New South Wales.**—During the five years of the governorship of Lord Carington, this senior Australian colony has increased in population by two hundred thousand, the revenue receipts by nearly two millions, the value of sea-borne trade by six millions, the shipping tonnage by over a million tons. New South Wales has now some 2,300 miles of railway yielding a net revenue of a million sterling, and not far short of a million and a quarter of acres under crop. Since 1885 the sheep stock has increased from thirty-seven to fifty millions; and in eighteen months following a long drought the numbers "jumped" eleven millions.

**Artificial Rubies.**—Since the days of the alchemists, who vainly tried to transmute baser metals into gold, many experiments have been made for the production of other precious natural objects by chemistry. More successful than the efforts to crystallise carbon into diamonds, is the method of making rubies, as described by two French chemists, MM. Fremy and Verneuil, in papers communicated to the Académie des Sciences. Alumina, which is the chemical basis of rubies, is subjected for a long period to intense heat in crucibles, retained for several weeks in huge gas furnaces. By using chromated alumina, alkalized with carbonate of potash, beautiful colours of varied hue appear in the crystals, which are as large as any rubies found in natural condition. It is said that the hardness of the artificial crystals is extreme, and if this is confirmed by experts, the new product will be much used by watchmakers and other artificers as well as for ornamental jewellery. So far as mere appearance goes, there are few precious stones which cannot be manufactured and set so as to vie with natural gems in beauty and brilliancy.

**The Tallest German Soldier.**—A correspondent writes:—"Until quite lately Captain Plüskow, of the first regiment of Guards, had been considered the biggest man in the German army. He measured over 8oin. in height. But a short time since a young Rhinelander joined the first regiment of Foot Guards as a 'One year's volunteer,' who attains the colossal height of over 7ft. 4½in. Since 1850 the first regiment of Guards has not had so tall a man. At that time they had a man who was so tall that everything, even his bedstead, had to be made specially for him. His accoutrements are preserved still among the *curios* of the regiment. He died of consumption during his term of service."

In the volume of the "Leisure Hour" for 1875 there is a story, "The Tall Man," by Gustav Nieritz, translated by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, founded on the adventures of one of the giant grenadiers of King Frederick William I. of Prussia.

**Happiness in Humble Life.**—Mr. Jay, of Bath, himself once a cottage boy, has described the happiness of humble rural life, when illumined and sanctified by piety. "Take a peasant, or a mechanic," he says, "in a village, sober, moral, religious, his wishes bounded by the simplicity of rural life, his sleep sweet, his meals, though plain, sauced with appetite, his hands sufficient for him, his labour limited and free from distracting care, his little garden yielding him the useful vegetable and the Sunday flower, the Sabbath a day of pleasing change, rest, and refreshment of spirit, the going to the house of God in company, and the Bible now more amply read, though not forgotten during the week,—take such a one, and his position as to enjoyment will not shrink from comparison with the state of thousands, who never look down upon him but with contempt, pity, or indifference."

**Niagara Falls Receding.**—The official engineer of the State of New York has made a new survey of the country adjoining the Falls of Niagara. The report gives details of the recession of the Falls since 1742, when the first survey was made. The total mean recession of the Horse Shoe Falls since that time has been 104 feet 6 inches; the maximum recession at one point is 270 feet. Of what was known as the American Falls the mean recession is only 30 feet 6 inches. The length of the crest has increased from 2,260 feet to 3,010 feet, by the wasting away of the embankment. The total area of recession of the American Falls is 32,900 square feet; of the Horse Shoe Falls 275,400 feet. The earliest picture of the Falls is the frontispiece of "Falk Hennepin's Travels," published in 1678. A copy of the English translation is in the British Museum. An account of it appeared in the "Leisure Hour" for 1871.

**Dinners without Wine.**—In American homes, far more than in England, it is the custom to have dinner without wine. A new fashion has been introduced, not in New York so much as in truly American cities, of affixing a tiny bow of blue ribbon on one of the lower corners of the note-paper or card of invitation. This leaves each guest to decline the invitation if he is unequal to the required self-denial for one evening, while at the same time any one who is struggling against the temptation of drink will understand that he is exposed to no risk in accepting the offered social pleasure —"the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

**Centenarian Soldiers.**—On the occasion of the recent death of Admiral Zambelli, upwards of 100 years of age, Vienna papers spoke of him as the oldest warrior in Europe. The Turkish general, Achmet Pasha, reports that in the number of veteran pensioners in the service of the Sultan there are three soldiers whose combined ages are above 330. The oldest is said to be 112, born in 1778. We suspect that registers of births are not very strictly kept in Turkey.

**Mr. C. E. Mudie and Carlyle.**—The late Mr. Mudie was at a brilliant reception given by Lady Ashburton. It was soon after the time when there had been complaints in the newspapers of the exclusion of certain objectionable books from "Mudie's Library." During the evening he was near Thomas Carlyle, who at once singled him out, and looking him full in the face, said in his brusquest manner and broadest Doric, "So you're the man that takes upon you to divide the sheep from the goats! Ah, it's an awfu' thing to judge a man. It's a more awfu' thing to judge a book, for a book has a life beyond a man." Mr. Mudie, when thus attacked as a literary and ethical censor, held his ground boldly enough, and said, "In my business I profess to judge books only from a commercial standpoint, though it is ever my object to circulate good books and not bad books." Mr. Mudie was attacked violently by the lower order of authors as well as readers, but he was perfectly justified in doing as he thought right, the Library being at that time wholly a private and personal property. It is said that the annoyance caused by disputes as to tastes and proprieties in the books ordered helped Mr. Mudie's decision to form his business into a company, so that the responsibility might not be his alone. He was a high-minded and honourable as well as a shrewd business man. He himself had no little talent as an author, as his volume of poems, privately printed, attests. At his funeral the beautiful hymn was sung, "I lift my heart to Thee," one of his own composition.

**Stowe House.**—The celebrated mansion and estate of the Dukes of Buckingham has for a new tenant the head of the house of Orleans, the Comte de Paris. On the arrival of the Comte and Comtesse, with the Duc d'Orleans and the Princess Hélène, addresses were presented by the tenantry, and by the inhabitants of Buckingham and of Stowe. In replying to the latter address, the Comte de Paris, who had landed only the day before from his visit to the United States, where he had served as a volunteer in the Federal army during the Civil War, made graceful reference to the circumstances of his coming to the place. "My family and myself are deeply moved by the cordial reception we have experienced from the inhabitants of this ancient city. Having returned only yesterday from the New World, I expected to find myself among you a total stranger; but such cannot be the case in this hospitable land, and the courtesies extended a few weeks since to the Comtesse de Paris make me feel already at home here, although I hardly yet even know the historical and stately mansion in which we are taking up our temporary abode. We cannot replace, in his connexion with this town and neighbourhood, the noble Duke—that hard-working man whose loss you are still mourning. But the way in which you have reminded us of the friendship of the King, my grandfather, towards the English people, and of our cordial relations with your Royal Family, has established between us bonds which I trust will be strengthened every day. You know that it is a grateful appreciation of British hospitality which has brought the exiles again to your shores. It is the knowledge of the charm and the resources of English country life which has induced us to seek a residence in this delightful country. To whatever place we may be carried by our future destinies, we shall ever cherish grateful remembrance of our welcome to Stowe."

**Horses in Natal.**—Twenty-four years ago a cart-horse, properly so called, was scarcely ever seen in Natal. Now, in the towns, horses have almost elbowed out the slow and humble, but careful, ox. We have to thank road-hardening and railways for this change.—*Natal Mercury.*

**Feeding the Passengers of the Cunard Company.**—In the Life of Sir George Burns, Mr. E. Hodder says that the Cunard fleet of liners, which are ever on the Atlantic connecting the Old World and the New, require for their victualling in the course of a year, 4,656 sheep, 1,800 lambs, 2,474 oxen, 24,075 fowls, 4,230 ducks, 2,200 turkeys, 2,200 geese, 53 tons of ham, 20 tons of bacon, 15 tons of cheese, 831,603 eggs. Of minor things we have, "one ton and a half of mustard, one ton and three-quarters of pepper, 7,216 bottles of pickles, 8,000 tins of sardines, 30 tons of salt cod and ling, 4,192 four-pound jars of jam, 15 tons of marmalade, 22 tons of raisins, currants and figs, 18 tons of split peas, 15 tons of pearl barley, 17 tons of rice, 34 tons of oatmeal, 460 tons of flour, 23 tons of biscuits, 33 tons of salt, 48,902 loaves of bread of 8 lbs. each." The consumption of wines, mineral waters, etc., is on a corresponding scale—over 15,000 bottles altogether for a single voyage. The continuous and extensive breakage of glass and earthenware is also another feature of life on the sea which should not be overlooked. Thus the loss under this head attains to an average of something like this for every voyage: "900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,113 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water-bottles." The passengers for a single voyage will number between five and six hundred, and the company altogether gives employment to over 4,500 persons.

**Dr. Johnson on Preaching.**—No man was ever more an advocate of order and regularity in the services of the Church, and in all matters ecclesiastical, than Dr. Johnson. But in view of the highest objects of the Christian ministry, he

made light of outward proprieties compared with spiritual earnestness and usefulness. Talking of preaching, and of the great success of John Wesley and the Methodists, he said: "It is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty; a practice for which they will be praised by men of sense." And in the same spirit he wrote to a young clergyman an excellent letter of advice, in which he said: "All means must be tried by which souls may be saved." Dr. Johnson's words may be remembered by any one who is disposed to condemn methods of work or of preachers which he may not entirely approve.

**Steam Engine Inventor.**—The recent erection of a memorial to William Symington, the inventor of steam navigation, although made the occasion of a Scottish national demonstration, has by no means silenced other claims. Professor Sir W. Thomson, who presided on the occasion, spoke with dogmatic enthusiasm of his countryman; but the French renew the assertion of their claim to the invention of the earliest locomotive. In the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* in Paris is an engraving of a steam-engine constructed by M. Cugnot, and used in 1769, but it was soon damaged and set aside. Mr. Murdoch, the assistant of James Watt, made an engine in 1784, the model of which was exhibited in 1884 at the Centenary festival in Newcastle in honour of Stephenson. But there is little doubt that Symington's engine was the first actually used in steam navigation, the boat being built for Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, in Scotland, and tried on Dalswinton Loch in 1789.

**African Explorers.**—A list of the explorers who have crossed Africa has been published in the "Vossische Zeitung." It appears that from 1802 to 1811 the feat was accomplished by a Portuguese, Honorato de Costa; in 1838 and 1853 it was achieved by Francesco Coimbra and Silva Porto; in 1854 by Dr. Livingstone; in 1865 by Gerhard Rohlfs; in 1874 by Lieutenant Cameron and Mr. Stanley; then by Serpa Pinto and the Italians Mattenio and Massari; next by Lieutenant Wissmann, who crossed from St. Paul de Loanda to Sadani on the east coast, from 1882 to 1884; and recently by the Scotch missionary Arnat, the Portuguese Capello and Ivans, the Swedish Lieutenant Gleerup, who occupied the least time, crossing from Stanley Falls to Bagamoyo in six months; the Austrian Dr. Senz; Mr. Stanley for the second time; and, finally, Captain Trivier, the French traveller. The first explorer who crossed Africa took nearly ten years over the task, while the last occupied barely a year.

**Foreigners in Japan.**—In view of the agitation amongst the foreign residents of Japan against the proposal for placing them wholly under native jurisdiction, the following statistics from the last British Consular report from that country will be read with interest. At the close of 1889 the number of foreign residents at Tokio and the open ports (excluding those elsewhere in the interior) was 3,324. Of these 1,359 were British, 718 Americans, 459 Germans, 292 French, 113 Portuguese, 79 Dutch, and the remainder of other nationalities. The number of Chinese was 4,879, and that of Chinese business firms 277. The number of foreign business firms was 202, of which 94 were British, 37 German, 32 American, and 14 French.

**Sleeping under or in the Snow.**—The case of Mrs. Elizabeth Woodcock, who survived long burial under snow, may be known to many readers. This woman, forty-two years of age, of Impington, a village three miles north of Cambridge, lost her way in returning home from market on Saturday evening, February 2, 1799, and was buried seven feet deep in the snow. In this state she continued eight nights and eight days, when she was dug out alive on Sunday, February 10. She retained the full possession of her senses all the while she was immured. She died July 24, 1799. A somewhat similar case occurred in the snow-storm of November 1890. A middle-aged woman, named Alice Jane Lowe, belonging to Wigan, was admitted into Spalding workhouse in a very weak state, having been found by the relieving officer sleeping out in the snow in the Lincolnshire Fens, near Spalding. She was put to bed, and then stated that she had slept out for five weeks continuously, including, within the last few days, the severest weather of the year, when the snow covered the ground to the depth of nearly a foot. The poor woman's hair was in such a matted state that it had to be all cut off. She stated that she had tramped from Lancashire, where she had formerly been in domestic service, and at the time she was found in the snow she appeared to have lost her way. The workhouse officials consider it most remarkable that the woman survived the exposure and cold.

**Waterloo.**—A correspondent (G. H. I. B.) at the Bridge of Allan, Scotland, referring to the defeat of the French Imperial Guard by the flank attack of the 52nd Regiment, as described in the "Leisure Hour" for January 1890, says, "It is remarkable how few casualties occurred in the regiment." The rank and file of the 52nd, under Sir John Colborne, numbered 1,052. Of the regiment only one officer, Ensign Nettles, is said to have been killed in the action, and sixteen men. Eight officers and 174 men were wounded. Total casualties, 199. None were missing. In a little work published by Carfrae, of Edinburgh, in 1819, giving a detailed account of the battles of Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo, an appendix shows the strength of every regiment under Wellington at the beginning of the three days' fight, with the names of the officers, and list of the killed, wounded, and missing. Carfrae was a medical publisher, and it is likely that this book was written by an army surgeon. The grand attack of the 52nd is very clearly described in this book; and the swiftness of the unexpected movement, with the rapid firing of volleys on the dense column of the Guard, sufficiently accounts for their decisive defeat with comparatively small loss to the assailants.

**Postal Revenue.**—In the British postal service there seems to be a constant increase of revenue, which is little affected by social or political changes. Probably a larger effect would be produced by some change of fashion, such as the cessation of Christmas cards and presents, than from the greatest commercial or public events. A noteworthy fact is stated as to the reduction of postal revenue in New Orleans by nearly one-third, due to the passing of an anti-lottery law. In Roman Catholic cities everywhere vast sums are connected with the lottery system. From Ireland to England the circulars about ecclesiastical lotteries are numerous and importunate, and it is to be feared too successful in extracting money from moral lunatics who are tempted to invest in moonshine.

**A Plunge into Space.**—The spectroscope has convinced men of science that the planets and stars are composed of the same elements as our earth. Since Fontenelle wrote his "Plurality of Worlds," and Sir David Brewster gave the theory the support of his great name, there has been a popular belief that the inhabitants of other worlds may not be absolutely different from the people that dwell in our own planet. Starting with this idea, an ingenious writer, Mr. Cromie, has told the story, under the title of "A Plunge into Space," of an expedition to the planet Mars in a machine, the notion of which is worthy of the wild fancy of Jules Verne. One of the voyagers falls in love with a beautiful girl, and the story, with its romantic incidents and tragical ending, might belong to our own planet as well as to Mars.

**Five Generations.**—A correspondent at Rathmines, Dublin, asks if it is quite accurate to say (in reference to the remarkable case of longevity in "Varieties" for November "Leisure Hour") that old Mary Cooper *saw* five generations of descendants when she herself was one of the series of five? This is rather sharp a bit of criticism or casuistry; the "seeing" not implying actual vision at the moment, but only the "contemporaneousness" of five generations. Our correspondent says he "saw in the parish church of Mongret, near Limerick, four generations, all in the male line, and the great-grandson was then over twenty-two years old unmarried. Had he married when he came of age, he might have had a son representing the fifth generation." This would certainly have been a more remarkable fact than the five female generations of Cooper. Can no report be given of name, or parish record?

# Household Queries.

**Seltzogene Repairs.**—*Will you kindly advise me best steps to take in getting my Seltzogene repaired. The screw will not bite, therefore lets off the gas, then the charge is useless.*—No fair wear would so strip the screw itself that it would not hold. If it is so, it is either your fault or the maker's, and in either case your only plan is to get the tradesman of whom you bought it to send it to the manufacturers, or get a duplicate of the part. On the other hand, many gasogenes require a soft washer of leather or rubber inserted, against which the cap screws up tightly to make a join. You may have dropped this out unnoticed, and if so, the remedy is obvious, so long as the screw holds at all. No screw is itself gas-tight; it only screws up the joint which is so, and which needs the soft material.

**French Polishing.**—*Can you tell me how French Polishing is done? I have used a soft cloth with ball of cotton wool dipped in linseed oil and then in the polish, but cannot get a good face on the wood.*—It is a tedious operation, needing more rubbing than most novices are prepared for. The regular polisher makes a rubber by coiling up a piece of list, or a strip *torn* off woollen cloth so as to have a soft edge, into a flat coil one to three inches across. A double thickness of soft linen is stretched over the soft face of this, and gathered behind as a handle. He begins by holding the rubber without the cloth over the neck of the bottle and giving the bottle one good shake upwards, which puts about enough polish on it; then he puts the linen over, *on the linen* puts some oil with his finger, and begins to rub, which must be lightly and quickly and in one direction only. When nearly dry more polish is put on the rubber as before, but oil is seldom required till two or three coats have been rubbed in. When the rubber feels sticky, a trifle on the linen is added, but very little. A novice had better wait when five or six coats have been applied to see if it seems to soak entirely into the wood anywhere, and if so more must be applied; but the regular polisher knows, and when his coating is thick enough puts a little spirit inside the linen cloth instead of oil outside it, and rubs more quickly and lightly. The final glaze is given by a rubber made as you describe, and used very lightly with methylated spirit only. There is a great deal of knack in it, and need for experienced judgment; but we know by experience that amateurs *can* do fairly if their heads are screwed on the right way and they have patience.

**Beeswax.**—*What use can be made of the wax from honeycomb after the honey is taken from it, and what is the process to make it into the wax used by tailors, if this kind of wax is from a hive.*—Melt the comb in water nearly or quite boiling, and strain it when melted; it then becomes the yellow wax or beeswax of commerce. The difficulty of selling this is merely that shops now are used to buying in larger quantities from wholesale houses, and do not like small lots; but you may succeed with one of the tradesmen you deal with. If a bad colour, it is sometimes coloured with a little annatto. This wax is bleached into white wax by exposing it in thin flakes to the weather and sun, every now and then remelting and forming it into fresh flakes; but a great deal sold is adulterated with spermaceti. Domestically beeswax is used in furniture polish and for rubbing floors, and in the country people still sometimes make candles of it. Tailor's wax is little used now, as waxed thread will not work in sewing machines; it is or was made of a mixture of beeswax and soap.

**Removing Gold Paint.**—*I should very much like to know how to remove gold paint (Ozonised Enamel) from a marble mantel-piece, and also from china door-plates and bells, and from door-panels and wainscots. The gold enamel was put on about six months ago, but as it is looking blurred and dirty, I am now anxious to wash it off. I have tried soap and soda, but neither has any effect.*—Methylated ether will readily rub it off the china without injury, but the marble being porous is more doubtful; still, applied quickly and lightly with linen only moistened with ether, it will probably come off clean. From wood, however, any other varnish or paint would be removed along with the gold. It is rather foolish to apply to such surfaces anything that may have to come off again, as it sinks in more or less. On the whole, if you are pleased with the gold decoration as such, our advice would be to have them properly regilt over again in the ordinary way.

**Ice Cream.**—*Would you kindly insert a receipt for making ice cream.*—We presume you refer to the cream itself, not to the freezing. Where ices are made it is far better to buy a small freezing machine, when there is no trouble, and about a pint and a half of ice will only cost about threepence to freeze with the common mixture of ice and salt, and perhaps fourpence with chemical freezing powders. Ice can be made with a plain tub and a coffee-tin, but it is troublesome, and takes far more freezing material. Genuine cream is made *with* cream, a little milk being sometimes added. To this is added fruit or flavour to taste. Thus we may beat up one pound of strawberries and half pound sugar into a pulp, with a little lemon juice; rub through a sieve, and add a pint of cream, with or without half a pint of water. Or we may beat up with the cream one pound of fine raspberry jam and a little lemon juice. Or we may add to a pint of cream half pound of apricot jam, the juice of a lemon, six pounded bitter almonds, and a glass of noyeau. Then again we may add milk, sugar, and crushed Naples biscuits; or a chocolate cream may be made of six ounces chocolate scraped into half pint of new milk, added, with half pound of sugar, to one pint of cream. Anyone can vary such a list infinitely. For a *cheap* cream, make a custard with half a pint of milk, two yolks of eggs, a tablespoonful condensed milk, and sugar to taste; as soon as this is a little thick, stir it continuously till nearly cold, and add essence of almonds, or vanilla, or noyeau, or any other flavour fancied. This makes a fair cream, and if the flavouring be left out, crushed strawberries or raspberries and sugar may be added as before, or jam. Red fruit ices should be brightened, if necessary, by adding some red currants, or cochineal. Water ices are of the nature of lemonade, made stronger and flavoured to taste; or can be made by adding fruit syrups to water; or yet again by adding fruit juice to an equal quantity of plain sugar syrup, generally with a little lemon, which is used in most ices.

## Astronomical Almanack for February.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | Sexagesima Sunday | 16 | M | Orion's belt S. 7.44 P.M |
| 2 | M | ☽ 3 Quarter 4.42 A.M. | 17 | T | Saturn rises 6.33 P.M. |
| 3 | T | ☉ rises 7.38 A.M. | 18 | W | Daybreak 5.16 A.M. |
| 4 | W | ☉ sets 4.52 P.M. | 19 | T | Twilight ends 7.13 P.M. |
| 5 | T | Clock before ☉ 14m. 14s. | 20 | F | Length of Day 10h. 15m. |
| 6 | F | Procyon S. 10.26 P.M. | 21 | S | Aldebaran S. 6.25 P.M. |
| 7 | S | Venus a morning star | 22 | S | 2 Sunday in Lent |
| 8 | S | Shrove Sunday | 23 | M | ☽ greatest dist. from ⊕ |
| 9 | M | ☽ least distance from ⊕ [New ☽ 2.12 A.M. | | | [Full ☽ 7.18 P.M. |
| 10 | T | Taurus S. 7.8 P.M. | 24 | T | Saturn near ☽ |
| 11 | W | Ash Wednesday | 25 | W | Venus rises 4.36 A.M. |
| 12 | T | Mars an evening star | 26 | T | Clock before ☽ 13m. 7s. |
| 13 | F | ☉ rises 7.20 A.M. | 27 | F | Mars sets 9.50 P.M. |
| 14 | S | ☉ sets 5.10 P.M. | 28 | S | ☉ rises 6.51 A.M. |
| 15 | S | 1 Sunday in Lent [☽ 1 Quarter 6.29 P.M. | | | [☉ sets 5.36 P.M. |



*Paris Salon, 1887.]*

THE CAPSTAN.

*[Henry Bacon.*

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC.




"A GOOD FRIEND OF OURS"

### CHAPTER IX.—PLAYING WITH FIRE.

HE was a young man, and a Dutchman, but not a Dutchman of the stout burly type which I had most commonly seen in the country. He had, it is true, the usual fair hair and blue eyes, and he was rather short than tall; but his figure was thin and meagre, and he had a pointed nose and chin, and a scanty fair beard. I took him to be near-sighted; at a second glance I saw that he was angry. He was talking fast to Dymphna—of course in Dutch—and my first impulse, in face of his excited gestures and queer appearance, was to laugh. But I had a notion what his relationship to the girl was, and I smothered this, and instead asked, as soon as I could get a word in, whether I should leave them.

"Oh, no!" Dymphna answered, blushing slightly, and turning to me with a troubled glance I believe she had clean forgotten my presence. "This is Master Jan Van Tree, a good friend of ours. And this," she continued, still in Spansh,

but speaking to him, "is Master Carey, one of my father's guests."

We bowed, he formally, for he had not recovered his temper, and I—I dare say I still had my Spanish ancestors in my head—with condescension. We disliked one another at sight, I think. I dubbed him a mean little fellow, a trader, a peddler; and, however he classed me, it was not favourably. So it was no particular desire to please him which led me to say with outward solicitude, "I fear you are annoyed at something, Master Van Tree?"

"I am!" he said bluntly, meeting me half-way.

"And am I to know the cause?" I asked, "or is it a secret?"

"It is no secret!" he retorted. "Mistress Lindstrom should have been more careful. She should not have exposed herself to the chance of being seen by those miserable foreigners."

"The foreigners—in the boat?" I said dryly.

"Yes, of course—in the boat," he answered. He was obliged to say that, but he glared at me across her as he spoke. We had turned and were walking back to the house, the poplars casting long shadows across our path.

"They were rude," I observed carelessly, my chin very high. "But there is no particular harm done that I can see, Master Van Tree."

"Perhaps not, as far as you can see," he retorted in great excitement. "But perhaps also you are not very far-sighted. You may not see it now, yet harm will follow."

"Possibly," I said, and I was going to follow up this seemingly candid admission by something very boorish, when Mistress Dymphna struck in nervously.

"My father is anxious," she explained, speaking to me, "that I should have as little to do with our Spanish governors as possible, Master Carey. It always vexes him to hear that I have fallen in their way, and that is why my friend feels annoyed. It was not, of course, your fault, since you did not know of this. It was I," she continued hurriedly, "who should not have ventured to the elm-tree without seeing that the coast was clear."

I knew that she was timidly trying, her colour coming and going, to catch my eye; to appease me as the greater stranger, and to keep the peace between her ill-matched companions, who, indeed, stalked along eyeing one another much as a wolf-hound and a badger-dog might regard each other across a choice bone. But the young Dutchman's sudden appearance had put me out. I was not in love with her, yet I liked to talk to her, and I grudged her to him, he seemed so mean a fellow. And so—churl that I was—in answer to her speech I let drop some sneer about the great fear of the Spaniards which seemed to prevail in these parts.

"*You* are not afraid of them, then?" Van Tree said, with a smile.

"No, I am not," I answered, my lip curling also.

"Ah!" with much meaning. "Perhaps you do not know them very well."

"Perhaps not," I replied. "Still, my grandmother was a Spaniard."

"So I should have thought," he retorted swiftly. So swiftly that I felt the words as I should have felt a blow. "What do you mean?" I blurted out, halting before him, with my cheek crimson. In vain were all Dymphna's appealing glances, all her signs of distress. "I will have you explain, Master Van Tree, what you mean by that?" I repeated fiercely.

"I mean what I said," he answered, confronting me stubbornly, and shaking off Dymphna's hand. His blue eyes twinkled with rage, his thin beard bristled; he was the colour of a turkey-cock's comb. At home we should have thought him a comical little figure; but he did not seem so absurd here. For one thing, he looked spiteful enough for anything; and for another, though I topped him by a head and shoulders, I could not flatter myself that he was afraid of me. On the contrary, I felt that in the presence of his mistress, small and short-sighted as he was, he would have faced a lion without winking.

His courage was not to be put to the proof. I was still glaring at him, seeking some retort which should provoke him beyond endurance, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and I turned to find that Master Bertie and the Duchess had joined us.

"So here are the truants," the former said pleasantly, speaking in English, and showing no consciousness whatever of the crisis in the middle of which he had come up, though he must have discerned in our defiant attitudes and in Dymphna's troubled face that something was wrong. "You know who this is, Master Francis," he continued heartily. "Or have you not been introduced to Master Van Tree, the betrothed of our host's daughter?"

"Mistress Dymphna has done me that honour," I said stiffly, recovering myself in appearance, while at heart sore and angry with everybody. "But I fear the Dutch gentleman has not thanked her for the introduction, since he learned that my grandmother was Spanish."

"*Your* grandmother, do you mean?" cried the Duchess, much astonished.

"Yes, madam."

"Well, to be sure!" she exclaimed, lifting up her hands, and appealing whimsically to the others. "This boy is full of starts and surprises. You never know what he will produce next. The other day it was a warrant! To-day it is a grandmother, and a temper!"

I could not be angry with her; and perhaps I was not sorry now that my quarrel with the young Dutchman had stopped where it had. I affected as well as I could to join in the laugh at my expense, and took advantage of the arrival of our host—who at this moment came up the slope from the landing-place, his hands outstretched and a smile of greeting on his kindly face—to slip away unnoticed, and make amends to my humour by switching off the heads of the withes by the river.

But naturally the scene left a degree of ill-feeling behind it; and for the first time, during the two months we had spent under Master Lindstrom's roof, the party who sat down to supper were under some constraint. I felt that the young Dutchman had had the best of the bout in the garden; and I talked loudly and foolishly in the boyish attempt to

assert myself, and to set myself right at least in my own estimation. Master Van Tree meanwhile sat silent, eyeing me from time to time in no friendly fashion. Dymphna seemed nervous and frightened, and the Duchess and her husband exchanged troubled glances. Only our host and Mistress Anne, who was in particularly good spirits, were unaffected by the prevailing chill.

Mistress Anne, indeed, in her ignorance, made matters worse. She had begun to pick up some Dutch, and was fond of airing her knowledge and practising fresh sentences at meal-times. By some ill-luck she contrived this evening — particularly after, finding no one to contradict me, I had fallen into comparative silence—to frame her sentences so as to cause as much embarrassment as possible to all of us. "Where did you walk with Dymphna this morning?" was the question put to me. "You are fond of the water; Englishmen are fond of the water," she said to Dymphna. "Dymphna is tall; Master Francis is tall. I sit by you to-night; the Dutch lady sat by you last night," and so on, and so on, with prattle which seemed to amuse our host exceedingly—he was never tired of correcting her mistakes—but which put the rest of us out of countenance, bringing the tears to poor Dymphna's eyes—she did not know where to look—and making her lover glower at me as though he would eat me.

It was in vain that the Duchess made spasmodic rushes into conversation, and in the intervals nodded and frowned at the delinquent. Mistress Anne in her innocence saw nothing. She went on until Van Tree could stand it no longer, and with a half-smothered threat, which was perfectly intelligible to me, rose roughly from the table, and went to the door as if to look out at the night.

"What is the matter?" Mistress Anne said wonderingly in English. Her eyes seemed at length to be opened to the fact that something was amiss with us.

Before I could answer, the Duchess, who had risen, came behind her. "You little fool!" she whispered fiercely, "if fool you are. You deserve to be whipped!"

"Why, what have I done?" murmured the girl, really frightened now, and appealing to me.

"Done!" whispered the Duchess; and I think she pinched her, for my neighbour winced. "More harm than you guess, you minx! And for you, Master Francis, a word with you. Come with me to my room, please."

I went with her, half-minded to be angry, and half inclined to feel ashamed of myself. She did not give me time, however, to consider which attitude I should take up, for the moment the door of her room was closed behind us, she turned upon me, the colour high in her cheeks. "Now, young man," she said in a tone of ringing contempt. "Do you really think that that girl is in love with you?"

"What girl?" I asked sheepishly. The unexpected question and her tone put me out of countenance.

"What girl? What girl?" she replied impatiently. "Don't play with me, boy! You know whom I mean. Dymphna Lindstrom!"

"Oh, I thought you meant Mistress Anne," I said, somewhat impertinently.

Her face fell in an extraordinary fashion, as if the suggestion were not pleasant to her. But she answered on the instant: "Well! The vanity of the lad! Do you think all the girls are in love with you? Because you have been sitting with a pretty face on each side of you, do you think you have only to throw the handkerchief this way or that? If you do, open your eyes, and you will find it is not so. My kinswoman can take care of herself, so we will leave her out of the discussion, please. And for this pink-and-white Dutch girl," my lady continued viciously, "let me tell you that she thinks more of Van Tree's little finger than of your whole body."

I shrugged my shoulders, but still I was mortified. A young man may not be in love with a girl, yet it displeases him to hear that she is indifferent to him.

The Duchess noticed the movement. "Don't do that," she cried in impatient scorn. "You do not see much in Master Van Tree, perhaps? I thought not. Therefore you think a girl must be of the same mind as yourself. Well," with a fierce little nod, "you will learn some day that it is not so, that women are not quite what men think them; and particularly, Master Francis, that six feet of manhood, and a pretty face on top of it, do not always have their way. But there, I did not bring you here to tell you that. I want to know whether you are aware what you are doing?"

I muttered something to the effect that I did not know I was doing any harm.

"You do not call it harm, then," the Duchess retorted with energy, "to endanger the safety of every one of us? Cannot you see that if you insult and offend this young man—which you are doing out of pure wanton mischief, for you are not in love with the girl—he may ruin us?"

"Ruin us?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes, ruin us!" she cried. "Here we are, living more or less in hiding through the kindness of Master Lindstrom—living in peace and quietness. But do you suppose that inquiries are not being made for us? Why, I would bet a dozen gold angels that Master Clarence is in the Netherlands at this moment tracking us."

I was startled by this idea, and she saw I was. "We can trust Master Lindstrom were it only for his own sake," she continued more quietly, satisfied perhaps with the effect she had produced. "And this young man, who is the son of one of the principal men of Arnheim, is also disposed to look kindly on us, as I fancy it is his nature to look. But if you make mischief between Dymphna and him—"

"I have not," I said.

"Then do not," she replied sharply. "Look to it for the future. And more, do not let him fancy it possible. Jealousy is as easily awakened as it is hardly put to sleep. A word from this young man to the Spanish authorities, and we should be hauled back to England in a trice, if worse did not befall us here. Now, you will be careful?"

"I will," I said, conscience-stricken and a little cowed.

"That is better," she replied, smiling. "I think you will. Now go."

I went down again with some food for thought—with some good intentions too. But I was to find—the discovery is made by many—that good resolutions commonly come too late. When I went downstairs I found my host and Master Bertie alone in the parlour. The girls had disappeared, so had Van Tree, and I saw at once that something had happened. Master Bertie was standing gazing at the stove very thoughtfully, and the Dutchman was walking up and down the room with an almost comical expression of annoyance and trouble on his pleasant face.

"Where are the young ladies?" I asked.

"Upstairs," said Master Bertie, not looking at me.

"And—and Van Tree?" I asked mechanically. Somehow I anticipated the answer.

"Gone!" said the Englishman, curtly.

"Ay, gone, the foolish lad!" the Dutchman struck in, tugging at his beard. "What has come to him? He is not wont to show temper. I have never known him and Dymphna have a cross word before. What has come to the lad, I say, to go off in a passion at this time of night? And no one knows whither he has gone, or when he will come back again!"

He seemed as he spoke hardly conscious of my presence; but Master Bertie turned and looked at me, and I hung my head, and very shortly afterwards I slunk out. The thought of what I might have brought upon us all by my petulance and vanity made me feel sick. I crept up to bed nervous and fearful of the morrow, listening to every noise without, and praying inwardly that my alarm might not be justified.

When the morrow came I went downstairs as anxious to see Van Tree in the flesh as I had been yesterday disappointed by his appearance. But no Van Tree was there to be seen. Nothing had been heard of him. Dymphna moved restlessly about, her cheeks pale, her eyes downcast, and if I had ever flattered myself that I was anything to the girl, I was undeceived now. The Duchess shot angry glances at me from time to time. Master Bertie kept looking anxiously at the door. Every one seemed to fear and to expect something. But none of them feared and expected it as I did.

"He must have gone home; he must have gone to Arnheim," said our host, trying to hide his vexation. "He will be back in a day or two. Young men will be young men."

But I found that the Duchess did not share the belief that Van Tree had gone home; for in the course of the morning she took occasion, when we were alone, to charge me to be careful not to come into collision with him.

"How can I, now he has gone?" I said meekly, feeling I was in disgrace.

"He has not gone far," replied the Duchess, meaningly. "Depend upon it, he will not go far out of sight unless there is more harm done than I think, or he is very different from English lovers. But if you come across him, I pray you to keep clear of him, Master Francis."

I nodded assent.

But of what weight are resolutions with fate in the other scale! It was some hours after this, towards two o'clock indeed, when Mistress Anne came to me, looking flurried and vexed. "Have you seen Dymphna?" she asked abruptly.

"No," I answered. "Why?"

"Because she is not in the house," the girl answered, speaking quickly, "nor in the garden; and the last time I saw her she was crossing the island towards the footbridge. I think she has gone that way to be on the look-out—you can guess for whom," with a smile. "But I am fearful lest she shall meet some one else, Master Francis; she is wearing her gold chain, and one of the maids says that she saw two of the Spanish garrison on the road near the end of the footbridge this morning. That is the way by land to Arnheim, you know."

"That is bad," I said. "What is to be done?"

"You must go and look for her," Anne suggested. "She should not be alone."

"Let her father go, or Master Bertie," I answered.

"Her father has gone down the river—to Arnheim, I expect; and Master Bertie is fishing in a boat somewhere. It will take time to find him. Why cannot you go? If she has crossed the footbridge she will not be far away."

She seemed so anxious as she spoke for the Dutch girl's safety that she infected me with her fears, and I let myself be persuaded. After all, there might be danger, and I did not see what else was to be done. Indeed, Mistress Anne did not leave me until she had seen me clear of the orchard and half-across the meadows towards the footbridge. "Mind you bring her back," she cried after me. "Do not let her come alone!" And those were her last words.

After we had separated I did think for a moment that it was a pity I had not asked her to come with me. But the thought occurred too late, and I strode on towards the head of the bridge, resolving that, as soon as I had sighted Dymphna, I would keep away from her and content myself with watching over her from a distance. As I passed by the little cluster of cottages on the landward side of the island, I glanced sharply about me, for I thought it not unlikely that Master Van Tree might be lurking in the neighbourhood. But I saw nothing either of her or him. All was quiet, the air full of spring sunshine and warmth and hope and the blossoms of fruit-trees; and with an indefinable pleasure, a feeling of escape from control and restraint, I crossed the long footbridge, and set foot, almost for the first time since our arrival—for at Master Lindstrom's desire we had kept very close—on the river bank.

To the right a fair road or causeway along the waterside led to Arnheim. At the point where I stood, this road on its way from the city took a turn at right angles, running straight away from the river to avoid a wide track of swamp and mere which lay on my left—a quaking marsh many miles round, overgrown with tall rushes and sedges, which formed the head of the bay in which our island lay. I looked up the long straight road to Arnheim, and saw only a group of travellers moving slowly along it, their backs towards me. The road before me was bare of passengers. Where, then, was Dymphna if she had crossed the bridge? In the last resort I scanned the green expanse of rushes and willows, which stretched, with intervals of open water, as far as the eye could reach on my

left. It was all rustling and shimmering in the light breeze, but my eye picked out one or two raised dykes which penetrated it here and there, and served at once as pathways to islets in the mere and as breastworks against further encroachments of the river. Presently, on one of these, of which the course was fairly defined by a line of willows, I made out the flutter of a woman's hood. And I remembered that the day before I had heard Dymphna express a wish to go to the marsh for some herb which grew there.

"Right!" I said, seating myself with much satisfaction on the last post of the bridge. "She is safe enough there! And I will go no nearer. It is only on the road she is likely to be in danger from our Spanish gallants!"

My eyes, released from duty, wandered idly over the landscape for awhile, but presently returned to the dyke across the mere. I could not now see Dymphna. The willows hid her, and I waited for her to reappear. She did not, but some one else did; for by-and-by, on the same path and crossing an interval between the willows, there came into sight a man's form.

"Ho! ho!" I said, following it with my eyes. "So I may go home! Master Van Tree is on the track. And now I hope they will make it up!" I added pettishly.

Another second and I started up with a low cry. The sunlight had caught a part of the man's dress, a shining something which flashed back a point of intense light. The something I guessed at once was a corslet, and it needed scarce another thought to apprise me that Dymphna's follower was not Van Tree at all, but a Spanish soldier!

I lost no time; yet it took me a minute—a minute of trembling haste and anxiety—to discover the path from the causeway on to the dyke. When once I had stumbled on to the latter I found I had lost sight of both figures; but I ran along at the top of my speed, calculating that the two, who could not be far apart, the man being the nearer to me, were about a quarter of a mile or rather more from the road. I had gone one-half of this distance perhaps when a shrill scream in front caused me to redouble my efforts. I expected to find the ruffian in the act of robbing the girl, and clutched my cudgel—for, alas! I had left my sword at home—more tightly in my grasp; so that it was an immense relief to me when on turning an angle in the dyke I saw her running towards me. Her face, still white with fear, however, and her hair streaming loosely behind her, told how narrow had been her escape—if escape it could be called. For about ten feet behind her, the hood he had plucked off still in his grasp, came Master Spaniard, hot-foot and panting, but gaining on her now with every stride.

He was a tall fellow, gaily dressed, swarthy, moustachioed, and fierce-eyed. His corslet and sword-belt shone and jingled as he ran and swore; but he had dropped his feathered bonnet in the slight struggle which had evidently taken place when she got by him; and it lay a black spot in the middle of the grassy avenue behind him. The sun—it was about three hours after noon—was at my back, and shining directly into his eyes, and I marked this as I raised my cudgel and jumped aside to let the girl pass; for she in her blind fear would have run against me.

It was almost the same with him. He did not see me until I was within a few paces of him, and even then I think he noticed my presence merely as that of an unwelcome spectator. He fancied I should step aside; and he cursed me, calling me a Dutch dog for getting in his way.

The next moment—he had not drawn his sword nor made any attempt to draw it—we came together violently, and I had my hand on his throat. We



ABOUT TEN FEET BEHIND CAME MASTER SPANIARD.

swayed as we whirled round one another in the first shock of the collision. A cry of astonishment escaped him—astonishment at my hardihood. He tried, his eyes glaring into mine, and his hot breath on my cheek, to get at his dagger. But it was too late. I brought down my staff with all the strength of an arm nerved at the moment by rage and despair upon his bare head.

He went down like a stone, and the blood bubbled from his lips. I stood over him watching him. He stretched himself out and turned with a convulsive movement on his face. His hands clawed the grass. His leg moved once, twice, a third time faintly. Then he lay still.

There was a lark singing just over my head, and

its clear notes seemed, during the long long minute while I stood bending over him in an awful fascination, to be the only sounds in nature. I looked so long at him in that dreadful stillness and absorption, I dared not at last look up lest I should see I knew not what. Yet when a touch fell on my arm I did not start.

"You have killed him," the girl whispered, shuddering.

"Yes, I have killed him," I answered mechanically.

I could not take my eyes off him. It was not as if I had done this thing after a long conflict, or in a *mêlée* with others fighting round me, or on the battle-field. I should have felt no horror then such as I felt now, standing over him in the sunshine with the lark's song in my ears. It had happened so quickly, and the waste about us was so still; and I had never killed a man before, nor seen a man die.

"Oh, come away!" Dymphna wailed suddenly. "Come away!"

I turned then, and the sight of the girl's wan face and strained eyes recalled me in some degree to myself. I saw she was ill; and hastily I gave her my arm, and partly carried, partly supported, her back to the road. The way seemed long and I looked behind me often. But we reached the causeway at last, and there in the open I felt some relief. Yet even then, stopping to cast a backward glance at the marsh, I shuddered anew, espying a bright white spark gleaming amid the green of the rushes. It was the dead man's corslet. But if it had been his eye I could scarcely have shrunk from it in greater dread.

It will be imagined that we were not long in crossing the island. Naturally I was full of what had happened, and never gave a thought to Van Tree's jealousy, or the incidents of his short visit. I had indeed forgotten his existence until we reached the porch. There entering rapidly, with Dymphna clinging to my arm, I was so oblivious of other matters that when the young Dutchman rose suddenly from the seat on one side of the door, and at the same moment the Duchess rose from the bench on the other, I did not understand in the first instant of surprise what was the matter, though I let Dymphna's hand fall from my arm. The dark scowling face of the one, however, and the anger and chagrin written on the features of the other, as they both glared at us, brought all back to me in a flash. But it was too late. Before I could utter a word the girl's lover pushed by me with a fierce gesture and fiercer cry, and disappeared round a corner of the house.

"Was ever such folly!" cried the Duchess, stamping her foot, and standing before us, her face crimson. "Or such fools! You idiot! You—"



IT HAD HAPPENED SO QUICKLY.

"Hush, madam," I said sternly—had I really grown older in doing the deed?—"something has happened."

And Dymphna, with a low cry of "The Spaniard! The Spaniard!" tottered up to her and fainted in her arms.

### CHAPTER X.—THE FACE IN THE PORCH.

"THIS is a serious matter," said Master Bertie thoughtfully, as we sat in conclave an hour later round the table in the parlour. Mistress Anne was attending to Dymphna upstairs, and Van Tree had not returned again; so that we had been unable to tell him of the morning's adventure. But the rest of us were there. "It considerably adds to the danger of our position," Bertie continued.

"Of course it does," his wife said promptly. "But Master Lindstrom here can best judge of that, and of what course it will be safest to take."

"It depends," our host answered slowly, "upon whether the dead man be discovered before night. You see if the body be not found—"

"Well?" said my lady impatiently, as he paused.

"Then we must some of us go after dark and bury him," he decided. "And perhaps, though he will be missed at the next roll-call in the city, his death may not be proved, or traced to this neighbourhood. In that case the storm will blow over, and things be no worse than before."

"I fear there is no likelihood of that," I said; "for I am told he had a companion. One of the maids noticed them lurking about the end of the bridge more than once this morning."

Our host's face fell.

"That is bad," he said, looking at me in evident consternation. "Who told you?"

"Mistress Anne. And one of the maids told her. It was that which led me to follow your daughter."

The old man got up for about the fortieth time, and shook my hand, while the tears stood in his eyes and his lip trembled. "Heaven bless you, Master Carey!" he said. "But for you, my girl might not have escaped."

He could not finish. His emotion choked him, and he sat down again. The event of the morning—his daughter's danger, and my share in averting it—had touched him as nothing else could have touched him. I met the Duchess's eyes, and they too were soft and shining, wearing an expression very different from that which had greeted me on my return with Dymphna.

"Ah, well! she is safe," Master Lindstrom resumed when he had regained his composure. "Thanks to heaven and your friend, madam! Small matter now if house and lands go!"

"Still, let us hope they will not," Master Bertie said. "Do you think these miscreants were watching the island on our account? That some information had been given as to our presence, and they were sent to learn what they could?"

"No, no!" the Dutchman answered confidently. "It was the sight of the girl and her gewgaws yesterday brought them, the villains! There is nothing safe from them and nothing sacred to them. They saw her as they passed up in the boat, you remember."

"But then, supposing the worst to come to the worst?"

"We must escape across the frontier to Wesel, in the Duchy of Cleves," replied Lindstrom in a matter-of-fact tone, as if he had long considered and settled the point. "The distance is not great, and in Wesel we may find shelter, at any rate for a time. Even there, if pressure be brought to bear upon the Government to give us up, I would not trust it. Yet for a time it may do."

"And you would leave all this?" the Duchess said in wonder, her eyes travelling round the room, so clean and warm and comfortable, and settling at length upon the great armoire of plate which happened to be opposite to her. "You would leave all this at a moment's notice?"

"Yes, madam, all we could not carry with us," he answered simply. "Honour and life, these come first. And I thank heaven that I live here within reach of a foreign soil, and not in the interior where escape would be hopeless."

"But if the true facts were known," the Duchess urged, "would you still be in danger? Would not the magistrates protect you? The Schout and Schepen as you call them? They are Dutchmen."

"Against a Spanish governor and a Spanish garrison?" he replied with bitter emphasis. "Ay, they would protect me—as one sheep protects another against the wolves. No! I dare not risk it. Were I in prison what would become of Dymphna?"

"Master Van Tree?"

"He has the will to shelter her, no doubt. And his father has influence; but such as mine, a broken reed to trust to. Then Dymphna is not all. Once in prison, whatever the charge, there would be questioning about religion; perhaps," with a faint smile, "questioning about my guests."

"I suppose you know best," said the Duchess, with a sigh. "But I hope the worst will not come to the worst."

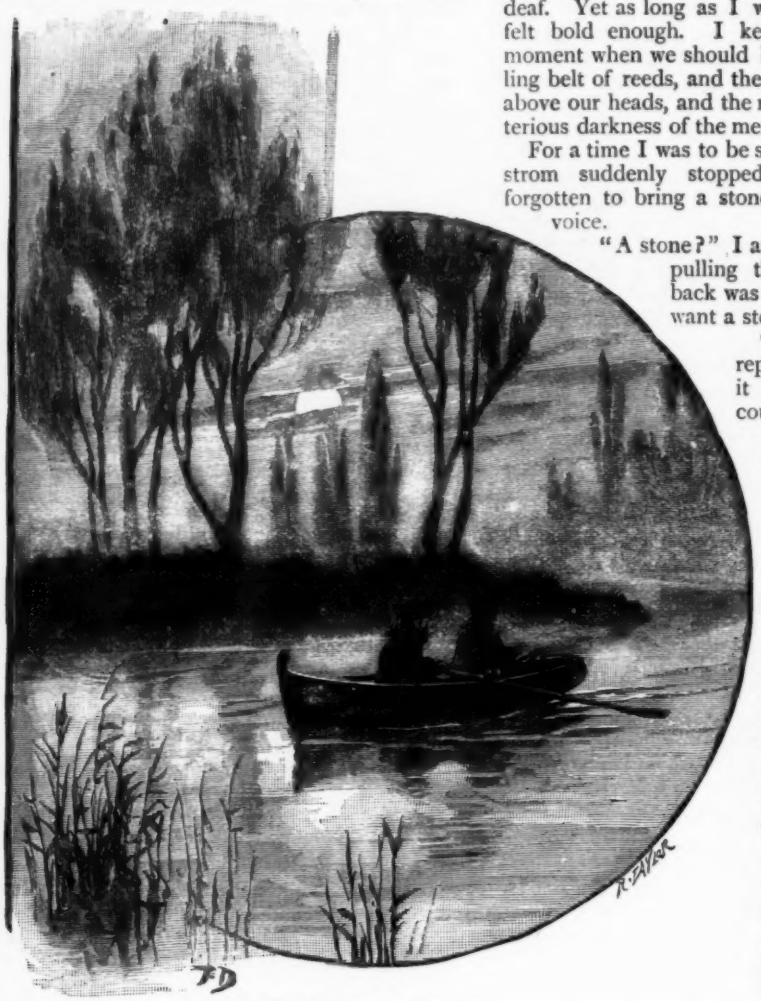
"Amen to that!" he answered quite cheerfully.

Indeed, it was strange that we seemed to feel more sorrow at the prospect of leaving this haven of a few weeks, than our host of quitting the home of a lifetime. But the necessity had come upon us suddenly, while he had contemplated it for years. So much fear and humiliation had mingled with his enjoyment of his choicest possessions that this long-expected moment brought with it a feeling akin to relief.

For myself I had a present trouble that outweighed any calamity of to-morrow. Perforce, since I alone knew the spot where the man lay, I must be one of the burying party. My nerves had not recovered from the blow which the sight of the Spaniard lying dead at my feet had dealt them so short a time before, and I shrank with a natural repulsion from the task before me. Yet there was no escaping it, no chance of escaping it, I saw.

None the less, throughout the silent meal to which we four sat down together, neither the girls nor Van Tree appearing, were my thoughts taken up with the business which was to follow. I heard

our host, who was to go with me, explaining that there was a waterway right up to the dyke, and that we would go by boat; and heard him with apathy. What matter how we went if such were the object of our journey? I wondered how the man's face would look when we came to turn him over, and pictured it in all ghastliest shapes. I wondered whether I should ever forget the strange spasmodic twitching of his leg, the gurgle—half oath, half cry—which had come with the blood from his throat. When Lindstrom said the moon was up and bade



A GOOD NIGHT FOR THE PURPOSE.

me come with him to the boat, I went mechanically. No one seemed to suspect me of fear. I suppose they thought that as I had not feared to kill him, I should not fear him dead. And in the general silence and moodiness I escaped notice.

"It is a good night for the purpose," the Dutchman said, looking about when we were outside. "It is light enough for us, yet not so light that we run much risk of being seen."

I assented, shivering. The moon was almost at the full, and the weather was dry, but scud after scud of thin clouds sweeping across the breezy sky, obscured the light from time to time, and left nothing certain. We loosed the smallest boat in silence, and getting in, pulled gently round the lower end of the island, making for the fringe of rushes which marked the line of division between river and fen. We could hear the frogs croaking in the marsh, and the water lapping the banks, and gurgling among the tree-roots, and making a hundred strange noises to which daylight ears are deaf. Yet as long as I was in the open water I felt bold enough. I kept my tremors for the moment when we should brush through the rustling belt of reeds, and the willows should whisper above our heads, and the rank vegetation, the mysterious darkness of the mere should shut us in.

For a time I was to be spared this. Master Lindstrom suddenly stopped rowing. "We have forgotten to bring a stone, lad," he said in a low voice.

"A stone?" I answered, turning. I was pulling the stroke oar, and my back was towards him. "Do we want a stone?"

"To sink the body," he replied. "We cannot bury it in the marsh, and if we could it were trouble thrown away. We must have a stone."

"What is to be done?" I asked, leaning on my oar and shivering, as much in impatience as nervousness. "Must we go back?"

"No, we are not far from the causeway now," he answered, with Dutch coolness. "There are some big stones, I fancy, by the end of the bridge. If not, there are some lying among the cottages just across the bridge. Your eyes are younger than mine, so you had better go. I will pull on, and land you."

I assented, and the boat's course being changed a point or two, three minutes' rowing laid her bows on the mud, some fifty yards from the landward end of the bridge, and just in the shadow of the causeway. I sprang ashore and clambered up. "Hist!" he cried, warning me as I was about to start on my errand. "Go about it quietly, Master Francis. The people will probably be in bed. But be secret."

I nodded and moved off, as warily as he could desire. I spent a minute or two peering about the causeway, but I found nothing that would serve our purpose. There was no course left then but to cross the planks, and seek what I wanted in the hamlet. Remembering how the timbers had

creaked and clattered when I went over them in the daylight, I stole across on tiptoe. I fancied I had seen a pile of stones near one of the posts at that end, but I could not find them now, and after groping about awhile—for this part was at the moment in darkness—I crept cautiously past the first hovel, peering to right and left as I went. I did not like to confess to myself that I was afraid to be alone in the dark, but that was nearly the truth. I was feverishly anxious to find what I wanted and return to my companion.

Suddenly I paused and held my breath. A slight sound had fallen on my ears, nervously ready to catch the slightest. I paused and listened. Yes, there it was again ; a whispering of cautious voices close by me, within a few feet of me. I could see no one. But a moment's thought told me that the speakers were hidden by the farther corner of the cottage abreast of which I stood. The sound of human voices, the assurance of living companionship, steadied my nerves, and to some extent rid me of my folly. I took a step to one side, so as to be more completely in the shadow cast by the reed-thatched eaves, and then softly advanced until I commanded a view of the whisperers.

They were two, a man and a woman. And the woman was of all people Dymphna ! She had her back to me, but she stood in the moonlight, and I knew her hood in a moment. The man—surely the man was Van Tree then, if the woman was Dymphna ? I stared. I felt sure it must be Van Tree. It was wonderful enough that Dymphna should so far have regained nerve and composure as to rise and come out to meet him. But in that case her conduct, though strange, was explicable. If not, however, if the man were not Van Tree—

Well, he certainly was not. Stare as I might, rub my eyes as I might, I could not alter the man's figure, which was of the tallest, whereas I have said that the young Dutchman was short. This man's face, too, though it was obscured, as he bent over the girl, by his cloak, which was pulled high up about his throat, was swarthy ; swarthy and beardless, I made out. More, his cap had a feather, and even as he stood still I thought I read the soldier in his attitude. The soldier and the Spaniard !

What did it mean ? On what strange combination had I lit ? Dymphna and a Spaniard ! Impossible. Yet a thousand doubts and thoughts ran riot in my brain, a thousand conjectures jostled one another to get uppermost. What was I to do ? What ought I to do ? Go nearer to them, as near as possible, and listen and learn the truth ? Or steal back the way I had come, and fetch Master Lindstrom ? But first, was it certain that the girl was there of her own free-will ? Yes, the question was answered as soon as put. The man laid his hand gently on her shoulder. She did not draw back.

Confident of this, and consequently of Dymphna's bodily safety, I hesitated, and was beginning to consider whether the best course might not be to withdraw and say nothing, leaving the question of future proceedings to be decided after I had spoken to her on the morrow, when a movement diverted my thoughts. The man at last raised his head. The moonlight fell cold and bright on his face, displaying every feature as clearly as if it had been day. And though I had only once seen his face before, I knew it again.

And knew him ! In a second I was back in England, looking on a far different scene. I saw the Thames, its ebb tide rippling in the sunshine as it ripples past Greenwich, and a small boat gliding over it, and a man in the bow of the boat, a man with a grim lip and a sinister eye. Yes, the tall soldier talking to Dymphna in the moonlight, his cap the cap of a Spanish guard, was Master Clarence ! the Duchess's chief enemy !

I stayed my foot. With a strange settling into resolve of all my doubts I felt if my sword, which happily I had brought with me, was loose in its sheath, and leaned forward scanning him. So he had tracked us ! He was here ! With wonderful vividness I pictured all the dangers which menaced the Duchess, Master Bertie, the Lindstroms, myself, through his discovery of us, all the evils which would befall us if the villain went away with his tale. Forgetting Dymphna's presence, I set my teeth hard together. He should not escape me this time.

But man can only propose. As I took a step forward, I trod on a round piece of wood which turned under my foot, and I stumbled. My eye left the pair for a second. When it returned to them they had taken the alarm. Dymphna had started away, and I saw her figure retreating swiftly in the direction of the house. The man poised himself a moment irresolute opposite to me : then dashed aside and disappeared behind the cottage.

I was after him on the instant, my sword out, and caught sight of his cloak as he whisked round a corner. He dodged me twice round the next cottage, the one nearer the river. Then he broke away and made for the bridge, his object evidently to get off the island. But he seemed at last to see that I was too quick for him—as I certainly was—and should catch him half-way across the narrow planking ; and changing his mind again he doubled nimbly back and rushed into the open porch of a cottage, and I heard his sword ring out. I had him at bay.

At bay indeed ! But ready as I was, and resolute to capture or kill him, I paused. I hesitated to run in on him. The darkness of the porch hid him, while I must attack with the moonlight shining on me. I peered in cautiously. "Come out !" I cried. "Come out, you coward !" Then I heard him move, and for a moment I thought he was coming, and I stood a-tiptoe waiting for his rush. But he only laughed a derisive laugh of triumph. He had the odds, and I saw he would keep them.

I took another cautious step towards him, and shading my eyes with my left hand, tried to make him out. As I did so, gradually his face took dim form and shape, confronting mine in the darkness. I stared yet more intently. The face became more clear. Nay, with a sudden leap into vividness, as it were, it grew white against the dark background —white and whiter. It seemed to be thrust out nearer and nearer, until it almost touched mine.

It—his face? No, it was not his face! For one awful moment a terror which seemed to still my heart glued me to the ground where I stood, as it flashed upon my brain that it was another face that grinned at me so close to mine, that it was another face I was looking on: the livid blood-stained face and stony eyes of the man I had killed!

With a wild scream I turned and fled. By instinct, for terror had deprived me of reason, I hied to the bridge, and keeping, I knew not how, my footing upon the loose clattering planks, made one desperate rush across it. The shimmering water below, in which I saw that face a thousand times reflected, the breeze which seemed the dead man's hand clutching me, lent wings to my flight. I sprang at a bound from the bridge to the bank, from the bank to the boat, and overturning, yet never seeing, my startled companion, shoved off from the shore with all my might—and fell a-crying.

A very learned man, physician to the Queen's Majesty, has since told me, when I related this strange story to him, that probably that burst of tears saved my reason. It so far restored me at any rate that I presently knew where I was—cowering in the bottom of the boat with my eyes covered: and understood that Master Lindstrom was leaning over me in a terrible state of mind, imploring me in mingled Dutch and English to tell him what had happened. "I have seen him!" was all I could say at first, and I scarcely dared remove my hands from my eyes. "I have seen him!" I begged my host to row away from the shore, and after a time was able to tell him what the matter was, he sitting the while with his arm round my shoulder.

"You are sure that it was the Spaniard?" he said kindly, after he had thought a minute.

"Quite sure," I answered, shuddering yet with less violence. "How could I be mistaken? If you had seen him—"

"And you are sure—did you feel his heart this morning? Whether it was beating?"

"His heart?" Something in his voice gave me courage to look up, though I still shunned the water lest that dreadful visage should rise from the depths. "No, I did not touch him."

"And you tell me that he fell on his face. Did you turn him over?"

"No." I saw his drift now. I was sitting erect. My brain began to work again. "No," I admitted; "I did not."

"Then how—" asked the Dutchman, roughly—"how do you know that he was dead, young sir? Tell me that."

When I explained, "Bah!" he cried. "There is nothing in that! You jumped to a conclusion. I thought a Spaniard's head was harder to break. As for the blood coming from his mouth, perhaps he bit his tongue, or did any one of a hundred things—except die, Master Francis. That you may be sure is just what he did not do."

"You think so?" I said gratefully. I began to look about me, yet still with a tremor in my limbs, and an inclination to start at shadows.

"Think?" he rejoined, with a heartiness which brought conviction home to me; "I am sure of it. You may depend upon it that Master Clarence, or the man you take for Master Clarence—who no doubt was the other soldier seen with the scoundrel this morning—found him hurt late in the evening. Then, seeing him in that state, he put him in the porch for shelter, either because he could not get him to Arnheim at once, or because he did not wish to give the alarm before he had made his arrangements for netting your party."

"That is possible!" I allowed, with a sigh of relief. "But what of Master Clarence?"

"Well," the old man said; "let us get home first. We will talk of him afterwards."

I felt he had more in his mind than appeared, and I obeyed; growing ashamed now of my panic, and looking forward with no very pleasant feelings to hearing the story narrated. But when we reached the house, and found Master Bertie and the Duchess in the parlour waiting for us—they rose startled at sight of my face—he bade me leave that out, but tell the rest of the story.

I complied, describing how I had seen Dymphna meet Clarence, and what I had observed to pass between them. The astonishment of my hearers may be imagined. "The point is very simple," said our host coolly, when I had in the face of many exclamations and some incredulity completed the tale; "it is just this! The woman certainly was not Dymphna. In the first place, she would not be out at night. In the second place, what could she know of your Clarence, an Englishman and a stranger? In the third place, I will warrant she has been in her room all the evening. Then if Master Francis was mistaken in the woman, may he not have been mistaken in the man? That is the point."

"No," I said boldly. "I only saw her back. I saw his face."

"Certainly that is something," Master Lindstrom admitted reluctantly.

"But how many times had you seen him before?" put in my lady very pertinently. "Only once."

In answer to that I could do no more than give further assurance of my certainty on the point. "It was the man I saw in the boat at Greenwich," I declared positively. "Why should I imagine it?"

"All the same, I trust you have," she rejoined. "For if it was indeed that arch scoundrel we are undone."

"Imagination plays us queer tricks sometimes," Master Lindstrom said, with a smile of much meaning. "But come, lad, I will ask Dymphna, though I think it useless to do so. For whether you are right or wrong as to your friend, I will answer for it you are wrong as to my daughter."

He was rising to go from the room for the purpose, when Mistress Anne opened the door and came in. She looked somewhat startled at finding us all in conclave. "I thought I heard your voices," she explained, timidly standing between us and the door. "I could not sleep."

She looked indeed as if that were so. Her eyes were very bright, and there was a bright spot of crimson in each cheek. "What is it?" she went on abruptly, looking hard at me and shutting her lips tightly. There was so much to explain that no one had taken it in hand to begin.

"It is just this," the Duchess said, opening her

mouth with a snap. "Have you been with Dymphna all the time?"

"Yes, of course," was the prompt answer.

"What is she doing?"

"Doing?" Mistress Anne repeated in surprise. "She is asleep."

"Has she been out since nightfall?" the Duchess continued. "Out of her room? Or out of the house?"

"Out? Certainly not. Before she fell asleep she was in no state to go out, as you know, though I hope she will be all right when she awakes. Who says she has been out?" Anne added sharply. She looked at me with a challenge in her eyes, as much as to say, "Is it you?"

"I am satisfied," I said, "that I was mistaken as to Mistress Dymphna. But I am just as sure as before that I saw Clarence."

"Clarence?" Mistress Anne repeated, starting violently, and the colour for an instant fleeing from her cheeks. She sat down on the nearest seat.

"You need not be afraid, Anne," my lady said, smiling. She had a wonderfully high courage herself. "I think Master Francis was mistaken, though he is so certain about it."

"But where—where did he see him?" the girl asked. She still trembled.

Once more I had to tell the tale, Mistress Anne, as was natural, listening to it with the liveliest emotions. And this time so much of the ghost story had to be introduced—for she pressed me closely as to where I had left Clarence, and why I had let him go—that my assurances got less credence than ever.

"I think I see how it is," she said, with a saucy scorn that hurt me not a little. "Master Carey's nerves are in much the same state to-night as Dymphna's. He thought he saw a ghost, and he did not. He thought he saw Dymphna, and he did not. And he thought he saw Master Clarence, and he did not."

"Not so fast, child!" cried the Duchess sharply, seeing me wince. "Your tongue runs too freely. No one has had better proofs of Master Carey's courage—for which I will answer myself—than we have!"

"Then he should not say things about Dymphna!" the young lady retorted, her foot tapping the floor, and the red spots back in her cheeks. "Such rubbish I never heard!"

## Spring.

THE Spring is here! In wild wet wood
The primrose buds are showing,
And in the forest solitude
Blue hyacinths are blowing.
The cowslips hide in long green grass,
The violets scent the shadows,
And little laughing children pass
Where daisies star the meadows.

Now lovers walk along the lane
And linger on the highway,
And flowering grass grows tall again
Across the meadow by-way.
Again the cuckoo sings his song,
The full stream bends the rushes,
And all the orchard is a throng
Of blackbirds, wrens, and thrushes.

Now prisoned larks begin to sing,
The caged dove plumes his bosom,
And in town gardens wakes the Spring,
And scented lilacs blossom.
The blackened garden's narrow bound
Forgets how smoke has smutched it,
And blooms to an enchanted ground
Because the Spring has touched it.

And many a heart where sorrow lives
While earth's snow-garment lingers,
Finds that some flower of joy survives
The winter's cruel fingers;
And happy tears fall from tired eyes
On buds and blossoms vernal,
For winter dies, and sorrow dies,
But Springtime is eternal.

E. NESBIT

# RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.

THE frontier of the Russian Empire lies only three days' journey from London, yet so few are the points of interest offered to the traveller in the vast regions beyond it, so disheartening the conditions of life, and so hampering to freedom the open suspicion of the police and gendarmerie, that few venture on an enterprise of travel where there is so little to reward them.

English travellers who enter Russia are of two kinds: well-born men of ample means, with a recognised position at home; and those whose object is of an exclusively commercial nature. The former are the lions of the *salons* in St. Petersburg and Moscow; they are fêted and caressed, and their eyes are deceived by the thin crust of French veneer that covers the surface of their surroundings; the latter, hurrying and pre-occupied, obtain a superficial knowledge of the sleek *bourgeoisie*, and of the vice and corruption of the cities. But neither of these classes of travellers can see deep into the conditions of life surrounding the peasantry; they can know nothing of the injustice, maladministration, and tyranny under which the people groan, or of that great fear of the "natchalstvo," or governing classes, which is so painful a feature in their lives. To illustrate this with any degree of fulness would require volumes; they would be volumes full of wrong-doing on one side, and of patient, blind endurance on the other; they would be records of hateful despotism borne with dog-like resignation, or rebelled against with criminal despair.

To only one branch of Russian affairs can attention be called now—to the hostile attitude of the Government and the Church towards freedom of conscience.

Within the past year public opinion in England has been deeply stirred by the reports that have reached us of cruel wrongs inflicted on the Lutherans of the Baltic provinces, and on the Jews of the south and west. The sufferers in both cases have appealed to Europe for sympathy and assistance, and their appeals have elicited such loud manifestations of disapproval of the acts of the Russian Government, that the position of the Germans has been in consequence considerably ameliorated, and enactments, which were on the point of enforcement against the Jews, have been either postponed or altogether shelved. Of course, the Russian Government, naturally enough, say, *audi alteram partem*, and bring forward material in support of their position, which, if trustworthy, would go far, if not to exonerate them from blame, at any rate to extenuate their culpability. But this is just the question. Is this material trustworthy? Has it been satisfactorily proved that the Lutheran pastors of the Baltic Provinces are quasi-politicians, anxious for the advance of German, and the downfall of Russian, influence in that territory? Or have we any sufficient evidence that the Jews of the south and west are a whit worse than their Russian neighbours, or that any other crime is theirs, save great ability, tenacity, and attachment to their faith and nation?

But there is yet another scandalous persecution raging in Russia, to which little or no attention has yet been directed. Its victims have neither a powerful neighbour like Germany, watching the progress of events and hampering the arm of the persecutor, nor a powerful European press and enormous financial influence at their back. Because they are Russian peasants, and poverty-stricken, and ignorant, and frightened, they suffer in silence, and their voice is not heard.

## THE PROTESTANT MOVEMENT IN THE SOUTHERN AND CENTRAL PROVINCES.

I take it for granted that the readers of this magazine know something of the origin and growth of the remarkable Protestant movement among the peasantry of the southern and central provinces of Russia. It is a movement which, although attracting little attention outside Russia, is yet full of deep significance. Beginning thirty years ago in a little German settlement near the Black Sea, this movement, or "infection" as the priests prefer to call it, has now spread into twelve provinces, and its adherents are numbered by hundreds of thousands. Fifteen years ago there was hardly a Protestant in the entire archbishopric of Kieff; to-day, in 150 villages the new heresy is at work. In the sub-district of Tarash there are now over 2,000 Protestant families. There are villages where they may be numbered by hundreds—one, for instance, where there are 350. The movement is so great, that the bishops of eight provinces are conducting a stern conflict against it; pillars of the church like the Metropolitan Platon of Kieff and Archbishop Nicanor of Odessa, are employing all their resources to destroy these enemies of the Orthodox faith; but, notwithstanding *every effort made to repress it*, the new protest is going steadily forward, and fresh recruits are flocking to its standards.

"Efforts made to repress it;" these are the euphemistic words employed by a high official to describe a system of persecution which has had no parallel in Europe since the days of the Reformation. It is extraordinary how much ignorance prevails on this subject. It is extraordinary that these unfortunate people have had no powerful voice raised on their behalf, to point out their sufferings, to point out how these simple and timid peasants—endeavouring to live pure lives modelled on the precepts of the Gospel—are harried and oppressed, wantonly and cruelly persecuted.

A bare recital of specific cases is, perhaps, the best way to bring this matter before English

readers. Declamatory writing about the iniquity of persecution for conscience' sake, and the beauty of complete religious freedom, is all very well in its way—no one has written finer things on the subject than certain Russian authors, high in the esteem of the Government—but plain facts speak more eloquently, and carry conviction more readily. My object is to bring before my readers specific cases of religious intolerance, to present in the simplest form what is actually occurring, by a recital of facts, to enable Englishmen to comprehend what their co-religionists in Russia can be made to suffer in the nineteenth century. It will be found that these cases require no comment to heighten the colours, or rather, I should say, to deepen the shadows, that the Russian St. Dominics are still at work, and that a plentiful crop of banished and persecuted heretics reward their labours. That I give all the cases is, of course, impossible; it is impossible even to give all known to me; but I shall choose a few examples from different parts of the country, taking care that these be as representative as possible of large classes of similar cases.

### BANISHED PEASANTS.

The first I shall cite is that of the peasant Tichenko, from a provincial market town. Were Tichenko in England, he would probably attach himself to the Primitive Methodists, as his views on doctrine and church policy seem to have approximated to theirs. At the instigation of his parish priest, he was charged before the divisional court at Kieff, with the offence of comparing icons, or holy pictur_s, to idols. The trial was held with closed doors. As far as I can ascertain, no account of what transpired appeared in the newspapers, but Tichenko afterwards informed a friend of mine of all that occurred. The president of the court argued the question with the priest and his victim, blamed the peasant for his temerity, and the priest for his harshness, and said he had no alternative but to punish the prisoner. He passed upon him, however, as light a sentence as possible: six weeks in jail, and a fine of eight roubles. The priest, not satisfied with the clemency of the court, complained to the metropolitan of Kieff; the metropolitan brought the matter before the governor of the province, and poor Tichenko on the expiry of his term in jail was "administrated:"[1] obliged to leave his home, and with his family to settle in one of the southern provinces.

The next case I will take is that of the peasant Makarinko, from the Kozilkov district. He is fifty years old, and has a wife and seven children. He was indicted for using disrespectful language about relics, for doubting the curative or medicinal efficacy of certain bones of saints. When called upon for his defence he seems, and well he might, to have been rather weak-kneed. "If the Batushka (priest) says the relics are wonder-working, very well, let them be so; I will say nothing against it." Nevertheless he was sent to Siberia in convoy with some forty others—thieves and reprobates of all sorts. His wife and family were permitted to accompany him, and it is well to think for a moment of that journey to Siberia, of the mental anguish and bodily discomfort suffered by that innocent family.

The case of the sergeant of the Reserve, Yegor Ivanoff, is of interest, as showing that even the army is liable to the Protestant contagion. Ivanoff was stationed in a little village of the Taurida, where the sectaries seem to have been of a very fanatical character. He was present when a few of them smashed an icon with a hatchet. Two of these iconoclasts were afterwards tried, and I believe exiled to the Caucasus. It did not appear that Ivanoff took any active part in this matter: his crime was that he did not take an active part in preventing the iconoclasm; that he was a sympathiser if not an accessory. For ten months he remained in prison untried. The trial was held at Izium, an insignificant town in the government of Charkoff. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to banishment for life to Transcaucasia, with the loss of all civil rights. In the following May, as soon as the Kazbek Pass was sufficiently free from snow, this wretched Ivanoff tramped across the Caucasus in chains. Last summer I met him in T— and he described the hardships of his journey. He told me a sickening narrative of how the foot-sore prisoners were herded together in small and unventilated rooms, with absolutely no arrangements made either for their comfort or decency. He described a room twenty feet by fifteen, where sixty of them passed the suffocating hours of a May night.

### EXILES IN CAUCASIA.

It is to the government of Stavropol in Ciscaucasia that most of these "malefactors" are exiled. The Orthodox are relatively scarce there, and there is little danger of infection to any one but the Nogia Tatars, and the Kalmyks and Kirgiz of the Steppe. Their principal settlement is a long valley of tolerably fertile land called Gorkaya Balka, "Bitter Valley;" truly a bitter valley to many there who look back with longing to their old homes in Russia. Here are Protestants from all parts of Southern and Western Russia. One of them is the peasant Babienko, from near Kieff. His case was peculiarly hard. He seems to have been an indiscreet sort of man, and to have used inopportune times for the expression of his religious opinions. But the neighbours took the law into their own hands, and on more than one occasion sadly maltreated the heretic. He was shunned, beaten, boycotted, and his life rendered so miserable that he foolishly determined to complain to the provincial governor. As soon as the governor heard his story he simply issued orders for his arrest and immediate banishment to Ciscaucasia. There was no examination into Babienko's story, no attempt to do justice between man and man; there was only this tyrannical order, and the miserable persecuted wretch is compulsorily taken from his

[1] Administration is a power vested in governors of provinces and other high functionaries which enables them to get rid of "suspicious" people, either by sending them summarily to jail, or banishing them to some distant part of the Empire. It is an arbitrary power, and its exercise involves no legal proceedings.

family and home. But I expect he is one of those who do not find Gorkaya Balka so very bitter.

Both Cis- and Transcaucasia are full of little settlements of dissenters and schismatics of all sorts and conditions, who have been banished to those remote regions. Many of them are men for whom no sympathy can be evoked. Often attached to wild and impure doctrines, it is well perhaps that the simple and ignorant peasant should be freed from their contaminating influence. But the bulk of Caucasian dissenters, the Molokans, Dukhobors, Baptists, and others, are quiet, industrious, honest men, very considerably raised above the average *Mujik* in intelligence and the spirit of enterprise.

### SECTARIES IN SIBERIA.

Even in those far-distant provinces we have inquisition made into opinion, and exilings and banishment for conscience' sake. From Russia the sectaries are banished to Siberia and the Caucasus; from the Caucasus they are banished to the remoter parts of Russia. I will cite only one case out of many—that of the school-teacher, Emirchanoff. At an early hour of the morning when he and his family were asleep, he was visited by a police official and taken before the prefect of the city of Tiflis, accused of spreading Protestant doctrines among the Orthodox Russians. The prefect informed him that instructions had been received from St. Petersburg for his immediate deportation to a village in the government of Orenburg, a province contiguous to Siberia, and that until the authorities had made arrangements for carrying this into effect he was to go to jail. He asked to be allowed to see his wife before going to prison, but this was refused. In prison he was placed in a ward with some eighty common felons, and suffered the ignominy of being clad in the prison costume. When stripped of his own clothes he was shown a heap of cast-off prison garments lying in a corner, and told to select whatever might fit him. Emirchanoff describes these clothes as stained with filth, crawling with noxious vermin, and unutterably abominable. His nights were passed in an unventilated room, without beds or bedding, with some twenty others. He describes the fetid atmosphere of this den—a place only large enough to accommodate ten persons—the sickening stench, the abominable habits of his companions, the vermin, and he wonders he did not become insane. After ten days and ten nights of this disgraceful treatment he was allowed out on bail, and fourteen days after his arrest he and his large family were on the road to Siberia, escorted by a guard of police. These are specific facts, and they speak for themselves; comment only spoils such stories. There is, however, one rather important remark that I would like to make on this case, and that is that the man was altogether innocent of the childish charge brought against him. He and his family were doomed to all this ignominy, and suffering, and loss, on mere suspicion that he entertained or caused others to entertain opinions which some anonymous traducer considered heterodox.

I will now illustrate another phase of the persecuting spirit which has taken such fast hold of the Russian authorities, by citing the case of the three Protestant peasants, Anterstchuk, Nagorny, and Mojar, of the village Turbooka. The mother of one of these men had died, and they were anxious that she should be buried without the rites of the Orthodox Church. But, contrary to their desire, the body had been taken into the church, and the priest was about to begin a service for the dead when a disturbance arose, which was afterwards proved to be caused by one of the Protestants giving the priest a violent push. For the defendants it was alleged that they were simply protecting themselves from the violent conduct of the priest. Two of the five accused persons, on abjuring Protestantism, were sentenced to trifling terms of imprisonment; the others, whose names I have given, were sentenced respectively to thirteen, twelve, and fifteen years' hard labour in Siberia.

### THE PENAL CODE.

Before proceeding to narrate other painful instances of the barbarous persecutions to which Russian Protestants are now subjected, it will be well if I state the articles of the Penal Code on which the greater part of this nefarious action is founded. These articles, numbered 187, 189, and 196, form, however, only an insignificant part of numerous enactments for preserving inviolate the purity and unity of the Orthodox Church. Paragraph 187 deals with the "crime" of leaving the Church for another Christian community, and cites the punishment as loss of civil and personal rights and privileges, and transportation to Siberia. There is an alternative punishment for milder cases at the discretion of the court: work in a reformatory for a period not exceeding eighteen months. Article 189 treats of the crime of those who, either by means of preaching or writing, pervert orthodox believers, "although it be to join another Christian community," or who mislead people so that they join an heretical sect, or who induce others to join a dissenting sect or to embrace dissenting views. For a first offence the punishment is loss of certain personal rights, and imprisonment from eight to sixteen months; for a second offence imprisonment *in a fortress* from thirty-two to forty-eight months; the third offence entails loss of all rights and transportation to Siberia. Article 196 specifies the punishment for spreading or propagating the views of heretics or dissenters already sundered from the Orthodox Church, or for establishing the views of any new sect dangerous or hostile to the faith. This punishment is loss of all civil rights and transportation—from European Russia to the Caucasus, from the Caucasus to Siberia, and from Siberia to "regions beyond."

### SOME RECENT VICTIMS.

I will now continue my record of cases, which will still further illustrate the drastic nature of the measures taken against these harmless Protestants of the Steppe. Aksenti Rudakoff was a frail old

man of about sixty, living in the government of Orel. For twelve years he had been the "writer" in his native village, having been selected for this post because of his superior intelligence and good conduct. He had been, moreover, an irreproachable member of the Orthodox Church. But in time he became inoculated with Protestant ideas, and at once incurred the hostility of the village priest. The priest accused him before the district court of having embraced heretical tenets, and of perverting his own family and others. But his family and the others, when examined on oath, denied this, maintaining that they were still faithful to the Church. Were they still faithful members of the Church, or was their denial of the charge brought against them the inevitable result of their fear, part of the inevitable dissimulation and perjury ever attending religious persecution? Of course, Rudakoff was found guilty and banished to the Caucasus.

Ivan Golovtchenko, also a man of superior intelligence, was tried in Ekaterinoslav about four years ago on a charge of propagating the Protestant heresy, and was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. In May of last year he was about to be liberated, but it was first thought advisable to send an official message to his village priest to inquire if, in the priest's opinion, the return of the "convict" might result in the contamination of the villagers. The priest objected to his return, and the broken-down wretch, now joined by his family, was "administrated" to the town of Tiumin in Siberia. Three years in jail had left him and his family in utter destitution, and their sufferings from hunger on the road to Siberia, and after their arrival in Tiumin, were terrible. It was a kind-hearted Englishman, in charge of the steamers on the river Irtish, who pitied him and gave him an opportunity of earning his livelihood.

In the jail at Ekaterinoslav three heads of families are now awaiting a somewhat similar fate. They have just completed a term of eighteen months' imprisonment for becoming Protestants. Fearing their influence on his flock, the priest of their village refuses to permit them to return home. They will likely meet with Golovtchenko's fate—banishment to Siberia. Do we realise what all this means to these people? Apart from the physical discomfort and mental pain involved, it means leaving home and friends and land; it means selling the little properties gathered through years of thrift at great loss, and beginning all over again in a strange country, under police surveillance, and with an everlasting stigma of disgrace upon them.

I turn over my notes and come upon another group of woful cases. There are hundreds of them, but I select these. Seven heads of families in the town of Vitebsk have been recently sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, on a charge of having gone over to the Protestants. Four railway porters at Kharkoff, who had become Protestants, were suddenly, and without any notice, "administrated" to distant parts of the empire. It was the Bishop of Kharkoff who moved the civil governor in their case. Three persons have been banished by administrative process from Vladikavkaz, a beautiful little town lying below the northern foothills of the central Caucasus, for disseminating Protestant views considered hostile to the National Church. One of them, Bogdanoff, seems to have been exceptionally favoured: he had his choice of eleven different provinces, all of them, of course distant from Vladikavkaz.

In December of 1889, Piotr Boitchenko, a peasant of the province of Kursk, was taken before the divisional court accused of propagating Protestantism. He was sentenced to transportation to the Caucasus with the loss of all civil rights. From December until Easter he lay in prison, treated like an ordinary felon, and then, dressed in prison clothes, with one side of his head shaved, and bearing on his legs those terrible clanking irons whose gruesome sound one hears so often in Russia, he was forwarded across the Caucasus to his place of exile. Now what had this man done to deserve this ignominy and shame? Was he a polished swindler, who had deluded and ruined multitudes who trusted him? or was he a betrayer of innocent women? or a card-sharper? or a receiver of bribes? No, no; these sit in high places, and administer the law, and lead the armies, and rule the Bourse. But Boitchenko, and witnesses proved it at his trial, read the New Testament to his neighbours, and explained why no man should prostrate himself to an icon! For this, he tramped across the Caucasian snows, an exile in chains.

In Glukhi, a little town in the government of Mohileff, nine heads of families were tried for a similar offence, and had the same sentence passed on them as was passed on Boitchenko. Whether well grounded or not, I am hardly in a position to say, but there was a general impression at the time of the trial, that the judge had received his instructions to have the prisoners brought in guilty. The exclusion of the public from the court may have given rise to this impression, and the conviction on such flimsy evidence as was adduced only tended to confirm it. When sentenced, the prisoners were put in chains, and had one side of their heads shaved. But before this mock trial was heard, certain persons of the same district, against whom the evidence was exceptionally weak, were dealt with by administrative process. A person so treated was Leon Prematchenko, the presbyter or deacon of the Protestants: he was sent to Orenburg, and afterwards to Orsk, a miserable place on the confines of the Kirgiz Steppe. Before being forcibly removed from his house this unfortunate man was half murdered by his neighbours, in an outbreak of fanaticism.

The Orthodox are encouraged by the priests and police to inform upon their Protestant neighbours. The Bishop of Kharkoff has publicly asked the people of his diocese to lend themselves to this scurvy espionage. In this way, the police receive a good deal of information upon which they are not slow to act. In a large town in Central Russia five persons, one of them an elderly woman, are now anxiously awaiting the result of recent police inquisition into their religious opinions. Their neighbours informed the police that these people did not attend church, had no

icons in their rooms, and sang hymns when they had visitors. So the police took action, and cited them to appear before the "Sledovatyel." These "Sledovatyeli" are the examining magistrates, sharp lawyers accustomed to unravel the meshes in which cunning criminals involve their actions. To their wiles the Protestants, scorning subterfuge, fall an easy prey, committing themselves at every step. This old woman I have mentioned is accused of perverting her daughter, a girl of eighteen. She was cross-examined thus :

"You read the Gospels in your house?"—"Yes."
"And explain them?"—"Yes."
"And your daughter, of course, is present."—"Yes."
"She hears your explanations and remarks on what has been read?"—"Yes."
"And of course agrees with her mother?"—"Yes."

The examining magistrate, writing down all this, shows how views are held which have not the countenance of the Orthodox Church. He has now issued a command prohibiting the accused to leave their present residence, and informing them that they are to consider themselves *pod nadzorom politsii*—under the surveillance of the police.

### FINING THE HERETICS.

There are hundreds of cases where fining by administrative process is the method pursued to exterminate the obnoxious Protestantism. Let me narrate a few that are within my own knowledge. In accordance with the enactments of a little new law issued at his own initiative by the governor of one of the southern cities, the wife of a stonecutter, whose name I have, was fined one hundred roubles (£12) for permitting a Protestant meeting in her house. She petitioned the governor to remit the fine; he heard the prayer, remitted the fine, and as an alternative punishment sent her to jail for twenty days. In March last four persons living in a suburb of the same city were fined each one hundred roubles for a like offence. They were foolish enough to petition the Minister of the Interior to mitigate the punishment. The Minister replied through the police department that the matter rested entirely with the governor. The governor increased each fine to 300 roubles. In Romanovka, a suburb of Odessa, the wife of the Protestant Vilkhovsky was fined 300 roubles for avowed sympathy with the Protestant movement, and for permitting the heretics to meet in her house; and in Nerubalski, between March and May, five persons were fined for a like offence, one 100 roubles, three 300 roubles, and one 400 roubles. I am not sure if there is any mercy intended in the provision that enacts that fines may be commuted for imprisonment at the rate of twenty days for each 100 roubles. Wholesale fining has been proceeding for some time past in the Tarash district of the government of Kieff. Not only are those persons fined in whose houses Protestants meet, but every one of whom the police have had information that he or she attends the meetings are also fined. The fines are small, ranging from two roubles to ten roubles (5*s.* to 25*s.*), but as these people are in most wretched circumstances, they are unable to pay, and so go to prison. This sort of thing continued through all 1887, 1888, 1889, and 1890.

### PERSECUTION LITERATURE.

These tyrannical proceedings are supported by a considerable persecution literature. Scattered up and down the published reports of diocesan consistories, we meet with numerous complaints from the priests, that the power of the Church, unaided by the strong arm of the State, is utterly unable to cope with the growing heresy. The civil authorities are urged to take energetic measures to eradicate the "leprosy" which is so rapidly spreading over Russia and tainting the Orthodox believers. Fiery and envenomed letters are sent by village priests to their diocesans, full of malevolent slander against the Protestants, describing them as vile livers, as blasphemers, as revilers of everything sacred, and crying out for assistance in ridding the villages of their pestilent presence. I have a pile of this malignant rubbish before me, and feel sorely tempted to offer some specimens of what can still be written by professed ministers of the Christian religion. There is one "poem," entitled "The damned Stundist" (Protestant), that should not be passed over, as it bears on its last page Censor Kapustin's *imprimatur*, and the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities in Moscow, and may be taken, therefore, as an authoritative expression of the attitude of the Russian Church towards Russian Protestantism. It has been scattered broadcast in cathedral and church in the diocese of Kharkoff. The invocatory opening is supposed to be sublime.

"Sound forth, thunders of the Church!
Discharge yourselves, curses of the Councils!
Crush with everlasting anathemas
The outcast Stundist rabble!"

And then through eight or nine verses the author describes the iniquity of these Stundists : how they have abandoned the traditions, how they shun the temples of God, revile the pastors, despise the icons, crosses, relics, and so on ; and giving as refrain to each of his verses, "the damned Stundist." The closing lines are :—

"Cruel and dark as a demon,
He shuns all faithful Christians,
And crawls into darkest corners—
The enemy of God, the damned Stundist.

"The thoughtless and harmless, who near
The den of this malignant beast,
Are befouled with blasphemies and slanders,
And cajoled by the damned Stundist."

Surely I have succeeded in revealing a state of affairs for which no parallel can be found since Reformation days. In describing it one retains with difficulty the forms of staid narrative ; we are tempted to hold out brothers' hands to those harried Russian peasants, and to denounce with no uncertain voice the atrocious system which inflicts such cruel and undeserved suffering on men whose only crime is their enlightenment and piety.

# NUMBER ONE.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, M.A.

THOUGH reckoned as a numeral, "Number One" (when capitally printed) stands for a letter also, and thus there are two sets of suggestions connected with its presence and use. It leads us to think of the individual cipher in the row of figures, and the individual in the ranks of men.

Look at it first as a cipher. How it belies the metaphorical meaning attached to this word. We say of a man "He is a mere cipher"—*i.e.* of no value. But though the numeral "Number One" may be indicated by only a single stroke of the pen, it is of the most importance in the whole family of figures. It leads the long procession of arithmetic. Without it there can be no No. 2, no sum, no computation whatever. Merchants, mathematicians, and astronomers need it as much as the savage who makes his simple calculations by means of the fingers on his hand. It is soon counted, but unless it be counted no total can be reached, no balance struck. The value, however, of "Number One" is not seen chiefly in its arithmetical use. It concerns all things, material and moral; all accounts, financial and religious; it belongs to both the Bible and the ledger. If it recalls to us the invention and employment of *numerals*, whereby man's advance into civilisation is denoted, if it affects his commerce, if it marks his measure of most things taken and registered, it also reminds us of the unpenetrated cloud which hides the great beginnings in the Kingdom of God. When and whence came the first created heaven and earth? Think of the pains and time which have been spent over the questions associated with this inquiry. Throughout all literature and records of science, in all books that have been written since the Lord asked Job "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" down to the publication of Darwin's book on the origin of species, the place of "Number One," and the problem of its existence, have exercised and baffled the ingenuity of man.

Men of science and theologians have strenuously occupied themselves with the investigation of "Number One," and it must be said that they are all, if not at fault, yet at a standstill, with no blame to them, but with sheer incapacity to decide the matter before them. For instance, however we account for such and such phenomena or results, saying that they come from the operation of certain laws, we are checked when we attempt to say how these laws originated. Men may protest against the theological theory of separate acts of creation, and assert that the many-branched family of living creatures came from some far distant germ, which was their common ancestor; but whence came the ancestor? According to all evidence and theories we are moved back into the past towards the primæval "Number One." But where and when shall we find it? What was this potent atom of *life* which has sent its energy through the unended ages? When and how did that vital impulse begin to act which has quickened the past, sustains the present, and holds the still more inscrutable future in its unseen hands? Think of the conjectures that have accompanied and the darkness which has shrouded this "Number One," the unfolded and incalculable efficacy of which makes its origin the great marvel of existence. Glibly as we use the word "creation," the thing itself, the "Number One" of material being and created life, steadily baffles conjecture and research. None can comprehend—that is, take in the full truth—about this primæval fact. The man of science, whether professedly Christian or not (though there are masterly scientific minds which are moved with reverent faith), and the simplest unlettered believer are alike unable to define the first foundation of the house through which man was eventually to pass on his way to another city by the same Builder and Maker. Happiest is he who is content to say, without bewildering and abortive struggles to define his words, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth;" and when all is said and done, to use from his heart the last words of the Perfect Man, the Son of God, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

The same feeling comes to us when we pass from thoughts about the first material of creation to the springs of those rivers of speculation, those streams of conjecture, which have ever flowed through the world of mind. They are equally inscrutable. There appears an august and stupendous "Number One" in the questions asked always, everywhere, and by all who think, about the origin of evil. What is it? Whence comes it? When did it begin? Who tempted the first tempter of mankind! Happiest he who can see in Him whom Christians call the Perfect Man a door of exit from disorder, a saving relief from the mean throng of selfish desires, a strong rock amid the rain and floods and winds which descend and blow in the world of men, trying the hold we have upon Him and His words of truth. Happiest he who, though beset by curious inquirers, or by those who scoff, can yet say with St. Paul, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Into such regions of thought, high, but incessantly pressing upon us, seemingly far off, and yet near to every thoughtful mind, are we led as

soon as we begin to see the graver significance which is attached to the common words "Number One."

Let us now descend, and ask how they are concerned in things more within our reach.

"Number One." Perhaps this first touches the value of invention. Of what supreme initial worth was the earliest of some things which are now common! Think of the ease in locomotion, and in the carrying of our loads, which began to come to pass when some man invented the wheel and axle. The conduct of ordinary life was then revolutionised. Labour, it would seem, was about to be incalculably lessened. We may be sure that the first wheel and axle, however rude, was soon hailed by primæval man with glad comments in whatever language he then spoke. In it we may be certain he thought he saw some deliverance from toil, and presently, when he came to harness submissive animals to his cart, a still further escape of man himself from insistent labour. Alas! let me parenthetically ask how many of these successive inventions have eventually brought the relief which they promised to bring? How often have the sanguine hopes of toiling weary man been baffled by the failure of science to lessen his toil? But we cannot now investigate the slavery of civilisation. We are concerned in the history of "Number One," and are at liberty to conjecture the effect produced by the first made and used of some now common things.

We wonder how the world could (as we say) have got on without them. Think, for instance, what a change came when man lit a fire for the first time. These thoughts might be pursued far, and a long catalogue made of so-called indispensable things, to each of which, however, there must have been a "Number One."

The curious reflection comes with them that some improvements and discoveries which are seemingly obvious were very slow in arriving. Take one which was long coming to pass, in the art of writing. Men wrote with pen and ink time out of mind. We have all seen (perhaps in some museum) old yellow parchment manuscripts inscribed with beautifully-written antique characters, and recording some matter of great importance. And yet, though in spoken language we pause between words, many of these ancient documents admit no break between them.

The words are, of course, all consecutive, but they touch one another. The writer never thought of making the reading of his writing easy by doing with the pen what he always did with the tongue—*i.e.* making a slight pause between contiguous words. How strange it is that such a simple thing should not have occurred to a scribe engaged in writing all day long!

What a relief it was to readers when for the first time he wrote as he spoke! I refer to the delay in the arrival of this seemingly obvious "Number One" in order to suggest that probably there are now some things in the common processes of life which, when perceived, will be greeted with astonishment at not having been discovered before. They are still hidden.

It is the same with unquestionable reforms—social, religious, national, domestic; reforms of which none disapprove when once the need of them is perceived.

Just as we hold up our hands in astonishment at the blindness of our predecessors, so those who come after us may be astonished at our incredible want of righteous perception. Though we are thankful for the march of philanthropy which has made much that was once common impossible now, depend upon it the day will come when every right-minded man will be amazed in learning how some things were ever possible with which we are now content, and in which only a few inglorious reformers have as yet seen anything to complain of. There are "Number Ones" in the progress of human life and in the perception of righteousness which this generation has hardly suspected. It is not of material inventions alone that I now think, but of an opening of men's eyes to the anomalies, evils, wrongs, and displays of degradation or vice which we tolerate now, but which ought to make us go all the day mourning.

Some of these are so generally accepted as hardly to appear evil to many who are familiar with them. Take one example. We read in prophetic language of the time when none shall hurt nor destroy in God's world. A favourite hymn now sung by Christian congregations says, "Thy kingdom come, O Christ—when comes the promised time when war shall be no more?" Now, could we move ourselves onward into that distant period when far future descendants sit in judgment on the days gone by—that is, on our days—might we not see them amazed at learning that some two thousand years after Christ, the Christian nations in that part of the world where Christianity had been longest taught and professed had provided no court of international law, but had kept some millions of men always ready armed to settle their differences (real and imaginary) by the edge of the sword?

I might give other illustrations of the surprise which might be felt at a state of things which prevails so widely now that even the most conspicuous Christians of our age have been concerned and exercised in it without any popular protest, or even perception that there was anything contradictory between their faith and their works, their religious profession and their business in the world.

You might find other examples of accepted procedure which will some day be condemned; you might find them in the wearisome processes of law, you might find them in ecclesiastical abuses, as they are called, venerable, mischievous, and stubborn; you might find them in the attitude of Christian churches towards one another; you might find them in some commercial custom followed without hesitation; you might find them in the degraded condition of many among the poor.

I would now make another use of "Number One;" and in so doing not speak of national imperfections, but the conduct of personal life.

"Number One." Think of the first step in wrong-doing. In the history of how many a one could the finger be laid upon a particular offence, perhaps some seemingly slight divergence from that which was felt to be right, and of which we could

say, this was your fatal "Number One" which led the way to grievous transgression and disgrace; this was the beginning of sorrow and shame.

On the other hand, many may thankfully look back to a "Number One" when the neck of a bad habit was broken for the first time. There are some, however, who have not got thus far. They see the habit. They know that it is bad. And a man in this condition has said to himself, "I will get clear. I will give it up." And yet the stubborn old offence, vice or custom, stands where it did. "Number One" in the actions of a better life has not been reached.

The French have a proverb to this effect, "It is the first step which costs." And it is a very true one. There is nothing easier than for a friend to say, "Make a beginning;" but that is one of the hardest things to do. Still, it has been done, and with anyone who breaks away from a vice or evil custom it has to be done again. And there is this difficulty in, or rather drawback to, it.

Recollecting what an effort the first act of reformation required, the man fancies that the same will be needed for the next; and so the prospect of a long strain or succession of struggles haunts him. He forgets that each blow really drives the nail further in. A half-completed work is labour lost. It is the last half which makes the whole, which builds the bridge, or bores the tunnel through the hill. What would the house be without the roof, or the most finished and costly watch without its hands? It is the completion, the full sequel to "Number One," which gives it its true value.

Here an English proverb hits the right nail in saying, "Once is never." "Number One" is omnipotent when it leads. But if nothing follows it, not even a "number two," it shrinks into the meanest of ciphers. As we thus look at our subject fresh illustrations of it occur to our minds.

When the "Number One" of any course has been reached and followed, we perceive the importance of its character and direction. How much has gone wrong because of the haste, carelessness, or ignorance which marked its birth or beginning! We talk of a man having had a bad start in the world, or of some promising process which goes awry because it was begun wrongly. But "well begun is half done." Thus we avoid false starts, mere flashes in the pan, ill-considered experiments, which begin and end in themselves.

There is an excellent proverb, first cousin to those I have already quoted, and it is this: "One man, no man." This does not forbid or deprecate the lonely thought which may produce a revolution in science, as when Galileo watched the swinging pendulum or Newton saw the apple fall; it does not lessen the value of the courageous solitary protest which may check iniquity, the first brave speech or action, the wholesome daring which may challenge some pernicious but highly respectable custom.

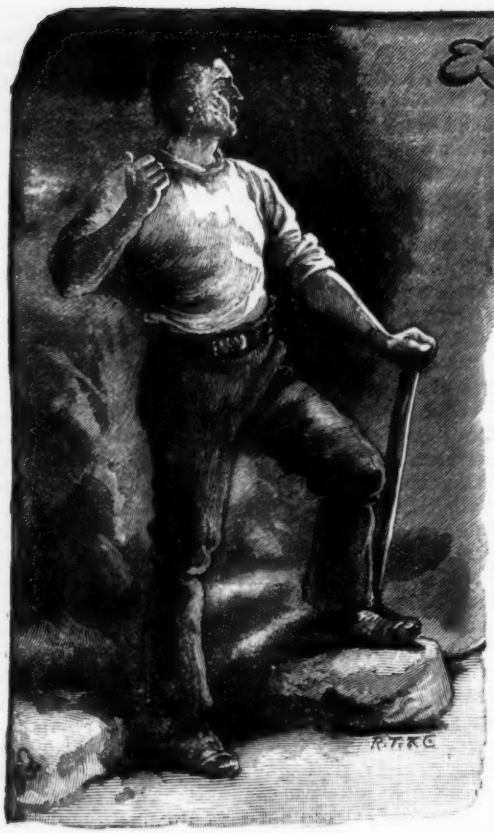
It rather points to the mystery of force which lies in fellowship. The saws, sayings, and maxims about this are, we know, endless. Union, combination, is the secret and instrument of social, national, political, and religious strength. Trouble, depression, suffering of one kind or another, may affect a whole class, a whole trade, a whole section of society, such as matchmakers or needlewomen. And many good people may exert themselves to remedy it by relief of one sort or another. But all this help mostly comes from the outside, and helps only so long as it is so applied. The moment it stops, the evil is as bad as ever. But when the oppressed combine, when they are no longer like a heap of sand, but hold together, there is the best promise of rise and recovery. Then they aid one another in the best way. This union, moreover, which is true in what we call temporal or worldly matters, is especially true in those which are considered spiritual, for without it no one can realise that central fact of Christianity which makes it practically human—that we are every one members one of another.

Here we reach the consideration of "Number One" as a capital letter. And by it we commonly understand "Self." With most, self is the prime "Number One," of whom they chiefly think or take care. Here again comes in the proverb, "One man, no man." For he who thinks only of himself, and makes his own interest the touchstone of every proposal and test of every act, is the very worst example of "Number One." He lacks the true mark of Christianity, and indeed of humanity. He who moves among his fellows, never weeping with those that weep, nor rejoicing with those that rejoice, never lending a hand except for his own profit, never giving except for the hope of gain, never helping except to put another under obligation to himself, is in the deepest sense "no man." He is never loved, missed, nor mourned.

One word more about "Number One" as a leader among men. He is inevitable. There must in all movements be a first, and yet herein is a danger by no means rare, especially, perhaps, in these days. For however excellent hero-worship may be, it may lead to a loss or weakening of our own individuality, which is sacred.

No man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him. However united a society may be, however much we may see and enjoy the value of fellowship, it is no paradox to say that each one lives alone, though he moves in the midst of crowds. We cannot shuffle off our personal responsibility. The temptation to do so is manifold, incessant, and strong. Some, *e.g.*, are tempted by the hope of intellectual relief to join a religious community which offers to settle spiritual difficulties for them. There is unquestionably great charm and comfort in such a surrender of conscience. Hereby, however, faith or trust may pass into that credulity which changes us from men into counters on a board, moved by the player's hand. This devotion, this facile yielding of ourselves, is not human, however gratifying to the leader and the led. Gratification is not the chief aim of a man's life. We were not sent here merely to study comfort of any sort. Though no one liveth or dieth to himself, he has to answer alone for his words and acts to his own conscience and his God. And when all is said, it is thus only that he can take the best care of "Number One."

# EVERY DAY LIFE ON THE RAILROAD.



"Well, chaps, we shall never get out of this alive, so we may as well go on with our bit while we live."

## THE ROAD.

IT takes a good road to stand three hundred tons pounding over it every few minutes, at fifty miles and more an hour. Stand on a bridge, and look down on a railway. See the four bars, planished by the heavily-weighted wheels, gleaming in the sunshine, and stretching away till they almost meet in an apex in the distance. There is not a weed or fragment out of place to break the monotonous floor of ballast. All is as clear as if newly swept. Were the railway under glass it could not look tidier. To keep 17,000 miles of line as clear as that is not an easy task. What a number of sources of rubbish there must be! Even the vegetation is a serious matter, although nothing like what it is in warmer climes; in South Australia, for instance, where it costs £16,000 a year in merely weeding the permanent way.

The keeping of the permanent way up to a high standard of efficiency is a most important matter in railway management. On a great line like the North-Western there is a man in charge of every mile of single track, or rather there are three men and a ganger to every two miles of double track. Over every ten or so of these gangs there is an inspector; over every seven or eight of these inspectors there is a chief; and so many of these chiefs are responsible for a division, in charge of a civil engineer. Every day every foot of the track is gone over, and carefully examined, and it is by the gangers and their platelayers, together with the artisans of the division, that the works of the line are kept in repair. A humble task is that of a platelayer, but if his work were done in a slovenly manner there might be serious loss of life.

A railroad is always in danger. Rain and wind may damage embankments, rain and frost may cause landslips and block the rails, mining and brine-pumping may cause subsidences, wind and flood may cause bridges and viaducts to slip and settle, carriages and trucks may break down, cargo may fall overboard. And all these things come in the ordinary day's work. In the extraordinary day's work comes a disaster like that at Llandulas, where, in a Sunday storm, a viaduct was washed clean away, and a break made in the traffic between England and Ireland. Here was a state of affairs requiring all the strength of a great company. Within the week the line was taken half a mile inland, so as to cross the river over a temporary trestle bridge, being cut in the slope of the old embankment and run in places upon stacks of sleepers so that there might be no settlement under the heavy traffic. Down to the bridge and up again the gradients were 1 in 23—a nice task for heavy trains, some of which took three engines to get them over! Yet the working went on without breaking the couplings or heavily bumping the carriages together; no mishap occurred, and "the passengers in the train were scarcely aware that they were travelling under unusual conditions." Meanwhile the new viaduct was in progress, and it was opened within the month, its forty two girders, each thirty-two feet in length, having been rolled and worked at Crewe within a week.

The North-Western is the only company that does all its manufacturing, from rolling its own rails up to fabricating artificial limbs for the injured members of its staff. Crewe has been often described: not so very long ago it was described in this magazine, and, like the making of the steel, the rolling of the rails, and the building of the carriages—which we have seen together[1]—it can have no place

[1] See "Leisure Hour" for February and March 1888, and May 1890, and the volume "Foundry, Forge, and Factory," published at our office, price two shillings.

here. No carriages are built at Crewe, but almost every other branch of railway work can there be seen in progress, and among the unexpected things is the making of steel sleepers. The sleeper of to-day is of wood; the sleeper of the future is to be of steel or a steel alloy, to resist an acid atmosphere.

The M. S. and L. does not "pickle" its wooden sleepers, but nearly all other lines do. We hear of sleepers being "kyanized," or treated with corrosive sublimate; "burnettized," or treated with zinc chloride; "boucherized," or treated with copper sulphate; "vulcanized," or heated by steam and compressed; and "creosoted." In this country we generally "creosote."

If the traveller by the Great Western will glance south of the line as he crosses the canal at Hayes, he will see what looks like a gigantic box of bricks, laid out in towers, and tunnels, and bridges, and cubes, just as if some boy had been amusing himself playing at railway stations. This huge timber-yard, in which all the timber is of one size, shape, and kind, tails off into what looks like tar works, and it is in these tar works that the "pickling" is done. But the Great Western sleeper yard at Hayes is a small affair compared to the Midland yard at Beeston, where a quarter of a million sleepers pass through the pickling process every year.

A sleeper is, nominally, nine feet long, really it is an inch shorter; it is ten inches wide, and half as thick. The first thing that is done to it is to put it into a machine, which bores in it the holes for the bolts and trenails. As all these are done at once, there can be no variation in distance, and no doubt as to gauge. Then the sleepers are piled up on a truck in a circular stack, and six of these trucks, containing about three hundred altogether, are run into what looks like a gigantic boiler. As soon as they are in, and the big tube closed, the air is pumped out, and into the vacuum the creosote flows: then more creosote is pumped in under a pressure of 120 lb. to the square inch; and when each well-conducted sleeper has absorbed two gallons and a half into itself, the pumps are shut off, and the pickling is complete.

On the North-Western the creosote driven into the wood is half as much again, and the block complete as laid on the ballast weighs 160 lb. To each sleeper there are two cast-iron chairs, each weighing 45 lb., which are fastened in by two iron spikes and two galvanised iron screws; and between the chair and the sleeper is a layer of hair felt. There is a sleeper to every yard of track. Concerning these chairs we might say much, but not now. At Derby one of the sights is the casting of chairs in a large shop specially devoted to the purpose. It does not take long to make a railway chair; a man can turn out one a minute without exerting himself over much. There is the wooden mould with the brass clips for the returns; down goes the mould, in go the clips, round goes the sand, out comes the mould, in goes the metal, there is a little smoke, a little flame, and the chair is complete. Like everything on a railroad it is of special design. Rails, chairs, fish-plates, bolts—everything on the line differs in some slight degree from what is used by other companies.

A very casual glance will show that each line differs. The Great Western track from London to the West has its three rails, the extra one being for its broad gauge traffic. The Great Northern lays its inner and outer rails alternately, so that the sleepers come at equal intervals; it also banks up its ballast so that little more than the top edge of the rail is visible. The Great Northern itself is not a large affair; it is its connections which give it so much importance. On the main line it goes no further north than Shaftholme, just outside Doncaster. There the North-Eastern metals begin, which stand clear out of the ballast, as the traveller to the north is only too well aware by the increased noise made by the carriage as it rushes over them. The Great Western was originally laid on longitudinal sleepers; a plan which did very well on the level but did not answer satisfactorily on a gradient, owing to its keeping the rail too rigid; for, strange as it may seem, the very slight amount of spring between sleeper and sleeper gives the wheels a firmer grip and helps the train to climb. Where steadiness is an advantage, as over bridges and viaducts, longitudinal sleepers are still used; and for the same reason rails are used of extra length. On the North-Western there are ten miles of line laid with sixty-foot rails.

But we shall never get away from these sleepers, and chairs, and rails; and seemingly it requires an effort to avoid remaining in permanence on the permanent way. We have said nothing about the ballast, which has cost probably £400 per mile, and which on the Midland at any rate is sixteen inches deep in the middle of the six-foot; and, most important of all, we have said nothing about the road on which all this gravel, and wood, and iron, and steel are bedded.

A perfect road is level and straight, like that of the South-Eastern between Tunbridge and Ashford; but a country like the Weald is not to be found every day, and the engineer has to keep as near as he can to the ideal. In laying out a road it would seem to be the simplest plan to have one long arc springing from the termini and passing through the highest level; but an arc of that nature, over an undulating country, is economically impossible, and it has to be cut up into subsidiary gradients, the object being to run these at such an average that the material removed from the cuttings will suffice to form the embankments. At the same time the general slope of the line, taken as between its highest and lowest points, is of considerable importance to those who have to run trains over it, and under the name of the ruling gradient it figures in many a discussion.

When George Stephenson laid out the Liverpool and Manchester, the line he floated on brushwood over Chat Moss, the ruling gradient he worked to was 1 in 900; the Birmingham and London line, which followed, could not be run to so flat an arc, and the Stephensons could do no better than 1 in 330; the union of these lines by the Grand Junction gave us the London and North-Western, which has the best road running out of London to the north.

And yet, between Euston and Crewe, the North-Western has only 14 miles of level line out of the 158, though, curiously enough, on the 141 miles between Crewe and Carlisle there are 18 miles absolutely level, but of course these miles are not continuous. Throughout the distance from Euston to Carlisle there is rather more than a mile of curve to each mile of straight, the percentage of straight being 49. South of Crewe the steepest gradient up which the North-Western trains have to climb is 1 in 177, but through Cumberland they have to toil up 1 in 75 at Shap, and go over a summit of 915 feet, after several minor ups and downs; and yet through 50 miles of hills, their average speed is 48½ miles an hour, every ton of engine finding a sufficient load in two and a half tons of passenger train. North of the Border the Caledonian, which continues the North-Western route in Scotland, rises to over a thousand feet at Beattock, and dropping to 250, rises again over 880 before it reaches Edinburgh.

Its rival in the Scotch traffic, the Great Northern, has a worse road in the south and a better one in the north. Its ruling gradient is 1 in 200, and its summit is at Stoke, just a hundred miles from London, where it attains a height of 427 feet. From Shaftholme to Berwick its trains run on North-Eastern metals: between Berwick and Edinburgh they run over the eastern branch of the North British, the summit of which, at Grant's House, is only 367 feet, being 648 feet lower than the Caledonian.

The third road from London to the north is the Midland. Being the last comer it has had to take the best route that was left, and make a feature of its picturesqueness. Out of London it rises to Elstree; it runs from thence down and up to Leagrave, 367 feet; drops down to Bedford; crosses the Ouse seven times in seven miles; and rises 50 feet in a mile, and runs through cuttings 50 feet deep and over embankments 50 feet high till at Desborough it has climbed 435 feet. But this is nothing to what it accomplishes in the Lake country. There it climbs 1 in 100 for 14 miles, passes through Blea Moor tunnel at a height of 1,150 feet, drops with a run and rises again until it reaches its summit level of 1,167 feet at Aisgill. This is 252 feet higher than the North-Western and 740 feet higher than the Great Northern, and is the greatest height attained by any railway in England, except the Tebay branch of the North-Eastern, which goes over 1,320 feet at Stainmoor. The Midland reaches Edinburgh by means of the Waverley branch of the North British, which runs by Riccarton and Melrose, and varied by a most difficult combination of hills and curves, rises to 1,000 feet at Hawick, and to 900 again north of Galashiels.

A very different road is that of the Great Western main line, which Brunel laid out so as to be as nearly flat as possible. Its summit level is at Swindon, where the line is only 270 feet above what it is at Paddington. The ruling gradient is 1 in 1,320; in fact, the line is practically level all the way to Exeter, the only noticeable descents being between Wootton Basset and Dauntsey and at the Box tunnel, where it drops 1 in 100 for about two miles. Between Exeter and Plymouth the road becomes much more curved and varied, and before it reaches Penzance the curves, and banks, and astonishing viaducts, become so numerous as to preclude any speed worth mentioning.

The London and South-Western has a much less favourable road to work. It is a line of long gradients and huge embankments. From London to Basingstoke it is fairly level, but beyond there the climbing begins, one bank, rising 1 in 250, being 17 miles long. At Lichfield, in the Hampshire ridge, the line is nearly 400 feet above the level of the rails at Waterloo. Between Southampton and Ilfracombe a level straight road could hardly be expected, though the engineers were more fortunate on that route than on the Portsmouth Direct, where circumstances led them to climb 460 feet up to Haslemere.

There is nothing on the South-Western like the thirty miles dead level which the Great Eastern possesses north of Cambridge, nor has it anything like the series of gentle ups and downs that mark the whole of the road from Liverpool Street to Norwich. What the Great Eastern suffers from is not a crippling ruling gradient, but inadequate approaches for its enormous suburban traffic. As a contrast to it in many ways we may mention the struggling Chatham and Dover, which has the worst road out of London. For twenty-seven miles it runs up and down, chiefly up, to Sole Street, then it undulates, chiefly down to Canterbury, up again it goes to Shepherdswell, to come down again to sea-level at Dover. Unfavourable as this road may be for quick passenger traffic, it is not nearly so bad as that of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and yet on the M. S. and L. there are more expresses than on any other line in the kingdom. If the Chatham has the worst of the London roads, the Brighton has the best. Beyond gentle rises to each of its three tunnels, Merstham, Balcombe, and Clayton, and short inclines up to Grosvenor Road and Balham, its track from Victoria to Brighton is practically level, and has nothing about it to prevent "five miles an hour easy" being added to its fastest running when its dividends begin to drop.

But something should be said as to the way in which these roads were made. An innings must be found for the navvy. Between Dore and Chinley there is now making one of the most difficult lines in England. It is only twenty miles long, but it will cost more than a million of money. This will soon give a third road through the Pennine Range between Sheffield and Manchester. Through that range on the same errand there first went the M. S. and L., who drove through it the Woodhead tunnel, 5,297 yards long, which at the time was the longest in England—a terribly hard piece of work mostly through millstone grit, in which 157 tons of gunpowder were used for blasting; and differing from other tunnels in being in duplicate, one bore being for the up traffic, and the other for the down. On similar thoughts intent—the thoughts of sharing in the Sheffield and Manchester trade—came the North-Western, who went through the ridge by the Stanedge tunnel of 5,342 yards, which, by eclipsing the Woodhead, be-

came the premier tunnel in England, until that under the Severn, 7,644 yards long, put it very considerably in the shade. And now, here is the Midland, by its branch from Dore to Chinley, going through the same ridge as the North-Western and M. S. and L., and that by a tunnel 6,100 yards long. This huge bore, which is under Longshawe Moors, opens into the valley of the Derwent; and no sooner has the new line crossed that picturesque stream than it bores again for 4,000 yards through the limestone of the Peak to join the main Midland to Manchester, a little north of Chapel-en-le-Frith.

This second tunnel ranks only next to the Woodhead in length. Next to it comes Bramhope, 3,745 yards, on the North-Eastern, followed by the Medway tunnel, only five yards shorter, on the South-Eastern, the next being that at Sevenoaks on the same line, which measures 3,600 yards. The Box tunnel on the Great Western is only 3,227 yards long, but it is one of the wonders of the West, as those who have visited the quarries and walked into it can testify. Unlike other tunnels it is not lined throughout, owing to the exceptional nature of the rock through which it is driven. Where the fuller's earth and clay are met with there is the usual state of things, but in the freestone beds there is a huge cavern half a mile long, forty feet high and thirty feet wide, roughly shaped as a Gothic arch. The dip of the road is from east to west, the dip of the rocks is from west to east, and there, at a gentle slope, they stand in huge joints and strata, rising as on corbels to the under side of the uppermost visible bed, which has been left as a flat narrow roof.

Very differently do we think of tunnels now to what our fathers did when this at Box was made. Then the plunge into the hill was deemed to be so prejudicial to health that doctors advised their patients on no account to adventure it. And in Yorkshire the feeling against travelling underground was so strong that a commission of medical men was appointed to inquire into the effects on the human constitution of "the Leeds, and Selby, and other tunnels."

The most remarkable tunnel in this country is undoubtedly that under the Severn, giving the Great Western a short cut to South Wales, under an estuary where the tides are higher than at any other place in the world, except in the Bay of Fundy. The story of this tunnel has a volume to itself, and well it deserves it. The works were started in 1879, but the water broke in, and a panic seized the men, who fled, leaving open the door that was there for them to shut when an inrush took place. Then followed such a pumping as the world had never seen; and all in vain. Evidently nothing could be done till that open door was shut; but to shut that door the diver had to walk a thousand feet from the shaft, dragging his air-hose with him, go behind the door, which opened inwards, shut down a flap-valve upon an eighteen-inch pipe, come back through the doorway, pull up two rails of the tramway, close the door, and screw down a twelve-inch sluice-valve. As no one diver could drag such a length of hose after him, three men took the job in hand. One stood at the bottom of the shaft, one five hundred feet up the heading; the leader going on to reach the door. Groping his way past upturned skips, and tools, and masses of rock, which had been left in the panic, he got within a hundred feet of the door, and then found it impossible to drag the air-hose after him, owing to its rising to the top, and grinding against the roof. Sitting down amid the dark waters, he hauled up a length of the hose and went on; and thus for a time in short lengths did he advance, to find it impossible to get far enough. But he was to succeed after all. Abandoning the air-hose, and wearing a knapsack of compressed oxygen communicating with a mask over his face, he succeeded in reaching the doorway, and pulling up one of the rails. Two days afterwards he went again, and shut the door. Then the pumping recommenced, and the water slowly sank, the slowness being accounted for by the fact that there were two valves, one with a right-handed screw, and one left-handed, and Lambert, the diver, not knowing this, had screwed both tight to the right hand, so as to shut one sluice and open the other.

Then the real work began, but the difficulties were great. Once again the water burst in, and Lambert, who had been out to Sydney to help raise the Orient liner, "Austral," had again to shut a door; and then the tidal wave came in; and then the snow choked the approaches. But the work went on. A town grew up round the tunnel mouth, with hospital, schools, and music-hall complete, for the men and their families. At last, by steadily pumping twenty-three million gallons a day, and by using 76,400,000 bricks, and 36,794 tons of Portland cement, the 3,628 men succeeded in seven years in completing the longest and driest tunnel in this island.

If the Severn is our best tunnel, the Settle and Carlisle is our most remarkable line. It is just over seventy miles long, and it took over seven years to make, and cost over three millions of money. When it was being staked out the engineer and his men were snowed up in the Blea Moor inn. For three weeks the snow fell continuously, until it lay seven feet and a half thick, and it was only by driving a tunnel through the snow to the road that the men, who lived on a stock of eggs and bacon, got water from the horse-trough to drink. The making of the line was a very war with the giants. Along its whole length there was not a level piece of ground big enough to build a house on, and its embankments, cuttings, and tunnels had to go over or through almost every variety of rock known to the lithologist. In the southern part of it is a section through boulder clay, the most unsatisfactory of materials for the engineer—one hour a thick soup, only removable in buckets, the next a stubborn rock; one day so hard as to require blasting by gunpowder, the next, owing to a shower of rain, a mass of glue. Further on is the real tough rock of the outlying flank of Whernside, Blea Moor, where 2,000 men were engaged for four years or more on embankment, tunnel, and viaduct, the wind being at times so high that the bricklayers could not work for fear of being blown from the scaffold.

In driving the first heading for a tunnel, only

four men can work in one place; now the greater the number of faces on which they can work, the more quickly is the heading driven; and hence not only is the heading bored from each end, but shafts are dug down from the top, each shaft giving two more faces to work at. At Blea Moor there were seven shafts, some of them of 500 feet and more, and thus an opening was made for sixteen gangs of men, night and day, four of the shafts being eventually left as ventilators. Once the heading was driven, the "breaking up" was started on, that being the enlargement of the hole sufficiently to allow of the arch being put up in brickwork, the space behind the brickwork being filled in with loose rock. Then the excavation of the tunnel was continued down to the level of the rails, and the sides and floor put in. In all this work much gun-cotton and dynamite was used, and as this could not be sent by railway, it had all to be carted from Carlisle or Newcastle, at a cost of £200 a ton.

The next great tunnel to Blea Moor is that at Black Moss, and north of that is Intake Bank, where for twelve months the waggons daily tipped their contents without the embankment advancing a yard. Chat Moss was bad enough, but Intake Bank holds the record amongst railroad absorbents.

Solid as an embankment may look, it has its peculiarities in weakness. All embankments suffer more or less from "nerves." In even the solidest, the vibration of a fast train can be detected a mile and a half off. Strange stories are told of embankments. At Wolverhampton there is one which suddenly began to smoke, and burnt for days, owing to the iron pyrites in the material of which it is made. At Hanwell, on the Great Western, the embankment was not on a sufficiently wide basis, and it burst right through the layer of clay, so that it took more material to repair its damages than had originally been used to make it. A serious matter is this of vibration. Some say that the vibration spreads farthest in the direction of the earth's rotation. A curious theory; though it is certain that on railroads the western rail wears out faster than the eastern, owing to the earth's motion pressing down one side of the train harder than the other.

North of the Intake Bank is the Birkett tunnel, wherein there was once a fall of rock which left a cavity sixty feet high to be dealt with. The Birkett is a notable object lesson in geology. It runs through the Great Pennine Fault, and within the space of one hundred yards perforates shale, limestone, grit, slate, iron, coal, and lead ore; and in it the strata rise from the horizontal to the perpendicular. Farther north is the Smardale viaduct, 130 feet from stream to rails, and 710 feet long, in which over 60,000 tons of grey limestone were used. But why continue this catalogue? To take another point of view, let us note that the next contract section of the line contained 47 cuttings, 5 viaducts, 4 tunnels, 68 road-bridges, and 100 culverts; that the rainfall was 92 inches a year; and that although 2,000 men could only work on the section at a time, yet 33,000 passed through the wage list in the course of the undertaking.

Of the navvy and his life much has been written, and of what has been written much has been imagined. The navvy of to-day has far less about him of what it is fashionable to call the "mere animal," but he is none the less greedy of work, and his appetite is gigantic. Some enthusiastic temperance advocate has told us that the railroads of this country have cost us £1,000 a mile in drink. This means that they have contributed about £8,000,000 to the Exchequer in indirect taxation. We doubt it. And certainly, during the last ten years, the rate of dissipation has been steadily lessening. The navvy has his friends and his foes. In many respects he might improve in his morals and habits. Have not "steam navvies" been introduced to replace him—which have no morals at all, and no habits to speak of? But with all his faults he is not a man of whom his fellow-men need be ashamed. Rough, uncouth, childish, though he may be, he is a very king to the man in the same condition of life on any railroad out of Britain.

There is one noble navvy story which has always seemed to us worthy of a place in our national note-book. It was at Bugsworth in Derbyshire, just north of Chinley, when the Midland was making. The mouth of the tunnel fell in, and a small gang of navvies were entombed. A short shaft was sunk, and in twenty-three hours the men were reached. They were found lying, almost dying, exhausted for want of air, and on the floor the candle was flickering in its socket, and in a few minutes would have gone out. The rescue was just in time, and when the men recovered they told a strange tale of one of the most prosaic of heroic deeds. They had been startled by the fall of rock, and found they were shut in, and for a moment were in fear. And then one of them said, "Well, chaps, we shall never get out of this alive, so we may as well go on with our bit while we can." And to work they set, in what they had every reason to suppose was their tomb, steadily and quietly, as if they were in a cutting in the open. And they went on with their "bit," until the air failed them, and they sank exhausted.

Mere navvies these! Not over sober, perhaps, on Saturday nights! Rude, blustering pagans! And at Bugsworth! The very name is enough to choke a poet! And yet, who of us would not take off his hat to the "chaps" who, in the very mouth of death, went on with the work they had undertaken to do?

W. J. GORDON.



TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

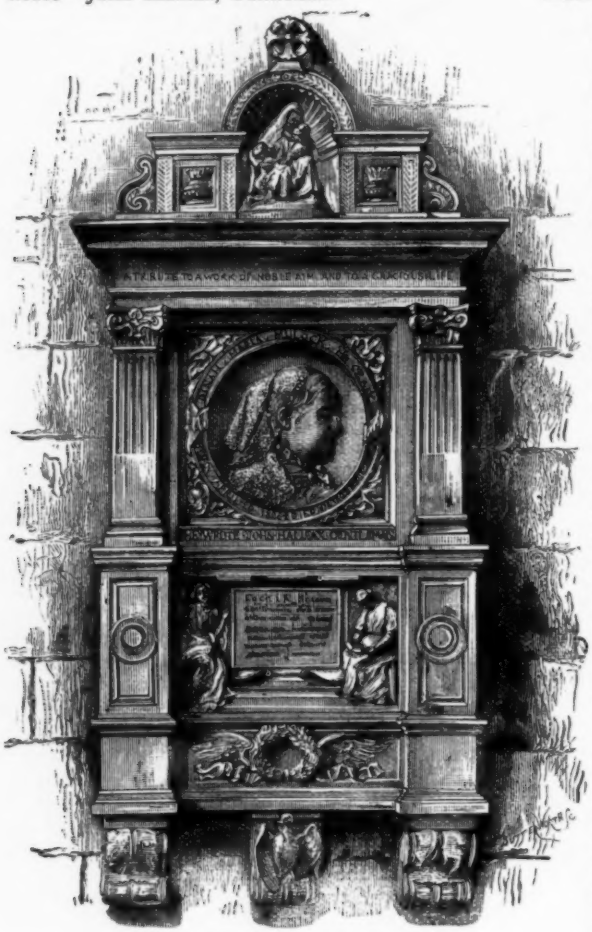
TEWKESBURY'S pride is the Abbey, and worthily so. Nobly does it bear its years and injuries. Shorn of many of its limbs, it stands a stately fragment, with an exterior of commanding strength, and an interior excelled by few cathedrals. The mighty pillars, like those at Gloucester, the great arches, the vaulting, and the tracery, are combined in such wise proportion as to yield a wonderful spaciousness from their harmony. The grandeur of the church as a church is unmistakable, and the perfect fitness of the whole for the use to which it is put holds us for a while from noting the details and thinking of the men who were its builders.

But thoughts come in time of Theoc who chose the hermitage and gave his name to the "bury," and of Fitz Hamon who found the funds for the main building; and looking towards the west door we can fancy the solitary deacon standing in the porch on that November day in 1123 at the consecration, when all this was new. We can hear the great procession forming in the cloisters and setting forth on its slow journey round the outer walls. We can fancy the ceasing of the chanting, the three blows of the pastoral staff on the new oak door, and the aged bishop's command, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and let the King of Glory come in." And we can hear the solitary deacon ask in the silent stillness, "Who is the King of Glory?" And then the chant begins again, and round the building the procession goes, till it returns to the door and there is a similar ceasing and knocking and ordering and answering; and then the third time with the third knock comes the bishop's answer, "Even the Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory;" and the deacon opens the door, and in all the wealth of ecclesiastical magnificence the crowd of bishops and abbots and monks and patrons march in with a triumphal chant to take possession.

On a May morning but two years short of three centuries and a half afterwards there was another knocking at the door, and a disorderly group of fugitives from the battle-field came hurrying in with much less dignity. These were Edmund, Duke of Somerset, the Prior of St. John, and others fresh from defeat; and Abbot Strensham was only just in time to leave the altar and reach the door before King Edward's men were clamouring for admittance. For a time the fugitives were safe.

It was a Saturday; all that day and the next the abbot's authority was recognised; but on the Monday the church was entered and the miserable men brought out; and on the Tuesday a scaffold was set up at the Tolsey, and the headsman did his ghastly work.

Here were some of the victims buried. One tomb is pointed out in a doubtful way as that of Somerset. Another is said to be that of Lord Wenlock, whom Somerset slew in his anger when the battle was lost. Of Henry, Prince of Wales, said to have been killed on the battle-field or in a house in the High Street, now the Coffee Tavern, and buried near the tower, there is no memorial. Beneath the choir are many a Despencer and De Clare, and behind the altar lies the Duchess of Clarence, and with her probably her husband who was murdered in the wine cask in 1477. There are many chapels, all in ruins, and many tombs of abbots, and several more modern memorials. And among the latest is one of the best things in the Abbey, a beautiful tablet to the memory of her who wrote "John Halifax, Gentleman."



MEMORIAL TO MRS. CRAIK IN TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

The legend of "John Halifax" is known far and wide, and Tewkesburians have claimed Miss Mulock for their own. Hundreds of Americans come to Tewkesbury every year and identify the scenery of that notable book; artists come sketching the houses and landscapes amid which they are told the authoress was born and bred; and even the house is pointed out to some in which "John Halifax" was written "all in a fortnight"—a book of 180,000 words in fourteen days!

Alas for the legend! How soon the wish becomes father to the thought! How easily the multitude is misled! There are books which were written amid the influences that shaped their writers' lives; but "John Halifax" is not one of them. It is a work of art, life-like because it was produced in the true artistic spirit: a powerful domestic study, composed, like many a picture, from the materials gathered specially for the purpose.

Nothing can be simpler than the story of its building. Its authoress, Dinah Maria Mulock, afterwards Mrs. Craik, was born at Stoke in 1826. Her father was a minister of the "do as I say and not as I do" school, and finding his practice becoming daily remoter from his preaching, she and her mother and two brothers left him in despair. To keep the new home going she tried literature, and gradually worked her way through the crowd. In 1849 she published "The Ogilvies," which made her name known, but brought but little profit; next year she made a further advance in "Olive," which became famous enough to secure "The Authoress of 'Olive'" a whole article to herself in a popular magazine. In 1851 came "The Head of the Family"; in 1852 came "Agatha's Husband."

In the summer of 1852 Miss Mulock was the guest of Mr. Dobell at Charlton Kings, and one day she drove out through Cheltenham, the flat and genteel, along the dreary turnpike road to Tewkesbury, the quaint and historical. In rambling through the town a shower came on, and the party took refuge in one of the many narrow covered alleys which run at right angles to the few streets. From the town-clerk's house a little girl looked over the window-blind at a ragged boy opposite, and soon afterwards appeared at the door with a piece of bread and gave it to him, as did Ursula March in the opening chapter of the book. The shower being over, the party lunched at The Bell, which the landlord said had once been a tanner's, and then having seen the bowling-green, admired the hedge, noted the mill, and looked out over the Ham, they returned to Cheltenham.

Here were all the materials for a picturesque background and general tone. Here were the shower, the alley, the abbey, the house, the garden, the tanyard, the mill, and the opening incident. The drive back gave the coach ride with Kean to Chalton, otherwise Cheltenham, the arrival at The Fleece, the suggestion of the theatre, and of course the night walk home again. Another visit filled in the details, and the scene plan was laid; the plot, the career of a noble, successful man from boyhood to death, was ready; the names came from the tombstones and shop fronts; and the outline of the book was drawn. It took



THE BRIDGE, TEWKESBURY

four years, and not fourteen days, to write, during which time the authoress was at work in various other ways. Before it was finished she had become acquainted with Mrs. Oliphant, who introduced her to Mr. Blackett, the publisher, who received the manuscript as soon as it was complete, read it, liked it, printed it, and in 1856 gave to the world without delay "John Halifax, Gentleman, by the authoress of The Head of the Family."

Only once after those two days in 1852 did the authoress visit Tewkesbury, and that was for a few hours in 1887, just before her death. The scenery of "John Halifax" was thus not described from years of observation, but from a couple of days' hard work at sight-seeing with a view to business. There may be some who will be shocked to find the skeleton bared; but surely the lovers of the book will think all the more of her who gave the skeleton breath and thought, and made the creatures of her brain so real that with them they weep and laugh as though with familiar friends. Here is no plodding chronicler, but a gifted artist at whose touch the picture fills the frame with life.

Her note-book has probably gone the way of all note-books long before this; but we can make a fair guess at some of its entries. Of "the ancient abbey, Norton Bury's boast and pride," we have said enough. Let us to the churchyard, passing on our way "Mr. March, the West Indian Governor," otherwise John Reid, Governor of Jamaica. An autumn gale is shaking the trees, and the mahogany chestnuts come dropping on the tombs as we read the inscriptions. We are on the very path along which the note-book went, and "the large brown fans of the horse-chestnut leaves" are falling now, as then.

Plump comes a chestnut on to Fletcher's grave, only it is "William" not "Abel," but this William had the wife who died young. Why, here is Joyce; and here—but enough; one name we look for in vain. Where is the John Halifax who gave the book its title? Nowhere! We apply to the clerk, who confirms us in our doubt. "There is no such name here!" Alas! another legend gone—this time backed by the authority of Mr. Dobell himself, who told the story of the first day's drive. There is no Halifax, but there is a "Thomas White, Gentleman," who may have suggested the combination. Perhaps! But a few miles off in the direction of "the highest tableland in England," is Dixton Manor House, wherein lived William Higford, who wrote the "Institutes of a Gentleman;" had he anything to do with it?

At the abbey gate is the Bell Inn, which a shield in golden letters tells us is Abel Fletcher's house. It wants "the ponderous railings," but it does not disappoint. We enter the "respectable and handsome door," and find the "Jael" of the period peacefully cutting beans. Or was it "Jenny"? and was it "Jem Watkins" who was with her, and seemed to think it a bore that to read "John Halifax" would be one of his future duties?

Leaving them alone at their bean-trimming, we at last find ourselves on "the large square, chiefly grass, level as a bowling-green, with borders round." A bowling-green it is, beautifully level and shorn, and round it is the yew hedge—"not its like in the whole country"—"fifteen feet high and"—not quite—"as many thick." "Century after century of growth, with careful clipping and training," has "compacted it into a massive green barrier, as close and impervious as a wall," and further decorated it with many monstrosities of topiarian art. A fine hedge it is, its clear, sleek green serving as a brilliant background to the thousands of pink berries that now crowd its higher branches.

Close below is Shakespeare's Avon, "here a narrow, sluggish stream," slipping on quietly enough, "contenting itself with turning a flour mill hard by." And there is the mill, the "lazy whirr" of which is making "the sleepy incessant monotony" which Phineas was fond of hearing; and there is the little bridge and the private path from the tanyard. Beyond is the wide green level called the "Ham," and beyond that the Severn, with "the white sails gliding in and out from behind clumps of trees and across meadowlands"—though the sails might be whiter.

The path by the river gives a wider view, and leads us up by St. Mary's Lane, of "the green mound;" and that takes us on into Church Street and High Street; and so passing many an alley that would do for the one in which the peelings floated, we stand in front of a house that might be John's, and another that might serve as the Bank, and then discover to our amazement the old Brown Beare that ought to be six miles off on the road to Enderley.

Crossing the bridge we are at the Mythe, and from under Richard Brithwood's domain a train emerges. Red is the Mythe hill with streaks of gypseous green breaking the broad mass of keuper marl; and below is the Severn up which the eger travelled that had such important consequences "to the pleasure boat with the toppling sail" and the persons to whom it belonged; and beyond is a fine view of the town with the dominating abbey.

The day is bright and gusty; there is quite a sea on the Severn, and the telegraph wires stretch and curve in the breeze. Returning from the white Severn bridge we cross the old Avon bridge and stand at the boathouse where, twenty years ago, we were startled at the inquiry as to whether we would row on the Avon or the Severn, and discovered that out of the south door the boats were launched on one river, and out of the north door on the other.

Opposite the Beare we stand at the tree where King Edward stood more than four hundred years since, and watch the vicar and curate get under way on a tandem tricycle. Pleasant it is to note how respectfully the curate arranges the vicarial coat-skirts and then adjusts his own, that clerical



ABEL FLETCHER'S HOUSE.

dignity may not suffer on the useful but outrageously modern trinity of tyres. Thinking of the figure my lord abbot would have cut on a similar machine, we again traverse the local "High" and reach the lane, "shaded on one side by the willows in the water-courses." We come out "in those quiet hayfields, which tradition says had once grown wine for the rosy monks close by, and history avers were afterwards watered by a darker stream than the blood of grapes." But into those fields we cannot go far, owing to the proprietor being apparently a sufferer from excessive nervousness on the approach of an unbidden guest.

Here, or rather a few yards further south, did Queen Margaret stand at daybreak on May 4, 1471, to fight her last battle for the Red Rose. Her array defended the two old roads from Gloucester and Cheltenham, and the present main road runs through the centre of her position. Her general, Somerset, had strengthened the line with entrenchments and made the most of the water-courses; in front were the Yorkists trooping down from Rudgeway; behind were, it was hoped, Jasper Tudor and the Welsh reinforcements, which never arrived. She had marched from Exeter with the intention of crossing the Severn, but Edward had followed her too closely, and here she stood at bay with apparently every chance of success.

It was much the same sort of morning as this has been, brilliant and stormy. As the sun climbed up over the Cotswolds its rays were flashed from the elaborate armour and huge weapons of the knights and their followings, and the red and black and blue and yellow and white of the banners and pennons dotted the fresh greenery of the fields with patches of fluttering colour. At Rudgeway flew King Edward's standard; fanning out from it were the squares of Yorkists; then came the long line of Lancastrians behind the high hedge and broad ditch which stretched almost from the Swillgate to the river; and then came the small town, gabled and thatched, clustering round the cross at the Tolsey and flanked by the grand pile of abbey buildings.

Within the Lancastrian line rides a small group escorting Queen Margaret, who beckons the leaders around her and addresses them. Before she has ended, a slow cannonade opens, and soon the White Rose troops are in movement. On they come, the knights in plate armour on heavily armoured horses, the men in buff and brown and Lincoln green. The guns cease and the air is full of the tumult of battle, and the arrows fly and the steel flashes along the thick hedge which holds back the glittering flood of assailants. Again and again the knights race up to that green barrier; the crowds thicken behind them; with many a shout they strive to break it bit by bit, as John Halifax would have done the yew. Foremost in the effort is the high-shouldered leader, a boy of nineteen, the formidable Richard of Gloucester; but Somerset is too strong for the stripling duke, and things go well for the Red Rose. One more effort all along the line, and this fails like the rest; and then the Yorkists call a retreat. To try elsewhere? By no means.

It is the old story of Senlac; the boy has remembered his history book. Back go the Yorkists; into the trap falls the foolish Somerset; from many an artfully hidden gap in that long hedge his chivalry rush forth in pursuit down into the meadow and up the opposite slope, while half his army stand idly looking on. To the right-about turns Richard. There is a furious encounter; down goes many a horse; dented is many an armour coat; while the battle trembles in the balance, Clarence comes to his brother's help; and as, foot by foot, Somerset is being mastered, a band of the King's spearmen from the Park Wood come pricking into his rear.

Still Wenlock stands idle behind the entrenchment; triumphant are the Yorkist war-cries; Somerset's dogged defence becomes a withdrawal, a retreat, a rout; back into his hedge he is driven, his troops a raging crowd with the Yorkists busy amongst them. Through is Richard; through is Clarence; and following them close rides the tall King with a crown on his helm and the royal arms on his shield, slashing right and left with his heavy, long sword from his richly armoured berry-brown steed. In a fury Somerset leaps to the grey-haired Wenlock and, calling him "traitor," dashes out his brains. Van, centre, and reserve of the Lancastrians all huddle together, hopeless of command. The ill-starred Prince of Wales presses amongst them and calls for one more charge for his mother; but in a panic they throw down their weapons and run like stampeded cattle. Chasing them are the three brothers, each leading his array—the big King in the centre, Clarence of the Malmsey butt by the Cheltenham road, and the terrible Richard nearest the river. The carnage is fearful, "three thousand Lancastrians fall on the field," many of them in the Vineyards by Clarence's men; more of them in the Gastons by the King's men; most of them by Richard's men in the Bloody Meadow, the "sloping field, through the middle of which ran a little stream down to the meadow's end where fringed and hidden by a plantation of trees the Avon flowed;" and along the river-bank the last of the fugitives are driven to be drowned at Abel Fletcher's mill.

And at the mill we end our ramble on the battle-field. And now where shall we find Enderley Flat and Nunnely Hill and Longfield and Beechwood? Go to Bredon, say some, and find Longfield on the hillside in the neighbourhood of Overbury. And Enderley? and Rose Cottage, and the common, and the churchyard? And then it appears there are conflicting claims, and the scenery of the book is truer in spirit than in detail; in fact, the country has been treated as the town was, and we must content ourselves with the picture that the artist has given us.

But if the table-land is not on the Cotswolds, where can it be? Let us be off then through Stoke Orchard and Bishop's Cleeve to Nottingham Hill and Langley Hill and down in the valley to



ABEL FLETCHER'S MILL.

Winchcomb. Here are hills and woods and brooks and views enough. By some we are told that Winchcomb is Kingswell, but as no borough in either Gloucestershire or Worcestershire was disfranchised under the Reform Act of 1832, we can leave the matter open

Winchcomb is, however, not an uninteresting place, although fallen considerably from its importance. Once it was the home of the wicked Quendrada, Kenulph's daughter, who murdered her seven-year-old brother, Kenelm, and buried him secretly in Clent wood. Whereupon, so the legend goes, a dove miraculously dropped a scroll on the high altar at Rome announcing the Mercian's crime, which strange "information received" led to a search "in Clent sub spina &c." and the discovery not only of the body, but of a spring that had arisen on the spot of the murder. And so they exhumed and reburied young Kenelm; and Quendrada, thinking to disturb the funeral, "did loudly chant the hundred-and-ninth psalm

out of a window," but strange to relate, "suddenly her eyeballs fell out!"

But Winchcomb is noteworthy for something else. Centuries afterwards Walter Raleigh sent a packet of tobacco seed to Pates, who founded Cheltenham Grammar School. Pates had a friend at Winchcomb, and at Winchcomb was the tobacco sown. And here is the Wesleyan Chapel on the site of the tobacco barn, and here is another tobacco barn where the weed was warehoused, for it was grown largely in the neighbourhood; indeed in 1658 a certain Cornet Wakefield came here from Gloucester especially to destroy this tobacco, but the countrymen stood stoutly to their pipes—misprint for pikes—and won a notable victory over the anti-tobacconist. At Postlip, close by, the weed was wetted and dried, and tobacco was a profitable crop hereabouts until killed by the excise in the interest of our American planters.

A mile or so up the Isbourne is Sudeley Castle, once a seat of the Seymours, where Queen Katherine Parr, who died a Lady Seymour, was found in her coffin, "an ivy berry having sprouted in the coffin and enshrined her temples." Sudeley has been restored and is a show-place now well known to tourists. But let us up to the hills and look out over the wide vale of Severn. "Do you see that gleaming bit in the landscape far away? That's water—that's our very own Severn, swelled to an estuary—you can only get that tiny peep of water, glittering like a great diamond that some young Titaness has flung out of her necklace down among the hills."

It is a wonderful view, wide and beautiful, with the massive Malverns as a background. All grows dark below as we look, but the sky above is bright and silky. One long dark cloud is slowly advancing, so low that we peep over it and see its summit, a heap of grey curdly foam. As it passes, it grows lighter in hue and to the north ends as a fleecy mass against a starch-blue sky. Lower still is a layer of clouds racing the rest, and, above, the streaks of vapour are golden and red. Soon the sun will set, and in darkness we shall enter Cheltenham. And thus with the fall of night we bid farewell to the country of "John Halifax."



BOWLING GREEN (BEHIND ABEL FLETCHER'S MILL).

## Henry Schliemann.

DIED AT NAPLES, DECEMBER 26, 1890.

LIVING, he strove like Heracles with Death,
Crying, Restore! unto the robber King,
And drew from him full many a precious thing
Hidden long whiles the silent dust beneath.
Time sat at jealous watch on hill and heath,
Brooding above strange hoards and buried spoils,
And the huge triumphs of Cyclopic toils
Wrapped round with turf and many a wild-flower wreath.
But he, in vision, saw the hillside heave
And through the rifted clods in stealth disclose
Those marvels; which impatient to believe,
With that bright dream before him, he arose
And drew the earth-cloak from them, and behold,
The warm sun flashed upon the Age of Gold.

HORACE G. GROSER.

# GASTON MERY'S QUEER GUEST.

A PARISIAN STORY.

ONE sultry evening late in June 1870, a young man might have been seen leaning against a tree on the Quai d'Orsay while another supported him with his arm to prevent him from falling. The one thus supported was pale-faced, undersized, and shabbily dressed. His appearance told nothing respecting him except that he was badly off, and that he was suffering either from extreme weakness or from sudden illness. The other was rather tall, burly, with dark-toned ruddy face, carelessly dressed without being shabby. He wore a wide-brimmed felt hat on one side of his head, and in the hand that was free he held a colour-box and sketch-book tied together. There was no mistaking him; he was the art student who was old enough and perhaps masterly enough to call himself an artist, but who still from peculiarity of character or taste retained much of the air and style of a *rapin* of the studios.

"What is the matter with you?" said he to the man whom he was holding up.

"I am subject to these attacks," the latter replied in a very weak voice. "This will pass off in an hour or two."

"An hour or two!" repeated the other quickly. "I am afraid I shall not be able to prop you up so long as that."

"Don't leave me yet," groaned the sufferer. "I —I also am an artist."

"You an artist!"

"Yes, I came to Paris from Rheims only two days ago to copy in the Louvre."

"That being so," exclaimed the owner of the wide-brimmed hat with sudden animation, "I will take you to my cavern in the Rue de Vaugirard. You will get over your attack quicker there perhaps than if you were to stop here with your back against this tree.—No, no, do not thank me, I am quite selfish in the matter, I assure you. I would rather take you with me than stay with you here, and of course I must do either one thing or the other. We daubers stand together fraternally—at least we do so on this side of the water. If you had been taken ill on the opposite side I might have left you with a serene conscience to the care of others."

A passing cab was hailed and was presently rumbling over the pitching of the Faubourg Saint-Germain towards the Latin Quarter, and the spot where the two men had been standing was deserted.

The Good Samaritan of this adventure was Gaston Joseph Méry, son of Zacharie Méry, grocer, hosier, and wine seller of Carcassone. Almost everything within the range of modest incomes was sold in the dim and dingy little shop over which Gaston was born. Zacharie flourished and brought up a family of children that would have scandalised a Paris *bourgeois*, not by their bad manners, but by their extravagant number. Gaston was the eldest son, and from the hour of his birth the father cherished the hope that he would some day help him in the shop, become his partner, and eventually take his place. But Gaston, as he grew to years of reason and wilfulness, did not correspond at all to these expectations. He never could be serious unless he had a pencil and sketch-book in hand, and was drawing some bit of scenery in the open country, or a quaint house in an old street of the town. His favourite companions at other times were reckoned among the most hopeless scapegraces in Carcassone. Zacharie was wofully disappointed with his son, but his brother the tanner, who as a soldier had seen a good deal of the world, tried to console him by talking about temperament, and advised him to allow Gaston to cultivate his artistic bent as the only way of making him work. So after long hesitation and with much misgiving Zacharie sent Gaston to study art in Paris under the watchful eye of a distant relative, and with an allowance of 120 francs a month.

Some years had passed between his arrival in the capital and this hot June evening when he acted the part of a philanthropist. He had gone through the Ecole des Beaux-Arts with credit, had exhibited pictures in the Salon, and had even found purchasers for some of them, but he still drew supplies of money from the grocery at Carcassone. To tell the truth he had no great desire to be independent. He had in an equally full measure the good and bad qualities of the artistic Bohemian, combined with the fervid and impulsive nature of the Southerner. In him fits of industry alternated with longer fits of indolence. His full capacity for enjoyment, his incessant flow of animal spirits and eager appetite for pleasure, rendered him an uncongenial companion to the thoughtful, contemplative student; but he gained the warm admiration of reckless spirits like himself.

Gaston Méry had often suffered from this unreflecting generosity and improvidence, but he seemed quite incapable of profiting by the unpleasant lessons of experience. When there was money in his pocket his hand was always near it; but his hard-up friends effectually prevented him from indulging extravagant tastes. He would often lend to-day and be obliged to borrow on the morrow for his dinner. His society was more sought after at the beginning of the month, when his allowance was fresh in hand, than towards the end, when he was left high and dry on the shore of impecuniousness; but although he was shrewd enough to notice this, he did not let it trouble him. The little weaknesses of humanity amused him, they never soured him or stopped for a moment the flow of his youthful spirits and undiscriminating good nature. With

such a character as this, Gaston Méry was capable of almost any act which the world in its wisdom links with inexperience and folly.

At length the cab stopped in the Rue de Vaugirard, and Gaston almost carried his companion to the fifth floor. "There go a pair who are not much good," muttered the *concierge* as she peered out of her window on the ground floor, like an owl from a cage. It was on the fifth flat that Gaston had his room, which served the double purpose of a studio and a sleeping apartment. A broker's lumber room could hardly have presented a picture of more complete disorder than this artistic den. The solitary table was heaped with ragged paper-covered novels by Eugène Sue, the elder Dumas, Henri Mürger, and other literary Bohemians, whose influence was still strong in the closing years of the Empire; rough sketches in pencil and chalk, dry crusts, half smoked cigarettes, and all manner of artistic odds and ends. The sofa, covered with faded red velvet, was similarly laden with what any woman blessed with a well-regulated mind would call rubbish; the bed in the alcove was strewn with hastily changed wearing apparel; numerous studies in oil adorned the walls; while in the corners next the floor were canvases, some rolled, others strained upon frames, rusty swords, an old musket, pieces of drapery once gaudy but now dingy with dust, and rows of very dirty-looking bottles. Upon an easel near the window was a canvas with the figure of a little Savoyard carrying a marmot painted upon it, in dead colour. There was a wardrobe, but there were only two chairs, and one of them was occupied by a palette that had been left uncleaned, and a bundle of brushes. Such was Gaston Méry's room.

As soon as he and his *protégé* had entered, and the door was closed again, Gaston took everything that was upon the sofa in his arms, and threw it upon the floor, quite indifferent to the cloud of dust which he raised. "Now," said he, taking his queer guest by the arm, and leading him to the piece of furniture which had been cleared of its stratified lumber, "lie down there, and if you are well enough to speak, tell me something about yourself."

The young man whom he had thus addressed fixed upon him a pair of shining dark eyes, but said nothing.

"Are you in pain?" asked the artist, making another attempt to draw him into conversation.

"Yes," replied the other, faintly.

"Where is it—I mean the pain?"

For answer the sufferer pressed his hand against his forehead and groaned.

"I know nothing about these matters," said Gaston, "but if you will make yourself as comfortable as you can there, I will go and fetch a friend, a medical student, who is sure to be at the Café Voltaire, and then we will see what can be done for you."

"Thank you a thousand times," murmured the stranger, and his eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy.

The artist had no sooner gone, and closed the door, than a marked change came over the figure on the sofa. The languor and limpness left it; it assumed a sitting posture, the energy of which was in strange contrast to the drooping, half lifeless attitude of a minute before. The change in the expression of the face was no less wonderful. The hanging lower jaw was drawn closely up, and the lines about the mouth, so indicative of severe physical and mental suffering, became those of a dreadfully sardonic laugh. This expression however, after a few seconds, gave place to a slightly better one, and the sinister individual whom Gaston Méry had taken under his protection began to think aloud in sentences like the following:—

"An imbecile, this *rapin*, but I like him—a heart in his body—makes me quite ashamed of my present occupation. But we must all live somehow. I have tried honesty, a starving business with those who have had no start in life. When you have been picked up on a doorstep, and have been reared by vile peasants, who have just kept enough life in you to get their money from the government, you must use your wits against the world, not for it. I am sorry for you, my artistic friend, and I think it a pity to spoil your good nature, but if you have left any loose money or handy valuables about, I must really become your debtor until times mend. I must be quick too, for I have not the slightest desire to make the acquaintance of your medical friend."

He walked stealthily round the room with the candle in his hand, keenly scrutinising the different pieces of furniture. In less than a minute his eyes were fixed upon the wardrobe near the alcove. "There," said he, "the squirrel keeps his nuts if he has any." He drew from his pocket a clasp knife, fitted up with a variety of small implements, and thrusting one of these into the keyhole, he pulled the door open almost without an effort.

"Not locked," muttered the thief. "This is a bad sign—Ah!"—The exclamation followed a moment afterwards. The searcher had found a fifty-franc note and a ten-franc piece. He put the paper and the bit of gold into his pocket and moved towards the door. Then he stopped, looked back at the wardrobe, moved another step towards the door and stopped again.

"I must decide quickly or they will be here, and then I shall have to pay dearly for my hesitation."

After this sagacious reflection, he advanced another step towards the door and stopped again; then with the look of one who gives way to an impulse which he knows to be absurd, he turned and, walking swiftly to the wardrobe, put back the fifty-franc note where he found it. This done, he darted from the room, almost leapt down the stairs, and passed out into the street.

Presently two figures entered the house arm in arm and went upstairs.

"Not so fast, friend Gaston, not so fast," said Paul Piquet, the smaller of the two, in a treble voice that made the hearer ready to laugh even when the thought of being comic was not in the speaker's mind. "Remember I have dined on something more substantial than philanthropy."

"But," urged the artist, "I don't know what may have happened in my absence."

"True," replied the other, "more may have happened than has entered into your calculations."

"Do you think he may have died?"

"Died! bah! not he."

"What then?"

Paul Piquet said nothing in reply, but shrugged his shoulders in a way that expressed a great deal.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed Gaston Méry in his great voice, that would have been invaluable to him had it been his business to cry in the Paris streets, "*Tonneaux! Tonneaux! marchand de tonneaux!*"

They had stopped on the fifth floor, and the artist was about to open the door of his room when he perceived that it was ajar. "*Tiens*," he said, "I could have sworn that I closed it."

He now pushed the door wide open, and walking up to the table where the light was still burning, glanced searchingly towards the sofa. There was silence for a few seconds, but it was broken by a word thrown out with a full meridional accent. It was "*Tonnerr-re!*"

"What is the matter?" asked the medical student in a tone of mock surprise, for he guessed at once what it was.

"He is gone!"

"No, no, impossible! Look in your bed. I daresay he grew tired of waiting for us and crept in there."

Gaston did move towards the alcove, then, sitting down on the edge of the bedstead, he raised a peel of laughter that caused the student to put his meagre hands to his ears.

"Before you make so merry," he suggested, "perhaps it would be well to see if you have paid more for playing the Good Samaritan than the experience is worth."

This remark had the effect of checking Gaston's outburst.

"You are a pleasant dispenser of cheerful thoughts," said he to his friend. "I had but sixty francs left, and we are only in the first week of the month. If he has taken that, I shall have to carry my watch and chain back to the old place."

"To the Rue Bonaparte?"

"Precisely."

The student chuckled. "Where did you put your money?" he presently asked.

"There, in the *armoire*."

"Look at once and see if you have it still."

Gaston took the candle and opened the wardrobe. He put his hand at once to a corner with which he was very familiar, and clasped to his great satisfaction the fifty-franc note, which he waved triumphantly at his friend. "There, you see," he exclaimed, "the fellow was not so bad after all."

"Then you have lost nothing?" said the sceptical student. Gaston looked again at the shelf, this time more carefully. He searched with eyes and hands, then closed the *armoire* without saying a word.

"Well?" inquired the other.

"The ten-franc piece is gone," rejoined the artist.

"That seems incredible."

"Why?"

"Because no thief in his senses would have taken the bit of gold and left the note."

"Perhaps he was not in his senses. Somebody has been to the *armoire* and has made hay with my linen, and somebody has taken the ten-franc piece which was inside the note."

"Ah! That is strange indeed," observed the student.

Gaston seated himself again on the edge of the bedstead, and his companion took the vacant chair. There was a pause, which was broken by the student: "Your new acquaintance is a puzzle to me," he said. "His case is one for psychological analysis."

"You analyse his psychology then, while I eat a beef-steak and a bit of *brie* at the Dancing Rabbit, for I am dying of hunger. To tell the truth, I think I am well out of this business at the price of ten francs."

"In that I quite agree with you," said Paul Piquet.

The room was soon in darkness, and the two friends, so unlike in everything and yet such excellent companions, were laughing over the evening's adventure at the Dancing Rabbit.

Not many days after this little episode in the life of Gaston Méry, war broke out between France and Prussia. This hurricane swept from men's minds every thought that was not bound up with the burning question—Who will conquer? After the revolution of September, and when the combined German armies were marching on Paris, Gaston was one of the many representing all conditions of life who volunteered their service for the defence of the capital. The horrors of which he was a witness during the next three months had a marked influence upon his character. Among the comrades who were killed before his eyes was Paul Piquet, the medical student. He was engaged in ambulance duty, and then it was perceived that his cynical impassiveness was unreal, for no one showed greater energy or exposed his life with a more noble recklessness in the petty battles round Paris than he. At length he was struck in the temple by the fragment of a shell, and fell lifeless upon the body of a wounded soldier. Gaston Méry lost his jovial laugh, his dark eyes took a fixed expression of seriousness, which had never appeared in them before for more than a second or so at a time, and in those few months he appeared to have grown several years older.

On January 18, he was one of the army of nearly 100,000 men who marched out of Paris, in the teeth of the glacial north-east wind, by the gate of Courbevoie, to attack the Prussians on the heights of Montretout and Buzanval above Saint-Cloud, to carry their intermediate positions between these points and Versailles, only five or six miles distant, to drive the King of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany, from his headquarters—the palace of Louis XIV,—to break through the investing lines, re-establish communications with the provinces, and relieve Paris, girt with fire like Brünnhilde, and stricken with famine. This was Trochu's plan, and

it was nearly successful, thanks to the valour of the citizen troops, not to the forethought and energy of those who directed the operations. The fatal want of judgment, which began the series of French defeats, likewise turned the scale against the Parisians in their final and frenzied effort to force an opening in the fiery circle, drawing closer and closer to their city.

What a strange army was that which went out of the gate of Courbevoie, and marched up the snow-white valley of the Seine on January 18! What social contrasts were there! Men of fortune, men of letters, artists, lawyers, doctors, actors, tradesmen, artisans, labourers, ragpickers, released gaol-birds, assassins—literates and illiterates; men whose faces bore the stamp of intellectual refinement and moral dignity, others with terrible masklike visages, branded indelibly by habitual vice. The best and the worst of the population mingled homogeneously, fired by one superb thought, which went far to realise equality—the relief of Paris, if necessary at the price of the greatest sacrifice that man can offer, either to his God or to his country, namely, that of his life.

Early on the morning of the 19th this truly patriotic army advanced through the mist up the slopes by Mont Valérien to the assault of the Prussian batteries on the ridges of Buzanval and Montretout.

The day was glorious, yet disastrous to the Parisian army. Positions won at the cost of much blood and valuable lives, like that of Henri Regnault the artist, were surrendered in the evening by men exhausted by several hours' fighting, and physically incapable of maintaining the struggle with the fresh troops which had been brought up from Versailles. As evening came on, the vines on the slopes of Buzanval drank deeply again of French blood; but now, the Parisians, instead of advancing to the assault, spurred by enthusiasm and confident of victory, were in disorderly retreat; dejected, hopeless, thinking not of victory but of flight; carried onward, not by the noble ardour of patriotism, based on self-sacrifice, but by the dull or frantic animal impulse of self-preservation.

Among the last of the fugitives on the slope, just above the hamlet of Buzanval, was Gaston Méry, blood-bedabbled and smoke-begrimed, but without a wound. He, too, was hastening over the foul and blood-stained snow, that was so pure and white when the morning broke upon it. Shells went shrieking over his head to drop into the midst of his comrades hurrying towards the valley; bullets whistled by his ears. Suddenly he stopped, thrust a cartridge into the *chassepot* which he still carried, turned and fired towards the brow of the hill, which now in the dusk seemed to vomit flame from innumerable mouths. An instant afterwards the musket dropped from his hands, and he reeled backwards. He did not fall, for somebody caught him in his arms from behind, and laid him gently down,

"Where did it strike you?" asked the soldier, who was kneeling by his side and bending over him.

Here," replied the artist, pressing a hand against his breast. "It has gone through my right lung."

"I am too weak to carry you, for I have lost blood, but I will stay with you," said the soldier.

"Who are you?—I seem to know you," said Gaston, faintly.

There was no answer. "Ah! I remember!" gasped the artist, as he gazed intently at the strangely shining eyes in the white face that was so close to his own, "You are the—the——"

"The *canaille* who repaid your goodness by stealing from you."

"Don't speak of that now——"

"But I was not so bad as I intended to be," continued the soldier, "and I have wished to live honestly since. The war came to my assistance. I have tried to keep near you all day, so that if you were wounded I might prove to you that I was not the ungrateful thief you must have thought me——"

Gaston could no longer see the eyes that were fixed upon him, but he felt tears drop upon his face.

"I have never thought ill of you," said the dying man, and he spoke truly, Then, raising his voice with sudden energy, he continued, "Take care of yourself now, my friend. No one can do me any good. Hasten away. Give me your hand. Adieu!"

"No," replied the other, in a low firm voice, "I will not leave you."

Long after nightfall the Prussian batteries on the hills continued their fire upon the retreating army, and the guns of Mont Valérien. which covered the retreat, thundered in reply. Then the cannonade ceased, and when the country no longer flashed with the savage glare of artillery, the peaceful glitter of the stars was the only light that fell upon the battle-field. The keen frost froze the blood that was lately warm—froze it, too, as it oozed from men still living; it hardened likewise the half-melted snow, but could not bleach it of its crimson stains. It mercifully came to the relief of those who were waiting for death, and changed their agony into calm.

When the morning broke again, the dead who were found upon the field were collected and buried. There were two soldiers lying among the leafless vines, each holding his dead comrade's hand. One had been shot through the body, and the other had been frozen to death. Those who found them respected their friendship in life, and, although they were buried in the same grave with many others on the crest of the hill, they were laid side by side. The trench was dug on the edge of a little wood, and a small monument now stands on this beautiful but mournful spot, to the memory of the slain. The linnet and the robin sing in the branches of the young firs, which cast upon the tomb year by year a deepening shadow; roses bloom in the little sheltered garden, until the first snow whitens it; and on every 19th of January fresh wreaths are brought and left upon the stone, which the grey-green lichen has brightened again with new colour.

EDWARD HARRISON BARKER.

# TRACES OF A VANISHED CIVILISATION IN DARKEST AFRICA.



THE HILL OF ZIMBABYE.

THE expedition of the Chartered Company of British South Africa to Mashonaland has revived an interest in the singular relics of an unknown civilisation, which are found scattered here and there in lands which have rarely been visited by white men.

Some of these were described and figured by Baines in his "Gold Regions of South Eastern Africa," published in 1877, having been discovered by Carl Mauch in 1871. Baines's description tallies so exactly with that of the most recent explorers that we will here give it in full :

"These ruins, known as those of Zimbaœ, Zimbabye, or Mazimbaœ, are situated in South latitude 20° 15′ 34″, longitude 31° 37′ 45″ East, and 4,200 feet above the level of the sea. The ruins are eleven miles from Pike's Kraal ; they are extensive, and one collection covers a considerable portion of a gentle rise, while another—apparently a fort—stands upon a bold granite hill. The walls are still thirty feet in height, and are built of *granite hewn into small blocks about the size of our bricks, and put together without mortar.* The most remarkable of these walls is situated on the very edge of a precipitous cliff, and is in perfect preservation to a height of thirty feet ; the walls are about ten feet thick at the base, and seven or eight at the top. In many places there remain beams of stone eight or ten feet in length, projecting from the walls, in which they must be inserted to a depth of several feet, for they can scarcely be stirred. At the most they are eight inches broad by three inches in thickness, and consist of a very compact stone with a metallic ring and greenish-black colour. On one stone, ellipsoid in section, and eight feet in length, ornaments are engraved, consisting of lozenge-shaped figures one within another separated by horizontal bands of diagonal lines. Under a great mass of rock Mauch found a broken vessel (shaped like a wooden Kaffir basin) of talcose gneiss, extremely soft, eighteen inches in depth, one and a half inches in thickness, and half an inch thick in the bottom. The dense bush, the gigantic nettle plants, the jealousy of the natives, and want of means prevented further investigation."

Mauch himself, however, in a letter dated September 1871, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. Gruetzner, gives fuller details. He says :

"The ruins may be divided into two parts : the one upon a granite rocky eminence of 400 feet in height, the other upon a somewhat elevated terrace. The two are separated by a gentle valley, their distance apart being about 300 yards. The rocky bluff consists of an elongated mass of granite, rounded in form, upon which stands a second block, and upon this again fragments smaller, but still many tons in weight, with fissures, chasms, and cavities. The western side of this mountain is covered from top to bottom by the ruins. As they are for the most part fallen in and covered with rubbish, it is at present impossible to determine the purpose the buildings were intended to serve : the most probable supposition is that it was a fortress impregnable in those times, and this the many passages—now, however, walled up—and the circular or zigzag plan of the walls would also indicate. All the walls, without exception, are built without mortar, of hewn granite, more or less about the size of our bricks. . . . Best preserved of all is the outer wall of an erection of rounded form, situated in the plain, and about 150 yards in diameter. It is at a distance of

about 600 yards from the mountain, and was probably connected with it by means of great outworks, as appears to be indicated by the mounds of rubbish remaining. This oval has had but one entrance, which is three feet in width and five feet high, and upon the northern side, that is, facing the mountain. It had, however, been at one time built up, although subsequently in part fallen in again. The cause of this was probably the brittleness of the wooden crossbeams, which had too great a weight to carry. Inside, everything excepting a tower nearly thirty feet in height, and in perfect preservation, is fallen to ruin, but this, at least, can be made out, that the narrow passages are disposed in the form of a labyrinth. This tower consists of similar blocks of hewn granite, and is cylindrical to a height of ten feet, then upwards to the top conical in form. At the foot its diameter is fifteen feet, at the top eight feet, and it shows no trace of any entrance.[1] It stands between the outer wall and another close to and parallel with it, the latter having had a narrow entrance. This entrance has, up to the height of a man, four double layers of quite black stone, alternating with double tiers of granite. The outer walls show an attempt at ornamenting the granite—it represents a double line of zigzags between horizontal bands. This ornament is twenty feet from the ground, and is employed upon a third part of the south wall on each side of the tower, and only on the outside."

Baines gives a sketch of this tower, which he says is called "The House of the Great Princess," or "Palace of the Queen," adding: "Formerly, at intervals of three or four years, the people assembled here for solemn feast and sacrifice. After the sacrifice the High Priest entered the Tower, sprinkled the place, and prayed that 'Mali,' or the Father, would remove all disease."

As, however, Mauch distinctly says he could see no entrance to the tower he describes at Zimbabye, and as the one figured by Baines appears to stand isolated and not enclosed with walls, it is possible that the latter traveller may refer to a similar tower elsewhere, for he says truly, speaking of Zimbabye: "I may mention that these are not the only collection of such ruins known to exist. My friend the Hon. G. C. Dawnay saw and sketched a mass of similar masonry about eighty miles N.N.W. of Tati, and others are reported in the Transvaal several miles east from Nylstrom."

A later traveller, Mr. A. A. Anderson, in his book entitled "Twenty-five Years in a Waggon," figures several similar ruins from different parts of a very wide district, but these are all square in outline, with outer walls. It may be as well to give his description of one of these in order to compare it with Mauch's account of Zimbabye:

"About a mile to the west of the Tati station, on the summit of a hill about 200 feet above the river, are some very interesting remains of an ancient fort built of hewn stone. The outer walls now standing are four feet in height, with two courses running the whole length, about half-way up, with five regular courses between, built in the herring-bone fashion, similar to those in old Roman walls now preserved in England. These stones are very thin, not much thicker than common tiles; the other courses have stones in regular layers—three inches deep and about a foot in length. This wall is two feet thick, and encloses a space of about half an acre. The floor originally was concrete; large portions still remain, and nearly in the centre are portions of small furnaces for melting metal. At the south-west corner of this enclosure are several rooms, with walls dividing them seven feet in height. In the eastern room the walls are twenty feet high, and it appears to have been a tower, leaving a space of some four feet between the outer and inner wall; and when in a perfect state it must have been a strong place of defence, standing, as it does, on the topmost ridge of the hill, overlooking the river and surrounding country. There is no evidence of any mortar being used. . . . It is a most interesting ruin, and well constructed, evidently the work of a white race. There are no Kaffir tribes in this part of Africa, or south, that have ever been known to build their kraals square, or with hewn stone. Other ancient and similar ruins are still preserved beyond these diggings higher up the river."[1]

These last are evidently those mentioned by Baines as seen by Mr. Dawnay.

The distance between Zimbabye and Tati is, speaking roughly, 400 miles, and it is about 150 from Zimbabye northwards to Manica, where similar ruins are reported, whilst old forts are found as far north as Tete, so that it may be said that traces of the unknown but certainly civilised builders of these remarkable ruins extend over a geographical area embracing at least six degrees of longitude, and even more of latitude.

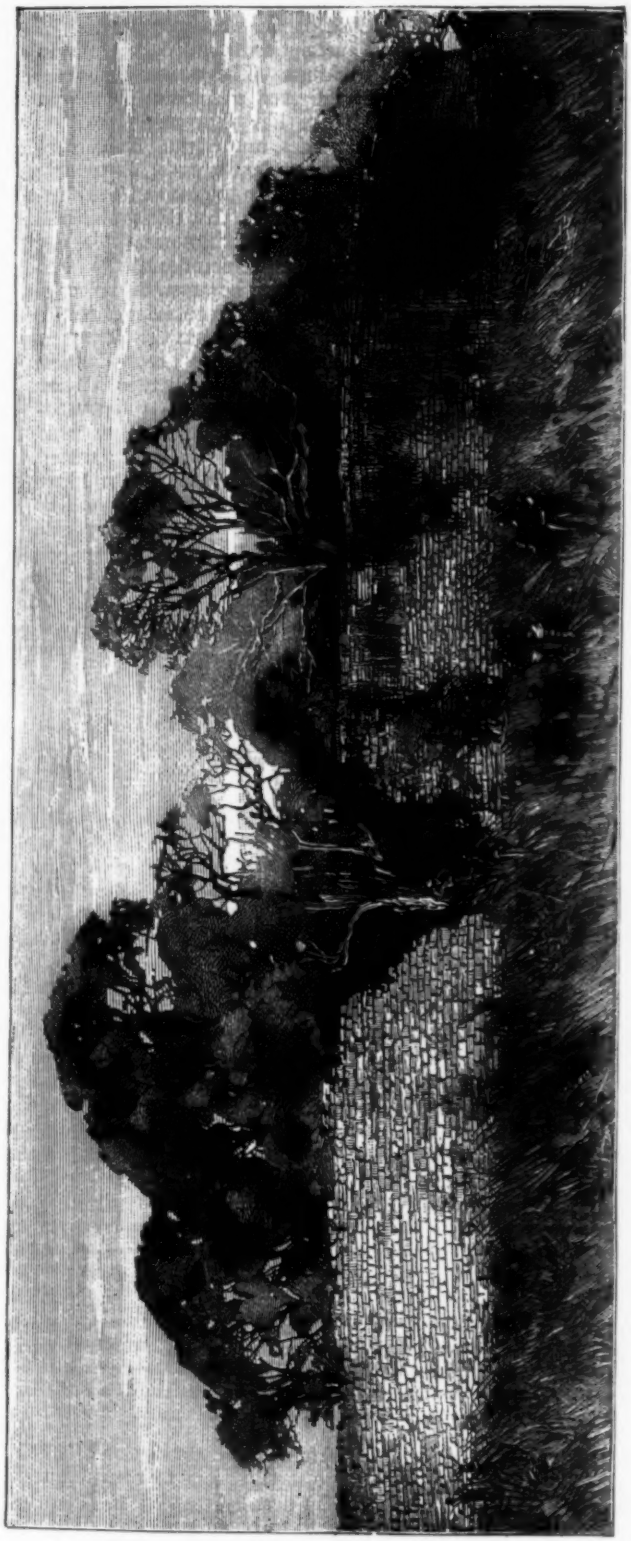
The homogeneity of these remains is attested not only by general form and similarity of material employed—always hewn granite blocks, rather larger than ordinary bricks, put together without mortar—but also by the mode of ornamentation, which at Tati, as at Zimbabye, consists of a zigzag pattern, formed of thin slabs of stone resembling tiles, let in between the courses of masonry. That the constructors of these buildings were not Portuguese is certain, as some of them are described by the early Portuguese writers as even then objects of wonder; thus De Barros describes the Zimbabye ruins as "admirably built inside and out of hard freestone. The blocks of which the walls consist are put together without mortar and are of extraordinary size," adding, "the natives say they are the work of the devil, because they are beyond the power of man to execute. When Captain Vic Pegado, with a view to comparison, pointed out the Portuguese masonry of the fort at Sofala, with its windows, vaults, etc., to some Moors who had been at the ruins, they observed that the latter structure was of such absolute perfection that nothing could be compared to it."[2]

Dos Santos, in his "History of Eastern Ethiopia" (published 1684), mentions Zimbabye more than once. He calls it the chief city and residence of the Quiteva, by which name he designated the Monarch of Sofala at the time of the Portuguese invasion, adding "the King has dominion over the whole of the country, as well as the river of Sofala, whence the inhabitants carry on uninterrupted commerce with those of Manica, who make return for the merchandise they take in gold dust." Dos Santos speaks of the rulers of Quiteva as Moors, by which he probably means Arabs, whilst their subjects are always called Caffres, and he relates that the latter, alarmed at the approach of the Portuguese under Baretto, forsook their towns and took shelter with their cattle and provisions in neighbouring forests, and he names especially Zimboé as thus evacuated, adding, "Baretto consequently entered it without resistance, and as he

[1] It seems not improbable that this tower may guard the well or water-tank of the fortress, and that a subterranean entrance may exist at some distance away.

[1] "Twenty-five Years in a Waggon," vol. ii. p. 127.

[2] See "The Land of Gold, Diamonds, and Ivory," by J. F. Ingram, F.R.G.S., p. 93, et seq.



ZIMBABYE RUINS.

had not a sufficient force to garrison, and indeed did not wish to preserve it, he gave it up to pillage, and after setting it on fire continued his march towards the kingdom of Manica."

It may, therefore, be assumed as an ascertained fact that these ruins are not of Portuguese origin, although it is probable that some of them may have been occupied by them during their early explorations, and to that temporary occupation may perhaps be referred those alterations in the original entrances and walls which have been noticed by travellers. One point in the description of De Barros has not yet been verified. He says: "Over the gate of the building is an inscription which neither the Moorish traders (that is, the Arab inhabitants of the coast) who were there, nor others learned in inscriptions, could read; nor does any one know in what character it was written."

This inscription, if it ever existed, could not be traced by Mauch, who says: "On a hasty visit to the very widely-spread parts of these ruins I was not able (by the removal of rubbish and fragments of stone) to light upon any inscriptions. I picked up no implements which would enable one to determine the age of the ruins; many, indeed all that could be laid hands upon, had been consumed by the present occupants of the country." But it would seem that there is a common tradition of the existence of inscriptions, for the Rev. A. Merensky, the missionary who was sent by the Missionary Society to explore part of this country, wrote in 1871:

"Natives warned our people that in the attempt to push on to the ruins we should all be murdered, because the Makwapa were in the habit of procuring different articles thence, and therefore kept them concealed from other tribes. We could not, however, ascertain what these articles were. A guide of the Banyai tribe told us much about this mysterious spot, and thus we gathered that the Banyai revere these ancient buildings; that no living creature may there be put to death, no tree destroyed, since everything is considered sacred. He also told us that a populous black tribe, acquainted with the use of firearms, had formerly dwelt there, but about fifty years before had gone northwards. We heard many details regarding the form and construction of these ancient piles and the inscriptions they bore, but I cannot answer for their truth."

Hitherto all attempts to unveil the mystery which enshrouds these remains of a vanished race have failed, no inscriptions have been met with, no distinctive weapons or ornaments, only fragments of rude pottery containing much mica, and stone basins with round stones much worn, such as are used by Kaffirs at the present day for crushing grain. Mr. A. A. Anderson, indeed, speaks of finding many copper beads in the sands of the river near one of the forts, but such beads are made and worn by the natives even now; he also

examined a grave, but found in it only a much decayed iron spear-head, and as almost all African races have been expert ironworkers from time immemorial that fact tells nothing. One thing alone is certain, that the builders of these fortresses, whoever they may have been, were actively engaged in gold digging, for in the neighbourhood of every one, old workings abound, and at the Tati, Mr. Dalton, a mining engineer, speaks of them as existing "literally in thousands," adding :

"They are said to be Portuguese, but I don't believe it. To give you an idea of their great age I may tell you that in the New Zealand shaft, the accumulations of time have filled it to within four feet of the surface, and yet the work was as good as any we can do with all our modern appliances. When we had stripped the reef of *débris* for twelve feet we came to flags of solid slate which we had some difficulty in removing. When we got them away there was a tremendous rush of foul air, which would have killed us had we not been so near the surface. The fresh air rushing in through the opening caused a big falling of rock into the hole below. After the commotion had subsided I went down forty feet with a rope, and then I rolled a boulder down to the bottom, which I judge was at least seventy feet farther."

Then he goes on to say :

"We never found any implements of iron in any of the old workings. The only thing we came across was an old assegai with a very thin blade, and barbed along its whole length, and I don't think there is anything like it between this and the Zambesi."

But this assegai also would, according to the description, appear to be the counterpart of one brought from Mashonaland, and exhibited at a late meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, at which the Zimbabye ruins were described and illustrated by limelight views.

It is satisfactory to know that the Royal Geographical Society and the British Association have agreed to send a skilled archæologist, in the person of Mr. Theodore Bent, to make a scientific examination of these remarkable ruins. Mr. Bent's report will be awaited with much interest, but his task will not be light, for he will have to encounter almost all the difficulties which have attended the explorations of Mauch, Baines, Anderson, and other travellers, and may possibly find even the powerful protection of the Chartered Company insufficient against the superstition of the natives, who will be outraged by an attempt to dig into their sacred enclosures. Lo Bengula, moreover, is so jealous of the search for gold, that Mr. Dalton, already quoted, relates that, having obtained permission to hunt elephants, for which purpose the king sent with him fifty of his own men, if he even attempted to take a little sand to rub his hands with, these men made him put it down again, for fear he should be looking for gold in it.

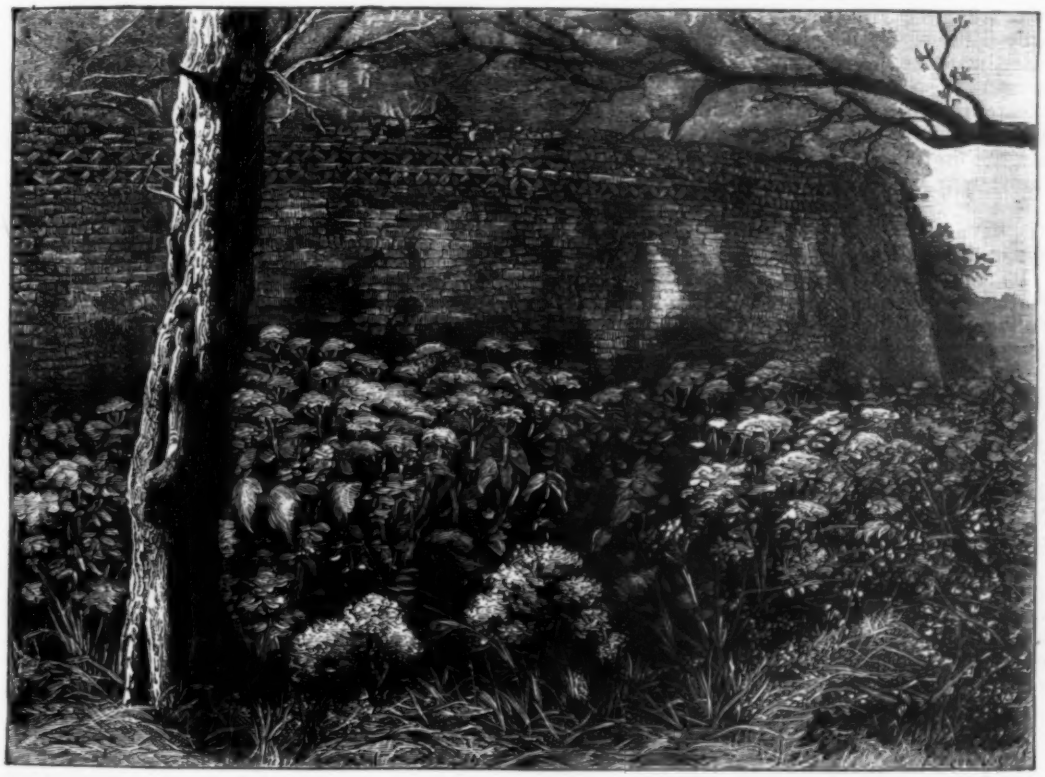
It is, however, possible that, should Mr. Bent be baulked in his attempt to explore the ruins of Zimbabye, he may yet find something to elucidate their origin by turning his attention to old gold workings in the Transvaal. About a year ago there appeared in several of the Cape papers what purported to be a *fac simile* of an inscription found on a stone in one of these old workings. The matter has never been thoroughly investigated, and it may have been simply a practical joke like that perpetrated on the Society of Antiquaries, and engraved and published in vol. ix. of the "Gentleman's Magazine"; but, if genuine, it would go far to bear out the long-cherished belief of antiquaries, that this is the land of Ophir, from which the gold for Solomon's Temple was procured, as the letters were undoubtedly Phœnician in character. Leaving, however, this inscription as too doubtful to be relied upon, it is yet certain that the old workings to be found in the Transvaal are worthy of scientific investigation ; some, indeed, may be Portuguese, but there are others which can only be referred to the same people who opened those at Tati and Zimbabye, and for the protection of which the forts now in ruins were constructed. The original prospectus of that now discredited mining company the Lisbon-Berlin contained an illustration of old workings on the property, with



CONICAL TOWER WITHIN THE RUINS.

an adjoining wall, which, in its construction of small blocks of hewn stone, would seem to resemble the Zimbabye ruins, whilst near by, we were told, was to be seen what appeared to be an ancient graveyard containing many pointed stones, upon which no inscription was visible.

Neither are these the only traces of a long vanished race to be found in South Central Africa, for Mr. A. A. Anderson reports the discovery in the Marico district of circular stone kraals, built, apparently like the ruins, of small hewn stones put together without mortar, with circular overlapping stone roofs closed by a single slab. The walls of these beehive huts are represented as nearly two feet thick, having also a stone door with lintels, sills, and door plates. Between each hut there is a straight stone wall five feet high, with doorways and lintels communicating with each square enclosure.



PART OF WALL, ZIMBABVE RUINS.

"They were," he says, "I believe, erected by the same people who worked the gold mines the remains of which we frequently find in the Transvaal and the Matabili, and beyond where so many of their forts still remain. In the Marico district there are two extensive remains of these stone towns, which must, from their extent, have occupied many years to complete. The outer wall that encloses the whole is six feet thick, and at the present time five feet high. Many large trees are growing out and through the roof of many of them . . . and they are so hidden by bush they are not seen until you are close upon them. Broken pieces of pottery are the only things I have discovered. The present natives know nothing of them, they are shrouded in mystery."[1]

And here it must be observed that the Kaffir tribes at present inhabiting this part of South Central Africa do not construct, and never have constructed, stone huts, and although they may sometimes pile stones together to form an enclosure, they certainly have never been known to hew stones and build them up systematically; therefore these forts and walls, these huts and enclosures of hewn stone, scattered here and there over an immense district, and everywhere thickly overgrown with large trees and bushes, were certainly not the work of any known Kaffir race; but whether their constructors were white or black has still to be determined.

Mr. Bent has expressed the opinion that they were the work of a Persian colony during the reign of Chosroes II. in the latter part of the sixth or beginning of the seventh century. Chosroes certainly made many conquests, notably in Egypt and Asia Minor, and is said to have been traced at Zanzibar, so that it is of course possible that he may have extended his conquests still further; but, if so, the Persian archives should yield some notice of it, and of the sums of gold, which must have been immense, obtained therefrom; for this was no hastily arranged and quickly terminated expedition—the ruins show a permanent occupation of the country in considerable force. The labour required to hew all these granite stones into brick-shaped blocks of uniform size, and to carefully build them into forts, houses, and defending walls and towers, must have been great, and must have occupied many years, whilst the ornamentation proves that strength and defence were not the only objects aimed at. The style of architecture is naturally the first thing to be studied in assigning a

[1] "Twenty-five Years in a Waggon," vol. i. p. 38.

race and a date to monuments like these, and certainly the small size of the stones used hardly suggests Phœnician work, but would seem more in accordance with the Persian theory of Mr. Bent; but there are other things than architecture deserving of study as ethnological data, for it is impossible that a race so civilised could have passed quite away without leaving something besides these silent ruins to attest their occupation.

The Kaffirs ascribe these ruins to a black or dark race, but European travellers almost invariably look upon them as the work of white people, and there are certainly tribes of very light colour to be met with in the interior, who may be offshoots of this ancient race. Graves, of course, yield valuable indications, whilst the weapons, implements, language, manners, and customs of the present inhabitants may also give a clue. The Mashonas appear to excel the other Kaffir tribes in mechanical skill; they are excellent metal workers and agriculturists, and are the only tribe south of the Zambesi who cultivate cotton and manufacture blankets from it, a fact noticed by Dos Santos, which knowledge may have descended from their civilised predecessors in the land.

It is quite evident, from the accounts of the Portuguese historians, that at the time of the Portuguese discovery these ancient cities were occupied by a dominant race called Moors and by their Caffre subjects, but it does not follow that the Moors (?) were the builders of them; on the contrary, it would seem that they were unaware of their impregnable character, and preferred trusting for defence to the neighbouring forests. Dos Santos does not say anything as to the colour of his Moors, but he hints at Chinese resemblances as regards manners and customs.

Enough has, however, been said to show the great interest attaching to these extensive ruins in the interior of savage Africa, and their exploration will be eagerly watched as likely to throw a flood of light on the ancient history of more than one continent.

A. W. BUCKLAND.

We are indebted for our illustrations to photographs taken by Mr. W. Ellerton Fry, late Lieutenant in the Pioneer Corps of the British South Africa Company. We append the following note from him as the testimony of a recent observer:

On August 15, accompanied by other officers, I obtained permission to visit the ruins of Zimbabye, about fourteen miles to the south east of Fort Victoria. Upon nearing the hill we were observed by some Mashonas. They, never having seen horses before, bolted up the hill and made signs to us to remain below. We shouted to them, and made signs for them to come down and talk with us, which after a little delay they did; upon asking them to show us the ruins they refused, and placed every obstacle in our way of seeing them; but eventually, seeing we were determined, they consented, upon the conditions that we were led to them blindfolded; but after further parley, and a present of a blanket to the chief, they showed us round the ruins, but not before they had concealed all their women.

The inhabitants live on the summit of a hill between three and four hundred feet high. The whole of this hill appears to have been surrounded by a series of walls which had evidently been built for defensive purposes. One of the ravines leading to the hill is entirely built across by a wall about fifty feet in height. This hill occupies a position commanding the whole of the country, and I should imagine had been used as a fortification.

On the plain below were found numerous ruins which appeared to be ruins of dwellings; the land also appeared as though it had been at some time under cultivation. Some little distance from the hill we came across a strange circular building situated on an elevated plateau; a massive structure, enclosing an area about 240 yards in circumference. The thickness of the walls at the base is about 15 ft., tapering to about 7 or 8 ft. at the top, and about 30 ft. high. For some distance on the eastern side the wall is ornamented by a double zigzag frieze or scroll, formed by the granite blocks of which the wall is built being placed in a diagonal position. Inside of this main wall is a second wall, about 8 ft. distant from the first, and then again a third wall about 20 ft. high, distant 8 ft. from the second. The effect of these high walls, with varying narrow passages between them, is most strange, and seen in the dim light caused by the thick foliage is singular in the extreme.

The strangest feature inside the circular building is a conical tower close to the eastern side, about 6 ft. from the main wall. This tower rises a little above the outside wall, at the base is about 15 ft. in diameter, and is built, as are all the walls, of cut and dressed granite stones beautifully laid in even courses without mortar or cement.

All the measurements given are by estimation, as in the dense undergrowth it was impossible to get actual measurements.

Other ruins were fallen in with at the Lundi River and at the junction of the Lotsani and Crocodile Rivers. These, although much smaller than at Zimbabye, were evidently built by the same people, as a similar frieze ornamental work was found, and it would appear that these people had come from the East coast and worked their way southwards.

# THE INCOMPLETE ADVENTURER.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "THE NUGENTS OF CARRICONNA," ETC.



'THE INSTITUTION OF DINNER MUST BE ABOLISHED

## CHAPTER XV.—A RECEPTION IN THE CITY.

WHAT a wonderful place the City is! It covers about one square mile, and there is not such another area in Europe. The Lord Mayor wears real ostrich feathers in his hat. An officer of the Guards keeps watch every night in the Bank of England, over the chamber where the bullion is stored. Who thinks of the private existence of the Bank porters? Within a radius of five hundred yards from the Royal Exchange, there are more new hats to be seen every day of the year than in Piccadilly or Rotten Row. Who pauses to look up at the beautiful spires and towers of Wren's churches? At five or six o'clock on every evening of the year, some one leaves the City richer by hundreds or by thousands than he entered it in the morning; and fewer tragedies happen in a week at Monte Carlo than are begun or ended every day in the City. Who has fathomed the inner lives of "bulls" and "bears"? When the markets are very brisk all the City knows their ways. But they have their inner and domestic lives; and in their own homes many of them rear fowl, or are very fine performers on the flute. There are trees growing in the City, and flowers and ivy in its churchyards; its streets are better swept and cleansed than those in any other part of London; bags of gold are carried up and down them in four-wheeled cabs; and sermons are preached in the churches on week-days, which may be one reason why the just men there have at least an equal chance of success with the unjust.

The sun was shining pleasantly on the golden cross of St. Paul's, on gay Cheapside, and on all the throng that strained, and pushed, and edged along there, when Guy and the sociable curate threaded

their way down the same thoroughfare towards the office of the capitalist in Throgmorton Street.

Guy was very gallant in new clothes, a complete suit, for he had yielded to his mother's petition that he would "wear them all together." He would willingly have sent the tr-s-rs to the club in Paris. As for young Mr. Craig, though no tailor had embellished him, his face proclaimed that he was not as he had been. Sometimes he forgot to answer Guy, he laughed when he need not have done so, he stood still and stared at nothing, and in other ways behaved as a man who has "lost his locality," and whose mind has temporarily ceased to act with his body.

"Have you any idea," said Guy, attempting for the third or fourth time to recall him to a sense of the situation, "what it is that we are here for? Am not I also in love? I will never call you 'Tom' again, as you have begged me to do, until I see that you can love in a manner proper to your profession. You are in love as Sancho Panza or Phipson Rae might be. Twice in five minutes you have proposed to take a wrong turning. You are the most disordered man I have ever seen. I think we had better call a cab."

"No, no, don't call a cab, Guy. I'll go quite straight now. Besides, we are ever so much too soon, you know; you would start an hour earlier than we needed to."

"If I had given you another hour in the garden," said Guy, "I should hardly have got you to start at all."

Thus they fared till they came to Throgmorton Street, where seven young Jews, wearing new hats on the backs of their heads, saluted them politely, and said: "Keep straight on for the Tower, gentlemen."

"Thank you," responded Guy, raising his hat, "the Tower is not our destination."

Groups of men were standing about on the pavement, in the roadway, and at the entrance to the Stock Exchange. Although they were of all ages, ranging from spruce beardless youths to brisk and merry patriarchs with long white beards, they all wore new hats on the backs of their heads, and patent-leather boots, and most of them had very short jackets with flowers in their button-holes. They were all very cheerful and alert, and perpetually asking the prices of things. At brief intervals, one of them would detach himself from a group, set his hat more firmly on the back of his head, and rush up and down saying that something had fallen a sixteenth or risen an eighth. An announcement of this sort always caused some movement in the various groups.

"There's my cousin!" said Mr. Craig to Guy, nodding in the direction of a group which they were approaching. "Dick!" he cried, "Dick!"

"Hallo, Tom, there you are! Your friend Mr. Warwick, I suppose? Happy to meet you, Mr. Warwick. Ready for a snack, both of you? I was just thinking about a snack myself." This was spoken with a very slight Cockney accent, by a pleasant and rather self-satisfied-looking young man of about four or five and thirty. He was of middle height, tending to stoutness, and clean-shaven; and he wore a new hat on the back of his head, a very short jacket with a flower in the button-hole, and patent-leather boots.

"Well, Dick, you did say something about lunch in your letter, I believe," replied Mr. Craig.

"So did you in yours, my boy, and quite right too. It's about time we had it, if you ask *me*."

Guy was formally introduced to Mr. Dick Evins, who at once inquired loudly for the powder.

Hereupon Mr. Craig observed that several of the new hats nearest to them began to bob, and their owners to show other signs of interest.

"There might be a big thing in that," continued Evins in the same tone; "and," dropping his voice, "I don't mind telling you that they're beginning to talk about it in the City."

The curate, whose face expressed a certain incipient doubt, took a glance at his cousin, but the capitalist wore a serious and sober air.

Several new hats now drew near to them, others followed, and presently Guy and the curate and the capitalist were the centre of a semicircle of shining hats.

"I am very glad to hear you say that," observed Guy. "For my own part, I felt convinced from the first that the success of this affair was destined to be in the nature of a revolution."

"What price shares?" cried one of the hats.

"I'll take a hundred!" cried another.

"I'll take any quantity," cried a third.

"Good old Rohand!" exclaimed a fourth.

"Guy and glory!" shouted a fifth.

The curate began to be uneasy, and knowing his cousin's propensity to practical joking, he nudged him and whispered, "Dick, what's the meaning of this? You're not going to play the fool with us, are you?"

"Keep quiet, Tom! The boys don't mean any harm. I told some of them about your letter, that's all. It's only their little joke. They thought Warwick ought to have a shout."

Guy, who did not hear this, looked a little perplexed, but by no means displeased. He drew himself up, and glanced composedly and with some pride at the twinkling countenances around him: standing a full head higher than most of those in the crowd.

"Tell us something about it!" said somebody.

"Shall I address these gentlemen?" asked Guy of Evins. "They seem interested. They are financiers, and friends of yours, I suppose?"

"Dick!" whispered Mr. Craig, "he must not do it. It's anything but fair."

"Keep quiet, Tom!" repeated his cousin in the same tone. "I tell you it's a chance for him. He's got the whole Stock Exchange before him, my boy."

Guy and his two companions were standing on the pavement immediately beneath a short flight of steps. Prompted by the capitalist, Guy went up the steps backwards, and took his hat off. All the hats beneath him wagged in approval, and a buzz of applause went round the circle.

"Gentlemen," began Guy, "I thank you for these expressions of your interest in the immense, the gigantic enterprise which has brought me amongst you to-day. They are in the highest degree creditable to you as financiers and as men

looking for a solution of the great alimentary problem."

He flung this out with musical emphasis, and then stopped abruptly. With no diminution of physical courage, his mind refused to frame another sentence. He looked out before him, cool and commanding, and with ardent gravity of face, but absolutely speechless.

The financiers made good the pause with a variety of commendatory noises. The young ones clapped, whistled, and rattled their hands in their hats. The beards of the gay old men shook with delight, and some of them thrust their hands into their pockets and danced in their patent-leathers.

Then remembering something of the prospectus which Trona had written in the garden, Guy straightened himself again, and galloped into that.

"I need not tell you, gentlemen" (the moment he began to speak he forgot the text of the prospectus, and used it merely as a theme), "that surprising strides have been made within the last few years in the manufacture of many descriptions of condensed and simple foods. But the food of foods has yet to be placed upon the market. Gentlemen, this is an age when men, with serious work to do, have little time to devote to the gross purposes of feeding. What man here can afford to spend one third of his life in dining? Can you think without remorse of three and twenty years sacrificed to the pleasures of the table? Gentlemen, the institution of dinner must be abolished. No one under forty years of age should ever consent to dine. Swallow a mouthful, and have done with it. Carry your dinner in your waistcoat-pocket, and let a pinch suffice you. Is this possible? It is. What is the substance? I have it with me, here. What are its properties? It is food and medicine in one. Has it been proved? It has. Who has proved it? I have proved it myself. Its uses are practically limitless. It is as good in the hospital as in the kitchen. Children, and soldiers on the march, may live by it. It is a sirloin of beef in the compass of a lozenge, a pharmacopœia of the size of a threepenny-piece. I shall retain the manufacture in my own hands, gentlemen; and I shall ensure its distribution at a price which will create an almost universal demand. Being more portable than air, it will be invaluable to travellers, sailors, soldiers, explorers, and—and—"

"Missionaries!"

"And missionaries. No missionary will be without it. May I add, gentlemen, in addressing an audience of business men, that I shall insist upon the allowance of a liberal discount to the trade?"

"You can't better that," said Evins, under cover of a general shout of laughter. "I don't think I'd say any more, if I were you. You've made an impression, as you can see and hear." Guy put on his hat, and descended to the pavement.

"Dick," said the curate, very angrily, "what do you mean by this?"

"My boy, he's done no harm," said the capitalist, imperturbably. "It may be a tip-top thing, for all this. Things were very quiet to-day, and the boys wanted a little joke. We're going to have lunch. We'll knock the facts about then. I shouldn't wonder if there's a fortune in it!"

"I wish I could have let those gentlemen know," said Guy to the curate, as they accompanied Evins to the restaurant, "that my speech was entirely Trona's."

### CHAPTER XVI.—PROGRESS.

EVINS took them to a glittering subterranean establishment, where he had previously secured a table; and seating his friends, he tipped his hat over his eye, and in bold tones ordered an elaborate luncheon, item by item, from the bill of fare.

"I don't know what's the matter with you," said Guy in a loud undertone to the curate. "You look as if you didn't half believe in it. Where is the support you owe me? Didn't you see how I shook those gentlemen?"

Mr. Craig did not, in fact, wear a very confident or gratulatory air.

"My dear Guy," he whispered, "it was a wonderful effort of yours, but one never quite knows what to make of the City. What I say is,—don't give yourself away."

Evins had brought several of his friends with him, to whom he introduced Guy.

"We won't call it business, you know," he said, "but let's have a bit of a chat about it. Let's knock the facts about a little. If you've got a good thing, Mr. Warwick, the city's the place to bring it to."

"What do *you* think?" responded all the financiers at table.

There were an American railway contractor; a Scotch lawyer, whom Evins, in a whisper, described as always able to lay his hand on an accommodating friend; the cousin of a broker who got some pickings from the Rothschilds; and a Spanish noble with a cold in his head, who was raising money for a waterworks at Alicante. There was a faint reminiscence of Cork in the accent of the Spanish noble, but whenever he sneezed (which he did frequently), he uttered the three pious exclamations which are always on the lips of devout Spaniards with colds in their heads.

All these gentlemen were very serious and disinterested.

"You see, Mr. Warwick" said Evins, "the first thing a capitalist would want to know would be this, what has the powder done?"

Mr. Craig gave Guy an admonitory kick under the table, but he forgot that in his letter to his cousin he had dwelt confidingly upon the surprising cure of M. Rohand's granddaughter.

"I should have no difficulty in answering that," said Guy. "I will not speak of my own case (though that will be referred to in the prospectus); there is a much more remarkable one which will serve every purpose of illustration. I shall tell you of the case of M. Rohand's granddaughter."

The Spanish noble asked her age, and whether she were married.

"Pardon me, but that is not the immediate question," said Guy. "The principal thing is that the young lady is now able to walk as well as ever she did in her life."

"I don't doubt but this was a great cure, any way," observed the American railway contractor; "*but*, you'll *ex*-cuse me, sir, no Pahris lady knows how to walk worth anything. That's so, gentlemen."

"That," answered Guy politely, "is a question which I am perfectly prepared to discuss; but is this the moment?"

"I as-*sert*," said the American, with soft, nasal insistence, "that there isn't any lady can walk *per*-fectly, *un-less* she's got a *per*-fect foot. Now the French don't *have* perfect feet."

The Spanish noble acquiesced in this, and insisted that Spain and the South of Ireland produced the ideal foot. There must be Moorish blood, he said, with a far-off reminder of Cork in his accent, to produce the ideal foot.

"Gentlemen," said Guy, earnestly, "will you permit me to state the case of M. Rohand's granddaughter?"

"And where's the Scotch foot?" inquired the lawyer, opening his lips for the first time.

"Spreading," said the cousin of the Rothschild broker.

"The Amer'can foot"—began the railway contractor.

"Oh! I say now, we're not going to quarrel about it," said Evins, "but for a good all-round foot—"

"I venture to say," put in Mr. Craig, "that the perfect foot is the foot which is best proportioned to the rest of the frame."

"That's what I say!" chorussed all the financiers together.

"Look here, Mr. Warwick," said Evins gravely, "give me a quiet call at my office some morning. These things want a lot of talking over."

As Evins was settling the bill, Colonel Capperley entered the restaurant.

### CHAPTER XVII.—HOW THE COLONEL AND HIS FRIEND THOUGHT IT SHOULD BE DONE.

COLONEL CAPPERLEY was accompanied by a short gentleman who wore gold-rimmed glasses on a slightly Jewish nose, and whose crisp black whiskers embraced his cheeks closely.

The Colonel flourished his hand at Guy, with a friendly smile, and was passing on to another table; but Mr. Evins's party were dispersing, and Guy approached the philanthropic financier.

"You have not forgotten your engagement with me?" said Colonel Capperley. "The hour is three. Have you lunched, or will you do us the pleasure? Permit me: Mr. Abelson, Mr. Warwick."

"Pleasure, pleasure, I'm sure," murmured the gentleman with the gold glasses, as he bowed to Guy.

"Mr. Abelson will be with us," observed Colonel Capperley. "I have aroused his interest in your project, Mr. Warwick. A gentleman more familiar than yourself with the financial world would recognise the name of Abelson."

"I am certain," said Guy, "that Mr. Abelson will pardon my ignorance. I am indeed unfamiliar with the world of finance, but I have to-day had a touching proof of its eagerness in a great popular cause. Mr. Abelson, we shall, I trust, know more of each other."

"We're going to, we're going to," responded Mr. Abelson, who spoke a little thickly. "I want to hear about this. When Capperley, Colonel Capperley, mentions a thing to me, I want to hear more of it at once."

"But we are keeping you from your friends," said Colonel Capperley, observing that Evins and Mr. Craig were waiting in the doorway.

Guy turned to them.

"Don't lose the Colonel," said Evins. "Business first here. You know where to find me. I'll take Tom off; drop in for a *chasse* when you've finished with the Colonel. So long!"

"I think," said Guy, "that I ought to make some return to the members of the Stock Exchange."

"I'll tell them that," said Evins. "They'll like to hear it; they'd enjoy a quiet cup of tea with you."

"Sorry indeed that you have lunched already, Mr. Warwick," said Colonel Capperley, as Guy returned to the table. "But suppose we proceed with our subject. The analyst presented his report yesterday."

"I concluded that he had done so when I received your telegram," replied Guy.

"Yes, I read the report, and I communicated with you. I am not dissatisfied with the report. How I wish that reports were everything! The honest opinion of a competent analyst should enable us to get to work at once."

"Have you got the report with you?" asked Guy.

"I should have it," returned the Colonel, seeking in his breast pocket. "No, it is not there. Did I give it to you, Abelson? Then I must have left it at the office. No matter; the opinion of the analyst is not unfavourable."

"Then what do you propose to do?" inquired Guy.

"I have discussed the project with Mr. Abelson," answered the Colonel, "and we are of opinion that there is a chance."

"A chance?" queried Guy.

"In the great morass of speculation," said Colonel Capperley, "the most experienced adventurer has no more than a chance of reaching *terra firma*."

"It's float or sink, don't you *thee*?" said Mr. Abelson, who modified the language a little when his tone was warm.

"That may be," responded Guy; "but what are your proposals, gentlemen?"

"Are you prepared to manufacture the powder?" asked Colonel Capperley.

"I am here for no other purpose," answered Guy.

"To be sure," said Colonel Capperley, "to be sure! The letter which I had the pleasure to receive from you this morning put me in possession of much interesting information on the subject. A most touching recital, that respecting M. Rohand and his granddaughter. We should require to test

the substance somewhat more extensively, of course, and there would be many preliminary questions to settle concerning the mode and cost of manufacture, and so forth. But for the moment, and waiving these and other considerations, let us try to take a little peep into the future. We want," continued Colonel Capperley, his voice breaking a little as he said it, "we want to reach the people—the masses. Mr. Abelson thinks with me that the masses are in need of something. If, for example, we could send the labouring-man forth to his labour with all the sustenance he required for the day bestowed in his waistcoat pocket!"

"Which we could do, of course!" exclaimed Guy, rapping the table with nervous animation.

"Think we could, eh?" asked Mr. Abelson.

"I am perfectly persuaded of it," answered Guy, emphatically.

"In that case," continued Colonel Capperley, "it would of course be the very thing for the masses. There is the agricultural labourer, now. That is a man whom I should like to feed on a novel and inexpensive principle."

"And cure him," said Mr. Abelson.

"Yes," added Colonel Capperley, "and cure him. He is often, I believe, a great sufferer."

"He's an agricultural labourer," said Mr. Abelson excitedly, "so he mutht thuffer! Rheumatism, Capperley; ague, lumbago, gout—he hath them all!"

"And to think," exclaimed Colonel Capperley, "that in health he might dine upon, and in sickness might medicine himself with this simple preparation! It is a great thought. Mr. Warwick, what do you say?"

"It is precisely what I have had in mind from the first," answered Guy. "These are the feelings I tried to rouse in M. Rohand. But what is your scheme? How does it begin?"

"Something in the nature of a small syndicate, to start with, I think," replied Colonel Capperley slowly. "That is Mr. Abelson's fancy, too."

"Throw off in the country," said Mr. Abelson. "That's where your start should be made with this kind of thing. A caravan's my notion. Open shop in the market-place, with a big drum in front. I'd have a whole brass band, and a chap to draw teeth. Throw in painless dentistry with the powder."

"But—but who is going to do all this?" asked Guy, open-eyed.

"Why, I'd do it myself, if I were you," said Mr. Abelson. "You've just the figure for it: hair the right length, too. A fur coat and a diamond ring, and there you are! You'd take fifty pounds a day. Do you think you could draw teeth?"

Guy's expression, mingled of astonishment and rising indignation, was imperfectly translated by Mr. Abelson.

"Or you might go round as a Buddhist," he continued; his countenance bespeaking the best of faith. "The agricultural labourer—well, he likes a little bit of hocus-pocus. A Buddhist with a brass band would fetch the whole country."

"But this would be rank quackery!" cried Guy.

"Quackery!" returned Mr. Abelson. "Quackery, Mr. Warwick! The word hathn't a plath in the dicthionary of commerth."

But Colonel Capperley himself looked a trifle concerned.

"I think," he said gently, "I think I gather the drift—the inner meaning rather—of Mr. Abelson's suggestion. A Buddhist? A band? Even a brass band? H'm! No, perhaps not exactly. Yet I am not positive. The agricultural labourer is not quite on our plane, you see, Mr. Warwick. How to approach him? How to touch his imagination? Relatively, he is a child Really now, do you think that he has advanced far beyond the magic-lantern stage of intellectual development? I fear that the rural clergy are still plying him with the magic lantern. If with the magic lantern, why not also with the magic drug?"

"But this is *not* a magic drug!" retorted Guy.

"Certainly not," said Colonel Capperley mildly. "It is nothing of the kind. But for the good of the simple toiler in the fields we may throw a little mystery around it, as we persuade children that their medicine is orange-juice or honey."

"I cannot entertain this notion for a moment," persisted Guy. "I stand upon the merits of the powder."

"The merits are all right," said Mr. Abelson; "but you've got to preach them in. The big drum's the thing to preach them in with. The medicine-man is your notion in this line, and you can't take the country towns without a caravan and a band. You give a little performance for a local charity to begin with, and then you've taken the wind out of the sails of the show people (you'll have them against you everywhere), and you'll draw all the money in the town."

Guy rose from the table, blazing.

"I will have nothing to say to this!" cried he, with a sort of halloo of wrath.

Colonel Capperley extended a soothing hand. "As yet," said the Colonel, "we have barely broached the subject. I would have you think, Mr. Warwick, of the universal interest that would be aroused in it, when we had engaged the sympathies of the press. What newspaper press in the world is so ready as ours to accept an invitation to luncheon in the interests of the poor and struggling? I have always found the London press peculiarly susceptible to an appeal of this sort. We invite all the editors to lunch with us. We talk to them over a glass of champagne, and present them each with a packet of the powder. An expenditure of £60 on a cold collation throws Fleet Street into a St. Vitus's dance of philanthropic zeal. The press is with us. We form a private syndicate to put our affair upon the road, and in twelve months or so we are in a position to sell to a limited liability company, with a capital of half a million."

"That's the notion," said Mr. Abelson. "Yeth, that'th it!"

"I am utterly and entirely opposed to this whole scheme, and every detail of it!" exclaimed Guy, with great warmth. "Nothing would induce me to go to work in this fashion. I would rather abandon the enterprise at once and for ever, than consent to conduct it on this thimble-rig principle. Do you think, gentlemen, that I would allow the name of M. Rohand to be flaunted on the caravan of a cheap-jack, and that I myself would flourish a

pestle on a platform in market-places? I will not bamboozle the agricultural labourer, and I will not draw his teeth. I will be no party to drugging the press. Nothing can be more unfair than to invite some poor hungry editor as a gentleman to your table, to treat him with civility and kindness, and confuse him with unaccustomed wines, with the deliberate purpose of suborning his pen. Gentlemen, I beg to decline your proposals."

In another moment Guy had taken his hat, and vanished. Colonel Capperley and Mr. Abelson continued their luncheon.

Guy went at a vehement pace in the direction of Waterloo. He had forgotten or was careless of his second engagement with Evins; he did not give a thought to the curate. His chief desire was to get out of the city, against which he had conceived a sudden and violent animosity.

"I shall certainly not come here again," he said. "A low and unprincipled business, whichever way it is looked at. A pair of jack-puddings, if ever I heard of such! No more financial mountebanks. *Nom d'un chien!* Ah! my dear old Rohand, what an escape for us! Imagine! And in the name of guile, why a Buddhist? A little louder with the big drum, there; another blast on the trombone, please! Now walk up, my agricultural friend, walk up, walk up! I am the Wild Man of Poplar, recently come from Tibet expressly to cure you! I have a magic drug here, which grows only in the eighth region of the mountains of Barcelona, in Tibet, where no human foot has ever trod. What are you staring at? Have you never seen a Buddhist before? Open your mouth and let me see if you want any teeth drawn! This is Mendez Pinto Capperley, my assistant, from the principal Courts of Europe. Hand me those forceps, Mendez Pinto, and if he screams, wake up the band; this is painless dentistry.—O Cagliostro, if you were before me now, I would kick you into the Polar basin!"

At this moment, Guy himself narrowly escaped being kicked into the window of a music-shop on Ludgate Hill, by a horse which was being led plunging from the broken shafts of a hansom-cab. He backed into the doorway of the shop to save himself. While pausing there, he saw his mother and Grace hailing an omnibus on the other side of the road. Grace carried a small portmanteau, and kept watch over a shoe-black beside her, who had a larger one on his shoulder.

"Now where in the world are my mother and sister flying?" thought Guy, as he hurried across the road to join them.

"Oh, my dear boy," exclaimed Mrs. Warwick, "how very fortunate, your poor Uncle George, I fear, is dying. Not that that is fortunate, of course. He has always been the kindest brother to me, and I really never minded his being a little late with the dividends, though it was sometimes a little awkward at the moment. Grace, dear, you are letting every omnibus go by. You see, Guy dear, we were telegraphed for, soon after you had started, and I thought that if we took an omnibus, and went on the outside, as so many ladies do nowadays, we might possibly see you somewhere in the City on our way to Liverpool Street."

"But now that Guy has come, mamma, we might take a cab."

"Yes, dear, of course; and Guy, do ask the man to drive slowly through St. Paul's Churchyard. I suppose we ought to drive that way, though I do hope there may be nothing ominous in it. What I mean is, that we are so little prepared for the worst, and I thought that if the man were to drive slowly, and Grace were to keep a look-out for milliners' shops—"

Here Guy placed his mother gently in a four-wheeled cab; Grace and the portmanteaus followed, and Guy after them.

"What have you done with Mr. Craig, Guy?" inquired Grace.

"And, Guy dear, have you settled everything?" added his mother.

"Ask me nothing, my dear friends," said Guy. "Our future is an absolute blank."

"Stop the cab," said Mrs. Warwick. "There is the very shop where I bought my mourning for your dear father."

### CHAPTER XVIII.—INCOMPLETE.

MISS GAULT read the City article and passed on to the Fashions without getting much entertainment from either. Yet she had nothing but this newspaper to amuse her. Why nobody wrote to her or called upon her she could not imagine. By "nobody" she meant Guy, his sister, and his mother. She had neither seen nor heard of them for a week, and of course, therefore, knew nothing concerning the progress of the scheme.

Her private belief was that the scheme would not progress at all while it lacked her counsel and assistance. And to be obliged to sit there idle, solely because of her sex!

"Of course, we women will have our own Stock Exchange before very long," she reflected. "That *must* be the next 'opening' for us if you come to think of it; it's so impulsive, and trustful, and round-the-corner. You offer to sell something that you haven't got, and then you go and buy it at a bargain from somebody else without paying for it. I don't think real money comes into it at all; it seems just the thing for women without private means."

Then she fell to wondering what success Guy had had with the cousin of the curate. The curate himself engaged her thoughts for a moment, and she considered it singular that, as she was the only heiress in the neighbourhood, the curate had never proposed to marry her. Then she remembered that a mother of seven daughters had recently written to the editor of a daily paper to inquire why it was that "even curates had ceased to propose nowadays."

She returned to Guy. Guy had proposed, at all events. He had omitted the preliminaries, but he had certainly proposed. *Had* he proposed? Undoubtedly he had; but *had* he? There was no question that he sang divinely.

He ought to have repeated it in a letter. She

reflected, with a kind of surprise, that she had never seen his handwriting. She wondered whether he wrote carefully or anyhow.

How should she amass the fortune which she intended to make? She wished that she were president of a women's Stock Exchange. Properly exploited, there ought to be several fortunes in M. Rohand's powder. If her father had not quarrelled with it, she would have persuaded him to invite M. Rohand to stay with them. It would, of course, have been necessary to invite Guy to meet M. Rohand. She arranged an appropriate dinner for Guy and M. Rohand. She wondered whether M. Rohand had a dress suit. What a prince Guy would look in a dress suit! She wished that men of genius would consent not to have their clothes made on principles of their own. If M. Rohand stayed with them, would her father insist on asking Phipson to meet him? When did Phipson intend to marry? He had never mentioned any one to her, which could only mean that she herself was in Phipson's mind. Phipson, moreover, was in her father's mind, she had no doubt of that. She wondered why elopements had gone out of fashion, and what she should do if Guy, dressed in a long cloak and a feather in his hat, were to sing something romantic under her window one night, and whether the tricycle would carry two.

If Guy did not come in a long cloak one night, Phipson would certainly come one day in a more conventional guise; and, considering Phipson's skill in prescribing for her father, had she any respectable reason for rejecting him?

Ought you to allow your father the ancient privilege of barter, or tell him that marriage, like the poor law, is struggling towards a civilised and humane ideal?

She pictured herself in the act of receiving the formal addresses of Phipson. There would certainly be nothing to reproach Phipson with on the score of propriety. He would not omit the preliminaries. She had never set so little value on the preliminaries as she did at that moment.

Having reflected thus far, she admitted to herself that all her reflections were rubbish. What was worse (she admitted this also), they were quite insincere. She wanted news of Guy.

To obtain news of him she had written to Phipson. She could not quite write to Guy himself, and she had lacked the courage to write to his mother or his sister. It was improbable that Phipson could tell her much, but he might tell her something. Trona had therefore written him a pageful of questions about Guy without the slightest mention of Guy's name.

Phipson, who was the most sociable of men, had interpreted the letter as an invitation to dinner. It was in this way that he always interpreted an intimate question in a letter. As a careful man, who liked to have the best of an emergency, he packed a handbag, in case he should miss the last train to town.

"So there you are!" said Trona, who did not know whether she were moderately pleased or very angry. "Put your bag down. Why didn't you give it to somebody? You'd like some tea, wouldn't you? I expected a letter from you."

"'T would have been by telegraph then; for I didn't get your own till this morning. I would, to be sure."

"Does that mean tea?" said Trona. "I forgot I only wrote last night. Let me see, what did I write about?"

"It was about something, I know; you'd write about something, of course. Let me think now."

"I'm excessively cross, Phipson."

"Well, sure, I couldn't help it. I declare I hadn't a hand in it at all."

"In what? What are you talking about, Phip?"

"That's me, dear Trona! See how you soften me when you call me 'Phip!' What was I going to tell you?"

"If you have anything at all to tell me, tell it at once. What was it that you couldn't help? Have you done anything wicked about Mr. Warwick's scheme?"

"I knew nothing about it till I read it in the paper three days ago."

Trona began to be indignantly alarmed. "What in the world are you talking about?" she asked.

"I'm glad you've heard nothing," said Phipson. "'Twas a bit of a joke, no doubt, and nothing else. But I was afraid of it from the first, when he told me he meant to take it into the City himself. You see, he's just the best fellow that ever was, but this isn't his walk at all. They were bound to take a rise out of him."

"I haven't the very smallest idea what you are talking about," said Trona, with ever-increasing alarm. "Do you mean that those people in the City have been joking with Mr. Warwick?"

Phipson took a paper from his pocket and handed it to Trona, indicating a paragraph which he had marked in pencil. Trona skimmed it hurriedly, gave a vicious little glance at Phipson, and then read the paragraph again with unwilling and resentful deliberation. It was the first paragraph in the "gossip" column of a City journal, and it shaped thus:

"I am often asked by novices how I should go to work if I wanted to float a company. Well, you may do it in many ways. The great thing is to know how to take the City.

"If you don't know how to do that, you may tramp between Aldgate Pump and the Royal Exchange daily for a twelvemonth, and do no good to anybody except your shoemaker. A sadly humorous case in point was furnished only last week. An amiable young man, who had somehow provided himself with an introduction to an active member of the Stock Exchange, found his way into Throgmorton Street with a scheme to float a new thing in patent medicines, which he had picked up somewhere in Spain or South America. Now there's no doubt that patent medicines, nicely worked, may be turned into a very choice property just now. My own notion would be, a small syndicate to put a caravan on the road, with a North American Indian and a little native music to work the show; and the country towns would be at your mercy. But the amateur philanthropist who wanted to take Throgmorton Street by storm last week lost his locality, so to speak, and—well, that was a gay spectacle when he mounted the steps of —— and

Sons to harangue the Stock Exchange on the expediency of doing away with dinner."

Trona read no further. She tore the paper in half and thrust the pieces under her foot.

Phipson was not wanting in sympathy (what non-political Irishman is?), and for the first time in his life he regretted that he had interpreted an intimate question in a letter as an invitation to dinner. He did a very magnanimous thing. He forebore, on Trona's account, and on Guy's, to ask the hand of his cousin.

Trona was much too angry with the Stock Exchange to appreciate her cousin's forbearance, even if she had guessed it. She ground the paper under her foot and did nothing else. But she might at any moment have said something unkind to Phipson, had not somebody else come upon the scene.

Guy entered the garden, tranquil and self-contained; a little more quietly than usual, perhaps, but with unabated authority of air.

"Oh," exclaimed Trona, "I'm really very glad to see you. I was almost beginning to think that you were offended with us. I don't fancy papa has been at all so well since he left off the powder. Has anything happened since—since you were in the City?"

"A most unfortunate visit, that," said Guy.

"I wouldn't give a thought to it," observed Phipson.

"After all, you know, it was only their absurd fun," added Trona. "They never meant you to take it seriously. I daresay, if you had seen one of them afterwards in his office, he would have behaved very differently."

"I fear not," said Guy. "No, they were entirely serious. The Buddhist and the brass band were a most deliberate proposal. However, I'm not annoyed about that any longer. You see, I had had a much more gratifying experience just before. I have made up my mind to go down to those Stock Exchange men again. If you had heard how they cheered me!"

Trona, mystified into silence, stole an inquiring glance at Phipson. But Phipson's face was vacant; he also was mystified. The *flâneur* of the City journal had not followed Guy to the restaurant.

"I intend now," continued Guy, "to float my company myself."

"Then you have secured the money to buy the secret?" queried Trona.

"It has been secured for me," said Guy. "Whew!" cried he, borne out of himself for a moment by the intoxication of sudden and unexpected wealth. "Everything is changed. Everything is new. I have become my own uncle. I am what my uncle was ten days ago. He is dead, but I live, and all that was his is mine."

Then he quieted a little, and told them how his uncle had died and passed his thousands on to him.

"It is a desperately immoral business," said Guy, "for no man deserves to become rich in this way. On the other hand, it is a very immoral thing to save money by the hundred thousand. The greater your possessions, the more imperative your duty to spend. How do you know in what manner they will be spent when you are dead? My uncle, in his beneficent un-wisdom (for he knew me only as a failure), has bequeathed me a very large fortune. I shall do my best to rectify his mistakes, for I do not intend to leave a penny of it behind me. I have written to M. Rohand, who will be here, I hope, to-morrow."

"Let us have a prospectus ready for him," said Trona. "Let us make a new one at once."

"Are you sure that he'll come?" asked Phipson.

* * *

Mrs. Warwick put a letter into Guy's hand when he returned home, saying that, as she had noticed the Paris postmark, she had given out the sheets to be aired for M. Rohand's bed.

The letter was from Armand, and it began thus: "Alas, my friend, for the secret of the powder! The old Rohand died suddenly last night."

## INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT FROST OF 1890–91.

IN due time there will appear from meteorologists and men of science, formal reports about the extraordinary frost of 1890–91. Our present purpose is to note some miscellaneous incidents of this memorable season, viewed apart from the strictly scientific records.

Beginning with the serious question of the influence of the severe and long continued frost on human life, and on the bills of mortality, it is to be feared that the year's record of death-rates will be found abnormally high. The Registrar-General announced that in London the rate for several successive weeks was 29 per thousand, and in one week 29·2; the average weekly rate during a year being only about 21. In that worst week the deaths numbered 2513, or 465 more than the average. This excess was almost entirely due to increase in fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs, for the deaths from these causes alone were set down at 1018, or 412 more than the average of a week's mortality.

There was an excessively high death-rate not only in London, where the cold was made worse on some days by smoke-laden fog, but almost everywhere throughout the United Kingdom. The reports from most parts of the Continent showed similarly excessive rates of mortality, and everywhere the number of aged persons carried off was large. One obituary list in the *Times* contained upwards of twenty persons from 80 to 95 years of age. Without accurate statistical reports it is needless to dwell upon this topic, but the fact is clear that the death-rate due to the frost has been excessive.

As is always the case in the story of human life, there are incidents of an almost humorous nature even amidst the tragic and sad records of mortality. At the meeting of the Cemetery Company of one of the large provincial towns, the Secretary, without

any intention of levity or irreverence, was "able to congratulate the Board on the business rapidly increasing," to the obvious benefit of the shareholders! Those who have ever been present during a criminal trial involving the awful issues of life or death must have been struck by the almost irrepressible titter through the court, when any remark or incident occurs to give relief to the strained solemnity of the proceedings. It was an experience of the same kind in that Cemetery meeting, when the Secretary's congratulations caused momentary applause, followed by slight laughter, till cries of "Oh, oh," recalled the audience to propriety of manner. The statement, however, that the month of December was "the best month," and the January week when the Board met was "the best week the Company ever had," too sadly confirms the account of the fatal effects of the frost.

The mortality of the season extended to the lower animals as well as to man. In one of the snowstorms many thousands of sheep are said to have perished. This was in the northern regions of England, while the curious report was given from the south coasts, where even the sea was partially frozen, that thousands of star-fish, eels, crabs, and other kinds of marine animals were found dead on the icy shore. In the Jardin des Plantes almost all the deer tribe, buffaloes, and other herbivoræ perished. The poor Manatee or "Mermaid," which was a popular attraction at the Brighton Aquarium, died in the early part of the year from the cold and want of sufficient succulent vegetables.




A DROP OF LONDON WATER DRAWN FROM THE SERPENTINE.

*January* 1891.

There were also numerous individual cases, in various parts, of people frozen to death, or buried by snow, during the severe season.

As to amusements, the continuance of ice for

skaters, through nearly eight successive weeks, with little interruption by thaw, is a rare event in our English climate.

Our Canadian cousins are familiar with ice festivals and frost carnivals, but it is not a usual thing to have every pond and river and canal in our island frozen as deep as the lakes of Sweden or the canals of Holland. It was estimated that on one day, in the Metropolitan district alone, there were above 100,000 persons skating or sliding. At Oxford on the Monday before the breaking up of the frost, the 21st January, the river, opposite Christ Church Meadows, where the College barges are moored, was densely packed with people, skating, walking, riding bicycles and tricycles, and actually a coach and four was driven up and down for a long time. It was easy to skate down to Sandford, to which place it is common to row or paddle in ordinary years at the same date. What was done at Oxford is but given as a sample of such scenes all over England, festivities of every kind being held upon the solidly strong ice in the middle of January.

In London there were hundreds of thousands of healthy people who enjoyed the weather which was causing death and distress to those less favoured. To have got no hunting for nearly two months was a cruel disappointment to the rich, but then the same frost brought enforced idleness and sad poverty to vast multitudes of labourers, both in town and country.

The efforts to relieve this distress and lessen this suffering will be recorded among the brightest incidents of the frost. Every Society for aiding the poor has been quickened into busy activity in charity suited to the occasion, with the results that no appreciable intensity of suffering nor increase of rate-supported pauperism marks this season beyond many in times not remote. In some points the need has been demonstrated of forms of relief and help in addition to the routine arrangements of the Poor-Law.

In France, and other continental countries, the authorities are in advance of us in this care for destitute outcasts. In Paris shelters were open, and food supplied, and cheerful fires kept burning, most of them in the open streets. The French Government, and the Municipality of Paris, voted large sums for this good work of charity. At the height of the distress, the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies voted large sums, at first 80,000*l.*, and shortly afterwards 160,000*l.*, without dissentient voice. The usual formalities were dispensed with, and the vote was made one of urgency. Among other humane measures occurring to the Government, it was announced that prisoners in custody, undergoing light sentences, and about to be released, might remain in prison till the severity of the weather relaxed, and above 700 availed themselves of the privilege.

Some of the picturesque effects of the frost must not remain unnoticed. No one can conceive the beauty of the scenes on some of the upper reaches of the Thames, as near Kew and Isleworth, Chiswick and Richmond. All along the banks of the river huge masses of ice were heaped in irregular confusion. At every tide the broken ice was washed on to the banks, and left there by the ebbing waters. When fresh snow fell, and the sky was blue, as it often was during the frost, the effects were marvellous; and most lovely was the spectacle when the setting rays of the sun, often gorgeously coloured, lit up the frozen masses with variegated hues. How Turner would have revelled in the glow and play of colour, on land and sky, beside his favourite river! Vast flocks of birds frequented the banks at low water, and kittiwakes and other sea-fowl were flying over the stream. The miniature icebergs floating with the tide gleamed with iridescent colours in the sun-setting splendour.

The picturesque effects during the frost were enjoyed in many countries. The French feuilletonists were eloquent about the scenes on the Seine, and in the forests and streets, where hundreds of fires produced grand night effects. The Bois de Boulogne, and above all the Champ de Mars, where multitudes of the poor flocked to the shelters and fires, presented strangely picturesque sights. The poor creatures were starved and poorly clad, but order and cheerfulness prevailed, and the duty of the municipal police was confined to seeing fair play given to the weakest and poorest clad, to have their turn at the braziers and stoves, where the soup cauldrons were kept warm night and day. A correspondent of the *Daily News*, who spent a night in the Champ de Mars, said that this prompt relief of the poor was more honourable to the Government than all the triumphs of the Great Exhibition. The Eiffel Tower looked gigantic and stately amidst the snow, but there was a homelier delight in seeing the windows of the Palace of Fine Arts and other buildings flushed with the ruddy glow from the fires round which the outcasts of underground Paris were enjoying the comforts of warmth and food.

The immense area of the atmospheric season of chill was more notable in this, than in any previous frost in modern times. Snow fell and remained long in Algiers and Tunis as well as in Spain and Hungary. In Vienna there has been no winter so severe since that of 1829–30. The Campagna of Rome, and the hills in sight of the Capitol, were long covered with snow, and descriptions of winter scenes by Horace and other writers were literally true, however the climate may have changed since old classical times in Italy.

Many minor "miseries of human life" might be referred to, but our space is exhausted. In London there were acres of houses without any water but what was drawn from the tubes fixed in the roads connected with the deep mains. At Oxford it was common to turn the parlour or library into a temporary kitchen. Water was carted from the Seine to St. Cloud and Versailles, and sold there at half a franc a gallon. It was well when London mansions escaped with inconveniences, and with no other damage than that caused by the freezing of cisterns or bursting of pipes. A little prolongation of the frost, especially if accompanied by snow, might have resulted in famine, or at least in famine prices. Let us be thankful that the Gulf Stream still flows toward our shores, and that north-east winds are not unchangeable in their arctic rigour.

# THE FRIENDSHIPS OF LORD HOUGHTON.[1]

THE father of Richard Monckton Milnes, first Lord Houghton, was a wealthy Yorkshire landowner, whose ancestors had won their fortune in the cloth trade. When a young man, the greatest prizes of ambition appeared to be within his reach. His college career was a brilliant one; at the early age of twenty-two he took his seat in the House of Commons as one of the members for Pontefract, and, before he had been many months in Parliament, made a speech that electrified the House. A year later he was happily married, and at twenty-six the Prime Minister, Mr. Perceval, offered him the choice of a seat in the Cabinet, either as Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Secretary of War. "Mr. Milnes," his wife wrote, "immediately said, 'Oh, no; I will not accept either; with my temperament, I should be dead in a year.' I knelt and entreated that he should, and represented it might be an advantage to our little boy—please God he lived; but all was to no purpose, and he went up to London to decline the most flattering and distinguished compliment ever known to have been paid to so young a man." Henceforth, though his interest in public affairs never abated, he devoted himself chiefly to the duties of a country gentleman. One of the most handsome men of his time, he was also one of the most accomplished, but "his career left the promise of his youth wholly unfulfilled."

Like his father, Richard Monckton Milnes failed to reap the fruit that might have been expected from his brilliant powers. With great gifts of fortune and intellect, with no slight share of genius, and, unlike the elder Milnes, with ample ambition, he never attained the position he coveted in political life, and, good though his place may be in literature, no one nowadays would rank him with the great authors of the century. His knowledge was immense, he studied affairs and he studied books. Continental politics were as familiar to him as those of his own country; he was in constant intercourse with statesmen and diplomatists, and with men of the highest literary eminence; he travelled widely, and knew every one worth knowing; he was blessed with a ready pen and an eloquent tongue, and became, too, by no mean arts, one of the best known men in England; and yet those who knew him best felt that there was, so far as the chief objects of worldly ambition are concerned, the stamp of failure upon Milnes. "I often wonder what will be your future destiny, and I think you are near something very glorious, but you will never reach it," wrote a college friend in 1830, and the prophecy proved true.

It would be unjust, however, to write of Milnes as a disappointed man, who, if he did not realise his ambition, had failed also in life. His love of society, and the curiosity that prompted him to see everything and to know everybody, did not make his heart less susceptible to the claims of friendship and humanity. He occasionally made enemies, but he never lost friends, and in spite of some irritating eccentricities, many of the best and most illustrious men of the day were glad to claim fellowship with him. And as Mr. Aubrey de Vere points out in a beautiful reminiscence of his "early and faithful friend," Richard Milnes was never known to desert a man in adversity. "His affections," he writes, "were much stronger than they were supposed to be, especially those connected with domestic ties, or with early recollections; he never forgot an old friend, and was always anxious to be of practical help to those who stood in need of aid, or who were unjustly assailed." And this judgment may be backed by that of the late W. E. Forster, one of the most estimable of modern statesmen, who said one day at his club, when Milnes had just left it, "I have many friends who would be kind to me in distress, but only one who would be equally kind to me in disgrace, and he has just left the room."

It is noteworthy that among all the severe things written of his friends by Carlyle, he has not, as his biographer points out, a word to say of Milnes that is not appreciative in its character. "Almost alone among the men of his generation, he seems to have inspired the great writer with a feeling of unmixed regard and friendship, and, accordingly, almost alone amongst them, he escapes that scathing satire which was at times poured forth so freely by Carlyle upon his contemporaries."

"He always puts you in a good humour," said Lord Tennyson to the biographer, and to him also the Laureate related how their friendship began. It was on the day on which he entered Trinity College as an undergraduate. "He saw a young man whose face struck him so much that he said to himself, 'That is a man I should like to know; he looks the best-tempered fellow I ever saw.' It was Milnes. They spoke to each other, and from that time forward they were friends."

Mr. Reid states that, in later years, a friend who chanced to sit beside Houghton in a company of which Tennyson was a member, heard the former say, pointing to the Poet Laureate, "A great deal of what he has done will live;" and then he added, half, as it were, to himself, "and some things that I have done should live too." There seemed, indeed, to be a pathetic yearning in Lord Houghton to leave a mark behind him in poetry, and here may be the place to relate an interesting anecdote with reference to the most popular of his songs. The incident occurred while on a visit to Ireland in 1836.

"It was years afterwards," his biographer states,

[1] This paper is due to the publication of the Life, Letters and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, first Lord Houghton, by T. Wemyss Reid. 2 vols. Cassell and Co.

"that he told the present writer an interesting story in connection with this visit. He was driving, he said, to the house of his friends the O'Briens in one of the national cars, and as the horse's feet beat upon the road, they seemed to hammer out in his own head certain rhythmical ideas which quickly formed themselves into rhyme. By the time he had reached Cratloe the little poem was complete, and immediately on entering his own room he sat down and committed it to paper. It was the well-known song beginning, 'I wandered by the brookside,' and having the refrain,

> But the beating of my own heart
> Was all the sound I heard.

When he came down to dinner, he brought the verses with him, and showed them to his friends. They were unanimous in declaring them to be wholly unworthy of his powers and the reputation he already enjoyed, and they urged upon him the wisdom of committing them at once to the flames. As it happens, the little verses which thus met with so cold a reception when they were first launched upon the world, were destined to obtain perhaps a wider fame and popularity than anything else which fell from his pen." Mr. Reid adds that, a year after the song was published, a friend of Milnes', sailing down a river in the Southern States of North America, heard the slaves, as they hoed in the plantations, keeping time by singing a parody of the lines then universally familiar.

If the ruling ambition of Milnes from early youth to old age was the wish to gain a name in poetry, there was no jealousy in the feeling with which he witnessed the celebrity of greater poets than himself. While still young, he gloried in the splendid achievements of Lord Tennyson, just as in later life he witnessed with pleasure the success of others.

His friendships were never limited either by political or social considerations, and it is said that no object was dearer to him than the sharing of the blessings which he himself relished so keenly, with those who were less happily placed. "'Other people,' he once said to a neighbour at Fryston, 'like to give their friends bread; I like to give them cake.' And the whimsical saying was absolutely true!"

With the exception of Byron, Keats, and Shelley, who died in his boyhood, and of Scott, who died when Milnes was a very young man, he seems to have known all the poets of the century. For Wordsworth, the greatest of them all, he evinced his enthusiasm as an undergraduate at Cambridge, and the last speech he uttered, a month before his death, which the present writer had the pleasure of hearing, was in praise of the poet whom he had learned to love more than fifty years before. There is one story only of Wordsworth in "Lord Houghton's Life" that is worth recording. At seventy-five the venerable poet was invited to a masked ball at Buckingham Palace. Milnes expressed his intention of going to it in the character of Chaucer, on hearing which Wordsworth exclaimed, "If Monckton Milnes goes as Chaucer, the father of English poetry, all that is left for me is to go as Monckton Milnes."

Among the elder poets with whom Milnes was acquainted was Thomas Campbell, and it is interesting to read of the singer who had won much of his fame in the first year of the century, receiving from Milnes an introduction to Tennyson more than thirty years later. Another of his friends among poets who gained their reputation in his boyhood, or before he was born, was Savage Landor, who nursed him once in an illness with almost passionate tenderness, and talked of him one day at Rogers's breakfast-table, as the greatest poet then living in England. To Rogers, by the way, the biographer of Lord Houghton is not just. To say that he lived a life of self-indulgence is not to represent him fairly, for, in spite of much cynicism, his active and unostentatious benevolence is as remarkable, perhaps, as that exercised by Lord Houghton himself.

At the beginning of his London life, Milnes was a frequent guest at Rogers's famous breakfasts in St. James's Place, and there, in 1838, he met Macaulay, who had lately returned from India. Carlyle was also present, and the talk of two such men was anticipated with interest. But Macaulay, his mind overflowing with the stores of knowledge which had been accumulating during his sojourn in India, seized the first opening that presented itself, and having once obtained the ear of the company, never allowed it to escape, even for a moment, until the party was at an end. Greatly dissatisfied at the issue of a morning from which he had expected so much, Milnes followed Carlyle into the street. "I am so sorry," he said to the philosopher, "that Macaulay would talk so much, and prevent our hearing a single word from you." "What!" he said, with the accent of Annandale, "was that the Right Honourable Tom? I had no idea that it was the Right Honourable Tom. Ah, well! I understand the Right Honourable Tom now." The influence of Carlyle's genius was strongly felt by Milnes, who wrote that his works made on him "the impression of the sound of a single ratchet in the aboriginal forests of North America." He undertook the task of making Carlyle feel at home in the great world, and he was also his frequent companion in riding about London and its suburbs.

At Cambridge, Milnes had been a favourite pupil of Connop Thirlwall, the historian, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, and throughout life the two were fast friends. The sincerity also of the future Laureate's friendship may be seen from some delightful letters. Another close friend secured in the Cambridge days was Charles Buller, and "the two men were acknowledged as rival wits for many a year at the dinner-tables of the West-End." Those were days in which Sydney Smith poured out his fund of humour. He, too, was on the friendliest terms with Milnes, but he was an old man at this period, and, therefore, felt more at home at the breakfasts given by Rogers, than at those which Milnes gave in his chambers in Pall Mall. Sydney Smith was alive to his friend's eccentricities, and told him of them very plainly in a letter which, years afterwards, Lord Houghton read to his biographer with the greatest good humour. "Don't you think," he said, when he had finished the perusal, "that that was an admirable letter for an old man to write to a young one who had just played the fool?"

Among the famous ladies whose friendship Milnes was fortunate enough to win, were the Miss Berrys whom Horace Walpole had known and loved more than half a century before. Eccentric people, brilliant wits, poets, men of letters, and foreigners as well as Englishmen of distinction, were all welcomed within Monckton Milnes' expansive circle, and when, after his marriage, he took possession of Fryston Hall, that house received distinguished guests from every quarter of the globe.

"Never," writes Mr. Reid, "was there a more delightful host than Milnes. Whether his guests were famous or obscure, whether they belonged to the great world, or had merely for the moment emerged from the masses, they could not be long in his company without feeling the charm of his manner, and being warmed and attracted by the tenderness of his heart. His fame as a talker was world-wide, and there is no need to say that the dinner-table at Fryston was the scene of a hundred happy encounters of wit, intelligence, and knowledge. But to hear Milnes at his best, it was necessary to meet him at the breakfast-table. Although he spoke so often of his own indolence, and in spite of the fact that he was undeniably averse to physical exertion, he was always a very early riser, and when Fryston was filled with guests, he was generally astir hours before any of them had appeared on the scene. Perhaps it was due in some measure to this fact, that, when the house-party met at breakfast, no matter how distinguished for intellectual superiority might be some of those composing it, Milnes invariably showed a brightness and activity of mind which no one else could match."

Like Dr. Johnson, he dearly loved the clash of intellect and wit, and like Johnson, too, he infinitely preferred the pleasures of the town to the quieter enjoyments of a country life. Intercourse with his kind was dearer to him than that fellowship with Nature which Wordsworth found so satisfying. It is a pleasant characteristic of Milnes that, when he could not see the faces of his associates, he liked to have their portraits around him. Among his friends, a friend of whom any man might be proud, was Miss Florence Nightingale. He knew her long before she was known and reverenced by the world, and her name frequently occurs in his biography. A beautiful letter from her pen, written ten years ago to congratulate Lord Houghton on the marriage of his son, contains a passage which we are tempted to quote.

"There is something very inspiring in the faithful love, the early and the late, when two always say 'we.' I remember when I was a girl, Madame Hoche in Paris, widow of General Hoche, after the first year of marriage (far away be the omen!) to her dying day always said '*nous*.' She never called him to her own child '*ton père*.' I think one has known such instances of two in one through a long life together, God in both and both in one; but then the wife must help the husband in work, not prevent him. May such a life be given to our young pair; may all the true blessings be theirs, and may it be theirs to be a blessing to many in these, the most stirring times of this or any day! And after these are over may it be given them 'world beyond world to visit and to bless' together. Can one wish them more?"

Mr. Reid writes more than once of Lord Houghton as a patron. It is a word that carries with it unpleasant associations. We think of Johnson waiting in Lord Chesterfield's ante-room, of Chatterton craving help from Horace Walpole, of Gay cosseted like a spoilt child by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and of Young craving patronage of the infamous Wharton. Poets too often disgraced themselves by truckling to patrons, and it cannot be said, generally, of the patronage given in former days to men of letters, that it blessed "him that gives and him that takes." There are exceptions to the rule, and nothing nobler can be told even of Edmund Burke than the way in which he befriended Crabbe, unless it be the account of the simple dignity with which the poet received that great man's favours. In generosity of spirit Lord Houghton may be said to have rivalled Burke. There is every indication that the help given by him to young poets and authors, was given for their sakes and not for his own aggrandisement. His sympathy with obscure men of genius was unobtrusive and persistent, and how patient he could be with their weaknesses may be seen in his gentle treatment of the young Scottish poet, David Gray. The poor fellow, whose eager life was soon to end, came to London to push his fortune, and wrote to Milnes, asking if he should bring a poem which he had promised to read.

"Looking two days before me," Gray writes, "I see starvation. Shall I send or bring it? I know that you do not want to be troubled with people of my sort coming about you; that is what makes me ask." Milnes responded instantly to Gray's appeal.

"He did not write," says Mr. Reid, "inviting him to send his manuscript to him—he did not even ask him to come to his house as a guest; but, within a couple of hours from the delivery of the touching note I have just printed, Milnes himself entered the humble lodging-house in the Borough, bearing with him a load of delicacies, such as he believed the writer of such a letter must absolutely need."

This was but the first of many acts of considerate kindness lavished by Milnes upon his fellow-poet—acts that demanded labour as well as money, and not a little patience also, for poor Gray, like Keats, combined with the excitability of genius the feverish irritation of a consumptive patient. Lord Houghton's aid was always given to rising men of genius in a wise way. What many of them chiefly needed was to be better known, and, as Lady Burton pithily expressed it, he "pulled them into notice." At the same time he "never encouraged a man who was seeking to abandon his own path in life in order to follow literature alone." Letters from aspirants of every class reached Fryston, and so many were the appeals for pecuniary help, that it is said he continued to the close of life to exercise a charity which was greatly in excess of his means. Mr. Reid, indeed, has amply proved the statement made by him at an early stage of the narrative, that Lord Houghton had "one of the kindest hearts that ever beat in human breast; a heart that, in the secrecy of its own chamber, knew no pleasure so great as that of alleviating the distress of others."

JOHN DENNIS.

# UNDER DISCUSSION



## LABOUR AND LEISURE.

"IS it not a curious thing," said Pleasance, "that so few people seem able to see the distinction that exists between different kinds of work?"

"Comparatively few people take trouble to think out distinctions or differences of any kind," I said. "But what or who has brought out their bewilderment on this particular subject?"

"The Vicar's sister, Miss Barwick," Pleasance answered. Pleasance had spent the previous evening with other friends; and she went on to tell me how the conversation there had turned on the subject of the recent strike and of the socialistic vision of a general working-day of eight hours. Miss Barwick, who was of the party, had silenced any discussion on the subject by asserting that it "must be all nonsense;" first of all, as it could not apply to domestic servants—and again, why should it apply to domestic servants, since it could not apply to their mistresses? Such propositions delivered in such sequence are a fair specimen of what puts an end to much of that interchange of ideas, which, if patiently and temperately carried out, might often unite two sides of a truth into one consistent and irresistible whole.

"Miss Barwick seemed quite unable to see," explained Pleasance, "that because the mistress of a house must be ready to hold herself at the service, in season and out of season, of those for whom her heart is responsible to God, it does not follow that she is entitled to make the same claim on her hired servant, simply as a servant. Nor yet could she see that, notwithstanding this difference, still the hired servant, merely as a woman—what Mr. Chadband might call "a human woman"—must recognise the claim of duties which could not fall on the factory hand or shop-girl as such. Miss Barwick waxed quite bitter, after the manner of some ladies, on the demand for "evenings out" and "holidays," saying that servants who insist on such things "nowadays," expect more freedom than mistresses can themselves enjoy, with any consideration for their husbands and children! She seemed quite to forget that servants require some respite from the work for which they are hired, precisely that they may have some opportunity for labours of love such as fill their mistresses' lives. Nor, on the other hand, did she seem to see that even if the labour of domestic servants was arranged to be done, as far as possible, within limits which should ensure leisure, they would not therefore be absolved from putting their shoulders to the household wheel as sister-women, fellow-Christians, and house-mates, in any domestic exigency which should arise."

"I think," she continued, rising and going to the bookcase, "that I can recall two pictures drawn by two poets which vividly set forth the widely different possibilities of these two conditions of life. The first is a grim etching from a London kitchen."

And turning over the leaves of a little book, Pleasance read—

"'I'm only a slave, sir, don't you mind,
Though I think I came of a decent race,
'Tis pleasant to hear you speak so kind
To a poor little girl with a dirty face.
The missus is lady-born, I hear,
And is proud of her dresses and tiny feet;
She gives me five pounds ten a year,
And when she is pleasant—her scraps of meat.

'I'm not so strong as I used to be
Though sixteen summers are all I've seen:
Four lodgers and one poor wench like me,
And missus—don't tell her—is awful mean.
If I was a lady I'd like to faint,
And lie on a couch or in easy chairs;
But I'm scrubbing for ever at filthy paint,
And dragging the scuttles up ninety stairs.

'It's quickly over, the time called night,
By six, I've got on my only gown,
By seven, I've three good fires alight,
The 'parlours' are early and off to town.
At eight, the drawing-room ladies ring
(I'd sooner wait on a score of men),
And when they are eating, I've time to sing
And a minute to rest at half past ten.'"

"Now, notice how the one softening of this bitter slavery enters along with a gleam of kindly human interest—

'There's a lady above—she's forced to teach—
Next door to the top floor back, who's wild,
And when he's tipsy, she hears him screech
And say what she never should hear, poor child.
I knew what she was from the scraps of lace
That peep from under her gown of gray:
For one of the smiles from that angel face
I'd run to her dozens of times a day.

'We haven't got winter the whole year round,
Sometimes in my kitchen I see the sun;
And it travels like gold on the dirty ground
Till it rests on the hearth where the beetles run.
I know that they think I can steal and pry;
I am waiting, so young, for a workhouse grave,
And I pray (but I haven't got time to cry),
For life is a lodging and I'm the slave.'"

"Well," I remarked, "so far from that being any exaggerated sketch, I can verify every detail, and add many more, from the life of a servant-of all-work in a London lodging-house, of which I once had some temporary experience. Her name was Sophy; she came from Lincolnshire," I went on dreamily, as memory gradually restored that dim episode of the past. "In height she was about four feet ten, with a plain, sensible, snub face. She had come up to town in the service of her mistress, the daughter of a professional man, but who had become an ill-used, unhappy wife, not without faults of her own, and finally driven to depend on her own resources. The girl had 'taken her side,' and stuck to her loyally. There were five flats in the house they occupied—kitchens, parlours, drawing-room floor, second floor, and attics. The mistress's own family consisted of an infirm and cantankerous mother, and a wilful, saucy little niece. She herself presently found an engrossing and lucrative employment, so the girl could get little or no help in the house. The 'family' lived in the front kitchen, where they also had a boarder, a young clerk, who slept in one of the attics. The 'parlours' were occupied by a young solicitor of early, exact, and exacting habits. In the drawing-rooms lodged a young barrister, son of a county family, and who always had a late dinner of three courses. Occasionally an aunt stayed with him, some apartment having to be promptly transformed into an impromptu spare room for her use. She had been engaged in philanthropic work in India, but she never had a smile on her face, rang her bell on every pretence, and, as Sophy said, 'was more trouble than all the rest put together.' In the second floor there was a struggling professional man and his wife, the latter very meddling and fussy. Their hours were rather uncertain, and they saw a great many visitors. One of the attics was occupied through the day by two young women, who assisted the mistress in her private occupation, and on these also Sophy gave attendance so far as they needed it. Her own bedroom was in 'the back-kitchen,' a tiny den just large enough to hold an iron bedstead and a chair, for Sophy washed herself in the sink, and 'did her hair' where she could. The place was so gloomy that it was the perpetual haunt of black-beetles, whom the light of fire and gas kept banished from the cheerier kitchen except at nightfall.

"Sophy did all the house-cleaning. She prepared, carried up, and cleared away all the meals—and there was always somebody's meal afoot! She lugged up all the coal-scuttles. She had a weekly 'washing,' generally without any assistance. She was seldom in bed before midnight; she always rose soon after five. She was let out every Sunday afternoon between early dinner and tea-time, and, if I remember rightly, she got a half-day 'off' once a month. I cannot recollect ever to have seen her sitting down or with a perfectly clean face, though she was never untidy. She often spoke in a sharp, peremptory manner, but I never heard her complain. She kept that place for three years, her wages rising in the last year to the rate of £12. She had 'begun' on £8. I think she was about twenty years of age. I was not so old or so experienced as I am now; therefore I made no attempts to discover Sophy's views on life in general. She was always honest and well-behaved, and I believe she could read. I never knew her to have any recreation. I was told once that on one Sunday afternoon she was caught in a shower, and that a young man brought her home under his umbrella! Her mistress said the work went on wheels all the next week. But nothing more came of it. Poor Sophy! I wonder where she is now. She must be quite a middle-aged woman—if she is not long ago worn out, and retired to rest in a chamber even narrower than the back kitchen!"

"Well," commented Pleasance, "I think your plain prose is more pathetic than my poetry. In many cases, of course, the mistress is not wholly or alone to blame. She is often the victim of circumstances beyond her own control—in the case of a lodging-house keeper, she perpetually feels the smart of the idleness, bad habits, and meanness of her lodgers. And any regulation which might put check on these would probably serve her quite as much as it would her servant. But now for the reverse of this dingy medal. I find it in 'Among the Hills,' a poem by the American Whittier. I will select only those verses necessary to set forth the vision of a life of strenuous labour glorified by

love and refinement. We are told how the travellers reach the 'white farm house' among 'the autumn-tinted maples':—

'On either side we saw the signs
Of fancy and of shrewdness,
Where taste had wound its arm of vines
Round Thrift's uncomely rudeness.

'The sun-browned farmer in his frock
Shook hands, and called to "Mary":
Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came,
White-aproned, from her dairy.

'Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness:
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness.

. . . . .

'An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance;
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance.

'Before this queenly womanhood
How dared our hostess utter
The paltry errand of her need,
To buy her fresh-churned butter?

'She led the way with housewife pride,
Her goodly store disclosing,
Full tenderly the golden balls
With practised hand disposing.

. . . . .

'Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

. . . .

'And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing,
Her garments, to the sick man's ears,
Have music in their trailing.

'And when in pleasant harvest moons
The youthful huskers gather,
Or sleigh drives on the mountain ways
Defy the wintry weather—

'In sugar camps, when South and warm
The winds of March are blowing,
And sweetly from its thawing veins
The maple's blood is flowing—

'In summer, where some lilied pond
Its virgin zone is bearing,
Or where the ruddy autumn fire
Lights up the apple-paring.

. . . . .

'Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it,
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it.

. . . . .

'And, musing on the tale I heard,
'Twere well, thought I, if often
To rugged farm-life came the gift
To harmonise and soften.

'If more and more we found the truth
Of fact and fancy plighted,
And culture's charm and labour's strength
In rural homes united.

'The simple life, the homely hearth,
With beauty's sphere surrounding,
And blessing toil where toil abounds
With graces more abounding.'"

"Ay," I said, "these two sketches clearly bring out what you mean—that there is a wide difference between such conditions, which difference sets the work which must be done merely to earn the means of existence, on quite another footing from those labours of love which can tolerate no limit but that of ability."

"Yes," answered Pleasance; "and further, that some conditions to regulate the former kind of work are the more necessary because the latter kind of labour always, more or less, underlies it. The sweater, the grinding taskmaster, the unfeeling Limited Liability Company, have their unfair advantage in that their victims are warm-blooded human beings with loving functions to fulfil. They can draw their chains tighter, and make their terms harder, because non-submission and non-compliance mean suffering and starvation to old fathers and mothers and helpless wives and children. I have sometimes thought that the great struggle in which the positions of capital and labour will be finally adjusted and settled can never be fairly entered into until working men are prepared to go into it, not only with studied fairness and patience on their own part, scrupulously avoiding the taking of undue advantage or any returning of evil for evil, but also in the spirit of those antique heroes whose patriotism spared

Nor limb, nor life, nor child, nor wife,
In the brave days of old.'

If a strike is really right and justifiable, then no suffering that results from it can condemn it. Is it not an established principle of moral philosophy that 'an action done from duty derives its moral worth, not from the purpose which is to be attained by it, but from the maxim by which it is determined'? And if women and children starve, and suffer even to death in the interests of right and justice, it will not be more than they now do at the behest, on the one hand, of greed and oppression, and on the other, of drunkenness and idleness. And to die in a good cause is, after all, about the best that life has got to give!"

Pleasance is rather an excitable and enthusiastic creature. She lifts me up into the tragedy and pathos of life, and my function is to restore her to the little levels of everyday trial and temptation!

"It ought not," said I, "to be difficult for anybody to see the difference between the simple womanly duties that may lightly rest on a maid-servant, whose substantial 'work' may have been

done in far less than the coveted 'eight hours,' and the grinding toil of that kind which lies so remote from human life that its commonest privileges can only be snatched by pecuniary sacrifice, like 'the walk which costs a meal,' of which Hood tells us in his 'Song of the Shirt.' There is so much work done in the world which need not be done, which indeed ought not to be done at all, yet which some people find themselves driven to do, because money is to be earned by it. And it is well indeed if any external help, be it of public opinion or legislative enactment, can save some part of such peoples' lives for proper human uses. I remember, when a girl, being vastly impressed by something I saw when I was being shown over a huge Highland distillery. We were led into a wide, low-pitched chamber, whose floor was covered with grain, which, in its process of fermentation, requires to be constantly turned over and kept in motion. An old man was at work doing this—doing it so diligently that he did not even pause during our visit. We were told that he had been occupied at this task for nearly fifty years, and for about twelve hours every working day. One could not help feeling that, if that man's life was to have any moral worth whatever, was to be aught but a mere mechanical curse to his kind, it must lie in some opportunity of his leisure hours, and wholly outside of his working day. A terrible doom!"

"And there are other occupations," said Pleasance, "which, though at least harmless, and even useful in their way, are so utterly unconnected with human nature and its development, that to be doomed to spend every waking hour in their exercise for the mere sake of animal existence is about the most damaging and dreadful form of slavery that could be invented. Such is the work of many tenders of machinery, of envelope-cutters, book-folders, matchbox-makers, and the like. But wherever human love and interest can enter into an employment itself, and not merely into the motive for doing it, then from the very nature of the case there need be no regulated remission of that labour, and indeed there can be none! It is this which underlies the old adage,

> 'Man's work is but from sun to sun,
> But woman's work is never done,'

an adage which was formulated in times when men were almost always the bread-winners, while women were given up to those duties, for which even sleep is readily forfeited, and for which leisure is joyfully waived—simply because leisure can have nothing better to offer! Perhaps this distinction between kinds of labour shows even more plainly, because it is more specialised, in the labours of genius, or of any strong innate talent or bias. For such there is no leisure. The eye of the painter, the observation and experience of the author, the heart of the philanthropist, can have no respite. They are for ever turning over, storing up, analysing or arranging. Years of unsparing training and ceaseless exercise culminate in some brilliant production or noble scheme, and the thoughtless public do not reflect what lies behind these, and will even grudgingly estimate how many pounds the artist can earn 'by a mere stroke of his brush,' or how much the author can make in a forenoon 'sitting leisurely at his comfortable desk.' The clerk, the shopman, and even the day-labourer may think half enviously of these things as they go home, their day's bread-winning done, to enjoy an evening's rest or social intercourse on which no thought of work need intrude. The artist, too, may have left his easel, and the writer his desk, but, like the famous ghost at the Scotch 'flitting,' the work of these departs with them! The unsolved problem of colour follows the painter into the bosom of his family; the incomplete train of thought will haunt the writer, the undeveloped destinies of the novelist's 'characters' may even withhold him from sleep, and keep him constantly at a nervous tension such as others do not feel save in the stress of two or three of life's great occasions. We know that the French writer, Honoré de Balzac, threw himself so intensely into his work, that his fictions were far more exciting and interesting to him than that social life which at best shows us little beyond its externals. 'Leave off talking of that nonsense,' said he to his sisters, 'and let us discuss my real people.'"

"One can imagine nothing more joyful than to find any life-work—any absolute daily duty—which is capable of absorbing us after this fashion," said I. "It seems to me about the best 'gift' that can be given to mortal. And yet I suppose it, too, has its tragic elements, in the public which 'cares for none of these things,' which throngs the levées of a little 'freak of nature' like Tom Thumb, while the masterpieces of the artist Haydon hang neglected; or in the careless criticism which praised the tender and sensitive sacred poet, James Montgomery, as 'vastly improved in style,' because it mistook for his the coarse word-painting of another! The records of genius are full of such mortifications. And a further tragic element of such work is its utter dependence on something entirely outside itself; on its tendency to incapacities with which none but the initiated can sympathise, because they do not appeal to the senses as do the maimed limbs or even the 'sick-headache' of other suspended labourers. Of course, I am not now speaking of any who will not make an effort to work unless they feel what they call the 'inspiration of genius.' Such, too often, do not know the meaning of inspiration or genius, nor that the best opportunity for these lies in the outlet given to them by patient application and endeavour. I am rather speaking of the sudden withdrawal of mental working power, sometimes without any known cause, sometimes under causes beyond means of removal. Every mental worker knows how his capacities are affected by mere 'atmosphere,' physical, moral, or spiritual. There are people whose very presence has a subtle power of checking any joyful mental movement. There are circumstances of mere petty worry and injustice which will cripple talents which have risen triumphant under the blows of sorrow and poverty. Such cessation of work is not rest but torture! Yet such sufferings and their almost impalpable causes often escape recognition, and can win neither

the sympathy nor help readily accorded to the injured workman or the sick clerk. Nay, often they must be concealed almost as if they were sinful, lest they earn those epithets of 'eccentricity' and 'peculiarity,' which the general world is so ready to hurl at those whose instincts are developed beyond its own. The French proverb has it, that 'in the country of blind men, a one-eyed man is a king.' But I think it holds equally true if we should say that, 'in the country of blind men, a one-eyed man is 'eccentric' !"

"I don't pity the mental workers—at least, not much," said Pleasance. "For I think it is their own fault that so many of them neglect what might be their greatest help—a fair share of manual labour. In the journals of Sir Walter Scott, it is remarkable how he dwells on the superior advantages which thoughtful women enjoy in the facility with which they can take up some merely mechanical handicraft, as an accompaniment to their mental operations. We have seen how subtle and active thinkers like Whately or Gladstone seek relief in the vigorous exercise of wood-chopping. And it has often seemed to me that those labours whose monotony, when perpetual, has a depressing and deadening effect on the unawakened average mind, might yet be used in moderation with the greatest benefit by those whose mental processes are only too active and eager! We have all heard how the restless nature of a great French authoress rejoiced in the soothing quiet of 'a long white seam.'"

"Yes," I responded, "and I have sometimes thought that the monotonous, coarse, or dirty tasks which the needs of society demand, might well be undertaken as duties by those above being degraded by them, rather than altogether relegated, as they now are, to those so ignorant and so low as not to realise the deprivations in which they live. For example, dirt does no harm to the man who hates it so much that he washes it off as soon as he can. It does immense harm to the other man who does not know what cleanliness is, and who never washes himself for fear he should take cold! Labour in heat and darkness does not in the deepest sense hurt him who appreciates sunshine and fresh air, longs for them while he lacks them, and returns to them as soon as he may. It does deadly damage to the man who knows nothing better, and who only leaves his mine or his foundry to take refuge in the varied gloom and brutality of some 'Coal Hole' public-house."

"Considering all the changes which have been wrought in social feeling during the last few years," said Pleasance, "I wonder whether we may not live to see the day when the charitable and refined will take their shift at the more noisome and dreary tasks of life, so as to release those who are generally held in their bondage? If such a thing could happen I think it would lead, not only to a good 'mutual understanding,' but doubtless to many ameliorations of the existing conditions of such tasks—ameliorations that may lie quite close at hand, and yet beyond the recognition of those who know of nothing better than things as they are. My grandmother used to say, 'Set a lady to do any work, and she will soon make it work for any lady.' It is possible that co-operation in some of their most trying labours might do more for the 'elevation' of the people than can any mere attempt to open up 'amusements' and 'recreations' for them. For amusements and recreation can be but the bye-play of any life, and if its main drama be deadening and degraded, that must degrade these along with it."

"Ah!" I remarked, "but there are some people whose lot it is to find weariest labour in those very occasions which make public holiday! Those kings and queens who have even the least desire to do their duty in that station of life into which it has pleased God to call them, do not have an idle life. But no one would pity them for the burden of State business or those great social functions which the sense of personal power and responsibility may well make magnificent and inspiring! What one is inclined to pity is that so much of their own well-earned leisure and of the time which their children and connections might devote to real work, is wasted in mere ceremonial, in bowings which an automaton might rival, in perfunctory surveys of public institutions, in hollow addresses and replies, and in all those conventional festivities which leave behind them such appropriate relics as silver trowels or golden hammers! One often wonders whether a little mercy might not be extended to them in these particulars. There might well be a Royal 'strike,' a princely movement to secure four months out of each year in which no such labours shall be asked nor expected! Like every movement which is good for anybody, I think that would be good for everybody. For it would check that snobbishness which thrusts aside local worth which it should be delighted to honour, in its servile determination to secure the presence of a 'personage.'"

"I don't suppose any walk in life can be free from its own grind and weariness," observed Pleasance. "Students cannot give themselves 'an eight hours' day,' and I have been told that in the management of their vast estates, many noblemen work as hard as busy solicitors. And rich men of every kind are always telling us that their wealth does not bring them peace and freedom from care, but rather a perpetual worry and unrest. Still we must remember that if these chose, they could free themselves from this thraldom by a careful simplification and diminution of their finances."

"At present," said I, after a pause, "it is mainly the hard and dirty work which is the worst paid, and therefore by which a man cannot live except by sacrificing his whole life to the mere means of existence. Is it not possible that a new order of things may come into play,—with rearrangements of payment and organisation by which such work will require to occupy but a small portion of any man's day? I fear we have all been but too thoughtless of the best interests of those who toil and moil among the foundations which uphold our boasted civilisation. Comparatively few of us have considered how much our comfort and daintiness involve others' sacrifice of these very things! It is so true—

'I cannot, sure, be warmed or lit
But men must crouch and toil in tortuous caves
Bowed on themselves, while day and night in waves
Of blackness wash away their sunless lives;
Or blasted and sore hit
Dark life to darker death the miner drives.'

But I wonder too whether the elevation,—the very redemption of labour, may not lie in this root of its perpetual sacrifice for others. Perhaps, while one half of society grows to see that grievous wrong is done where any man or body of men is kept in hard and heavy labour merely to secure the means of existence, the members of that suffering half may learn to regard even the lowest necessary work as apart from its mere wage-earning possibilities, and as their own honourable share in the service of the world. It has been pithily asked (many years ago), 'Is not vigilance as much the honourable duty of a railway servant as of a sentry?' Is not his post, of caring for the safety of his fellow-creatures, as good for the exercise of self-conquest and self-forgetfulness as that of any watchman on the castles of old? The dreadful accidents that must happen sometimes, and all the sorrow and misery they bring, should show us what the general dutifulness and efficiency of these people mean. . . Railway-guards and engine-drivers and such like, who are so careful and so patient with crowds of people going out for their business, health, or pleasure, may be doing God's work as well as missionaries and preachers."

"Ay," assented Pleasance, "and a growing realisation on all sides, that the true value and dignity of life lies not in what we gain and get done for us, but in what we give and do for others, would soon lead to a public opinion which would make easy that mutual concession and understanding which are now so sorely needed. Perhaps we may look to the poets of the future to join with that sweet singer who hopes his

'Simple lays
Of homely toil may serve to show
The orchard bloom and tasselled maize
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common things below.

'Haply from them, the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plough, may gain
A manlier spirit of content,
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes strong the working brain.

'The doom which to the guilty pair
Without the walls of Eden came,
Transforming sinless ease to care
And rugged toil, no more shall bear
The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame.

'A blessing now—a curse no more;
Since He whose name we breathe with awe
The coarse mechanic vesture wore—
A poor man, toiling with the poor,
In labour, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.'"

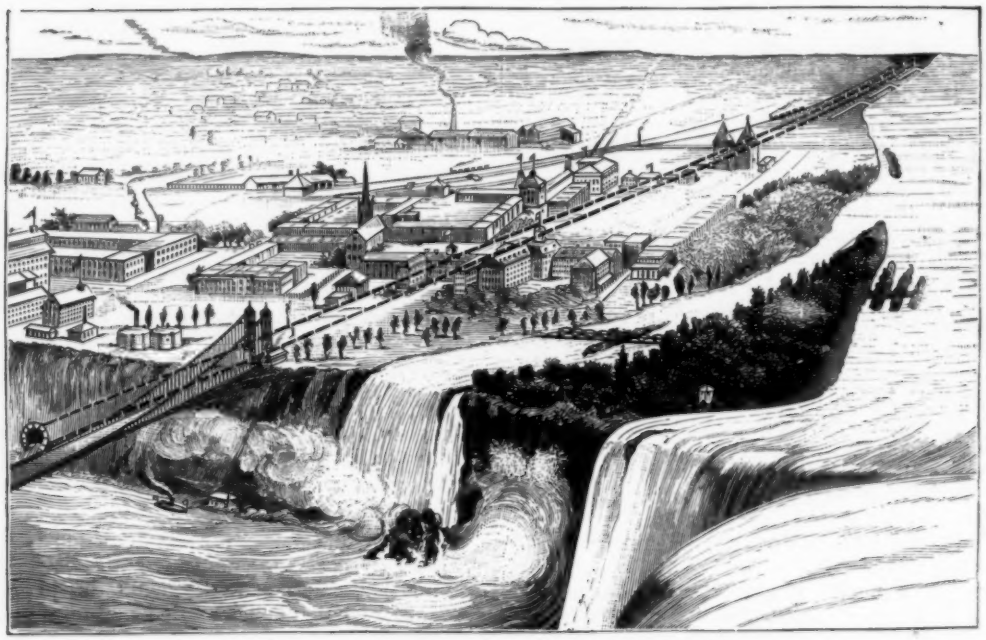
"In this spirit," I said, "every individual would play his own part in the salvation of society. But do not the fashions of to-day tend rather to society swamping the individual for its own presumed benefit?"

"Ah, that is the mischief of it!" cried Pleasance. "But we must not begin on that this evening."



# NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

## UTILISING THE MOTIVE POWER OF NIAGARA.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TOWN, SHOWING THE FALLS AND TUNNEL.

THE value of Niagara Falls as a source of power for the industrial purposes of modern civilisation has long been a subject of speculation. In days when the generation of mechanical power is achieved at increasingly tremendous cost to the coal supplies of the world, the absolute waste of natural forces which is to be seen at Niagara is more and more felt to be a scandal to the scientific world; and to-day no question is more familiar than that which asks why the great water-power of Niagara Falls is not harnessed to the machinery of extensive industrial establishments, and made to do work in some degree commensurate with its mighty potentiality. The very immensity of the torrent seems to call for unusual expressions in comparing the power with known or familiar units. The late Sir William Siemens is said to have stated, as the result of his calculations, that if all the daily output of coal in the world could be used in making steam to drive pumps, it would barely suffice to pump back the water flowing down Niagara River. The water-power to be disposed of is in fact so large that its very vastness has been given as one reason why its utilisation has been so comparatively slow. Something has been done, it is true, but it has been quite infinitesimal in comparison with the grand opportunity offered. A canal three quarters of a mile long, commencing just above the Falls and terminating on the high bank below, has for several years furnished the water to run about a dozen establishments, principally flouring mills, but so incomplete has been the provision for utilising the full head of the water that in the course of its escape in the tail-race, after passing through the wheels, it has in many cases a fall almost equal to that of the Falls proper.

October 4, 1890, was accordingly a memorable day in the history of the Falls, which will no longer be left to dash themselves into useless spray, but will henceforth be employed in driving machinery without the use of coal or steam. On that day the tunnel from the upper river, under Niagara village, to the lower river was commenced.

Some months prior, a syndicate in the United States acquired a considerable area of land on the American side of the Niagara River at some distance above the great Falls. They propose to use it for mill sites, and to supply the mills with power by utilising a small fraction of the water-power which is available on the Falls. The actual fall of level at Niagara is about 200 feet. It is found that 4 per cent. of the total flow of water over the Falls would develop 120,000 horse-power; and the scheme is to divert this small part of the terrific current round the town of Niagara, and bring it out, by means of a tail-race, underground. A surface canal has been in operation for twenty years, but has only developed 6,000 horse-power, this limited success being due to the fact that the mills using the water from the surface canal do not use the

whole height of the bluff upon which they are situated, but have obtained such power as they have each required by heads varying from 100 feet to 50 feet, out of 200 feet available. But in the grand scheme now in hand it is proposed to take the larger body of water from the upper river, by a short lateral canal, to allow it to descend vertically in shafts in which turbines will be placed, and then to discharge it by a tunnel tail-race passing beneath the present town of Niagara at a point below the Falls. It is part of the plan to transmit a portion of the power to the important manufacturing town of Buffalo, eighteen miles distant.

Supposing the tunnel and its lateral canals to be successfully excavated, and the full value of so great a fall of water successfully controlled, there still remains the great problem of the transmission of the power thus acquired. Niagara itself is but a village, numbering some 5,000 inhabitants, and the comparative insignificance of the local industries, besides other considerations, points to a far wider sphere for the Cataract Company's operations. The formerly assumed necessity of setting up plant and works on the spot, is now not essential; for modern developments in the way of electrical and other sciences have been so great as vastly to enlarge the area of operations from a centre. It is accordingly in the distribution of this 120,000 horse-power that problems arise. Power can be distributed to great distances by wire ropes, as at the Falls of Schaffhausen; by water or air under-pressure, as in the compressed air system of Paris and Birmingham, and the Hydraulic-power Company's system in London; the British metropolis being supplied from central stations with the means of working lifts and moving machinery, from the heaviest kinds down to the humble sewing machine. In the city of Geneva, all kinds of trade and industry make use of the water-power of the Rhone, while the amount of force varies very much, the *minimum* being a third of a horse for sewing machines, and the *maximum* up to 625 horses for an electric light company. The great advantage of the system of transmission adopted is that the force can be transported to distant stations for use. But the extraordinary developments in the use of electricity in Switzerland and elsewhere, for the purpose of conveying the motive power produced by the glacier torrents, have impressed engineers with the belief that it is to electricity that they will owe most in their endeavours to utilise the Falls of Niagara. The choice of those methods which are most economical, and most likely to suit the wants of millowners, requires very careful consideration. Hence the Cataract Company have resolved to invite, from certain selected engineers and engineering firms, plans for the utilisation at Niagara of 120,000 horse-power, and to submit them for an authoritative opinion to the judgment of a scientific international commission. The commission consists of Sir William Thomson, F.R.S., as president; Professor Mascart, member of the Institute and Director of the Bureau Central Météorologique, Paris; Colonel Theodore Turrettini, who was director of the works for the utilisation of the motive power of the Rhone at Geneva; and, lastly, Dr. Coleman Sellers, formerly of the firm of Messrs. Sellers and Co. of Philadelphia, and now Professor of Engineering at the Stevens Institute, Hoboken, and at the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania. Professor W. C. Unwin, F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E., is the secretary to the commission, whose headquarters are at the Central Institute in Exhibition Road, London, S.W. The first meeting was held in January.

It will at once be seen that some large assumptions are involved in the project. Not the least of these was the geological condition of the underground rocks, through which it is proposed to make a tunnel some 7,000 feet in length. So precarious and liable to fissure seemed the Niagara "shales" to one well-known American geologist, Professor Pohlman, as to lead him to estimate that a tunnel to the Niagara River below the Falls to transport the power to Buffalo would require the walling of sixteen miles of shale. The Cataract Company therefore caused three shafts to be sunk on different points of the proposed route to test the exact nature of the rocks. The result was very satisfactorily described by Dr. Coleman Sellers, in a report which gives us for the first time a really accurate and valuable account of rocks upon which so much has been written in relation to the age and rate of recession of the Falls. Dr. Sellers writes: "The pages of the book of the rocks in this locality have not been dog-eared or crumpled up as they have been in other places by great convulsions of Nature. Amongst the primary rocks the shales have been cooked, while in the secondary rocks at Niagara the slates and shales have been compacted by long pressure and not burned. If all known shales were as solid and compact as the so-called Niagara shales—which are really an argillaceous limestone—they would be dreaded by engineers. This rock, as placed by Nature at Niagara, is better unlined for tunnel purposes than any artificial lining of steel or masonry that man can devise, so uniformly equal is its firm texture. There will be no atmospheric disintegration of the surface of the rock—only the equable wear of running water, slightly deepening, century after century, the base of the tunnel."

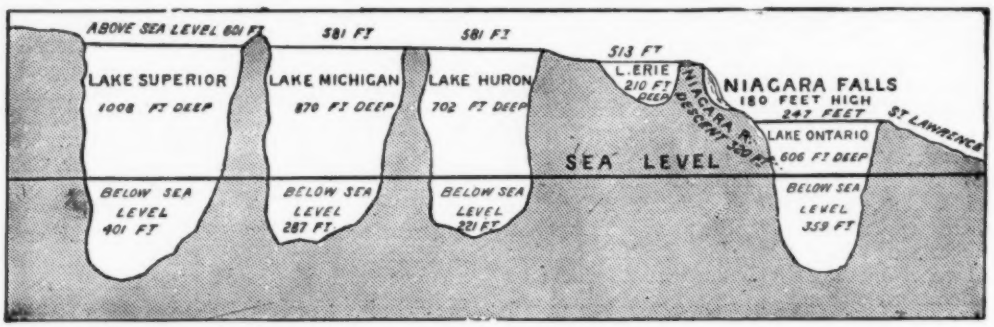
It should be added that the strength of the rock has been practically tested by Professor Unwin. The shale was crushed with a pressure of 690 tons to the square foot; the limestone overlying it withstood a crushing power of 880 tons to the square foot.

Accordingly the excavation of the tunnel was commenced, as already stated, on October 4, on the plans shown in the accompanying illustrations. It will be in horse-shoe shape at an average depth of about 160 feet below the ground, and some 400 feet from the river, with which it will be connected by surface canals. It will thus furnish an immense tail-race for the wheel-pits, to be sunk below the level of the canals. The tunnel canals and wheel-pits will all be cut in hard rock which occurs at no point over ten feet below the surface.

Another important assumption is the constancy of the water supply, as though no physical changes were to be apprehended in the outflow from the great lakes which feed the Niagara River. Our

illustration shows diagramatically the system of the great fresh-water lakes, or inland seas, which drain through the Niagara River and the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic Ocean, and extend half-way across the continent of North America.

The vast extent of these storage reservoirs, fed as they are by a rain area or water-basin of 241,235 square miles, "a territory double the area of Great Britain and Ireland," insures a uniformity of supply that is not to be found in any other stream in America, if in the world, that is capable of being

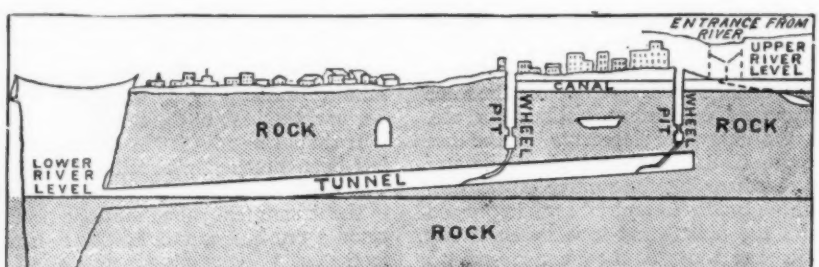



SECTION OF THE GREAT LAKES SUPPLYING NIAGARA FALLS.

used as a source of power. The volume of water in the lakes, including Lake Ontario, is about 6,000 cubic miles. Careful estimates show that it is sufficient, without additional rainfall, to continue the present flow of Niagara Falls for about 100 years, could it be gradually exhausted by drainage.

The result of this endeavour to "tame Niagara," and to utilise the immense natural forces which are at present running to waste, will be watched with eager interest. For although there is only one Niagara, there are all around us great and periodic forces of nature, such as the daily ocean tides, which are almost at our own doors, waiting to be harnessed, as it were, for industrial uses. An example has recently been described by an eminent English physicist; and others equally cogent might as easily be quoted. Speaking of the waste of tidal power in the river Severn, Professor Sylvanus Thompson says:—"The average rise and fall of the tide at the city of Bristol, five miles from its mouth, is 23 feet. According to calculations made from the average volume of water displaced up and down each tide, there are no fewer than twenty billion foot-pounds of energy wasted each year, or enough to charge ten million Faure cells. At the mouth of the river the total annual energy thus running to utter waste cannot be less than fifty billion foot-pounds. Thus in the rapid currents of the river Severn, with their enormous tides of great volume, the tidal energy must be practically unlimited. A tenth part of this energy in the gorge of the Avon would light the city of Bristol, a tenth part in the channel of the Severn would light every city; and another tenth part would turn every loom and spindle and axle in Great Britain."

What is done at Niagara will probably influence the plans adopted for the utilisation and distribution of power all over the world. And the selection of the best methods has fortunately proved to be a problem attractive to the very eminent scientific men who have consented to act in the matter.




COURSE OF THE TUNNEL FROM THE UPPER TO THE LOWER RIVER.

There is a strong tide of public opinion in America against any proposals for utilising Niagara in such a way as to disfigure the neighbourhood; and since the State of New York bought land at a high price close to the Falls, this feeling has become intensified. Fortunately the tunnel-scheme quite meets so praiseworthy a sentiment, leaving the natural beauties of the scene entirely unaffected.

[Our illustrations are taken from drawings issued by the Niagara Cataract Construction Company and the "Scientific American."—ED. L. H.]

## THE HEAT OF THE MOON AND STARS.

Instruments of precision, more especially for the purposes of minute measurement, have been refined to an almost incredible degree of efficiency during the last few years, and not least for the purposes of the astronomer, for "exploring the skies, sounding their depths, and dredging up their contents." A prime condition of the rapid advance of science is, in fact, the invention of suitable instruments of measurement. "Forces hardly suspected by one generation," wrote Professor Jevons, "are clearly recognised by the next, and precisely measured by the third generation. Accordingly the introduction of a new instrument often forms an epoch in the history of science." The astrolabe of Ptolemy, the telescope of Galileo, the pendulum of Galileo and Huyghens, the micrometer of Horrocks, Roemer's transit instrument, Newton and Halley's quadrant, Dollond's achromatic lenses, Harrison's chronometer, and Ramsden's dividing engine—such were some of the principal additions to astronomical apparatus which could be enumerated nearly a quarter of a century ago. Even then the astronomer could take note of quantities 300,000 or 400,000 times as small as could be measured in the time of the Chaldeans. To-day, within a decade of the twentieth century, we can safely put millions instead of the thousands mentioned. We can take note of the millionth of an inch in space and the millionth of a second in time. Even twenty-five years ago balances had certainly been constructed to show one part in a million, and Ramsden is said to have constructed a balance for the Royal Society to indicate one part in seven millions. This was thought to be hardly credible, but Professor Clerk Maxwell took it for granted that one part in five millions could be detected. Subsequent advances, especially in the measurement of radiant heat such as that of the moon and stars, are still more astonishing.

Attempts to measure the heat radiated by the moon are comparatively recent, and, so far as we know, entirely of modern origin. Melloni in 1846, at Naples, was the first to get undeniable heating effects from moonlight, but Tyndall got no result by the use of the thermopile. In 1856, Piazzi Smith made experiments at the Peak of Teneriffe with the thermomultiplier, a Price's candle at a distance of 15 feet being found to radiate just twice as much heat as the full moon. Still more exact and extensive was the series of observations made by the present Earl of Rosse, 1869–72. Lord Rosse was the first to discover that, during its long day of 300 hours, the moon does not store up heat; the instant the sun's rays are cut off, as in an eclipse, the heat declines, and no radiations are apparent in the most sensitive of terrestrial instruments. Professor Langley has shown that, in the absence of an atmosphere, the lunar surface, even under the fiercest sunshine, must remain frost-bound at somewhere below 50° Fahrenheit, and this result agrees with terrestrial conditions at great snow-covered altitudes.

Still more precise than the instruments employed by the Earl of Rosse and Professor Langley is the radio-micrometer of Professor C. Vernon Boys, of South Kensington. In this case, improvements in the suspending thread of the torsion balance have led to an almost incredible advance in the science of micro-measurement. In searching for a thread sufficiently fine and twistable, so that a metal disc suspended from it should yield to the slightest impact of radiant heat, Mr. Boys rejected successively, as being far too coarse, (1) fine wire about the thousandth of an inch in diameter, (2) spun glass, and (3) a single thread of the silkworm, or rather, one-half, after it had been split down the middle. All these were entirely superseded by the discovery of the value of quartz fibres—fibres spun from molten quartz. In his experiments on the heat of the moon and stars, Mr. Boys employs quartz threads only the fifteen-thousandth of an inch in diameter. So fine are these filaments that a hundred of them twisted together would produce a cable not thicker than the silkworm's thread. Indeed, the hundred-thousandth of an inch is by no means beyond the limit at which they are to be obtained, and so sensitive are they that they may safely be trusted to weigh the twenty-million-millionth part of a grain.

The following are some of the results which have been obtained from Professor Boys' radio-micrometer when applied for the measurement of radiant heat—viz., from a candle, a fire, the sun, the moon, the stars, or anything else which radiates heat through space. An appreciable effect is produced upon the radio-micrometer by a candle placed two miles away, at which distance its light is almost comparable to that of a barely visible nebula. This prepares us for the altogether new measurements obtained of the moon's heat. Not only is the total effect of the lunar rays enhanced by the radio-micrometer as compared with the results obtained by the Earl of Rosse, Professor Boys estimating them as 150,000 times greater than those of a candle 20 feet away; the local effects in various selected parts of the moon—the differential radiations from point to point—are also detected. This is an altogether new achievement in thermal researches upon the surface of our satellite. The difference of radiation between a moon nineteen days old, which goes through the sky with its dark edge foremost, and the nine-day moon, in which the bright edge goes forward, and the diminished heat at the terminator as compared with the luminous part of the disc, show in a wonderful way the discriminating power of the instrument. Professor Boys' experiments, with their larger results, fully confirm the inference drawn from the Earl of Rosse's observations—that the heat of the moon does not accumulate by penetrating beneath her surface: it lasts only from moment to moment as supplied by the sun.

Between the heat of the moon and the heat of the stars the gap is enormous. In the moon and the planets the eye is dealing with actual discs whose magnitude can be in some measure appreciated. But none of the stars have any perceptible dimensions. They are literally what Shelley calls them, "atoms of intensest light," globes shrunken by distance to the semblance of mere shining needle-points. It is true that the telescopic images of the stars appear to be of measurable size; but

this is so purely an optical effect that the "spurious discs" shown by them actually grow smaller instead of larger as the power of the instrument is increased.[1] Is it possible, then, to invent any instrument which should obtain any indication of heat from such mere needle-points of light? The question might have staggered even Newton himself, to whom must be ascribed the honour of leading the way in methods of minute measurement. But Professor Boys has answered it in the affirmative. In a lecture delivered a few weeks since in the London Institution, the Professor gave the first fruits of some of his experiments in measuring stellar heat rays. Beginning with the five superior stars in the northern hemisphere—Arcturus, Capella, Vega, Procyon, and Betelgeux—and proceeding in ratio to Aldebaran and Altair, a succession of definite heat values has already been established, and the work is still going on to stars of successively lower magnitudes.

Such are some of the successes in celestial measurements which have already marked the era of the radio-micrometer. In the language of an eminent astronomical writer of the present day, "the What next? is hardly asked when it is answered often in the least looked-for manner. In astronomical science the mind becomes so inured to novelties that antecedent improbability ceases to suggest dissent."

### THE MOTION OF STARS IN THE LINE OF SIGHT.

One of the newest and most notable of advances in astronomical science is the measurement of the velocity of a star which is travelling in the line of sight. For the latest account of the solution of the problem, science is indebted to the eminent American astronomer, Professor C. A. Young. Every one knows that the so-called "fixed stars" are not really fixed at all, but are moving very swiftly. So remote, however, are even the nearest of them, that it takes centuries to make their drift perceptible. But if a star happens to be moving "head on," so to speak—i.e. either directly towards us or from us—it will not change its apparent place in the sky, and its motion cannot be ascertained by any comparison of ancient observations with modern. But there is a way in which such a motion can not only be detected, but even measured with some degree of accuracy. The instrument used is the spectroscope, and the principle involved is that when the distance between us and a star is changing with any considerable rapidity, all the lines and markings in its spectrum are shifted in position as compared with the spectrum of a similar body at rest. The reason is that light consists of pulsations or waves, coming to us at regular intervals of time, and regularly spaced in distance, each coloured ray having its own place in the spectrum according to its wave-length or "pitch," so to speak. Now, if a star is coming nearer, then the waves due, say, to the hydrogen in the spectrum of its atmosphere, are encountered with greater frequency than if it were at rest, and so are virtually raised in pitch and shifted towards the violet end of the spectrum, where the waves are shortest, and *vice versâ*, of course, if the star is receding.

Dr. Huggins, the father of astronomical spectroscopy, was the first to make an actual observation of this kind in 1868. Very recently, however, the matter has assumed a new aspect through the work of Vogel in Germany, and Pickering in America. The former has applied photography with great success to a spectroscope of the ordinary form—i.e. with slit and collimator.

By the use of very sensitive plates and long exposures it is possible to photograph spectra that the eye cannot see at all, and Vogel has thus been able to secure negatives upon which, in favourable cases, a stellar velocity of a single mile a second produces a measurable shift of the lines. With this apparatus the "head on" motion of nearly sixty stars has already been determined at Potsdam with reasonable accuracy. Vogel's most interesting results are those relating to the stars Algol and Spica Virginis. The former[1] is a variable star, which acts as if it were partially eclipsed at regular intervals of 68·8 hours by a dark companion large enough to cut off nearly five-sixths of its light. Now the observations show that about seventeen hours before the greatest diminution of light, Algol is receding at the rate of 24·4 miles a second, while seventeen hours after, it is approaching with a speed of 28·6 miles. From this it follows that the "system" composed of the two stars is approaching us about 2·1 miles a second, while the bright star is moving in a nearly circular orbit around the common centre of gravity between it and its dusky acolyte with a velocity of 26·5 miles.

Other stars are under surveillance, and it is probable that our knowledge of the stellar motions will soon be greatly extended. It is already abundantly evident that the ordinary speed of these motions much exceeds anything that we find in the motions of the planets around the sun. It makes one almost dizzy to think of the swiftness with which the stars are flying. And the nebulæ are moving as swiftly as the stars.

[1] *Vide* "The System of the Stars," by A. M. Clerke, Longmans. 1890.

[1] *Vide* "Leisure Hour" for 1890, page 352.

# Varieties.

**Locusts in Australia.**—Much has been heard of the plague of rabbits in Australia, but the ravages of locusts are sometimes as disastrous. At one place in Victoria, about the beginning of December, the hot season in those regions, the arrival of an army of locusts from the north presented the appearance in the air, it is reported, "as of a snow-storm," and the ground was covered to the depth of three or four inches where they alighted. In Adelaide, the wind bore them to the sea, and the shore was lined with myriads that thus perished. In many places the vegetation was destroyed by the invaders. Caterpillars are also among the occasional plagues of Australia, one farmer being reported to have lost £600 through the loss of his barley crop. A writer in the "Sydney Morning Herald" says, he finds that planting lark-spur round a field greatly protects any crop, and tells how myriads of "grasshoppers" (locusts?) were thus poisoned. This is a statement which is important, if confirmed by further trials. Agriculture has its risks and its disasters all over the world, and those due to living enemies as well as atmospheric influences.

**The Belgian Succession.**—Our article on the King of the Belgians in the series of papers on "The Sovereigns of Europe" ("L. H." May 1890, p. 473) thus concluded:—"It is believed that in the event of his brother's demise, the Duke of Flanders would resign all pretension to the crown in favour of his eldest son, Prince Baudoin (or Baldwin). This young man, born in 1869, is highly popular among his future subjects. Carefully educated and trained, and not devoid of ability, his open physiognomy, his patriotic spirit, all contribute towards securing for him public favour." Alas! all these bright hopes have been destroyed by his early death, on January 22, 1891. It was the anniversary of the day when the King's only son, the Duke of Brabant, had died in the very year of his cousin's birth. The King and Queen had gone to visit the tomb of their son, and were suddenly recalled by the unexpected tidings of the dangerous condition of their nephew. The Salic law existing in Belgium, the prospect of perpetuating the Coburg succession in the direct line of the founder of the dynasty rests mainly on the second son of the Duke of Flanders, Prince Albert, now in his sixteenth year. Prince Leopold of Coburg, the widowed husband of our Princess Charlotte, was the first King of the Belgians, the trusted friend and counsellor of our Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Only second to the interest felt by the Belgian people in the future succession to the throne is that felt by Englishmen, who remember with honour and affection the reign of King Leopold the First.

**Working Classes in England.**—In the report of a tour in Europe by an American, published in a New York journal, he says: "The operatives in free-trade England have better wages and work less number of hours than do the workmen in Germany, Austria, and France, all of which are protected countries. Take for example the consular district of Manchester. In this district are 5,000,000 of people, and they are the best clothed and the happiest people I ever saw. They work shorter hours, have more holidays, undergo less deprivation, and suffer less distress than any other people. There is no community in America that can compare to this in the comfort and happiness of the working classes. All the laws of England tend toward the protection of the wage-earner, rather than of the capitalist, and the consequence is that the labouring people of England are the most satisfied in the world, and that in spite of an inherited aristocracy." This is a very different account of matters from what appears in the book of Mr. Carnegie on "Triumphant Democracy."

**Tea sold for £5 10s. per lb. in 1891.**—At the Tea-sale Rooms in Mincing Lane, a consignment of Ceylon tea was sold by auction on Jan. 13 at eighty-seven shillings a pound. The same tea was re-sold a few days afterwards at 110 shillings a pound, and is declared by experts to be the finest specimen ever seen in Europe. We do not give the names of the firms and companies, as the publicity has been already used for advertising purposes, but the fact of the high price, and of the interest caused in the trade, may cause increased attention to be paid by tea planters everywhere, as well as in Ceylon, to the quality as well as quantity of their tea. This specimen, of the appearance of golden grain, must have consisted only of the most delicate leaves.

**Hospitals and Asylums in Paris during the frost.**—The whole of the beds, about twenty-two thousand in number, in the Hospitals and Asylums of Paris were occupied during the severe season in the beginning of this year, and the Board of Public Assistance set up twelve hundred camp-beds in addition. The Hospitals were more crowded than at the worst time of the influenza epidemic in the previous year.

**Behring Sea troubles.**—The solution of the Behring Sea question comes home in a practical way to many workpeople. The bulk of the seal-skins find their way to London, where the fur-trade gives employment to some thousands of persons. The increasing scarcity of seal-skins in recent years has raised the price greatly. Naturalists ought to have a voice in the consultation as well as diplomatists. Flocks of merino sheep in Spain are not more worthy of protection as valuable property than herds of fur-seals in Alaska. English and American statesmen might well unite in protecting those seals which at certain seasons frequent the open sea. There ought at least to be an international "close season."

**Edinburgh University.**—The number of matriculated students in the session 1890-91 is about 3,500, of whom 1,979 are enrolled in the Faculty of Medicine, 468 in the Faculty of Law, 116 in Divinity, and the remainder, about 950, in the Faculty of Arts. Of the medical students, 814 are Scotch, 687 English and Welsh, 58 Irish, 99 from the East Indies, 270 from British Colonies, and 51 foreigners. The General Council of the University now numbers 6,622 members, and with the graduates of St. Andrews send a representative to Parliament. The amount annually bestowed in form of fellowships, scholarships, prizes, and bursaries, is about £14,000. Some of the bursaries are in the gift of private patrons, but the vast majority of the awards is awarded by the Senatus Academicus as the result of competitive examinations.

**Windfalls for Geneva.**—Since the city of Geneva came in for the property left by the Duke of Brunswick, a treasure of another sort has fallen to its lot. M. Fleuriot of Bulle, Canton Fribourg, bequeathed to M. Révillion, who died recently at Cairo, his collection of pictures and antiquarian relics. M. Révillion has left this collection of pictures, the finest in Switzerland, to the municipality of Geneva.

**Silent Worship.**—Mr. Stanley, in his description of the sublime scenery of Ruwenzori, the fabled Mountains of the Moon, rises to a tone of eloquence above the usual style of his narrative. "These brief views of superb Cloud King, as the Waconju fondly termed their mist-shrouded mountains, fill the gazer with a feeling as though a glimpse of celestial splendour had been obtained. While it lasted I have observed the rapt faces of whites and blacks set fixed and

uplifted in speechless wonder toward that upper region of cold brightness and perfect peace, so high above mortal reach, so holily tranquil and restful, of such immaculate and stainless purity, that thought and desire of expression were altogether too deep for utterance. What stranger contrast could there be than our own nether world, with its savagery and war alarms and stains of blood-red sin, to the lofty mountain king, clad in its pure white raiment of snow, surrounded by myriads of dark mountains, low as bending worshippers before the throne of a monarch on whose cold white face were inscribed 'Infinity and Everlasting.' These moments of supreme feeling are memorable for the utter abstraction of the mind from all that is sordid and ignoble, and its utter absorption in the presence of unreachable loftiness, indescribable majesty, and constraining it not only to reverentially admire, but to adore in silence the image of the Eternal."

**The Largest Farm in the World.**—This is a farm in the south-west of the State of Louisiana, measuring 100 miles north and south, and 25 miles east and west. The 1,500,000 acres of which it is made up were purchased seven years ago from the State of Louisiana and from the United States Government by a syndicate of northern capitalists, by which it is now farmed. At that time it was a vast grazing ground for the cattle of the few dealers in the neighbourhood, there being 30,000 head of cattle and horses upon it. This immense tract is now divided into convenient pasture stations, or ranches, the fencing alone having cost 50,000 dollars. The land is best adapted for rice, sugar, corn, and cotton. All the cultivating, ditching, &c., is done by steam power, a tract of about half a mile wide being taken, and an engine placed on each side. The engines are portable and work a cable attached to four ploughs, the area ploughed in this way, with the labour of only three men, being thirty acres. Harrowing, sowing, &c., is done in the same way, and there is not a single draught horse on the estate. Horses are, however, used by the herdsmen, who look after the 16,000 head of cattle upon the estate, which is traversed for thirty-six miles by the Southern Pacific Railway. The company has three steamboats upon the 300 miles of navigable waters which traverse their estate, and also possesses a ship-yard, a bank, and rice mills.

**Dowager Lady de Ros.**—About the close of the year a notice appeared of the death of Lady de Ros, which turned out to be unfounded. She was said to be still in good health, and in her intellect and memory clear as ever. Of the one great historical event with which her name is associated, the ball at Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, she has the most vivid recollection, and she took part in the recent discussion as to the true scene of the ball, which was not in the place which Byron had made famous by his poetry. Lady de Ros was born September 30, 1795, the third daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, general in the British Army. Two of her sisters are still living, Lady Louisa Tighe, who was eighty-seven on October 2, 1890, and Lady Sophia Cecil, widow of Lord Thomas Cecil, who is in her eighty-second year. Lady de Ros always makes Waterloo day a great occasion. Last year she called in person on the Earl of Albemarle, who fought at Waterloo, and is now in his ninety-second year. She gave him a laurel leaf, which he wore at the opening of the Military Tournament that June 18. There is a Waterloo veteran still older, General Whichcote, who is in his ninety-seventh year.

**Racial Problems in the United States.**—In the Southern States the difficulty is ever increasing as to the future of the black and white population, between whom the gap extends year by year. Almost the whole of the labour is carried on by negro or coloured people, the whites being either "bosses" or "loafers." The "mean whites" will do no work bringing them to the level, as they say, of the inferior race. Although the black race is despised by the white, the whole region could better spare the white than the black people: without the negro, or some substitute for him, the mean whites would starve. The question is even mooted whether certain States in the south might not be given entirely over to the coloured people, and the "mean whites" forced to migrate to the North-Western States where they might usefully exist as farm labourers. Another more desperate solution is advocated by the writer of a series of articles in "The Times" on "The Negro Question." He proposes the return of the whole negro race to their own "dark continent," and this by wholesale deportation at whatever cost. The largest sum possible for expenses of compensation and transfer would be small compared with the cost of another civil war, which is inevitable, if nothing of the heroic kind is done before the blacks become too numerous and strong. Mr. Stanley says that "there is space enough in one section of the Upper Congo basin to locate double the number of all the negroes of the United States without disturbing a single tribe of the Aborigines." This region possesses 224,000,000 acres of land, and every negro, if there were 7,000,000 of them, might own nearly a quarter square mile of land. Five acres planted with bananas would afford food and wine, and twenty-seven be left for other cultivations, for trade and export. Mulattoes must be disposed of elsewhere.

**Mortuary Gold.**—In reference to the burying of gold with the dead, as described in the "Leisure Hour" Varieties for January (p. 211), a correspondent at Southport, W. C. C., quotes a law of the xii. Tables in ancient Rome (x. 9), passed B.C. 449, forbidding gold being buried with the dead, except such as the teeth were fastened with. There were skilled dentists, then, in early times at Rome; the law probably was against the burying of gold ornaments with the dead. A correspondent at Bromyard, J. K. D., mentions two passages from Cicero, quoted from a note in J. A. St. John's edition of Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia," or treatise on Urn-burial.

**Protection of Workmen in France.**—A law has been passed relating to employers and employed, protecting workpeople from being hastily or arbitrarily dismissed, and at the same time requiring workmen to give as long notice to employers as is required in employers wanting to dismiss them. The law is approved by the chief Radical and Socialist leaders and journals. Workmen in France ought to have some legal claim for compensation in accidents due to insufficient protection in their work, as is now their right in England, but with greater strictness in preventing them contracting themselves out of the legal conditions of compensation.

**A Sensible Conclusion.**—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in declining to interfere in the dispute between the railway men and the Companies in Scotland during the strike, said: "In my humble opinion we shall never get rid of these heart-rending strikes, until employers and employed hit upon some workable system of profit-sharing."

**Short-sighted Soldiers.**—In the notable speech on educational reform, delivered at the Educational Conference at Berlin, the Emperor said that when he studied at Cassel no fewer than eighteen out of a class of twenty-one wore spectacles, while two of the eighteen could not see to the end of the table even when wearing their glasses. He was told that in the upper forms of high schools the percentage of short-sighted pupils was sometimes as high as 74 per cent.! It was plain from this that there was too much study begun too early in life, and carried on in badly ventilated rooms. Less brainwork and more physical exercise in early life must be the rule if the empire was to have efficient State servants as well as good soldiers. "As Landesvater, or father of my country," said the Emperor, "I declare that such a state of things must cease."

**Incubators, or Egg-hatching Machines.**—In a shop on the west side of Regent Street, near Oxford Street, hatching machines are on exhibition, and the movements of the young chickens are always watched with curiosity by crowds at the shop window. The use of incubators is widely spreading in this country, both for game and for domestic poultry. The United States Consul-General in Egypt, in a report recently published, describes the system of hatching eggs by artificial heat pursued in that country from time immemorial, and still in active operation. One establishment visited by the Consul-General was wholly constructed of sun-dried bricks, mortar, and earth. It was 70 ft. long, 60 ft. wide, and 16 ft. high, and was provided with twelve compartments or incubators,

each capable of hatching 7,500 eggs, or altogether 90,000 at one time. The season begins in March and lasts until May, and three batches of eggs are hatched in this time, each taking an average of three weeks. The fourth week is given to removing the chickens and preparing the incubators for a new batch of eggs. The number of eggs treated at this establishment in a single season was therefore 270,000, from which 234,000 chickens are usually obtained. The percentage of chickens would be greater, but that the eggs are in some instances procured from long distances and in large quantities, and are therefore liable to damage. The price of eggs is 2½*d.* per dozen, and chickens just issued from the shell are sold at 7½*d.* per dozen. The loss of chickens after incubation is comparatively small. The whole staff of the place is a man and a boy, who keep up the fires to a temperature of not less than 98° F., arrange the eggs, move them four or five times in the twenty-four hours, look after the chickens, and hand them over to the buyers. The number of chickens hatched in this manner throughout Egypt is estimated at 75,000,000, and would, under ordinary circumstances, require 1,500,000 mothers.

**Forged Paintings.**—It is estimated that at least three-fourths of the paintings sold as pictures of the "old masters" are modern forgeries, and not even "old copies of the originals." M. Courbet, the Parisian artist, who made himself notorious by attempting to destroy the Napoleon column in the Place Vendôme, was one of the chief criminals in regard to these forgeries. Having taken refuge in Geneva he there established a manufactory for turning out classical pictures by famous masters. By skilful manipulation the appearance of antiquity was given to the modern works. In the "Architect" a correspondent recently communicated some strange information about Courbet's workshops. After his death his establishment was broken up, but several artists employed by him have continued the business. The demand for pictures is so great from American as well as European wealthy purchasers, that it is to be feared that picture-dealers not unfrequently connive at the frauds. In fact it is not safe to buy any reputed paintings by old masters, without an authentic and genuine history, capable of full verification. Long before Courbet's time this nefarious trade was often exposed, and it was from his strong exposures of it that the late Mr. S. C. Hall, of the "Art Journal," did good service in gaining higher prices for modern pictures by known painters.

**British Birds.**—The "History of British Birds," by the Rev. F. O. Morris, has been for more than thirty years a standard work, well known to professed ornithologists, and a favourite book of reading and reference among lovers of nature. We are glad to see a third edition, containing, along with other additional matter, figures and descriptions of about thirty species of birds new to our islands since the first issue of the book in 1857. Apart from the scientific matter, there is in all that Mr. Morris writes the charm of literary association, and a tone of devout piety, such as has been almost universal in writers on natural history since the days when Ray wrote his "Wisdom of God in Creation." Nunburnholme, the Yorkshire parish of Mr. Morris, has been called "the Selborne of the North," the venerable writer also in his quiet enthusiasm and watchful observation reminding us of Gilbert White.

**Lord Derby on Emigration and Colonization.**—In an address on social questions at the annual meeting of the Liverpool Home for orphans and destitute children, Lord Derby spoke of the serious problems to be faced when there are every year 400,000 more human beings in this country to be fed and employed. We must, for public safety, be an emigrating country. As for colonization on a larger scale, it has never succeeded yet, and probably never will. Every opinion of Lord Derby is worthy of attention, but he cannot, in thus speaking of colonization, have remembered the colonies of ancient Rome, by which the same problem of over-population in a small territory was successfully solved.

**Dormitories for the Poor.**—Forty years ago a distinguished architect, Sidney Smirke, proposed that there should be public dormitories in suitable parts of London, where the poor and the labouring classes could obtain cheap and healthy lodging. The rooms would resemble, he said, the wards of Chelsea Hospital, and divided into compartments. Each building might contain 84 beds or compartments, and, if let at twopence a night, the annual rent of £252 would be obtained, if the building cost £2,400, or ten and a half per cent. on the outlay of capital. At that time, Mr. Smirke said, it was common for sixty people to sleep in loathsome dwellings, with six or eight rooms, each having at least six beds, and the charge was 4*d.* or 6*d.* a night. Matters are only a little better now, under the Common Lodging House Act. In the plans for better housing of the poor of London, the proposals of Mr. Smirke are still worthy of attention. There are casual wards, it is true, or workhouses, but those who use them are absolute paupers, not poor people under temporary straits.

**Assyriology.**—Professor Sayce is contributing to the "Sunday at Home" a series of articles on "Social life among the Assyrians and Babylonians," as revealed in the sculptured memorials in the decipherment of which he is a master. A paper on some recent discoveries was lately read at the Victoria Institute by Mr. T. G. Pinches, of the British Museum. He gave a reading from an inscribed tablet, of the probable age of 2500 B.C. From this and other records he concluded that the Babylonians were more warlike than the Assyrians, who were more commercial in their occupations. The Assyrians, it seems, were very litigious, and many of the inscriptions are carefully prepared contracts. Mr. Pinches showed that money was lent at the rate of 20 per cent. by one usurious Assyrian. The general tenor of these records attests the ancient character of the Old Testament Scriptures, as opposed to the assertions of some critics as to their being of the ages after the Captivity, though possibly some portions were re-edited in the time of Ezra the scribe.

**Letter of Louis Philippe, King of the French.**—Connected with the Royal Literary Fund, and now under the same management, is a fund for relief of poor and distressed schoolmasters. In the records of the Society is a letter from the French King, written when he was Duc d'Orléans. He had been applied to by Dr. Kelly, the secretary of the Fund, to send a donation, and thus replied: "The Duke of Orleans presents his compliments to Dr. Kelly, and is very sorry that his note has remained so long unanswered. It was his intention to have expressed sooner how much he was flattered by Dr. Kelly's very obliging intimation of the motives for which the Duke of Orleans ought to feel a particular interest for the schoolmasters. The Duke of Orleans has in fact more motives for being attached to that useful and respectable class of men than he believes Dr. Kelly can be aware of; since it is not probable he should know that among the many vicissitudes of fortune which fell to the lot of the Duke of Orleans is to be found that of having been a schoolmaster. It is, however, a matter of fact that, at a time of severe distress and persecution, the Duke of Orleans had the good luck of being admitted as a teacher in a college, where he gave lessons regularly during a space of eight months. The Duke of Orleans hopes, therefore, that the Society for the Relief of Distressed Schoolmasters will permit him to render his mite as a fellow schoolmaster." (Dated Twickenham, December 10, 1816.)

**Foreigners relieved by the Royal Literary Fund.**—The mention of the Duke of Orleans reminds us of another case of a distinguished Frenchman, in his adversity assisted by, and in his prosperity a benefactor to, the Royal Literary Fund—the eminent author and statesman Chateaubriand. At the annual dinner of the society, in the year when the Duke of York presided, in 1822, Chateaubriand made an eloquent and most interesting speech. He told the story of a French emigrant, in deepest poverty in London, and suffering great distress on account of a debt of small amount. A friend made known the circumstances to the council of the Literary Fund; we believe it was M. Peltier, the emigrant who was prosecuted by the Emperor Napoleon in the English Law Courts. The grant bestowed by the Fund saved the Frenchman from distress and ruin. At the Restoration, he returned to his native country, and, being employed by the Government, rose from office to office, till he returned to England as Ambassador for France. "Gentlemen," concluded Chateaubriand, "I am that man!"

**Queen's College, Oxford, and the Archbishop of York.**—The same paper which announced the decease of Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York, contained the report of the ancient Christmas custom of serving the Boar's Head at Queen's College, Oxford, of which the Archbishop was formerly Provost. A massive head weighing 70 lb. had been prepared by the college manciple, and this was carried, on a massive silver dish and "bedecked with bays and rosemary," upon the shoulders of four serving men, the choristers, under the direction of Dr. Plumridge, singing the boar's head carol. Another ancient custom at Queen's is the call to dinner daily by sound of trumpet or horn, and not by bell or gong. The name of Thomson will always be remembered with pride among distinguished Queensmen.

**Carrier Pigeons and National Defence.**—A Paris newspaper states that German carrier pigeons are constantly being sent to Amiens, viâ Belgium, notwithstanding official prohibition. M. Lutigneau, the police commissary of the Amiens railway station, made the discovery by being present at the release of some birds. For some time he had noticed that when pigeons from certain fanciers in Belgium were released, some of them took the direction of Germany, while the others flew towards Belgium. His suspicions have, it is said, now been confirmed by certain marks on the birds which prove that they come from Germany. The French Government is, therefore, urged to take measures to prevent the continuance of a fraud which, it is declared, is of a nature to impair the national defence.

**Gas and Fog in London.**—On that foggiest of foggy days, the Monday before Christmas Day, 1890, the Gas Light and Coke Company delivered one hundred and twenty-six million cubic feet of gas. This, which is the company's maximum for one day's supply, was ten million cubic feet more than they supplied on the corresponding day of 1889.

**Anti-slavery Society.**—Mr. Charles Allen, Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society, whose presence, with that of other delegates, was constant at the Brussels Conference, appeals for aid to the funds of this old and well-tried institute. Without professing entire agreement with every one of the hundred articles in the General Act of the Conference, the Anti-slavery Society will watch over and help to enforce the general provisions of this important Act, to which the late, but sufficient adherence of Holland has given unanimity in the resolution of all civilised countries to abate the evils of slavery throughout the world, as well as in Africa.

**Babylonian Antiquities in the City of London.**—In a paper read before the Society of Biblical Archæology, by Mr. B. T. Evarts, attention was called to the discovery of curious relics during the demolition of some old houses in Knightrider Street. The workmen came upon some fragments of black stone, bearing inscriptions in a strange language. The three stones have been acquired by the British Museum, and prove to be Chaldean monuments belonging to the earliest period of which we have any knowledge, namely to the pre-Semitic age of Ur-Nina and Gudea, when the Accadian language was alone in use, and the characters were of the most primitive kind. It is impossible in a brief note to give any description of these stones, or to discuss the inscriptions thereon, or to conjecture how they found their way to London. Probably they were consigned to a London merchant in the Levant trade, to be kept in his collection of curiosities.

**Jubilee Shillings.**—Statements have appeared in the newspapers to the effect that the shilling pieces without any space between the representation of the head of her Majesty the Queen and the rim of the coin were spurious, and had been manufactured in Germany, and were only of the value of 7½*d*. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, on being appealed to, said that such statements were wholly unfounded and erroneous. He stated that in 1889 a slight change was made in what is known as the Jubilee shilling, the head of her Majesty being slightly enlarged. There is less space, therefore, on this coin between the head of her Majesty and the rim than there was on the original Jubilee shilling.

**Champagne Trade.**—According to the official return, 19,148,400 bottles of champagne were exported from France in the year 1889-90 (April 1, 1889, to March 31, 1890). During the same period 4,176,000 bottles were consumed in France.

**Saint-Porchaire Henri Deux Pottery.**—This curious and antique ware, known only to few collectors, was made in Poitou, at Saint-Porchaire, a little town where a manufacture of faience existed up to the 18th century, and where, at the present day, there still remain three manufactories of coarse pottery. The Duc de la Trémoille's manuscripts, one of them dated 1542 and the other 1577, mention, as being in possession of the family at that time, two cups and two salt-cellars *de terre de Sainct Porchayre;* and a remarkable aid to the identification of this precious pottery is to be found in an English collection—that of Mr. Charles Magniac, which contains a cup bearing the Trémoille arms, a cup of the famous Henri Deux ware.

**Transatlantic Cattle Trade.**—Mr. Plimsoll, with his wonted zeal and kindliness of intention, has commenced an agitation on the alleged cruelties of the "middle passage" of live cattle from America to England. He even goes so far as to advocate the prohibition of any importation of live stock. His statements may induce inquiry, but it is evident that he is greatly exaggerating the evils referred to. A letter from a large firm of shipowners gives statistics showing that last season not above one in a thousand of the cattle carried by their ships was lost or injured; a mortality as small as if they were grazing in fields. It is also stated that cattle do not suffer from sea-sickness, contentedly chewing the cud and heartily feeding all the voyage. Of course the deck passage is uncomfortable, and even perilous, both to man and beast, in rough weather.

**Books Published in 1890.**—According to the "Publisher's Circular," the number of new books published in the course of the year 1890 was 4,414, and of new editions 1,321, making a total of 5,735. This does not reach the number recorded in 1889, when 4,694 new books and 1,373 new editions, or a total of 6,067 works, were published. The 4,414 new books that were produced in the year just closed may be divided into 14 classes, and the numbers under the several heads are as follows:—Novels, tales, and other works of fiction, 831; educational, classical, and philological, 615; theology, sermons, &c., 555; juvenile works and tales, 443; year-books and serials in volumes, 318; history, biography, &c., 294; voyages, travels, and geographical research, 188; belles-lettres, essays, monographs, &c., 171; medicine, surgery, &c., 143; poetry and the drama, 114; political and social economy, trade, and commerce, 87; arts, sciences, and illustrated works, 54; law, jurisprudence, &c., 40; and miscellaneous, including pamphlets, 511.

**Frost and Salad.**—A curious result of the long-continued and severe winter is reported from Paris. To the Frenchman a salad, of all vegetable food, is a necessity of diet. In January the price of the most ordinary materials for salad rose from about twopence to above tenpence a pound. For more special plants, such as dandelion and doucette lettuce, the charge was three francs for a small portion. In the *Halles Centrales* cabbage heads unfrozen cost a franc instead of two sous; parsley was charged two francs a pound; and other vegetables were dear in proportion. The prices of salads were almost prohibitory to the poor, and the rich paid as much as during "the Siege!"

**Immigration into the United States.**—Official returns show that, as nearly as can be ascertained, 15,546,757 immigrants have arrived in the United States in the century between the foundation of the Government in 1789 and the end of the fiscal year 1889-90 (June 30 last). It is estimated that 250,000 entered prior to 1820. From 1820 to 1855 inclusive the alien passengers arriving numbered 4,212,624, of whom 98 per cent., or 4,128,372, are supposed to have been immigrants. Records have been kept of immigrants apart from other passengers since 1856, and the reported total from that year to June 30, 1890, is 11,168 385. Of late years,

however, no count has been made of immigrants from British North America and Mexico, and as many more than were formerly reported came in through or from Canada, the aggregate for the century doubtless has been a good deal in excess of the 15,546,757 given by official statistics. The years of heaviest immigration were those from 1880 to 1884, and the heaviest single year was 1881, when 669,431 immigrants entered. Practically, the whole of the immigration is from Europe, the European arrivals last year being 443,225, out of a total of 455,302. Germany has for the last ten years sent to the United States annually many more emigrants than any other country, although the United Kingdom, taken as a whole, has a decided lead. In the fiscal year 1889-90, 122,754 persons went from Great Britain and Ireland, 92,427 from Germany, 56,199 from Austria, 51,799 from Italy, 33,147 from Russia, and 29,632 from Sweden.

**Roman Catholic Census of British North America.**—The Rev. Abbé Baillargé, of Joliette, has collected statistics showing the Roman Catholic strength in Canada to be as follows:—One cardinal, five archbishops, 22 bishops, 2,352 priests; 43 male religious orders with 250 members, and 66 female orders with a membership of 964; 1,914 churches and chapels, and 317 missions; 17 seminaries, 3 universities, 53 colleges, 333 convents, 166 academies, and 3,203 schools; 69 hospitals, and 48 asylums. These represent a Roman Catholic population of 2,048,000, in 1,157 parishes. In Newfoundland the Abbé states that there are two bishops, 58 priests, 77 nuns, 137 churches and chapels, 7 seminaries, 1 university, 15 convents, and 130 schools, with 79,000 Roman Catholics in 41 parishes. We should like to know the proportion of French and Irish in this Canadian census, and that of other nationalities as well as native-born subjects of the Dominion.

# Household Queries.

**Washing Sponges.**—*Would you inform me the best mode to wash sponges without injury, and to retain their colour?*—Sponges cannot be kept clean unless always rung out of *clean* water as dry as possible after use, and exposed to the air till dry. The proper mode of cleansing is to let them lie in strong borax and water, or soda and water, for some hours, squeezing them as hard as possible occasionally. If necessary, they may then be laid for some hours more in muriatic acid and water strong enough to taste exceedingly sour, and afterwards rinsed. Generally, however, the soda will suffice. The bright yellow of many new sponges is really a stain, and cannot be preserved permanently. Another way that sometimes answers very well, is to soak in cold butter-milk for some hours, afterwards well washing in plain water.

**Whitewash.**—*Will you please tell W. how to make and apply a good whitewash that will not rub off?*—Plain whiting will do very well, working down all lumps. To prevent its coming off, size is mixed in the water. About half a pound of dry glue soaked in cold water till soft, and then gently melted, would probably be about the quantity for twelve pounds of whiting, which would be enough for a large room or outbuilding. If the wash is sticky, there is too much size; if it comes off, too little. It is used nearly cold. For room work a better preparation is that well known everywhere as Morse's Calcarium, which can be had in any colour, and approaches distemper in effect. There is another very similar in the market known as Alabastine. Full directions accompany both of these.

**Whole-meal Bread.**—*Kindly tell me how to make whole-meal bread?*—The general method of making in no way differs, but as it is naturally rather more heavy, only those who are successful bread-makers with white flour can expect a good result. It requires on the average a little more yeast, rather more kneading, and always longer and rather slower baking, or the crust is like adamant. On an average three quarts of meal would require about a gill each of yeast and molasses, and about a quart of warm water; but different meals absorb rather differently. The method of making is precisely the same. Some people put in a very little potash.

**Cork Ornaments.**—The recent mention by a contributor of scraped cork for ornamenting screens, has brought us from another correspondent the description of a very simple and pretty way of using wine-bottle corks for covering baskets, flower-pot covers, etc., in fact almost anything that can be formed of a pasteboard foundation. Cut the corks in slices, a quarter inch in thickness, then cut these into quarters, thus making four pieces of each slice. Thread them just as you happen to take them up, on a long strong thread, close together. Wind the string of cork round and round the basket, sufficiently close to quite touch; and secure the thread neatly. Should a handle be wanted a *strong* wire must be used for the purpose, and an additional piece of pasteboard glued or strongly sewn on where the ends of wire are fastened, and then wind a thread of corks round and round the wire as close as possible. Of course the pasteboard foundation must be first covered with some suitable material: a bright ruby satin looks well for a basket.

**Tricycling.**—(1) *Please tell me what is the best style of costume for tricycling?* (2) *Is it necessary for girls always to wear gloves when cycling?*—(1) Much the neatest and most comfortable style is a close fitting, but very easy plain body, and a plain skirt with only sufficient pleats or gathers to give free play to the lower limbs. The skirt should be made on a foundation; the body lined with thin flannel, Jaeger, or other *woollen* material alone; and two or three outside pockets should be provided, one in the breast of the body for pocket-handkerchief. The dress material is also to be all wool; dark blue or purple, or dark grey or C.T.C. grey check, being most ladylike. Young ladies should ride without stays; if stays must be worn, they should be very light and loose. For underwear choose first a pair of good woollen combinations; in the heat of summer very little else will be needed while on the machine, if a wrap be taken to add while resting, but other garments may be added as needed, provided they be all wool, which is very important to prevent catching cold. Wear good thick stockings and shoes, not boots, which are fatiguing; tennis canvas shoes are excellent if the appearance is not objected to, or horse-skin shoes are very soft and light. (2) No lady ever rides without gloves, but in the summer many prefer to use Lisle thread. The head-dress will, of course, depend upon age and figure; but young ladies nearly always look well in plain sailor hats; when grown up, felt Alpines are more becoming to some faces; or a hat or Cambridge cap may be made up of same material as the dress. It is a general rule, however, that on a tricycle the plainest and neatest style always looks the "nattiest" and best, and most truly charming.

**Polishing Stones.**—*Can you tell me of an easy way to polish and cut pebbles and fossils without a machine?*—They can be ground down on any hard flat stone with sand and water, then using finer sand and water to smooth them, and finally polishing with putty-powder and water, used not on the grinding stone, but on a piece of thick flannel or cloth stretched on a board. It is, however, terribly slow work, and if time is of any value a simple lapidary's wheel will be repaid over and over again. A stone might be also

cut through *in time*, with a steel blade working in sand and water; but here again the revolving disc of steel is infinitely quicker in operation.

**Dyeing Hats.**—*I have several white straw hats which are rather dirty. Could you tell me any way in which I might dye them black, as they are hardly worth sending to the dyers?*—It is not easy to make a very good job of it. The easiest domestic method is to apply Judson's dye twice with a large soft brush, using plenty, and dissolving some gum arabic in the last lot, or else going over it with thin gum afterwards, to give a little gloss. The appearance may often be improved by using a black-lead brush; but as this rather comes off, the hat must be handled very carefully after this expedient.

**Cleaning Feathers.**—*Please tell me whether you can clean feather-beds by washing the feathers?*—No. The tick of course is washed, but all you can do with the feathers is to shake them well in a riddle or very coarse sieve, when the dust and dirt will fall through; then the feathers are all picked over and apart. If for good reasons more is necessary, the bed must be sent to the cleaner's.

**Frost and Plate.**—*Can you tell me if frosty weather tarnishes silver and electro-plate? I have had the care of silver and plate for over twenty years, and had no difficulty in keeping it clean, but during the late frosty weather it went like copper in a day or two, whether exposed in a room or shut up when done with. It was not so in the summer, so it is not the change of residence from the country to the seaside where we have been since May. The coachman complains of his plated harness going just the same during the night.*—The probable cause is the alternate deposition and evaporation of cold salt moisture, as the articles are by turns warmed and chilled. To mix the cleaning-powder with spirit instead of water, adding only a drop or two of oil, is a very great palliative of the difficulty.

**Scratches on Marble.**—*Do you know how scratches may be removed from black marble? In removing our clock from the mantelpiece, the servant scratched the plinth with a broken button on her dress, and it is a constant eyesore.*—The scratch can only be scoured or ground out, and the safest plan will be to employ a marble or monument mason, if there be one within reach. If not, a scratch caused in this way would probably be scoured down sufficiently by finely powdered pumice and water, polishing afterwards first with tripoli and water, and finally with putty-powder and water, used on flannel strained over a piece of board. The risk of amateur work is chiefly that of possibly making more scratches, or of not getting the polish perfectly up again.

**Painting on Velvet Soiled.**—*I have a painting on white velvet, which is much soiled, having been in use as a cushion. It is hand-painted, and in water-colours. I shall be grateful if you can tell me of any method of cleaning the velvet without removing the colours.*—Painting on velvet—especially on a white ground—is quite unsuitable for such uses, which may be rather termed abuse. The painting itself you cannot touch. All you can do will be to apply spirits of ammonia and water with a brush, as carefully as possible, to the plain portions, with a view to remove what you can of the stains; but white is a very difficult colour to handle, and it would be better to consult a professional cleaner. If, however, you can get it cleaner, of course you can raise the pile in the usual way afterwards, by holding it wrong side down over a hot flat-iron covered with two or three folds of wet cloth, touching here and there gently with a soft camel-hair round-nosed brush as needed.

**Ants.**—*We are troubled, as I find many of my friends and neighbours are, by numbers of little ants, and cannot get rid of them. Sir John Lubbock could only suggest carbolic acid or chloride of lime; these I find useless, as also is whitewash.*—The chief difficulty with ants is that you cannot properly get at them to apply the remedy; they would hardly stand carbolic acid, if it could only be got home to them. Persian powder persistently laid about everywhere and shaken down the cracks or holes may have effect, being fatal to small insects if it reaches them. Another remedy sometimes effectual is oil of pennyroyal, soaking bits of wadding in it and laying about wherever the ants are seen, and renewing them from time to time. In the season fresh green bunches of the herb have much the same effect. We have, however, been beaten several times by this problem, and if any of our readers can help us shall be very glad.

**Dyeing Feathers.**—*Could I dye some red feathers myself? I washed them with soap and water and then curled them; but some of the red came off and they looked as if they were dirty.*—Judson's Dyes will answer very well in the ordinary way, but we do not feel sure how the washing and former dye may affect it. Probably it will not.

**Sponge-Cakes Sticking.**—*Can you please tell me how to make a sponge-cake in an ornamentally shaped tin that will turn out without any of the crust remaining in the tin? I have made dozens of experiments in every way that I can think of, and my cakes are light and right in every way, except that while about two-thirds of the cake turns out perfect, the crust of the upper part always adheres to the bottom of the tin, and so spoils the appearance of the cake.*—It is often a difficulty, but the probability is that you do not butter the bottom part of the mould thickly enough; it takes quite a thick coat of butter. Very often a good sprinkling of finely-powdered loaf sugar over the butter, before pouring in the cake-batter, is a great help. Finally, it is possible you finish the baking with rather too fierce a bottom heat under that part of the mould.

**Furmety or Frumenty.**—*Please tell me of a good recipe for "Furmity." Can you also tell me how to clean the metal of an ordinary banjo? It has become very yellow, and a leather will not brighten it.*—Take a quarter of a pint of dry wheat and boil in milk till tender, but not to a pulp. To the swelled wheat add a quart of new milk, a stick of cinnamon, and a little nutmeg (the spice to taste), and about three ounces each of sugar and washed currants. Boil all together again for a quarter of an hour, then take off the fire and stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs, non-teetotallers adding a wine-glassful of brandy. It takes about three hours to boil the wheat first. It is very probable that the plating of the banjo is worn through to the brass underneath; if not, you will find whiting rubbed on with a little turpentine by a leather give a good polish.

**Knitted Gloves.**—*Could you tell me how to knit a pair of winter gloves?*—Full directions would occupy three-quarters of a column, which we cannot give to it. You will find very good ones in "The Knitting and Crochet Work Book," 6*d.*, published by Thomsons Brothers, Kilmarnock; or this or similar printed ones can be bought at any shop where they sell Berlin wool materials.

**Dressing-table—Grease Stains.**—In reference to queries under these heads in our December part, a correspondent suggests that art muslins make beautiful and varied draperies; also a material called cretonnette, in various oriental designs, and oriental printed cabinet cloths, which she has bought at Whiteley's, under the name of Saxony. She has likewise found Algerian or Zulu grass cloths make tasteful and lasting coverings for various kinds of furniture. For getting out grease she prefers a red-hot poker held an inch or two above the spot, which first melts and then evaporates the grease. We have ourselves found this a little risky in the way of scorching or frizzling on some fabrics such as that described.

## Astronomical Almanack for March.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | 3 Sunday in Lent | 17 | T | ☽ 1 Quarter 9.11 A.M. |
| 2 | M | ☉ rises 6.46 A.M. | 18 | W | Daybreak 4.17 A.M. |
| 3 | T | ☽ 3 Quarter 7.37 P.M. | 19 | T | Twilight ends 8.6 P.M. |
| 4 | W | ☉ sets 5.43 P.M. | 20 | F | Spring Quarter begins |
| 5 | T | Clock before ☉ 11m. 42s. | 21 | S | Oxford Lent Term ends |
| 6 | F | Venus a morning star | 22 | S | Palm Sunday |
| 7 | S | Canis Major S. 7.39 P.M. | | | [☽ greatest dist. from ⊕ |
| 8 | S | 4 Sunday in Lent | 23 | M | Saturn near ☽ |
| 9 | M | Regulus S. 10.53 P.M. | 24 | T | Sickle in Leo S. 10 P.M. |
| 10 | T | ☽ least distance from ⊕ | 25 | W | Hilary Law Sittings end |
| | | [New ☽ 11.51 A.M. | | | [Full ☽ 1.12 P.M. |
| 11 | W | Mars sets 9.53 P.M. | 26 | T | Camb. Lent Term ends |
| 12 | T | Castor and Pollux S. 8P.M. | 27 | F | Good Friday |
| 13 | F | Saturn S. 11.36 P.M. | 28 | S | Clock before ☉ 5m. 12s. |
| 14 | S | ☉ rises 6.19 A.M. | 29 | S | Easter Sunday |
| 15 | S | 5 Sunday in Lent | 30 | M | Bank and Genl. Holiday |
| 16 | M | ☉ sets 6.3 P.M. | 31 | T | ☉ sets 6.29 P.M. |

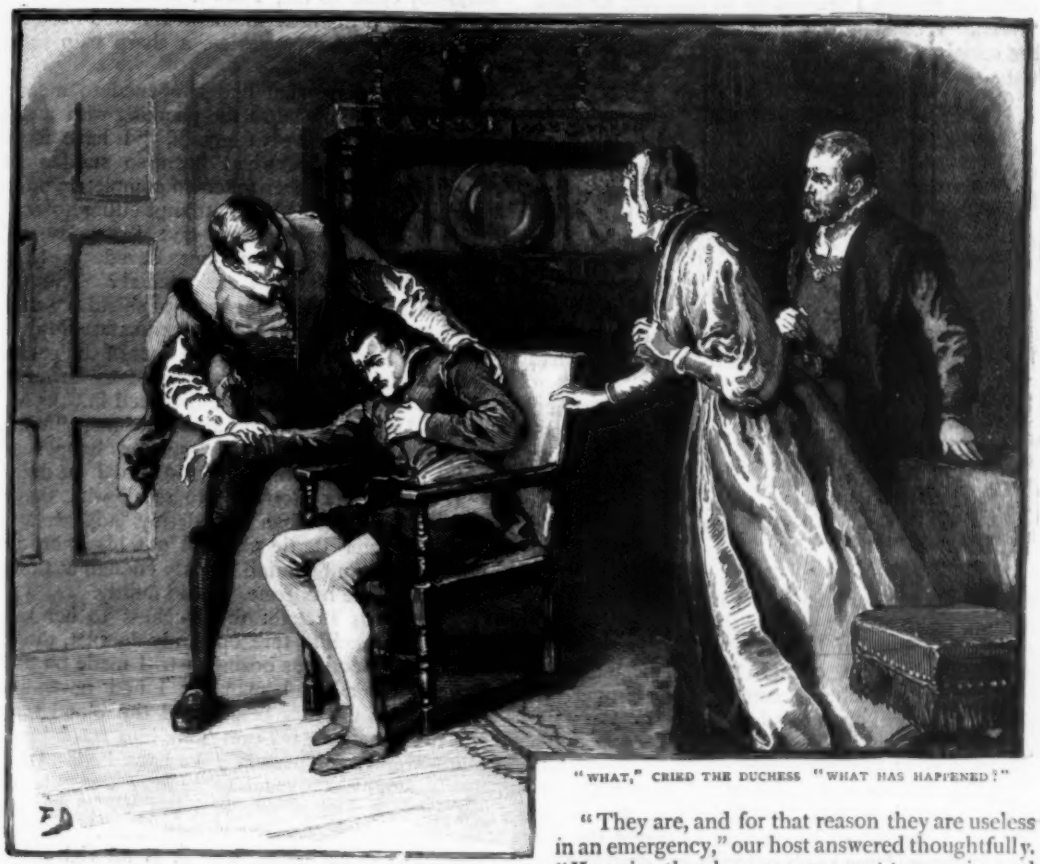


WAITING FOR THE CHOIR.

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC

## CHAPTER XI.—A FOUL BLOW.



"WHAT," CRIED THE DUCHESS "WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"

THEY none of them believed me, it seemed; and smarting under Mistress Anne's ridicule, hurt by even the Duchess's kindly incredulity, what could I do? Only assert what I had asserted already, that it was undoubtedly Clarence, and that before twenty-four hours elapsed they would have proof of my words.

At mention of this possibility Master Bertie looked up. He had left the main part in the discussion to others, but now he intervened. "One moment!" he said. "Take it that the lad is right, Master Lindstrom. Is there any precaution we can adopt, any back door, so to speak, we can keep open, in case of an attempt to arrest us being made? What would be the line of our retreat to Wesel?"

"The river," replied the Dutchman, promptly.

"And the boats are all at the landing-stage?"

"They are, and for that reason they are useless in an emergency," our host answered thoughtfully. "Knowing the place, any one sent to surprise and arrest us would secure them first, and the bridge. Then they would have us in a trap. It might be well to take a boat round, and moor it in the little creek in the further orchard," he added, rising. "It is a good idea, at any rate. I will go and do it."

He went out, leaving us four—the Duchess, her husband, Anne, and myself—sitting round the lamp.

"If Master Carey is so certain that it was Clarence," my lady began, "I think he ought to——"

"Yes, Kate?" her husband said. She had paused and seemed to be listening.

"Ought to open that letter he has!" she continued impetuously. "I have no doubt it is a letter to Clarence. Now the rogue has come on the scene again, the lad's scruples ought not to stand in the way. They are all nonsense. The

letter may throw some light on the Bishop's schemes and Clarence's presence here; and it should be read. That is what I think."

"What do you say, Carey?" her husband asked, as I kept silence. "Is not that reasonable?"

Sitting with my elbows on the table, I twisted and untwisted the fingers of my clasped hands, gazing at them the while as though inspiration might come of them. What was I to do? I knew that the three pairs of eyes were upon me, and the knowledge distracted me, and prevented me really thinking, though I seemed to be thinking so hard. "Well," I burst out at last, "the circumstances are certainly altered. I see no reason why I should not——"

Crash!

I stopped, uttering an exclamation, and we all sprang to our feet. "Oh, what a pity!" the Duchess cried, clasping her hands. "You clumsy, clumsy girl! What have you done?"

Mistress Anne's sleeve as she turned had swept from the table a Florentine jug, one of Master Lindstrom's greatest treasures, and it lay in a dozen fragments on the floor. We stood and looked at it, the Duchess in anger, Master Bertie and I in comic dismay. The girl's lip trembled, and she turned quite white as she contemplated the ruin she had caused.

"Well, you have done it now!" the Duchess said pitilessly. What woman could ever overlook clumsiness in another woman! "It only remains to pick up the pieces, miss. If a man had done it—but there, pick up the pieces. You will have to make your tale good to Master Lindstrom afterwards."

I went down on my knees and helped Anne, the annoyance her incredulity had caused me forgotten. She was so shaken that I heard the bits of ware in her hand clatter together. When we had picked up all, even to the smallest piece, I rose, and the Duchess returned to the former subject. "You will open this letter, then?" she said; "I see you will. Then the sooner the better. Have you got it about you?"

"No, it is in my bedroom," I answered. "I hid it away there, and I must fetch it. But do you think," I continued, pausing as I opened the door for Mistress Anne to go out with her double handful of fragments, "it is absolutely necessary to read it, my lady?"

"Most certainly," she answered, gravely nodding with each syllable, "I think so. I will be responsible." And Master Bertie nodded also.

"So be it," I said reluctantly. And I was about to leave the room to fetch the letter—my bedroom being in a different part of the house, only connected with the main building by a covered passage—when our host returned. He told us that he had removed a boat, and I stayed awhile to hear if he had anything more to report, and then, finding he had not, went out to go to my room, shutting the door behind me.

The passage I have mentioned, which was merely formed of rough planks, was very dark. At the nearer end was the foot of the staircase leading to the upper rooms. Farther along was a door in the side opening into the garden. Going straight out of the lighted room, I had almost to grope my way, feeling the walls with my hands. When I had about reached the middle I paused. It struck me that the door into the garden must be open, for I felt a cold draught of air strike my brow, and saw, or fancied I saw, a slice of night sky and the branch of a tree waving against it. I took a step forward, slightly shivering in the night air as I did so, and had stretched out my hand with the intention of closing the door, when a dark form rose suddenly close to me, I saw a knife gleam in the starlight, and the next moment I reeled back into the darkness of the passage, a sharp pain in my breast.

I knew at once what had happened to me, and leaned a moment against the planking with a sick, faint feeling, saying to myself, "I have it this time!" The attack had been so sudden and unexpected, I had been taken so completely off my guard, that I had made no attempt either to strike or to clutch my assailant, and I suppose only the darkness of the passage saved me from another blow. But was one needed? The hand which I had raised instinctively to shield my throat was wet with the warm blood trickling fast down my breast. I staggered back to the door of the parlour, groped blindly for the latch, seemed to be an age finding it, found it at last, and walked in.

The Duchess sprang up at sight of me. "What," she cried, backing from me, "what has happened?"

"I have been stabbed," I said, and I sat down.

It amused me afterwards to recall what they all did. The Dutchman stared, my lady screamed loudly, Master Bertie whipped out his sword; he could make up his mind quickly enough at times.

"I think he has gone," I said faintly.

The words brought the Duchess to her knees by my chair. She tore open my doublet, through which the blood was oozing fast. I made no doubt that I was a dead man, for I had never been wounded in this way before, and the blood scared me. I remember my prevailing idea was a kind of stunned pity for myself. Perhaps later—I hope so—I should have come to think of Petronilla and my uncle and other people. But before this stage was reached, the Duchess reassured me. "Courage, lad," she cried heartily. "It is all right, Dick. The villain struck him on the breastbone an inch too low, and has just ripped up a scrap of skin. It has blooded him for the spring, that is all. A bit of plaster——"

"And a drink of strong waters," suggested the Dutchman, soberly—his thoughts were always to the point when they came.

"Yes, that too," quoth my lady, "and he will be all right."

I thought so myself when I had emptied the cup they offered me. I had been a good deal shaken by the events of the day. The sight of blood had further upset me. I really think it possible I might have died of this slight hurt and my imagination if I had been left to myself. But the Duchess's assurance and the draught of schnapps, which seemed to send new blood through my veins, made me feel ashamed of myself. If the Duchess would have let me, I would at once have

gone to search the premises; as it was, she made me sit still while she ran to and fro for hot water and plaster and the men searched the lower rooms and secured the door afresh.

"And so you could see nothing of him?" our host asked, when he and Master Bertie returned, weapons in hand. "Nothing of his figure or face?"

"Nothing, save that he was short," I answered; "shorter than I am, at any rate, and I fancy a good deal."

"A good deal shorter than you are?" my lady said uneasily; "that is no clue. In this country nine people out of ten are that. Clarence, now, is not."

"No," I said; "he is about the same height. It was not Clarence."

"Then who could it be?" she muttered, rising, and then with a quick shudder sitting down again. "Heaven help us, we seem to be in the midst of foes! What could be the motive? And why should the villain have selected you? Why pick you out?"

Thereupon a strange thing happened. Three pairs of English eyes met, and signalled a common message eye to eye. No word passed, but the message was "Van Tree!" When we had glanced at one another we looked all of us at our host—looked somewhat guiltily. He was deep in thought, his eyes on the stove; but he seemed to feel our gaze upon him, and he looked up abruptly. "Master Van Tree," he said, and stopped.

"You know him well?" the Duchess said, appealing to him softly. We felt a kind of sorrow for him, and some delicacy, too, about accusing one of his countrymen of a thing so cowardly. "Do you think it is possible," she continued with an effort—"possible that he can have done this, Master Lindstrom?"

"I have known him from a boy," the merchant said, looking up, a hand on either knee, and speaking with a simplicity almost majestic, "and never knew him do a mean thing, madam. I know no more than that." And he looked round on us.

"That is a good deal; still, he went off in a fit of jealousy when Master Carey brought Dymphna home. We must remember that."

"Yes, I would he knew the rights of that matter," said the Dutchman, heartily.

"And he has been hanging about the place all day," my lady persisted.

"Yes," Master Lindstrom rejoined patiently; "yet I do not think he did this."

"Then who did?" she said, somewhat nettled.

That was the question. I had my opinion, as I saw Master Bertie and the Duchess had. I did not doubt it was Van Tree. Yet a thought struck me. "It might be well," I suggested, "that some one should ask Mistress Anne whether the door was open when she left the room. She passed out just in front of me."

"But she does not go by the door," my lady objected.

"No, she would turn at once and go upstairs," I agreed. "But she could see the door from the foot of the stairs—if she looked that way, I mean."

The Duchess assented, and went out of the room to put the question. We three, left together, sat staring at the dull flame of the lamp, and were for the most part silent, Master Bertie only remarking that it was after midnight. The suspicion he and I entertained of Van Tree's guilt seemed to raise a barrier between us and our host. My wound, slight as it was, smarted and burned, and my head ached. After midnight, was it? What a day it had been!

When the Duchess came back, as she did in a few minutes, both Anne and Dymphna came with her. The girls had risen hastily, and were shivering with cold and alarm. Their eyes were bright, their manner was excited. They were full of sympathy and horror and wonder, as was natural; of nervous fear for themselves, too. But my lady cut short their exclamations. "Anne says she did not notice the door," she said.

"No," the girl answered, trembling visibly as she spoke. "I went up straight to bed. But who could it be? Did you see nothing of him as he struck you? Not a feature? Not an outline?"

"No," I murmured.

"Did he not say a word?" she continued with strange insistence. "Was he tall or short?" Her dark eyes dwelling on mine seemed to probe my thoughts, as though they challenged me to keep anything back from her. "Was it the man you hurt this morning?" she suggested.

"No," I answered reluctantly. "This man was short."

"Short was he? Was it Master Van Tree then?"

We who felt almost certain that it was Van Tree started nevertheless at hearing the charge put into words before Dymphna. I wondered, and I think the others did too, at Mistress Anne's harshness. Even my lady, so blunt and outspoken by nature, had shrunk from trying to question the Dutch girl about her lover. We looked at Dymphna, wondering how she would take it.

We had forgotten that she could not understand English. But this did not serve her; for without a pause Mistress Anne turned to her, and unfalteringly said something in her scanty Dutch which came to the same thing. A word or two of questioning and explanation followed. Then the meaning of the accusation dawned at last on Dymphna's mind. I looked for an outburst of tears or protestations. Instead, with a glance of wonder and great scorn, with a single indignant widening of her beautiful eyes, she replied by a curt Dutch sentence.

"What does she say?" my lady exclaimed eagerly.

"She says," replied Master Lindstrom, who was looking on gravely, "that it is a base lie, madam."

On that we became spectators. It seemed to me, and I think to all of us, that the two girls stood apart from us in a circle of light by themselves; confronting one another with sharp glances as though a curtain had been raised from between them, and they saw one another in their true colours and recognised some natural antagonism, or, it might be, some rivalry each in the other. I think I was not peculiar in feeling this, for we all kept silence for a space as though expecting some-

thing to follow. In the middle of this silence there came a low rapping at the door.

One uttered a faint shriek; another stood as if turned to stone. The Duchess cried for her child. The rest of us looked at one another. Midnight was past. Who could be abroad, who could want us at this hour? As a rule we should have been in bed and asleep long ago. We had no neighbours save the cotters on the far side of the island. We knew of no one likely to arrive at this time with any good intent.

"I will open?" said Master Lindstrom. But he looked doubtfully at the women-folk as he said it.

"One minute," whispered the Duchess. "That table is solid and heavy. Could you not——"

"Put it across the door?" concluded her husband. "Yes we will." And it was done at once, the two men—my lady would not let me help—so arranging it that it prevented the door being opened to its full width.

"That will stop a rush," said Master Bertie with satisfaction.

It did strengthen the position, yet it was a nervous moment when our host prepared to lower the bar. "Who is there?" he cried loudly.

We waited, listening and looking at one another, the fear of arrest and the horrors of the Inquisition looming large in the minds of some of us at least. The answer, when it came, did not reassure us. It was uttered in a voice so low and muffled that we gained no information, and rather augured treachery the more. I remember noticing how each took the crisis: how Mistress Anne's face was set hard, and her breath came in jerks; how Dymphna, pale and trembling, seemed yet to have eyes only for her father; how the Duchess faced the entrance like a queen at bay. All this I took in at a glance. Then my gaze returned to Master Lindstrom, as he dropped the bar with a jerk. The door was pushed open at once as far as it would go. A draught of cold air came in, and with it Van Tree. He shut the door behind him.

Never were six people so taken aback as we were. But the newcomer, whose face was flushed with haste and excitement, observed nothing. Apparently he saw nothing unexpected even in our presence downstairs at that hour, nothing hostile or questioning in the half circle of astonished faces turned towards him. On the contrary, he seemed pleased. "Ah!" he exclaimed gutturally. "It is well! You are up! You have taken the alarm!"

It was to me he spoke, and I was so surprised by that, and by his sudden appearance, so dumbfounded by his easy address and the absence of all self-consciousness on his part, so struck by a change in him, that I stared in silence. I could not believe that this was the same half-shy, half-fierce young man who had flung away a few hours before in a passion of jealousy. My theory that he was the assassin seemed on a sudden extravagant, though here he was on the spot. When Master Lindstrom asked "Alarm! What alarm?" I listened for his answer as I should have listened for the answer of a friend and ally, without hesitation, without distrust. For in truth the man was transfigured; changed by the rise of something to the surface which ordinarily lay hid in him. Before, he had seemed churlish, awkward, a boor. But in this hour of our need and of his opportunity he showed himself as he was. Action and purpose lifted him above his outward seeming. I caught the generous sparkle in his eye, and trusted him.

"What!" he said, keeping his voice low. "You do not know? They are coming to arrest you. Their plan is to surround the house before daybreak. Already there is a boat lying in the river watching the landing-stage."

"Whom are they coming to arrest?" I asked. The others were silent, looking at this strange messenger with mingled feelings.

"All, I fear," he replied. "You, too, Master Lindstrom. Some one has traced your English friends hither and informed against you. I know not on what ground you are included, but I fear the worst. There is not a moment to be lost if you would escape by the bridge, before the troop who are on the way to guard it arrives."

"The landing-stage, you say, is already watched?" our host asked, his phlegmatic coolness showing at its best. His eyes roved round the room, and he tugged, as was his habit when deep in thought, at his beard. I felt sure that he was calculating which of his possessions he could remove.

"Yes," Van Tree answered. "My father got wind of the plan in Arnheim. An English envoy arrived there yesterday on his way to Cleves, or some part of Germany. It is rumoured that he has come out of his road to inquire after certain English fugitives whom his Government are anxious to seize. But come, we have no time to lose! Let us be off! Let us go!"

"Do you come too?" Master Lindstrom said, pausing in the act of turning away. He spoke in Dutch, but by some inspiration born of sympathy I understood both his question and the answer.

"Yes, I come. Where Dymphna goes I go, and where she stops I stop, though it be at Madrid itself," the young man answered gallantly. His eye kindled, and he seemed to grow taller and to gain majesty. The barrier of race, which had hindered me from viewing him fairly before, fell in a trice. I felt now only a kindly sorrow that he had done this noble thing, and not I. I went to him and grasped his hand; and though I said nothing, he seemed after a single start of surprise to understand me fully. He understood me even better, if that were possible, an hour later, when Dymphna had told him of her adventure with the Spaniard, and he came to me to thank me.

Ordered myself to be idle, I found all busy round me, busy with a stealthy diligence. Master Lindstrom was packing his plate. Dymphna, pale, but with soft happy eyes—for had she not cause to be proud?—was preparing food and thick clothing. The Duchess had fetched her child and was dressing it for the journey. Master Bertie was collecting small matters and looking to our arms. In one or other of these occupations—I can guess in which—Van Tree was giving his aid. And so, since the Duchess would not let me do anything, it chanced that presently I found myself left alone for a few minutes with Anne.

I was not watching her. I was gnawing my nails in a fit of despondency, reflecting that I was nothing but a hindrance and a drawback to my friends, since whenever a move had to be made I was sure to be invalided, when I became aware, through some mysterious sense, that my companion, who was kneeling on the floor behind me, packing, had desisted from her work and was gazing fixedly at me. I turned. Yes, she was looking at me; her eyes, in which a smouldering fire seemed to burn, contrasting vividly with her pale face and contracted brows. When she saw that I had turned—of which at first she did not seem aware—she rose and came to me, and laid a hand on my shoulder and leaned over me. A feeling that was very like fright fell upon me, her manner was so strange. "What is it?" I stammered, as she still pored on me in silence, still maintained her attitude. "What is the matter, Anne?"

that has been laid carefully enough. What is this tale of an English envoy on his way to Germany? Rubbish! Rubbish, I tell you."

"But Clarence——"

"Bah! It was all your fancy!" she cried fiercely, her eyes for the moment flitting to the door, then returning to my face. "How should he find us here? Or what has Clarence to do with an English envoy?"

"I do not know," I said. She had not in the least persuaded me. In a rare moment I had seen into Van Tree's soul and trusted him implicitly. "Please take care," I added, wincing under her hand. "You hurt me!"

She sprang back with a sudden change of countenance as if I had struck her, and for a moment cowered away from me, her former passion still apparent fighting for the mastery in her face. I set down her condition to terror at the plight we



"STOP! STOP!" I CRIED IN HORROR; "YOU WILL RUIN ALL!"

"Are you *quite* a fool?" she whispered, her voice almost a hiss, her hot breath on my cheek. "Have you no sense left, that you trust that man?"

For a moment I failed to understand her. "What man?" I said. "Oh, Van Tree!"

"Ay, Van Tree! Who else? Will you go straight into the trap he has laid for you?" She moistened her lips with her tongue, as though they were parched. "You are all mad! Mad, I think! Don't you see," she continued, stooping over me again, and whispering hurriedly, her wild eyes close to mine, "that he is jealous of you?"

"He was," I said uneasily. "That is all right now."

"He was? He is!" she retorted. "He went away wild with you. He comes back smiling and holding out his hand. Do you trust him? Don't you see—don't you see," she cried, rocking me to and fro with her hand in her excitement, "that he is fooling you? He is leading us all into a trap were all in, or to vexation that no one would take her view. The next moment I went farther. I thought her mad when she turned abruptly from me and, flying to the door by which Van Tree had entered, began with trembling fingers to release the pin which confined the bar.

"Stop! stop! you will ruin all!" I cried in horror. "They can see that door from the river, and if they see the light, they will know we are up and have taken the alarm; and they may make a dash to secure us. Stop, Anne! Stop!" I cried. But the girl was deaf. She tugged desperately at the pin, and had already loosened the bar when I caught her by the arms, and, pushing her away, set my back against the door. "Don't be foolish!" I said gently. "You have lost your head. You must let us men settle these things, Anne."

She was indeed beside herself, for she faced me during a second or two as though she would spring upon me and tear me from the door. Her hands

worked, her eyes gleamed, her strong white teeth showed themselves. I shuddered. I had never pictured her looking like that. Then, as steps sounded on the stairs and cheerful voices—cheerful they seemed to me as they broke in on that strange scene—drew nearer, she turned and, walking deliberately to a seat, fell to weeping hysterically.

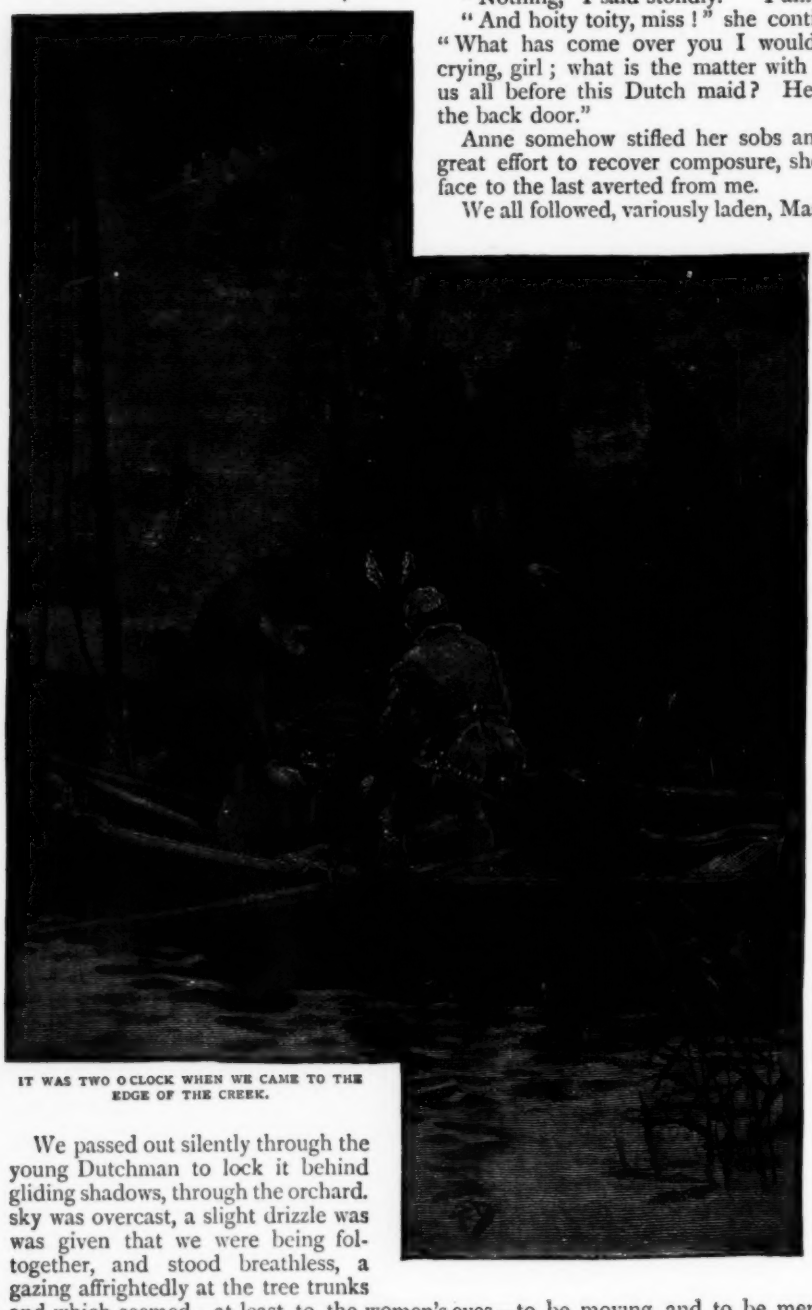
"What are you doing to that door?" cried the Duchess sharply, as she entered with the others. I was securing the bar again.

"Nothing," I said stolidly. "I am seeing that it is fast."

"And hoity toity, miss!" she continued, turning to Anne. "What has come over you I would like to know? Stop crying, girl; what is the matter with you? Will you shame us all before this Dutch maid? Here, carry these things to the back door."

Anne somehow stifled her sobs and rose. Seeming by a great effort to recover composure, she went out, keeping her face to the last averted from me.

We all followed, variously laden, Master Lindstrom and Van Tree, who carried between them the plate-chest, being the last to leave. There was not one of us—even of us who had only known the house a few weeks—who did not heave a sigh as we passed out of the warm lamp-lit parlour, which, littered as it was with the débris of packing, looked still pleasant and comfortable in comparison with the darkness outside and the uncertain future before us. What, then, must have been the pain of parting to those who had never known any other home? Yet they took it bravely. To Dymphna, Van Tree's return had brought great happiness. To Master Lindstrom, any ending to a long series of anxieties and humiliations was welcome. To Van Tree—well, he had Dymphna with him, and his side of the plate-chest was heavy, and gave him ample employment.



IT WAS TWO O'CLOCK WHEN WE CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE CREEK.

We passed out silently through the back door, leaving the young Dutchman to lock it behind us, and flitted, a line of gliding shadows, through the orchard. It was two o'clock, the sky was overcast, a slight drizzle was falling. Once an alarm was given that we were being followed; and we huddled together, and stood breathless, a clump of dark figures gazing affrightedly at the tree trunks which surrounded us, and which seemed—at least to the women's eyes—to be moving, and to be closing in on us. But the alarm was groundless, and with no greater mishap than a few stumbles when we came to the slippery edge of the creek, we reached the boat, and one by one, admirably ordered by our host, got in and took our seats. Van Tree and Master Lindstrom pushed us off; then they swung themselves in and paddled warily along, close under the bank, where the shadows of the poplars fell across us, and our figures blended darkly with the line of rushes on the shore.

CHAPTER XII.—ANNE'S PETITION.

WE coasted along in this silent fashion, nearly as far as the hamlet and bridge, following, but farther inshore, the course which Master Lindstrom and I had taken when on our way to bury the Spaniard. A certain point gained, at a signal from our host we struck out into the open, and rowed swiftly towards the edge of the marsh. This was the critical moment; but, so far as we could learn, our passage was unnoticed. We reached the fringe of rushes, with a prolonged hissing sound the boat pushed through them; a flight of water-fowl rose, whirring and clapping about us, and we floated out into a dim misty lake, whose shores and surface stretched away on every side, alike dark, shifting, and uncertain.

Across this the Dutchman steered us, bringing us presently to a narrow opening, through which we glided into a second and smaller mere. At the farther end of this one the way seemed barred by a black impenetrable wall of rushes, which rose far above our heads. But the tall stems bent slowly with many a whispered protest before our silent onset, and we slid into a deep water-lane, here narrow, there widening into a pool, in one place dark, in another reflecting the grey night sky. Down this we sped swiftly, the sullen plash of the oars and the walls of rushes always with us. For ourselves, we crouched still and silent, shivering and listening for sounds of pursuit; now starting at the splash of a frog, again shuddering at the cry of a night-bird. The Duchess, her child, and I were in the bows, Master Lindstrom, his daughter, and Mistress Anne in the stern. They had made me comfortable with the baggage and some warm coverings, and would insist on treating me as helpless. Even when the others began to talk in whispers, the Duchess enjoined silence on me, and bade me sleep. Presently I did so, my last impression one of unending water-ways and shoreless, shadowy lakes.

When I awoke the sun was high and the scene was changed indeed. We lay on the bosom of a broad river, our boat seeming now to stand still as the sail flapped idly, now to heel over and shoot forward as the light breeze struck us. The shores abreast of us were still low and reedy, but ahead the slopes of green wooded hills rose gently from the stream. Master Bertie was steering, and, seeing me lift my head, greeted me with a smile. The girls in the stern were covered up and asleep. Amidships, too, Master Lindstrom and Van Tree had curled themselves up between the thwarts, and were slumbering peacefully. I turned to look for the Duchess, and found her sitting wide awake at my elbow, her eyes on her husband.

"Well," she said smiling, "do you feel better now? You have had a good sleep."

"How long have I been asleep, please?" I asked, bewildered by the sunshine, by the shining river and the green hills, by the fresh morning air, by the change in everything; and answering in a question, as people freshly aroused do nine times out of ten. "Where are we?"

"You have been asleep nearly six hours, and we are on the Rhine, near Emmerich," she answered smiling. She was pale, and the long hours of watching had drawn dark circles round her eyes. But the old undaunted courage shone in them still, and her smile was as sweet as ever.

"Have we passed the frontier?" I asked eagerly.

"Well, nearly," she answered. "But how does your wound feel?"

"Rather stiff and sore," I said ruefully, after making an experiment by moving my body to and fro. "And I am very thirsty, but I could steer."

"So you shall," she said. "Only first eat something. We broke our fast before the others lay down. There is bread and meat behind you, and some hollands and water in the bottle."

I seized the latter and drank greedily. Then, finding myself hungry now I came to think about it, I fell upon the eatables.

"You will do now, I think," she said, when she had watched me for some time.

I laughed for answer, pleased that the long dark night, its gloom and treachery were past. But its memories remained, and presently I said, "If Van Tree did not try to kill me—and I am perfectly sure he did not——"

"So am I," she said. "We were all wrong."

"Then," I continued, looking at her gravely, "who did? that is the question. And why?"

"You are sure that it was not the Spaniard whom you hurt in defence of Dymphna?" my lady asked.

"Quite sure."

"And sure that it was not Clarence?" she persisted.

"Quite sure. It was a short man," I explained again, "and dressed in a cloak. That is all I can tell about him."

"It might be some one employed by Clarence," she suggested, her face gloomy, her brows knit.

"True, I had not thought of that," I answered. "And it reminds me. I have heard so much of Clarence——"

"And seen some little—even that little more than was good for you."

"Yes, he has had the better of me, on both occasions," I allowed. "But I was going to ask you," I continued, "to tell me something about him. He was your steward, I know. But how did he come to you? How was it you trusted him?"

"We are all fools at times," she answered grimly. "We wanted to have persons of our own faith about us, and he was highly commended to us by Protestants abroad, as having seen service in the cause. He applied to us just at the right moment too. And at the first we felt a great liking for him. He was so clever in arranging things, he kept such excellent order among the servants; he was so ready, so willing, so plausible! Oh!" she added bitterly, "he had ways that enabled him to twist nine women out of ten round his fingers! Richard was fond of him; I liked him; we had talked more than once of how we might advance his interests. And then, like a thunderbolt on a clear day, the knowledge of his double-dealing fell upon us. We learned that he had been seen talking with a known agent of

Gardiner, and this at a time when the Bishop was planning our ruin. We had him watched, and just when the net had all but closed round us we discovered that he had been throughout in Gardiner's pay."

"Ah!" I said viciously. "The oddest thing to me is the way he has twice escaped me when I had him at the sword's point!"

"The third time may bring other fortune, Master Francis," she answered smiling. "Yet be wary with him. He is a good swordsman, as my husband, who sometimes fenced with him, will tell you."

"He can be no common man," I said.

"He is not. He is well-bred, and has seen service. He is at once bold and cunning. He has a tongue would win most women, and a hardihood that would chain them to him. Women love bold men," my lady added naïvely. And she smiled on me—yet humorously—so that I blushed.

There was silence for a moment. The sail flapped, then filled again. How delicious this morning after that night, this bright expanse after the dark sluggish channels! Far away in front a great barge, high-laden with a mighty stack of rushes, crept along beside the bank, the horse that drew it covered by a kind of knitted rug. When my lady spoke next, it was abruptly. "Is it Anne?" she asked.

I knew quite well what she meant, and blushed again. I shook my head.

"I think it was going to be," she said sagely, "only Mistress Dymphna came upon the scene. You have heard the story of the donkey halting between two bundles of hay, Master Francis? And in the multitude of sweethearts there is safety."

"I do not think that was my case," I said. Instinctively my hand went to my breast, in which Petronilla's velvet sword-knot lay safe and warm. The Duchess saw the gesture and instantly bent forward and mimicked it. "Ha! ha!" she cried, leaning back with her hands clasped about her knees, and her eyes shining with fun and amusement. "Now I understand. You have left her at home; now, do not deny it, or I will tell the others. Be frank and I will keep your secret, on my honour."

"She is my cousin," I said, my cheeks hot.

"And her name?"

"Petronilla."

"Petronilla?" my lady repeated shrewdly. "That was the name of your Spanish grandmother, then?"

"Yes, madam."

"Petronilla? Petronilla?" she repeated, stroking her cheek with her hand. "She would be before my time, would she not? Yet there used to be several Petronillas about the court in Queen Catherine of Aragon's days, I remember. There was Petronilla de Vargas for one. But there, I guess at random. Why do you not tell me more about yourself, Master Francis? Do you not know me well enough now?"

"There is nothing to tell, madam," I said in a low voice.

"Your family? You come, I am sure, of a good house."

"I did, but it is nothing to me now. I am cut off from it. I am building my house afresh. And," I added bitterly, "I have not made much way with it yet."

She broke, greatly to my surprise, into a long peal of laughter. "Oh, you vain boy!" she cried. "You valiant castle-builder! How long have you been about the work? Three months? Do you think a house is to be built in a day? Three months, indeed? Quite a lifetime!"

Was it three months? It seemed to me to be fully three years. I seemed to have grown more than three years older since that February morning when I had crossed Arden Forest with the first light, and looked down on Wootton Wawen sleeping in its vale, and roused the herons fishing in the bottoms.

"Come, tell me all about it!" she said abruptly. "What did you do to be cut off."

"I cannot tell you," I answered.

A shade of annoyance clouded her countenance. But it passed away almost on the instant. "Very well," she said, with a little nod of disdain and a pretty grimace. "So be it. Have your own way. But I prophesy you will come to me with the tale some day."

I went then and took Master Bertie's place at the tiller; and, he lying down, I had the boat to myself until noon, and drew no little pleasure from the placid picture which the moving banks and the wide river presented. About noon there was a general uprising; and, coming immediately afterwards to a little island lying close to one bank, we all landed to stretch our legs and refresh ourselves after the confinement on board.

"We are over the border now and close to Emmerich," said Master Lindstrom, "though the mere line of frontier will avail us little if the Spanish soldiers can by hook or crook lay hands on us! Therefore, we must lose no time in getting within the walls of some town. We should be fairly secure for a few days either in Wesel or Santon."

"I thought Wesel was the point we were making for," Master Bertie said in some surprise.

"It was Wesel I mentioned the other day," the Dutchman admitted frankly. "And it is the bigger town and the stronger. But I have more friends in Santon. To Wesel the road from Emmerich runs along the right bank. To Santon we go by a cross-country road, starting from the left bank opposite Emmerich, a road longer and more tedious. But we are much less likely to be followed that way than along the Wesel road, and on second thoughts I incline to Santon."

"But why adopt either road? Why not go on by river?" I asked.

"Because we should be overtaken. The wind is falling, and the boat," our late host explained more truly than politely, "with the women in it is heavy."

"I understand," I said. "And you feel sure we shall be pursued?"

For answer he pointed with a smile to his plate-chest. "Quite sure," he added. "With that before them they will think nothing of the frontier. I fancy

that for you, if the English Government be in earnest, there will be no absolutely safe place short of the free city of Frankfort. Unless indeed you have interest with the Duke of Cleves."

"Ah!" said the Duchess. And she looked at her husband.

"Ah!" said Master Bertie, and he looked very blankly at his wife. So that I did not derive much comfort from that suggestion.

"Then it is Santon, is it?" said my lady.

"That first, at any rate. Then, if they follow us along the Wesel road, we shall still give them the slip."

So it was settled, neither Van Tree nor the girls having taken any part in the discussion. The former and Dymphna were talking aside, and Mistress Anne was sitting low down on the bank with her feet almost in the water, immersed to all appearance in her own thoughts. There was a little bustle as we rose to get into the boat, which we had drawn up on the landward side of the island so as to be invisible from the main channel; and in the middle of this I was standing with one foot in the boat and one on shore taking from Anne various articles which we had landed for rearrangement, when she whispered to me that she wanted to speak to me alone.

"I want to tell you something," she said, raising her eyes to my face, and then averting them. "Follow me this way."

She strolled as if accidentally twenty or thirty paces along the bank; and in a minute I joined her. I found her gazing down the river in the



'YOU DO NOT SEE ANYTHING, DO YOU?"

direction from which we had come. "What is it?" I said anxiously. "You do not see anything, do you?" For there had been a hint of bad news in her voice.

She dropped the hand with which she had been shading her eyes and turned to me. "Master Francis, you will not think me very foolish?" she said. Then I perceived that her lip was quivering and that there were tears in her eyes. They were very beautiful eyes when, as now, they grew soft, and appeal took the place of challenge.

"What is it?" I replied, speaking cheerfully to reassure her. She had scarcely got over her terror of last night. She trembled as she stood.

"It is about Santon," she answered with a miserable little catch in her voice. "I am so afraid of going there! Master Lindstrom says it is a rough long road, and when we are there we are not a bit farther from those wretches than at Wesel, and—and——"

"There, there!" I said. She was on the point of bursting into tears, and was clearly much overwrought. "You are making the worst of it. If it were not for Master Lindstrom I should be inclined to choose Wesel myself. But he ought to know best."

"But that is not all," she said, clasping her hands and looking up at me with her face grown full of solemn awe. "I have had a dream."

"Well, but dreams——" I objected.

"You do not believe in dreams?" she said, dropping her head sorrowfully.

"No, no; I do not say that," I admitted, naturally startled. "But what was your dream?"

"I thought we took the road to Santon. And mind," she added earnestly, "this was before Master Lindstrom had uttered a word about going that way, or any other way save to Wesel. I dreamt that we followed the road through such a dreadful flat country, a country all woods and desolate moorland, under a grey sky, and in torrents of rain, to——"

"Well, well?" I said, with a passing shiver at the picture. She described it with a rapt absent air, which made me creep—as if even now she were seeing something uncanny.

"And then I thought that in the middle of these woods, about half-way to Santon, they overtook us, and there was a great fight."

"There would be sure to be that!" I muttered, with shut teeth.

"And I thought you were killed, and we women were dragged back! There, I cannot tell you the rest!" she added wildly. "But try, try to get them to go the old way. If not, I know evil will come of it. Promise me to try?"

"I will tell them your dream," I said.

"No, no!" she exclaimed still more vehemently. "They would only laugh. Madam does not believe in dreams. But they will listen to you if you say you think the other way better. Promise me you will! Promise me!" she pleaded, her hands clasping my arm, and her tearful eyes looking up to mine.

"Well," I agreed reluctantly, "I will try. After all, the shortest way may be the best. But if I do," I said kindly, "you must promise me in return not to be alarmed any longer, Anne."

"I will try," she said gratefully; "I will indeed, Francis."

We were summoned at that minute, for the boat

was waiting for us. The Duchess scanned us rather curiously as we ran up—we were the last. But Anne kept her word, and concealed her fears so bravely that as she jumped in from the bank her air of gaiety almost deceived me, and would have misled the sharpest-sighted person who had not been present at our interview, so admirably was it assumed.

We calculated that our pursuers would not follow us down the river for some hours. They would first have to search the island, and the watch which they had set on the landing-stage would lead them to suspect rather that we had fled by land. We hoped, therefore, to reach Emmerich unmolested. There Master Lindstrom said we could get horses; and he thought we might be safe in Santon by the following evening.

"If you really think we had better go to Santon," I said. This was an hour or two after leaving the island, and when we looked to sight Emmerich very soon, the hills which we had seen in front all day, and which were grateful to eyes sated with the monotony of Holland, being now pretty close to us.

"I thought that we had settled that," replied the Dutchman, promptly.

I felt they were all looking at me. "I look at it this way," I said, reddening. "Wesel is not far from Emmerich by the road. Should we not have an excellent chance of reaching it before our pursuers come up?"

"You might reach it," Master Lindstrom said gravely. "Though, again, you might not."

"And, Wesel once reached," I persisted, "there is less fear of violence being attempted there than in Santon. It is a larger town."

"True," he admitted. "But it is just this. Will you be able to reach Wesel? It is the getting there—that is the difficulty; the getting there before you are caught."

"If we have a good start, why should we not?" I urged; and urged it the more persistently, the more I found them opposed to it. Naturally there ensued a warm discussion. At first they all sided against me, save of course Anne, and she sat silent, though she was visibly agitated, as from minute to minute I or they seemed likely to prevail. But presently when I grew warmer, and urged again and again the strength of Wesel, my own party veered round, yet still with doubt and misgiving. The Dutchman shrugged his shoulders to the end and remained unpersuaded. But finally it was decided that I should have my own way. We would go to Wesel.

Every one knows how a man feels when he comes victorious out of such a battle. He begins on the instant to regret his victory and to see the possible evils which may result from it; to repent the hot words he has used in the strife and the declarations he has flung broadcast. That dreadful phrase, "I told you so!" rises like an avenging fury before his fancy. And he quails.

I felt all this the moment the thing was settled. But I was too young to back out and withdraw my words. I hoped for the best, and resolved inwardly to get the party mounted the moment we reached Emmerich.

I soon had the opportunity of proving this resolution to be more easily made than carried out. About three o'clock we reached the little town dominated, as we saw from afar, by an ancient minster, and, preferring not to enter it, landed at the steps of an inn a quarter of a mile short of the gates, and marking a point where we might take the road to Wesel, or crossing the river the road to Santon. Master Lindstrom seemed well known, but there were difficulties about the horses. The German landlord listened to his story with apparent sympathy—but no horses! We could not understand the tongue in which the two talked, but the Dutchman's questions, quick and animated for once, and the landlord's slow replies, reminded me of the foggy morning when in a similar plight we had urged the master of the Lion's Whelp to put to sea. And I feared a similar result.

"He says he cannot get so many horses to-night," said Master Lindstrom with a long face.

"Offer him more money!" quoth the Duchess.

"If we cannot have horses until the morning, we may as well go on in the boat," I urged.

"He says, too, that the water is out on the road," continued the Dutchman.

"Nonsense! Double the price!" cried my lady, impatiently.

I suppose that this turned the scale. The landlord finally promised that in an hour four saddle-horses for Master Bertie and the Duchess, Anne and myself should be ready, with a couple of pack-horses and a guide. Master Lindstrom, his daughter, and Van Tree would start a little later for Cleves, five miles on the road to Santon, if conveyance could be got. "And if not," our late host added, as we said something about our unwillingness to leave him in danger, "I shall be safe enough in the town, but I hope to sleep in Cleves."

It was all settled very hastily. We felt—and I in particular, since my plan had been adopted—an unreasonable impatience to be off. As we stood on the bank by the inn-door, we had a straight reach of river a mile long in full view below us; and now we were no longer moving ourselves, but standing still, expected each minute to see the Spanish boat with its crew of desperadoes sweep round the corner before our eyes. Master Lindstrom assured us that if we were once out of sight our pursuers would get no information as to the road we had taken either from the innkeeper or his neighbours. "There is no love lost between them and the Spaniards," he said shrewdly. "And I know the people here, and they know me. The burghers may not be very keen to come to blows with the Spaniards or to resent their foray. But the latter, on their part, will be careful not to go too far or to make themselves obnoxious."

We took the opportunity of supping then, not knowing when we might get food again. I happened to finish first, and, hearing the horses' hoofs, went out and watched the lads who were to be our guides fastening the baggage on the sumpter beasts. I gave them a hand—not without a wince or two, for the wound in my chest was painful—and while doing so had a flash of remembrance. I went to the unglazed window of the kitchen in which the

others sat, and leaned my elbows on the sill. "I say!" I said, full of my discovery, "there is something we have forgotten!"

"What?" asked the Duchess, rising and coming towards me, while the others paused in their meal to listen.

"The letter to Mistress Clarence," I answered. "I was going to get it when I was stabbed, you remember, and afterwards we forgot all about it. Now it is too late. It has been left behind."

She did not answer then, but came out to me, and turned with me to look at the horses. "This comes of your foolish scruples, Master Francis!" she said severely. "Where was it?"

"I slipped it between the leathers of the old haversack you gave me," I answered, "which I used to have for a pillow. Van Tree brought my things down, but overlooked the haversack, I suppose. At any rate, it is not here."

"Well, it is no good crying over spilt milk," she said.

She called the others out then, and there was no mistaking Mistress Anne's pleasure at escaping the Santon road. She was radiant, and vouchsafed me a very pretty glance of thanks, in which her relief as well as her gratitude shone clearly. By half-past four we had got, wearied as we were, to horse, and with three hours of daylight before us hoped to reach Wesel without mishap. But for most of us the start was saddened by the parting—though we hoped it would be only for a time—from our Dutch friends. We remembered how good and staunch they had been to us. We feared—though Master Lindstrom would not hear of it—that we had brought misfortune upon them, and neither the Duchess's brave eyes nor Dymphna's blue ones were free from tears as they embraced. I wrung Van Tree's hand as if I had known him for months instead of days, for a common danger is a wondrous knitter of hearts; and he only smiled—though Dymphna blushed—when I kissed her cheek. A few broken words, a last cry of farewell, and we four, with our two guides behind us, moved down the Wesel road, the last I heard of our good friends being Master Lindstrom's charge, shouted after us, "to beware of the water if it was out!"

## THE CENSUS AND SOME OF ITS LESSONS

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, M.A.

WHEN the first Christian census was taken the whole of Christendom met in a room, and the chronicler of the Acts of the Apostles reckoned it up in a glance. There was more pressing business in hand. Nevertheless he set down the result of his rapid summary. "The number of the names together was about one hundred and twenty."

It would interest some curious people to learn what the population of this country was then. One thing we know for certain. There was not a single Christian within its four seas. Now, though, happily, a so-called "religious" census is not to be taken, we are thankful that of those that were presently "added to the Church" not a few are to be found within the islands in which we live. How many we cannot tell, and no "telling" would inform us.

Nevertheless the business which comes round this month is full of both interest and valuable information. It not merely entertains the inquisitive, but sets gravely suggestive lessons before the most thoughtful. We are bidden to "number" ourselves, and in due time shall learn, with whatever satisfaction or otherwise follows the discovery, how many we be. Busy brains and fingers will count, sort, and tabulate the contents of the papers with which each "household" has been provided, and compile as near a record as may be of the "homeless" in this Christian land.

Let us pass in review some of the thoughts, commonplace enough, which are aroused at the taking of a census. We are not really counted, but number ourselves, at once, with one short exercise of inquiry and act of inscription. The work of the enumerators, barring such assistance as is given to the ignorant (which with the growth of schools grows less at each recurring decade of years), is properly only to collect and arrange the information with which they are supplied.

Hence we may, to some extent, realise the presence of what is called civilisation. When Joab went through the tribes of Israel from Dan even to Beer-sheba that he might number the people, he, and the captains of the host who were with him, spent nine months and twenty days about their business. They would appear to have gone from city to city, and village to village, counting heads. It was simply an itinerating addition sum which they worked. Nor did they profess perfect exactness, for they brought out the total in round numbers—so many hundred thousand. Moreover, it is most notable that they were "military" scrutineers alone. No notice was taken of the sick, old, or young; women and children were not counted. When the enumerators came to give in their returns we find that, as it is put in our English Bible, they reckoned only valiant men "who drew the sword."

This may strike us as a strange way of testing the value of those who were called the people of God. In its adoption, however, we are let into the secret of David's fault, who was often too ready to count only weapons and their wearers, and make overmuch of the issue of battle alone. In contrast to this, though the preparation for and classification

of the results supplied in the taking of our census necessarily occupy a considerable time, the process of counting indicates a certain phase of civilisation, inasmuch as it is performed by ourselves, and not by the officials employed. Moreover, it is done in an hour, and really gives only the number of the "unarmed," since that of our fighting men is already known.

In looking at the procedure of April 5, there is thus something to gratify ourselves in the possession of social machinery which can be set to work with simultaneous effect and sufficient accuracy. Even failures in preparing the return required will show fairly enough the proportion of ordinary intelligence possessed by the nation, compared with that exhibited ten years ago. With this is associated a significant test of the elementary education which has been carried on since 1881. The printed forms supplied are, so to speak, national examination papers in reading and writing.

The nature of the information they supply, moreover, brings home to us, in comparison with the military census of David, the fact that we are an "industrious" people. In this country work, not war, occupies its inhabitants. This is, so far, a wholesome thought. The inquiry which is made recognises the value of those who cannot draw the sword, and sees an important significance in the total even of the sick amongst us. This last tells us something about the advancing knowledge of sanitary laws. The main purpose, however, of our reckoning is to ascertain our numbers and business. There is here no slight significance in the contrast between the numbering of the people by David and that which takes place amongst ourselves.

Let us use another scriptural comparison afforded by the difference to which I have alluded between the first given total of Christ's followers, and that to which it may amount now. At the beginning of our era, when there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, the first thing that strikes us is that (however ambitious and comprehensive the order) the new-born babe at Bethlehem would not have been considered worth counting by the Roman enumerators. Here, in passing, let me remark that we have an indirect hint about the value of a "religious" census. As it was with the Son of Man, so, in their measure, is it with the sons of men. There are ever those amongst us whom we know not. The mere official eye misses, cannot indeed take account of, a presence and a power which incalculably affect the wisest and most pretentious official returns. Passing by, however, the assumption that the child Jesus found no place in the census of Cæsar, though presently the king was troubled at His birth, we find that thirty years later, after His death, when the first reckoning of His followers was made, the number was only about one hundred and twenty.

A small total. And yet it was the most valuable and effective band whose sum has ever been given. What a handful it was by the side of the great heap of the world! And yet what a change it has been the instrument of making! It is a change, indeed, incalculably short of completion; for this little leaven is far from having leavened the lump in which it was put. The influence, however, of which these one hundred and twenty became the first vehicle, has never ceased to work, showing itself in divers ways, finding new channels, taking fresh shapes, but ever, where its stream is purest, promoting the love of truth, self-sacrifice, humanity, compassion, and bringing great and endless comfort to an innumerable multitude of souls.

Whatever good has, or will, come through Christianity, began to come through these one hundred and twenty. They were the leaders in the spread of that slow but progressive regeneration of mankind which is the desire and work of the Christ. Herein this earliest census might teach us something about the value of "numbers." It is counted a great thing for nations when they can reckon their people by millions. Some see incontestably flattering prospects in a sheer increase of population, but the value of a multitude of souls must needs depend upon the individual worth of those who compose it. A crowd of fools is nothing to boast of. I am afraid, however, that the tendency of to-day is to worship "numbers." People please themselves by counting heads, without knowing what is inside them.

This is obviously the case in politics and society, and unhappily, we may add, sometimes in religion. I will not dwell over the political aspect of this fact. We are under government by Party, and whatever may be said for this, it cannot be denied that measures are carried by numbers, and that equal weight is given to the votes of the foolish and the wise. If we look at what is called "society," we see it stirred by waves of fashion, capricious as they are manifold, which affect every aspect of life and carry crowds with them; the greater part not knowing why they are moved at all. If so many can be led to agree in a project or course, those who adopt it conclude that it must be right. General acceptance is supposed to insure us against error, whereas we forget that the whole world may be mistaken, and that up to any present point (and no one can go beyond that) universal assent may be given to an error, as when it had been believed through all known time, everywhere, and by all, that the sun moved round the earth, and not the earth round the sun.

Anyhow, fashions are followed, and opinions are held, by droves which crowd on like sheep when the wayward leader has once made or found a gap in the hedge, and so far as we do this I do not see what comfort there is in discovering that there are more likely to do it now than there were ten years ago; more to follow at the heels of the plausible, more to catch up the whims of fashion, more to exhibit on a larger scale the mischief of merely following a multitude.

The worst of it is that this infection of nature is found, yea even in the regenerate, and that we are tempted to measure the value of a religious statement or creed by the number of those who accept or profess it, and the stubbornness with which they maintain their belief. Some forget that such a test would give embarrassing ascendency to the claims of the Mahomedan and Buddhist. We may indeed be thankful when we see an increasing number ready to be taught intelligently, but what

we want is the spirit of willingness to learn facts, and more about them, rather than to hold some view or opinion which has been found acceptable by the "majority." Real Christianity has advanced, not by the following of crowds, but through that individual perception of the mind and work of Christ whereby living stone after stone has been added to the temple of God. There have, no doubt, been outpourings of the Spirit, and bursts of adhesion to the visible Church: meanwhile the true apprehension and growth of the kingdom of heaven has ever been personal and gradual, and cannot be tested by numbers. The crowds who first followed John and then Jesus Himself, were the mere semblance of success. John was left in prison, and presently all the disciples of Jesus forsook Him and fled. The height of the first reaction in His favour, the Roll Call after the Battle of Calvary, showed the names of some hundred and twenty instead of the thousands who had followed Jesus in the way. And this sifting has ever since gone on. The occasional multitude has been disintegrated and weeded, sometimes wholly dispersed. We might learn some lessons concerning the value of numbers when we think about the teaching of a census.

Another comes as we remember that our enumerators desire to know not merely the names and ages of the whole household, but the business, place, trade, calling, or profession, of each. Those who are not quite young children and have no distinct employment may appear as students, scholars, or apprentices. It is desired, in short, that we should know what every one's vocation is.

And under this head will appear a number who have nothing to do. It is not that they will be set down as "unemployed," for a carpenter who is out of work will nevertheless make mention of his craft. A large proportion of the unoccupied who give their names and ages alone will consist of unmarried women who are not compelled to earn their bread, and who nevertheless have received what is called a superior education, though sometimes this does not fit them to manage a household with intelligent and instructed economy, teach their children well if they should be married and have families, or procure a living for themselves if necessity should arise. This will lay bare a stratum in society which reveals a suggestive feature of our modern insular life, and set some to ask whether female education in England, and the potential state of all women among us, does not need further improvement. Many "men," too, who are assumed to have been well taught at our universities and elsewhere, and who are, in the census papers, forbidden (with unconscious irony) to describe themselves as "gentlemen," will be required to state that they are of "no occupation." Without doubt this column will contain the names of such as are presently about to become responsible for duties which admit of no definition, but are as exacting as those of any recognised profession. Nevertheless, after due allowance has been made for these exceptions, and for those who (though without a specified calling) employ their leisure in doing unpaid work for the good of their fellows, there will be too many compelled to set themselves down as virtually idlers.

One use of this questionable forecast in our returns might be well suggested if each were to ask himself or herself, "What am I doing? I am put here for some purpose beside my own amusement and the agreeable killing of time. How am I filling my place in my family, circle, society, world?" If there could be a printed list of those who are usefully employed and discharging the inevitable duties of life well, should I be found in it? And if those in this list were entered according to merit, where should I appear?

This leads to a still larger and more august inquiry. The Bible, especially that part of it which we know by the name of Gospel or good news, has some grave hints and striking pictures of a close and comprehensive scrutiny ever being made and approaching completeness. Jesus Himself said much about stewardship, a rendering according to talents or pounds received, profitable and unprofitable servants, final divisions and separations when the great net is emptied and the worthless thrown away, or nations paraded for individual inspection and retributive discernment. It is no wonder that we find the first commentators on gospel revelation, such as St. Paul, writing down that all must receive the things done in the body, each "according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad;" and that every one of us shall "give account" of himself to God. So it is. We are always filling in our own paper for the great Enumerator. The leaves of the Book of Judgment are the returns of the individual conscience, and we need wander into no speculations about a future day of Doom in order to be sure that the testimony of this goes to make up the great census of right and wrong, and to bring sadness or joy of heart.

This is probably the chief instructive use which will be made by Christians of the present numbering of the people, and we must not put it aside because it is obvious. We are all called to render some account of ourselves. What is the true and full one, such as each of us alone can give?

Another thought, suggested by the written returns now required, arises from the fact that they are "comparative." In this indeed our main interest is aroused. We already have the census which was taken ten years ago. What changes will this one reveal? What mood of dissatisfaction with widespread country life and work will be shown by the shrinkage of old villages and the growth of new towns, or fresh additions to the fringe of our already overgrown metropolis? There are materials for serious thought in the social transformation of which we are thus reminded. The old order changes in many ways, giving place to new. What shiftings in the demand for articles which have been formerly used will be displayed? What increase in the means of locomotion and intercourse will be indicated? What novel crafts will make their appearance, what others disappear? What sign of growth in letter writing and literary productions will be seen in a greater number of paper makers, authors, and editors?

These and such like interesting speculations will

presently find an answer in the summary of the returns that are made. But the thoughts of many may well be most deeply stirred as they realise with importunate distinctness that they are ten years older than they were when they last filled in the blank columns of a census sheet. Time marches on with steady strides. The unit disappears from corporate life. The regiment remains, though all in turn drop out of its ranks. A thousand grey old churches stand through winter winds and summer heats, while new men minister within their walls, fresh voices sing the familiar hymns or say the old prayers, and other ears hear the ancient word of the Lord. The "nation" has lived long, and keeps its stubborn life while the individuals in the national procession move quickly into and out of sight. How many who wrote their names ten years ago have now laid aside their pens? How many of us will sit down to fill up the census paper in the year 1901? Some have come and gone without ever finding place in a return of the living—a touching thought, considering how precious they may have been to those who rejoiced in their arrival and short life. Some are now counted for the first time. As for the rest of us, who have already been reckoned, it is a tame inadequate thing to say merely that we are ten years older than we were in 1881. In that time some have begun to feel that bodily and mental change which marks the passage from childhood into the passions and the thoughts of maturity, though they may not yet be what is called "of age." Are they realising that more is required of them in self-control and responsibility towards the older world which they have already entered, or on the threshold of which at least they stand?

Others have taken the chief steps which determine life. Their trade or profession has been chosen. Perhaps they have been married. Their place has been fixed. But as they look back over the irrevocable years, they might do worse than ask themselves how far they share the blame (if there be any) for such failure in contentment or progress as may have been felt. Are they making the best of the positions, pursuits, and relationships which have been settled for them? It is possible to obtain unexpectedly good results from unpromising material if only we look within, rather than without, for encouragement.

In contemplating the succession of the decades at which the people are numbered there is another thought we might well lay to heart. Some who have been counted several times are apt to consider themselves older than they are, and to talk as if the time has passed for them to indulge in aspirations. This is wrong. As we realise and use our kinship with God we defy the dulness of age. A time may come when the earthly house of this tabernacle is being consciously dissolved, and a veil descends upon all mortal concerns and powers of observation. But meanwhile the mere passage of years has no business to shrink our true vitality, or lessen what is called our "interest in life." Those who talk about their "disillusions" while they are yet in the midst of their course, will possibly some day look back upon the period through which they are now passing, and see it really as full of opportunity as youth appears to the despondent among the middle-aged. We must not be misled by conventional sentences, not even by the most weighty and distinguished. The "days of man" may be "as grass," which "withereth and fadeth away," but we might remember that the grass meadow gives a more permanently abiding growth than that of the wheatfield, and that the seed of the clover lasts as long as, or longer than, that of the most enduring corn.

It is well indeed to live in a state of readiness for departure, but we do that (without incessantly thinking of death) when we are honestly doing our work with trust in the living God, and His laws—bodily, moral, and spiritual. Few habits are more depressing than one of dwelling on the shortness of life and the inutility of human purpose. There is no limit to the power of the righteously confident. "All things," said Jesus (in one of those sayings which have incalculable applications) "are possible to him that believeth." Let that be a lesson to some who are tempted to shorten sail before their time, being impressed by the recurrence of a census, and compelled to realise that they are markedly older than they were.

Moreover, any prolonged reflection on the brevity of human days is apt to make our work superficial. Every so-called mortal should labour for immortality; doing what he has to do on the lines of the Great Worker, the eternal God. Life is real. This life is earnest. It is not an overture before the play begins, but the first act of the drama. It is no preliminary period, in which we may be content to live from hand to mouth. Even in the doing of his passing duties a man may not discharge them as if he were merely filling up a gap in a wall which was soon to be thrown down. They form part of a connected whole, and are virtually in union with the great laws of life and growth. To work thus is to labour "in the Lord," and this labouring is not in vain. Let us lay this to heart, though the census day may have come again and again.

There are some, indeed, whom it takes almost by surprise, their road has been so flat and straight; for the speed of life grows when we reach its levels. Still, the laws of living hold in their case, and they might yet sometimes ask themselves what wholesome resolution made ten years ago remains unfulfilled.

What shall I say of the unquestionably old who cannot expect to be counted again? The procession will be marching on, but their place in it will know them no more. The arrival of the census date should make them very thoughtful and silent. The sun is low, and must set soon. It is not a question of possible sickness or accident which may cut the thread of life. The inevitable shears which sever it are open now. I do not ask the conventional question whether they have made their "peace with God," as if He were an enemy to be feared unless we had made terms for an undisturbed settlement in the land where we would be. That is secured, and if we will believe and accept it, we shall rejoice.

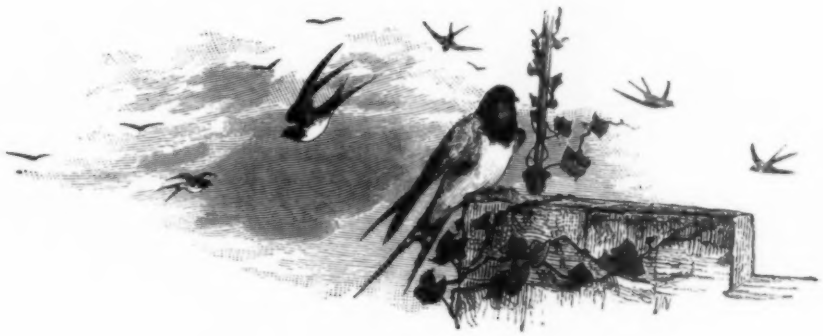
Perfect love casteth out fear. We have an immeasurable assurance in the words, "there is

now no condemnation for them that are in Christ Jesus." That is a saving faith.

And yet, with some, the statement of it seems to belong to the world of religious or ecclesiastical sayings, and sounds more or less unreal. But the "reality" of departure is at hand. They are like people on the quay waiting for embarkation on a voyage to a land from which there is no return. The signal to sail will soon be given, and they must be gone, with perhaps some hasty last farewells, after which our friends who stand to see us go will walk away.

What shall these do, these who wait upon the shore? Do? While we "live" we are called to do our work on the lines of righteousness, not expediency, in union with Him who came not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him; and when the task of life is dropping from our hands, there is nothing to be done better than to keep the book of our lives open before our Father's eyes, holding nothing back, covering nothing over, claiming no selfish dues, and simply saying, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

That is, truly, a mood which is ever needed, but when we realise a time of reckoning, it might well come home closer to us, and be gladly welcomed, even in this month of the census, with special fitness and blessing to our souls.



## The Swallow's Song.

*From the French.*

I've seen! I've seen!
(The swallow cries.)
"What have you seen
'Neath Spring's cold skies?"
The children in the fields at play,
The flowers coming up this way,
The gay green things, more green each day,
I've seen! I've seen!

I've seen! I've seen!
(The swallow said.)
"What have you seen?
Last year is dead,
And clouds are driving overhead."
I've seen the birdies line their nests
With yellow catkins' silken crests,
And warm their dear eggs 'neath their breasts.
I've seen! I've seen!

I've seen! I've seen!
(Comes twitteringly.)
"What have you seen?
*I* cannot see."
The deserts where tall palm-trees rise,
The wide blue water; and the skies
Where warmth of summer ever lies;
I've seen! I've seen!

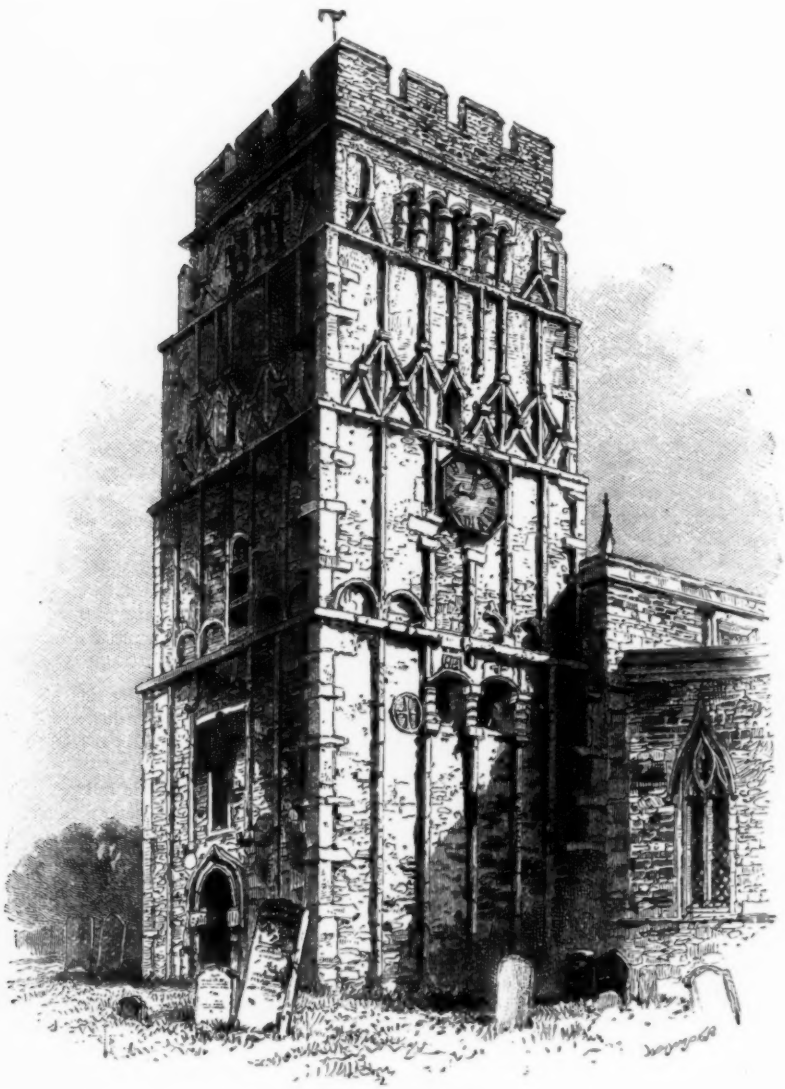
I've seen! I've seen!
"Oh, glad true song!
I've nothing seen
My whole life long.
A child I've been with blinded eyes;
Teach me, O birdie, to be wise;
To know that after cold and rain,
The sweet green gladness comes again,
And even during winter's reign
Love's law is strong."

CRONA TEMPLE.

# THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV CANON CREIGHTON, BISHOP DESIGNATE OF PETERBOROUGH.

## NORTHAMPTON.



EARL'S BARTON TOWER.

IN early times the rich meadows of Northamptonshire were covered with brushwood, and the whole district was a tract of inaccessible upland rising above the sluggish waters of the Wash. Its two extremities were traversed by roads of communication which the Romans raised. On the eastern side, the Ermine Street coasted by the side of the Wash, and crossed the narrow strip between the valleys of the Nen and the Welland. In the Nen valley, the experienced eye of the Roman found clay which was suited for making pottery, and the station of Castor became the seat of an industry whence blue and grey earthenware were exported to various parts of Britain. Similarly, on the western side, the

Roman road of Watling Street traversed the district on its way to Chester, and the Romans left the marks of their presence in the name of their station on the river Tow, now called Towcester. Between these lines of communication lay the forests of Holdenby, Rockingham, and Yardley Chase, which were scarcely inviting to the Roman colonist.

When the English invaders began to make their settlements, the upland that rose above the Wash was exposed to the invasion of the Gyrwas who sought a home along its inhospitable shore. Another body of English who had mounted the valley of the Soar, sent out an offshoot who made their way along the Watling Street to the valley of the Nen. There, on a spot where the ground was somewhat cleared, they set up the "home town" of their tribe, which in later days was called Northampton to distinguish it from the other Hampton on the Solent. Thence they pushed their settlements along the valley of the Nen till they reached the land occupied by the Gyrwas on the coast.

These little tribes were soon absorbed into the great Mercian kingdom. The great warrior king of Mercia, Penda, was a heathen, but on his death, in 655, his sons embraced Christianity, and showed their piety by founding on a tract of meadow-land, which rose above the neighbouring fen, the abbey of Medeshamstead, on which they conferred large domains. The Abbey, which was dedicated to St. Peter, afterwards changed its name to Peterborough, and with its neighbours of Crowland, Thorney, and Ramsey, was the great means of introducing agriculture into this waste district. Hard by, at Barnack, was a quarry of excellent stone, which had been worked by the Romans. This the monks soon learned to use for their own buildings, and it is this fact which has given to Northampton its chief distinction amongst English shires. Nowhere in England are so many stately churches to be found as along the valley of the Nen. The monks gave the impulse to church building; the stone was near at hand; and carriage by water was comparatively easy.

But it was long before church building on any large scale was possible to the little settlements along the Nen, though the example of Medeshamstead soon led to the formation of other monastic houses along its banks. Bishop Wilfrid founded a monastery at Oundle, where, in 709, he finished his adventurous career. Round the monasteries there was a slow growth of agricultural life and prosperity, which in the ninth century was checked by the horrors of the Danish invasion. Then it was the wealth of the monasteries which marked them out as the prey of the heathen plunderers. At the end of 869, a Danish army marched from York, burned down Medeshamstead and slew all the monks. The eastern district was again reduced to a waste, but on the western side the Danes occupied Northampton and planted settlements in the lands which lay around it.

When the West Saxon King Edward undertook the recovery of central England from the Danes, he began a series of campaigns in which he slowly drove them northwards. In 919 he was master of the valley of the Ouse. He next seized and fortified the site of the old Roman station at Towcester. The Danes of Northampton summoned their brethren to drive out the invader, but they were beaten back from the palisade which protected it till Edward secured his new town by building a wall of stone. Then he advanced against Northampton, which surrendered in 921. It was after this recovery that the Mercian kingdom disappeared and its lands were divided into shires. The country round Northampton, corresponding to the old settlements along the Nen, was made into a shire by itself, and strove to bring back its old life as it was before the Danish invasion overthrew it.

The sign of this restoration was the revival of the abbey of Medeshamstead after it had lain desolate for a hundred years. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, was a great promoter of monasticism, and begged of King Edgar that he would give him all the minsters which the heathen had destroyed. At Medeshamstead he found only ruined walls and wild woods, but he obtained from the king a grant of lands "to Christ and to St. Peter," and the revived abbey took the name of Peterborough. We can still see the influence of this revival in the architecture of the churches of Brixworth, Brigstock, Earls Barton, Barnack and Whittering, which can all show work that dates before the Norman Conquest.

In the days of Edward the Confessor Northamptonshire, together with the neighbouring county of Huntingdon, were given to the earldom of Northumberland, but were soon separated and conferred on Waltheof, the last great Englishman under William the Conqueror. Waltheof died on the scaffold, and his daughter married a follower of William and Simon of Senlis, who became Earl of Northampton, where he built a castle and founded the convent of St. Andrew in the town.

This shows one way in which the Norman occupation of England was carried out. The fortunes of the abbey of Peterborough show no less clearly how William the Conqueror employed the power of the Church to secure his hold of England. In 1069 he set a new abbot in Peterborough, Turold, a Frenchman, chosen for his military skill. The rebellious English of the east, aided by the Danes, hearing of Turold's coming, attacked Peterborough under the leadership of Hereward. They sacked and burned the monastery, and dispersed the monks, so that Abbot Turold, when he arrived with his troops, found only one man left sick in the infirmary. Turold fortified his monastery by building a castle, and led a life of much quarrelling with his monks. Other misfortunes soon befel the abbey. The church, the monastery, and all the town caught fire and were burned down in 1116, and to the rebuilding, which was then undertaken, is due the massive Norman architecture which distinguishes the Cathedral Church.

In the northern part of the shire was built the royal castle of Rockingham, on the brow of the hill which rises above the valley of the Welland; behind it stretched the dense woodland of the great forest which sloped towards the Nen. In the reign of William Rufus Rockingham Castle was the scene of one of the most notable events of English history.

William II carried to its furthest point the royal power, and used it to gather money from every source. He disdained restraint, especially that of religion and morality, and on the death of Archbishop Lanfranc refused to nominate another archbishop in his place. For five years the English Church was without a primate, and William took to himself the revenues of the vacant sees. At length a serious illness brought him to death's door, and he was urged to make reparation for his ill-doings by making an archbishop.



ELEANOR CROSS, NORTHAMPTON.

Anselm, abbot of Bec in Normandy, famous alike for learning and piety, was then in England, and the nobles urged him upon the king. Sorely against Anselm's will the office was thrust upon him, for he was a quiet man who did not wish to struggle against the violence of the king. When William recovered from his illness he wished to be rid of Anselm, and sought every means of annoying him. At last he charged him with disloyalty and summoned a Council at Rockingham. Anselm was deserted by the other bishops through fear of the king, and at last appealed to the Pope as the only power which could place a check upon the tyrannous use of the royal power. It was in this way that the custom of appealing to the Pope grew up. In an age of lawlessness and violence it was thought necessary that there should be some appeal to the public opinion of Europe, which only the Pope could express. There was no other way to curb a king who threatened to crush men's liberties by force. Anselm was fighting single-handed for the cause of righteousness and order.

But the appeal to Rome against royal decisions was a custom which might work well or ill, and was by no means to be trusted. Its dangers were shown when Archbishop Thomas Becket upheld against Henry II's wise legislation the exclusive privileges of the clergy to be tried only in ecclesiastical courts. If the Council of Rockingham showed the power of the Church to oppose tyranny, the Council of Northampton showed how it might interfere to prevent useful reforms. There Archbishop Thomas appeared, carrying his own cross, in sign that he

expected a personal attack to be made upon him. "A fool he always was, and always will be" was the remark of the Bishop of London on seeing this needless striving after dramatic effect. The archbishop appealed from the king to the Pope, and solaced himself under the disapproval of his peers by the acclamations of the people gathered outside the castle. He made his bed in the Church of St. Andrew, but in the night fled away, and escaped abroad, where he spent six years in exile and only returned to England to meet a violent death.




These were episodes in the history of the shire, which continued to prosper. In 1184, the line of its earls of the family of Senlis came to an end, and the earldom was not renewed. The position of Northampton on the great road of Watling Street made it important, and it still keeps a memorial of its importance in the cross which Edward I erected over the resting place of the body of his queen, Eleanor, when it was borne from Lincoln to London for burial. It was this central position that gave Northampton its trade of shoemaking, which is of very long standing. The town was well situated as a centre for distribution of an article which was universally needed, and hides could easily be obtained from the rich grazing meadows which surrounded the town on every side. It was an old saying that "Northampton stood on other men's legs."

The same cause seemed likely for a time to give Northampton another claim to fame. In 1260, there was a quarrel between the University of Oxford and the town, which led to a secession of the students, many of whom fixed on Northampton as their new abode. But it was not thought well in those days that seats of learning should be multiplied. The king interposed to heal the quarrel at Oxford, and the students were bidden to return thither. The infant university of Northampton was rudely crushed. There were political

motives also in this suppression, for in the stormy days of Henry III the students of Oxford were eager for reform and sided with the barons in opposing the king. Northampton Castle was held by Simon de Montfort, and was attacked and taken, in 1264, by Henry III. The king gained entrance into the town by the help of the prior of St. Andrew's, whose convent garden joined the town walls, which the monks secretly undermined, supporting it by wooden props.

Like other midland counties Northampton did not take a conspicuous part in the history of England during the middle ages. Its people were mainly employed in agriculture, and in the gradual clearing of the ground which spread northwards from the valley of the Nen, a process which can be gradually traced by the dates revealed by a study of the architecture of the parish churches. At the beginning of the fifteenth century Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, founded a collegiate church at Fotheringhay, where he rebuilt the castle. His grandson, Richard, claimed the crown of England against Henry VI, and so caused the Wars of the Roses, which laid England waste and destroyed the old nobility. In 1460, Henry VI was defeated and made prisoner by the Earl of Warwick in a bloody battle fought just outside the walls of Northampton, and the capture of the king led to the assertion of the Duke of York's right to the English crown. York's triumph was short, for next year he fell at Wakefield. Fotheringhay was made the burial place of the Yorkist line, and Edward IV there celebrated the obsequies of his ancestors and made the castle his headquarters against his northern foes.

The restoration of peace by the Tudors was the beginning of the making of a new England. Few counties show more traces of this process than does Northampton. The grave of the luckless Katharine of Aragon in Peterborough Cathedral tells how Henry VIII condemned his discarded wife to lead a life of solitude and neglect at Kimbolton, whence she was carried for burial to the nearest abbey. The bones of Katharine were the last relics which the monks of Peterborough were to receive. The great abbey was dissolved, its treasures went to the king's coffers, its buildings were handed over to the destroyer. Yet Peterborough was lucky above most of its neighbours; and Northamptonshire was one of the few counties which could boast that at least a portion of the monastic plunder had been converted to the public good. The abbey church was spared that it might become a cathedral, and the two shires of Leicester and Northampton were cut off from the unwieldy diocese of Lincoln, and received a bishop of their own. It is, however, worth noticing that the last abbot was made the first bishop, apparently without much consideration of fitness, that the king might be spared the expense of granting him a pension.

Still more important was it for the prosperity of the shire that its fair meadows attracted the men who were replacing the old order of the feudal nobles which had been almost swept away in the Wars of the Roses. The new nobility sprang from the class of gentry who served the crown as officials and used the opportunities offered by the social changes which were passing over England to pick up eligible manors and add field to field. The great revolution of the sixteenth century was largely founded on economic causes. The central government had grown powerful enough to rule England without being dependent for help on local magnates. The days of the barons, who were strong through the castles they possessed and the number of retainers whom they could lead into the field, had passed away. The day had come for a new order of nobles who were important through their large estates and long rent-rolls. The feudal lord made way for the landholder, the fortified castle for the stately mansion. So the fertile meadows of Northamptonshire largely passed into the hands of three families which steadily rose in wealth and importance. The Spencers settled at Althorp; the Comptons at Castle Ashby; and Elizabeth's great minister, William Cecil, built in the east of the shire the mighty pile of Burleigh House which is still the greatest architectural memorial of the great aspirations of the Elizabethan age. Perhaps few incidents bring before us more clearly the change which passed over England in the sixteenth century than does a quarrel which broke out in the reign of James I between the Earl of Arundel, who represented faintly the old traditions, and Lord Spencer, who did not shrink from making himself spokesman of the new order. In the House of Lords Spencer appealed to the memories of the past as a motive for present action: "My lord," cried Arundel, "when these things were doing your ancestors were keeping sheep." Spencer's reply was quick: "When my ancestors, as you say, were keeping sheep, your ancestors were plotting treason."

However, Northamptonshire was not left so peaceably under the care of her new landlords as not to be reminded of the dangers through which England passed before she could ensure her new prosperity. Fotheringhay Castle, lying as it did among the lands of men bound by their own interest to support Elizabeth's throne, was chosen as a secure place for Mary Stuart's trial and execution. Burleigh drew out with his own hand a plan of the arrangements of the hall for that memorable trial. By the fireplace in the hall the scaffold was erected on which Mary met her doom, and her body was buried in Peterborough Cathedral by the side of that other ill-fated queen, Katharine of Aragon. There it reposed till James I transferred his mother's remains to the royal burying-place at Westminster. Fotheringhay Castle was allowed to fall into ruins, and nothing save the mound, below which flow the waters of the Nen amid its peaceful meadows, is left as a memorial of the saddest tragedy in England's history.

In the Great Civil War Northamptonshire was the scene of the memorable battle of Naseby which at once overthrew the cause of Charles I and established the military greatness of Cromwell. Charles, who had taken Leicester in 1645, was marching thence westward, when news was brought that the Roundheads under Fairfax were advancing to meet him. He took up a strong position near Market Harborough, while Fairfax occupied the rising ground near Naseby. The impetuosity of the Cavaliers moved Charles to leave his vantage ground

and attack. The same impetuosity led Prince Rupert to neglect military prudence and pursue the enemy whom he routed, while Cromwell used the opportunity to fall upon the rear of the body commanded by the King. The Royalist losses were great and Cromwell's victory was complete. Charles took refuge with the Scots only to be sold to the Parliament, by whom he was permitted to live in peace in his house at Holdenby, a little north of Northampton, a house which had been built by Elizabeth's favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton. However, Parliament was no longer supreme in England, and the management of affairs had passed into the hands of the army.

One day at Holdenby Cornet Joyce, with his hat on his head and a pistol in hand, broke into Charles's bedroom and ordered him to prepare for a journey. "Whither?" asked the King, and was answered "To the army." "By what authority do you come?" Joyce pointed to his pistol and answered "By this! Make haste." Charles could not hide from himself that it was the beginning of the end.

This is the last picturesque episode which the annals of Northamptonshire have to record. We need not regret the quiet days which followed, when daily toil and steady industry took the place of battles and executions. The growth of agriculture and the development of industry is a gradual process wrought out with as much heroism as are the exploits of a soldier in the battlefield; but the heroism which it demands is daily and constant, and rarely admits of relation. We may be content that in the eighteenth century political questions were settled by elections rather than by civil wars, and that great families fought for political influence by the less heroic means of bribing constituencies. Of this warfare of the eighteenth century, Northampton was a conspicuous instance. In 1768 especially there was a triangular duel between Lord Northampton, Lord Halifax, and Lord Spencer, which should have the honour of nominating the member for Northampton. The electors were entertained free of expense. When they had drunk all the champagne at Althorp and were served with claret, they rejected the "sour stuff," and removed to Castle Ashby to try the cellars there. The poll showed the remarkable result that, though there were only 930 electors, 1,149 votes had been recorded. A petition naturally followed, and the struggle was renewed on a larger scale before a parliamentary committee, with the result that the question was finally decided by tossing up. It is said that the election cost each of the noblemen who were engaged in it, considerably over 100,000*l.*

Those days also have passed away. At present the traveller in Northamptonshire is chiefly reminded of the continuous care by which modern England has been created. The smiling meadows with their flocks and herds, the ancient villages which nestle round their beautiful churches, the stately mansions of which the shire is proud, make it one of the most interesting of English counties.



OLD HOUSE AT NASEBY.

# WINTER RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF MICROSCOPIC LIFE.

BY W. H. SHRUBSOLE, F.G.S.

## MORE MARVELS IN MUD.

THE pretty little objects crowded together in the illuminated disc on the microscope stage (see "L. H." p. 247), and moving independently to and fro, as if without aim or object, are diatoms belonging to a genus different from those previously introduced in these "Rambles." These, like all other diatoms, are true plants, inasmuch as they have the capacity to appropriate carbon and to eliminate oxygen; and inspection by suitable means makes it evident that they, like many other unicellular organisms, are able within a limited range to exercise locomotive power.

The reader will probably remember that—as described on page 531 of "L. H." for Aug. 1889—a diatom is a very minute plant consisting of but a single cell, the walls of which are built up of flint in the form of delicate plates, which, when viewed microscopically, are objects of great beauty.

These now under examination were intermingled with the mud in the bottle, and it almost seems as if they were inspired by laudable ambition to rise in the world. At all events, under solar influence, they did elevate themselves a few inches in direct opposition to the force of gravity.

Advantage is taken of this heliotropic faculty to get diatoms free from earthy admixture. An experiment in separation can be tried with the material in one of our soup-plates. As this has been standing undisturbed for some hours, the solid particles have subsided, leaving the water above clear and distinct. We now remove the fluid with a syringe and expose the sediment. Its surface is overspread with a dark brown film, which, by its intensity, indicates to an experienced eye the richness of the gathering. With a soft flat varnish brush it is quite easy to lift most of the film by degrees, without disturbing the mud, and by washing the brush in water after each application we get the diatoms by themselves ready for further treatment.

Since diatoms, whilst living, readily respond to the stimulus of light, it is possible to produce a novel kind of photograph by arranging a plate of glass upon some diatomaceous mud, and then shutting off the light in places by means of any loose opaque material. The pattern of a piece of lace can thus be reproduced, as on removing the fabric from the glass the brownish hue of the diatoms will only be visible where light has exercised its subtle influence, while the variations in actinic intensity secure artistic effects in well-marked light and shade.

Nothing is yet known, positively, as to the physical means of diatomic progression. Certainly no appendages or parts that could subserve locomotion have yet been seen, although Ehrenberg thought that he saw a protruded foot; and other observers, using the less perfect instruments of bygone days, imagined that they perceived flagellate hairs, or cilia, such as are common to many minute animals, and that they could thus account for the phenomenon. A diatom in motion is still almost as great a mystery as would be a ship unprovided with sails, paddles, or other means of propulsion, becalmed on a currentless lake, and yet continually moving a short distance, first in one direction and then in another.

A reasonable hypothesis that does not clash with observed facts is, that in order to obtain from the water the silica necessary to the building up of the cell framework, each diatom, by endosmotic action,[1] imbibes the surrounding fluid in sufficient quantity for the purpose.

Prof. Bischoff has lately asserted that diatoms must take into their interior, in order to form their valves, the same quantity of water in proportion to their mass as would be swallowed by a man who drank a cubic foot a second.

It is obvious that the alternate absorption and expulsion which, on this supposition, takes place, must tend to produce the characteristic to-and-fro movements, and also to create feeble currents in the water. That these currents do exist I have no doubt, having repeatedly seen particles of débris swept along the surface of a diatom in the direction opposite to that in which it was, or had been, moving.

This current motion can be made distinctly noticeable by surrounding living diatoms, of certain species, under the microscope with indigo in solution, as was first pointed out by Prof. H. L. Smith, of Hobart College, New York, to whom microscopists are greatly indebted for much valuable information in connection with this subject.

From the foregoing considerations we may conclude that these to-and-fro movements, consequent to a vital process, combined with the light-seeking tendency, enable the little plants to separate themselves from non-living matter, and to mount upward in the jar or other vessel in which the semi-fluid mud containing them may be placed.

The preparation and mounting of diatoms for the cabinet must be passed over as being outside the scope of this article, and therefore we now proceed to examine some specimens taken from the film in the jar on the window-ledge, both before and after they have been through these preliminary processes, which, among other things,

[1] Endosmose is the transmission of fluids through a porous substance, from without inwards.

cause each cell or frustule to separate into its constituent parts—*i.e.* the two plates, generally known as valves, and the delicate band by which they were united. Here, to begin with, is an example of *Pleurosigma angulatum* (Fig. 1). This generic name was doubtless suggested by the



FIG 1.—PLEUROSIGMA ANGULATUM × 200.

longitudinal midrib which extends in a graceful double curve from end to end, and which is a prominent feature of all specimens that have been prepared in the usual way.

Although this diatom is one of the largest of the order, yet it only averages $\frac{1}{120}$ of an inch in length. The sketch represents one face of a living cell with its contents undisturbed, as seen by reflected light with a magnifying power of about 200 diameters.

Now, examine with moderately high power a single valve of a similar cell from which the protoplasm and other soluble matters have been removed. As it is now translucent, its form and structure can be studied to greater advantage by transmitted light. It is seen to be more delicate and beautiful in consequence of the denudation it has experienced, and to present features that

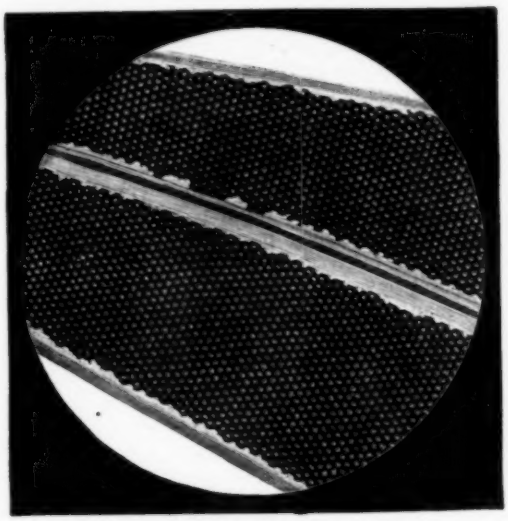


FIG. 2.—PLEUROSIGMA ANGULATUM × 2000.

were before invisible. Very faint parallel lines, closely packed together, as of a fine steel engraving, are seen extending obliquely across its surface; the lines being so densely set that 520 occupy only $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch! When very high powers are used, a striation in regular order is made much more apparent. To show these striæ distinctly was considered a few years ago as the greatest achievement possible in this direction.

Such progress has since been made, however, in practical optics, that with modern lenses it can be shown that the supposed continuous lines are, in reality, rows of points with intervening depressions hollowed out in the substance of the valve. These appearances are partially masked, and the openings in the central film are covered, during the lifetime of the diatom, by membranous layers; but when the latter are removed by chemical or other process, the hexagonal apertures of this particular form become clearly visible.

These features are well illustrated here by accurate copies of some beautiful photomicrographs executed by several of the most skilful modern diatomists, who have kindly allowed them to be used.

The reader will please bear in mind that the object under consideration is but $\frac{1}{120}$ of an inch long, and $\frac{1}{280}$ of an inch at its greatest breadth,



FIG. 3.—PLEUROSIGMA ANGULATUM × 10000.

and then compare the mental picture with the delineations which follow. The figures appended indicate the degree of diametrical magnification in each case.

To assist the mind in grasping the import of the figures that denote the extent of amplification, it may be remarked that a page of this magazine enlarged 10,000 times would be nearly a mile and a quarter in width.

Let us now gauge the thickness, or rather the thinness, of this valve of *Pleurosigma*. Doing this in the usual manner, we find that the result can only be expressed by a fraction of an inch, whose denominator extends to several figures. Yet, notwithstanding this great tenuity, it has been ascertained, as I have already indicated, that this and other diatom valves are really complex structures built up of several layers!

Further than this, Thomas Comber, Esq., of Parkgate, Chester, has recently accomplished the unique and marvellous feat of splitting a valve into its several films, so as to be able to examine each separately!

Still more recently it has been demonstrated that the ultimate fabric of the diatom valve consists of "fibrils," composed of short bars of silex; but how these inexpressibly minute particles are bound together it is at present impossible to say.

Much more might be said about this particular diatom, but now, for the sake of variety, let us see what has gathered on top of the mud in another of the soup-plates.

NOTE.—Fig. 3 is from a photomicrograph by Dr. Van Heurck, Directeur-Professeur au Jardin Botanique d'Anvers.

When collecting this material I took care not to mix that which was taken from different rills, because in this way various species can be obtained distinct from each other. It fortunately happens so now.

The diatoms felted together in this shallow receptacle turn out on examination to be different from the one species we have been looking at, and



FIG. 4.—SURIRELLA GEMMA × 270.

are known scientifically by the name of *Surirella Gemma*. As shown by Fig. 4, the form is elliptical. The average length of a frustule is $\frac{1}{300}$ of an inch. Its fragile plate is strengthened by a longitudinal bar from which ribs extend transversely to the margin. The surface is decorated with rows of points of such minuteness that there are nearly fifty of them in every $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch, and they can only be made visible by the aid of high power

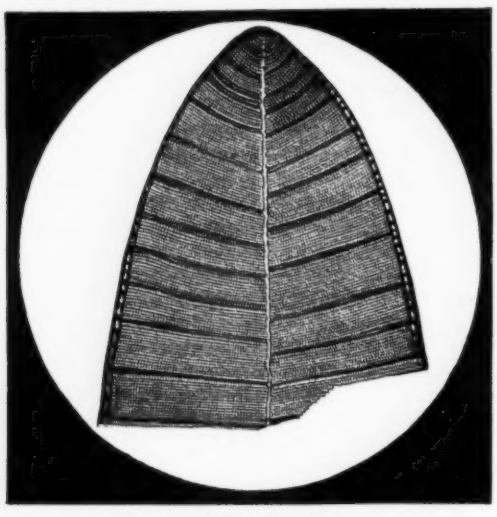


FIG. 5.—SURIRELLA GEMMA × 1000.

lenses in skilful hands. These points are shown in Fig. 5, the subject of which was fractured when pressure was applied to bring its surface into one plane for the purpose of photography.

NOTE.—Fig. 5 is from a photomicrograph by T. Comber, Esq.

Several other kinds of diatoms, either separate or associated, may be found in the saltings all the year round, but those just described are the most prominent forms, and may be regarded as being typical of the whole. The worst time to seek for diatoms in these or similar places is just after heavy rain at the time of low water, for the pelting of the raindrops on the uncovered mud lessens the cohesiveness of the diatoms and leaves them in a condition to be washed away by the next tide. Till I gained this knowledge I occasionally had a lost journey, so far as diatoms were concerned.

Once, on returning from a ramble in the saltings, I had when near home to cross a deep trench that was being cut in connection with drainage operations. The excavation was in the alluvium that fringes the uplands of Sheppey on all sides except the north-east, and marks the former extent of the tidal flow.

The stuff thrown out—a bluish-black silt—was not very attractive in appearance; still, knowing well how rich this old estuarine deposit is in remains of microscopic life, I helped myself to a handful and bargained for a barrowload to be sent to my house. A little further on in the trench relics of higher forms of life had been brought into view. Several undecayed coffins had been unearthed, and where the lids had been broken, complete skeletal remains of humanity were visible. Then it occurred to me that this was the site of the burial-ground for convicts who, in olden times, were confined in hulks close by in Sheerness Harbour, and that Parker, the ringleader of the mutiny at the Nore in 1799—who was hanged at the yard-arm—was interred here.

I also remembered that on Dead Man's Island and on the banks of some of the creeks and gullies running into the Medway it is not an uncommon thing to see coffins projecting out of the soil. These are often collected and used for various purposes by some of the waterside people. I knew one man who in this way obtained in a little while enough firewood for a winter's consumption.

Strange reflections might arise in some minds when sitting by a fire kindled by such material.

Only once in my rambles have I come across any monumental erection. This was a plain headstone standing alone in a wide expanse of desolation on the south side of Stangate Creek, which bore an inscription showing that it was to the memory of a surgeon of the Royal Navy, who died from disease contracted in the discharge of his duty as medical officer of the Quarantine Station, long since abolished. All honour to the memory of this good doctor, whose name is now unknown, for he fell at his post—perhaps from pestilence—bravely doing his duty.

I copied the inscription at the time, but the record has been mislaid. Wishing to quote it here, I sent a messenger who knew the place to transcribe it again. He found the stone gone, and that no trace of the unenclosed cemetery existed.

Such were some of the reminiscences suggested by the sight of human remains exposed to view in the trench.

Still pondering over the past, I reached home with my varied gatherings, and the barrowload of soft stuff soon followed. Some of this silt I still possess, and I propose now to show what can be got from it likely to interest students of microscopy.

The process of separating the organic remains from the purely mineral constituents is simple and easy, as the following directions for procedure will show: Put some of the silt on a clean plate in the oven, and let it remain there till thoroughly dry. Take it out, and when it has cooled down divide it into two portions, and put each into a basin and cover the lumps with water. After a good soaking, liquefy the whole and stir up freely. As the water comes to rest, a greyish film is seen on the surface. This consists of air bubbles and the little things we are in search of. Now take a tablespoon, skim the film from one of the basins, and put it into the other, in which the water had been left at a lower level. This ladling out reduces the water in the first vessel and leaves a crowd of organisms clinging to the side. Remove these to a bottle of water by means of a hair pencil, and then you have the desired objects, fairly free from impurities, available for examination. They will subside much more quickly in spirits of wine than in water. The next thing to do is to reverse the operation by lowering the water in the second basin, putting what is removed into the first one, and give its contents another stir up before making a gathering from the second. This alternate treatment can be repeated many times before the supply is exhausted.

I have just treated a small quantity of the dried silt in this way, and will now indicate the results. Foraminifera of the nautiloid type[1] are by far the most numerous, and there is an admixture of other forms of the same class. Of these, the graceful outlines of several varieties of *Lagena* readily catch the eye. A group of these (fig. 6) gives a good idea of the general appearance. The partial, yet distinct, similarity in form of some of these, and the Greek amphoræ figured on p. 232, will be seen on comparison. *Lagena* has but one chamber, and is imperforate except at the termination of the prolonged neck. From thence the delicate filaments that form the apparatus for catching food are protruded.

The next objects claiming attention are the bivalve shells, either together or separate, of small crustaceans belonging to the sub-class Entomostraca, which is represented in both fresh and salt water. In the living state these little shells, averaging about $\frac{1}{40}$ of an inch in length, serve to



FIG. 6.—LAGENA × 45

protect the body and limbs of each owner and occupant. The forms shown in fig. 7 sufficiently indicate the general character of these objects.

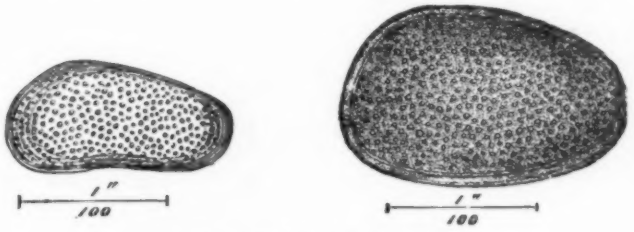



FIG. 7.—SHELLS OF ENTOMOSTRACA.

Diatoms also are here, but not in great variety. It is rare to meet with any other than the two

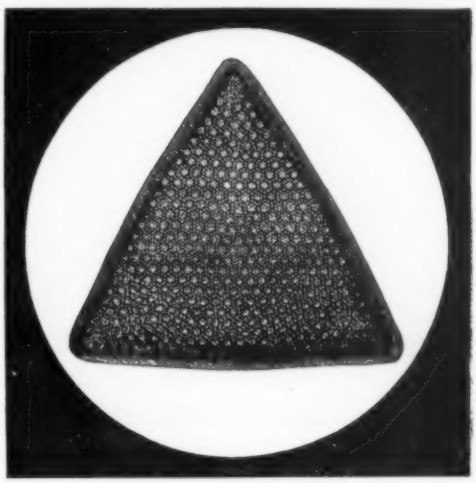


FIG. 8.—TRICERATIUM FAVUS × 300.

forms, *Triceratium Favus* and *Eupodiscus argus*, shown enlarged in figs. 8 and 11, and greatly enlarged

[1] See fig. 5, p. 247.

in figs. 9 and 10. They are so constantly present as to form a characteristic feature by which this estuarine deposit may be identified. In similar sedimentary beds on the west coast of England the one is very rare and the other is hardly known. I firmly believe that it is not possible to find a single ounce of the Sheppey alluvium in which these diatoms are not.

The following reminiscence will show that at least one of them is far from being scarce. At one of the Royal Microscopical Society's meetings, a well-known mounter of diatoms and other objects told me of the great difficulty he had in getting a supply of the triangular form sufficient for his purpose, and that, in fact, this was the one trouble of his life. On getting home I sent him about

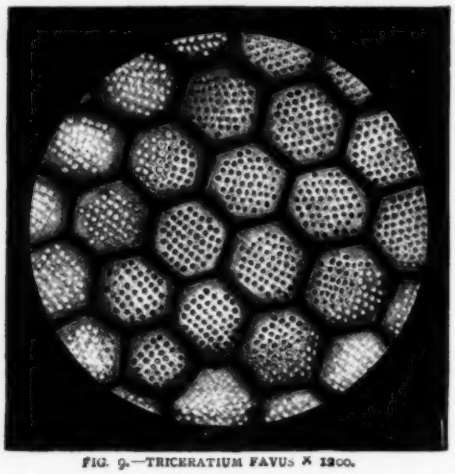


FIG. 9.—TRICERATIUM FAVUS × 1200.

seven pounds weight of this silt, and, to my great astonishment, received in return a cheque for a substantial amount, which was neither desired nor expected, and many warm expressions of gratitude,

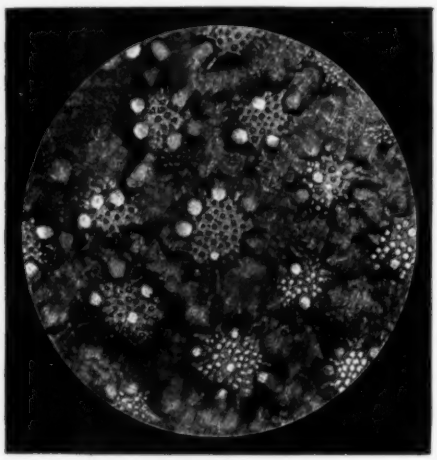


FIG. 10.—EUPODISCUS ARGUS × 1800.

coupled with the assurance that the trouble was now ended, as the parcel contained enough *Triceratia* to meet the requirements of business for the rest of his lifetime!

The plenitude of *Triceratium* and *Eupodiscus* to a considerable depth in the silt proves that they have existed hereabout for a longish period. By the use of the tow-net their presence in these waters now can be demonstrated at almost any time of the year. During the recent almost arctic winter, when this harbour was nearly frozen over, and numberless miniature bergs were drifting in the estuary outside the ice-belt along shore, on using the tow-net I found these two hardy forms healthy and abundant. They are evidently able to withstand rigorous conditions, and also to take up and appropriate for their own benefit a proportionately large quantity of silica from that held in solution by the circumambient water. So, when silted up after death, the plates, with all their ornamental details, successfully resist the action of destructive agencies. Just as now, it is probable that many other beautiful, but less silicified, and therefore more delicate, forms were associated in life with them. But such

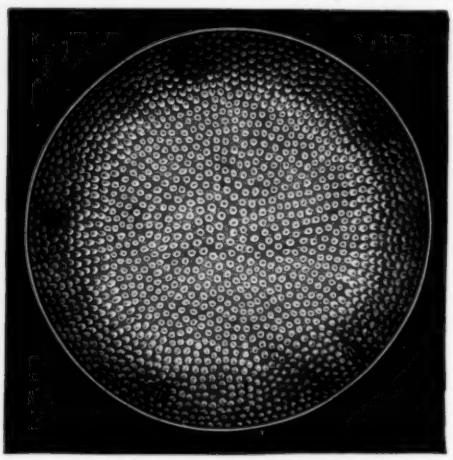


FIG. 11.—EUPODISCUS ARGUS × 250.

are not to be found in the silt. By their non appearance they negatively furnish an illustration of the important natural law that, even in death, the fittest only continue.

P.S.—Having a strong desire to be helpful to other students of nature who may not be favourably placed for obtaining micro-marine life, I am willing to try the experiment of distributing, *free of charge*, some or all of the organisms that have been described in this and other articles, on the following conditions:—

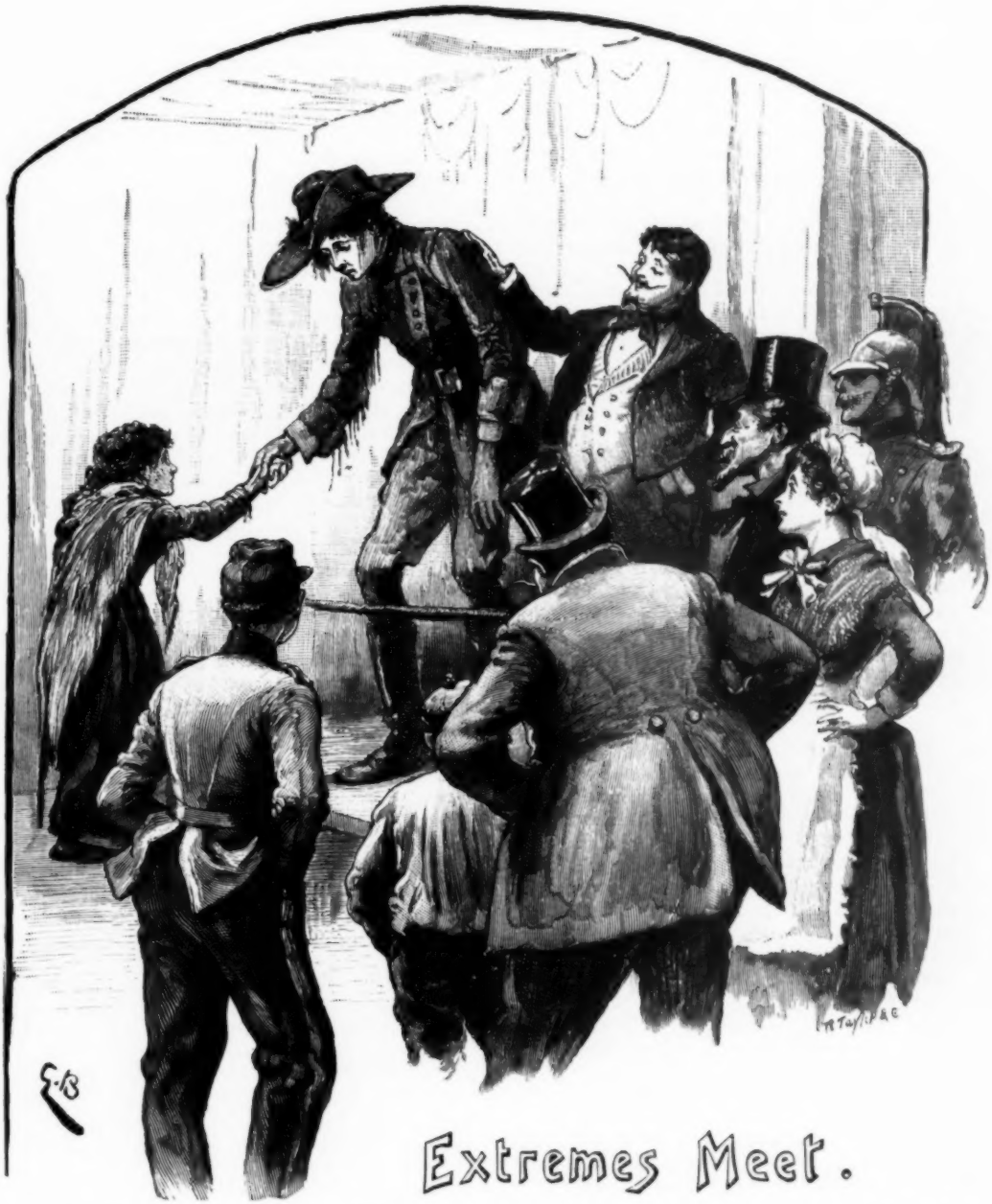
First, that each application for anything contained in a fluid medium be accompanied by a tube or bottle, securely packed, together with an *addressed label* and sufficient stamps for the return postage. In the case of dry silt, an addressed label and stamps will suffice.

Second, that the subject of the application be obtainable at the time.

Third, that the offer hold good for one month from the date of publication. This limitation of time is necessary in case the applications should be so numerous as to interfere with the proper discharge of my ordinary business engagements.

I can most conveniently send mud (in a semi-fluid state) containing diatoms and many other things, which can be separated according to directions given in these pages. For this material a three or four ounce corked bottle, which need not be wide mouthed, will be suitable.—W. H. S.

NOTE.—Figs. 2, 4, 6, 9, 10, 11 are from photomicrographs by E. M. Nelson, Esq., issued by the London Photomicrographic Company, 40 High Street, St. John's Wood, London.



# Extremes Meet.

THERE was a fête in the Champ de Mars. It was to continue for some days, and the attractions offered were diverse and interesting. There was the lady snake-tamer, whose portrait, displayed outside the booth, was a marvel of beauty, with eyes as large as a Waterbury watch fixed intently on what was apparently a boa constrictor transforming itself into a corkscrew. There was the shooting gallery where a procession of animals, as varied as those which populated the ark, marched with the regularity and steadiness of cardboard across the table at the end of the tent, in such manner that he who missed the elephant could not fail to strike the mouse—no great difference, since they were much of a size. And there were the performing monkeys, one of whom gave a dinner-party while the rest personated the guests and servants; and a lively dinner it was

though, whether the company discussed the Darwinian theory or only their food, it was not easy to understand. Besides these, there were acrobats and dancers, girls who swam in a tank and consumed bread and claret under water, a company of actors equally capable of comedy or tragedy, and the giant.

The giant's portrait was also hung outside his booth, but it was as much a fancy sketch as the unlikeness of the beauty. It represented a young man of muscular build, with red cheeks, black eyes, and luxuriant mustachios, who was attired in a costume that was something between that of a cow-boy and an Italian brigand, and whose smile displayed a set of teeth which would have driven an eager dentist to despair. By his side was depicted, for the sake of contrast, an ordinary individual in a frock-coat and grey trousers, whose chin was on a level with his companion's elbow, and who looked, and no wonder, depressed by his position.

This very attractive work of art was not the only advertisement of what was to be seen within. There was also a tremendous boot which was suspended over the entrance to the booth, and beneath this stood the showman.

"Behold," he said, "the boot of the world-renowned giant, Grandiosus Legrand! This boot, ladies and gentlemen, is authentic. Indeed, when Grandiosus has chilblains, and in the winter he suffers from them occasionally, he actually cannot put on this boot. We then have to supply him with carpet slippers, and these slippers are afterwards sold as beds for infants. I speak nothing but truth! His hand too! See his hand! Your hand, Grandiosus!"

At this point the on-lookers were thrilled by the sight of a large white hand with very thin fingers which was pushed through the curtain. The little boys crept closer to their fathers, and the little girls trembled at the thought of going to bed at night.

"You can form no conception of its size," said the showman, "unless I put mine by its side. I am not a small man. I cannot wear ladies' gloves."

He laid his plump brown hand against that of the giant, who closed his fingers over it and enveloped it.

"Now," said the showman, "walk in! walk in! If I have deceived you, you shall have your money back. Walk in! walk in!"

The people crowded into the booth.

Among those who had come to the fête was a little woman, a very little woman indeed. She was young, but no one would have known it, because she had neither the beauty nor the freshness nor the charm of youth, and she was deformed and twisted and ungainly. And she was sad because she knew that no one would ever love her or praise her as other women were loved and praised, even although her soul was lofty and she was pure in heart, and refined and sensitive and gentle.

Marthe gazed up at the picture of the giant. How wonderful, she thought, to be big and strong like that, to be able to look down at other people and to know that they could not despise one, to feel that one could fight against the hard world and conquer it. What a happy man the giant must be!

That was her first thought. Then there came another.

Perhaps he wished he were not so big. Perhaps he was as uncomfortable at being always the tallest as she at being always the smallest; perhaps he was as weary of looking down at his fellows as she of looking up. Who knew? And if so, how strange it was that he should have too much and she too little, and that both should be set apart.

She wanted to go in and see the giant, and yet she had hardly the courage, she was afraid that people would point at her, and she feared ridicule because she was not hardened, and because she realised all too well her own deficiencies. Yet if they all looked at the giant, perhaps they would not notice a little deformed woman, who was protected by misfortune and poverty.

The showman glanced round to see if any one else were going into the show, when his eye fell on Marthe, who was still gazing up at the picture; and he smiled. She was such a comical figure with her hump and her four-feet of stature and her serious face with great upraised eyes; how quaint it was to see her just there admiring the portrait of Grandiosus. Why she looked as if she might belong to an exhibition herself, but for her poor dress and her darned shawl. If she were on show she would be better dressed.

There are authors who look on every one as so much "copy." A showman may be excused if he regards human beings from his special point of view.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," said M. Jean, "are you coming in? Only twenty centimes."

Marthe started.

"No," she stammered; "I'm afraid I can't afford it."

"Look here," said M. Jean, after he had beckoned her to him, "I'll let you in for nothing, only don't tell any one."

"But why should you do that?" asked Marthe, fumbling with her purse.

"Well, my dear," said the showman, patting her shoulder, and without the least intention of being unkind, "I feel I should like to see you together. I've got an eye to contrasts, you know. It's my profession. Don't blush, my dear. Why, you ought to go in for this line yourself. It's a paying one. Look at the thousands, the millions, that are straight; it's commonplace. But to be like you, that's an exception, that is."

"Yes," said poor little Marthe, and the tears stood in her eyes. She knew it too well, and she did not feel any pride in being "an exception." It was a new way of looking at the matter.

The showman, who was a good-hearted man, took her by her hand and led her inside.

"Grandiosus isn't quite what he is depicted there," he said, "but he's worth looking at. It's a pity to miss the chance."

Grandiosus was *not* what he was depicted. He had neither the florid complexion nor the grand

moustache of the gentleman in the picture, and he wore ordinary clothes. His air too was anything but pompous. He was very tall certainly, but he was not muscular, and he was as thin as a hop-pole. His expression was bored, and as he stood in the booth he yawned once or twice and his eyes had a far-away look. When any one evinced a desire to shake hands with him, he did so languidly, and answered his "Bonjour, Monsieur," in a mechanical tone. He did not seem to mind when the onlookers discussed him and pointed at him; he was used to that. Indeed, for what other purpose was he there than to be remarked upon? He had been through it so often that he paid no more attention to the men and women and children who were gazing round-eyed at him, than if they had been so many dummies.

But suddenly a little buzzing among them made him glance round.

M. Jean had entered, and close to him, shrinking back, yet with her eyes nervously fixed on him, was a dwarf.

"Ah, Grandiosus," said the showman, "you have a large attendance to-day. Have you shown them the length of your arm? If he went fishing he'd hardly need a rod, now, would he? Have you shaken hands with the ladies and gentlemen? That's right. Now here's another visitor come to see you!"

Most of the people thought this was part of the show. Those who had been on their way out of the booth stopped.

"You've got about the long and the short of it now, eh, showman?" some one remarked facetiously.

Marthe, who had desired to escape observation, was now the centre of it. She was confused, bewildered, wretched. The showman, to whom sensitiveness was an unknown quantity, and who had no idea he was torturing her, led Marthe up to Grandiosus.

"Shake hands with the lady," he said.

If Marthe was an ugly woman, she had at least beautiful eyes, for in them lay all the unspoken sadness of her life, all the resignation, the unclaimed love, the womanly power of sacrifice, and now as she perforce laid her little hand in that of the giant, and looked up at him with such pathos and awe, those eyes seemed to affect him as no other eyes had done. They roused the manhood in him, they thrilled him, they magnetised him. The people tittered, but he did not heed them.

"Are we comrades?" he said gently.

"No, no," Marthe answered. "I have but come as the others."

"Are you from Normandy?" he asked eagerly, for he recognised the accent of his province.

"I was born in Calvados," said Marthe, "but I live in Paris now."

"I am a Norman too," said Legrand.

It was a bond between them, another bond, for already there was the consciousness realised but unexpressed in the hearts of both, that all these ordinary people who were neither short nor tall beyond the common wont, who despised her and wondered at him, and would as soon pay money to see the one as the other, could not understand how either felt, that only the lonely giant could sympathise with the dwarf, and the lonely dwarf with the giant. The instinct of protection was roused in him, and in her the instinct of dependence.

It is sometimes thus in life, that one soul touches another in a moment's space of time, but the blind world does not note the kindling light.

These bourgeois saw only an amusing contrast in the meeting of these two freaks of nature, and the showman, calculating the effect of the surprise on them, made up his mind to do business. He turned to the onlookers.

"Now then, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "will you be so obliging as to pass out? There are crowds of others anxious to see the wonderful giant, and space is limited. All who wish to stay can pay an extra twenty centimes. Pass out! Pass out!"

He held up the curtain, and the people, laughing and well satisfied, moved away and betook themselves to the contemplation of other marvels. All the little boys thought it must be the grandest thing in the world to be a giant.

"Papa," said one small fellow, who had been beaten in a fight, "I would like to be tall. What will make me grow?"

"You must take exercise," said papa, who was five feet square.

"And eat a lot?" said the boy as they passed a stall where all sorts of seductive cakes were spread out.

But papa did not think it was necessary to eat to become a giant. He had tried that and failed. Yet if he had been rolled out he would have made two of Grandiosus.

Grandiosus (for he may as well be called by the name which had supplanted his baptismal appellation) was seven and a half feet high, and on that extra foot and a half of his he supported his mother and his brothers and his sisters. It stood to him in the place of intellect, of which he had little, and strength, of which he had not overmuch, and knowledge, of which he had none at all. It fed and clothed him, and gained him respect and admiration. But it also isolated him from his kind. But for that extra foot and a half Legrand would have been an ordinary agricultural labourer, with the hopes, the fears, the loves of his class; he would have drunk his cider or his beer at the Brasserie with his mates and given his views on politics; he would have sat in his low-roofed cottage opposite a young wife, and indulged in dreams of domestic bliss; and his life would have been the uneventful life of thousands, filled with ordinary joys and ordinary sorrows, till it ended in the stillness of death. But now, like any other man or woman who possesses something which others lack, whether it be the bitter-sweet gift of genius, or the fervour of religious faith, or an intense perception of any truth, he stood out from the crowd. He was great, but he was lonely. People thronged to look at him and to be astonished at him, but they did not interchange ideas with him, greet him as a comrade, take it for granted that he felt as they felt, thought as they thought, was as they were. Even if they shook hands with him, it was out of a sort of curiosity, and because they wished to say

they had shaken hands with a giant, and if in a manner they admired him, it was with that half-patronising admiration which the commonplace give to the exception, to whose position, with its penalties as well as its joys, they have no desire to attain.

Grandiosus did not quite realise this, partly because his knowledge of life was limited, partly because he lacked the power of analysis, his mind never having been trained to think, but he was dimly conscious of it and he was melancholy in consequence. He was weary of his existence, of being stared at, and criticised and commented on. Though he moved from place to place he did not get much interest from that, because he was shy of going about the streets alone; besides, he belonged to the showman, and the showman thought he was being defrauded if any one looked at Grandiosus without paying for it. At night the giant was too tired to care to take exercise. He needed a great deal of sleep. Indeed, M. Jean remarked facetiously that it was well sleep was inexpensive, or he would never make Grandiosus pay. He was rather flabby and energyless, this poor giant, who had been meant to labour in the fields, and to whom nature had denied many brains or much capacity. He had not half the possibilities in him of little Marthe, who might have been a poetess had she possessed the gift of expression as well as the power to feel, or a martyr had she been called upon to cast aside what seemed to her the right. If the spiritual part of a human being is superior to the animal, then was the dwarf worth a thousand times the giant.

They were left for a moment regarding one another shyly; then Marthe turned to follow the others out. The showman stopped her.

"How do you live?" he asked.

"I do embroidery for the church——"

"When you can get it?"

"Yes, sir."

"But it is bad pay?"

"Yes," said Marthe.

"Listen to me, my girl," said M. Jean, "I can help you to make your fortune. You'll be comfortable and well fed, and you'll see a bit of the world. I'm not a bad fellow. Ask Grandiosus there. Have you any parents?"

"I am alone in the world," said Marthe sorrowfully.

"Then you'd better accept my offer."

"Oh, I couldn't, sir," cried Marthe, as the full meaning of his words flashed upon her. "I would sooner starve than make money out of my misfortunes, and I could never bear to have people staring at me. Oh no, sir, don't speak of it. I should die of shame."

"Rubbish," said M. Jean, but his voice was kind.

"If I were beautiful or strong," said poor little Marthe, "I might be willing to be looked at, because I should be giving pleasure to people, but as it is——" She stopped, and brushed her hand across her eyes.

"Look here," said the showman, "think it over. We shall be here a bit yet; and the place is always open to you. If you like to come and have a chat with M. Grandiosus he'll be very pleased, and you'll have a chance of seeing what the life is like. You would like her to come again, wouldn't you, Legrand?"

"Yes," said the giant.

M. Jean took up his position beneath the boot again.

Marthe looked at Legrand. The big fellow smiled at her. He was dull and he would be glad of society, even that of such an ugly little thing. At least she would talk to him.

"You'd better come," he said.

Marthe shook her head. A lump rose in her throat. He did not understand why she refused. How could he?

The dwarf went away slowly, her queer figure conspicuous in the crowd. She had no heart for anything in the fête now. She walked through the people and out into the street and on till she came to the Bois de Boulogne, and then she sat down all alone. She folded her two hands on her heart and looked up at the sky, and sad thoughts came into her mind, and by-and-by the tears which she had kept back stole down her cheeks, and her little bosom heaved, and then she laid her face on the grass and cried. It seemed she had never despised herself so much as now, now that others had noticed her and laughed at her, now that M. Jean had praised her and wanted her to exhibit herself and make money out of her sorrow. She felt lonely enough as it was, and outcast; she would be more so then. Love could never be hers, though she yearned for companionship and sympathy, for something different from scorn or pity; but must she forfeit the esteem of those few who did respect her, ay, and her own modesty?

And then she saw the look in the eyes of Legrand. She did not know how little soul there was in the heavy ploughman, but she did know that it had shone out for a minute, that she had experienced a sympathy, a union, unknown before.

She felt strangely drawn to him, and with her awe and admiration was mixed another feeling which she could hardly have defined to herself. Only she knew that if he had been sitting by her in the wood there, she could have opened her heart to him and told him all her longings, and have felt more at ease with him than with the men and women who resembled one another. Extremes meet, they say. The dwarf did not know it, but in her heart the dawn of love had stolen unawares.

She vowed to herself she would not go near the booth again, but the next day she stood outside the curtain. The showman saw her and nodded.

"There's nothing going on just now," he said. "Step in."

He was pleased to see her. He thought it augured well for his plans. He had told M. Legrand to be very polite to her, that she might be encouraged to join his company.

Marthe was very shy at first, and consequently awkward. Legrand thought her quite the ugliest person he had ever seen, but because he was kind-hearted and sorry for her, he made efforts at conversation, and by degrees the dwarf grew to feel

more at home. She asked him questions about the life he led, and though he answered in such manner that he believed he was representing it as attractive, she was shuddering and sick at the thought of the publicity of it, and she said to herself again and again that she was sure she would never accept M. Jean's offer, though she should earn seventy times what she did now.

"Why should you mind it?" said Legrand. "True, it is dull, but when you have saved you can retire."

"I love my freedom," said Marthe.

"I've been on view at one place and another since I was seventeen," said the giant. "Sometimes I own I feel inclined to run away."

"Aren't you happy?" Marthe asked.

The giant shrugged his shoulders.

"Yet no one looks down on you," said Marthe, pensively.

"It's lonely," said Legrand.

At these words, the open sesame to a woman's heart, and above all to hers, Marthe looked at him with a renewed interest.

"Are you lonely?" she said. "You! Ah! I thought only people like me——" she paused. "Do you feel when you see them all laughing and talking that you would give anything to be just like them? Do you ever have such a longing on you that it is a pain to live, and you wish you could be dead and still? Do you ever in the evening, when the dusk comes and the stars are looking out, lift up your arms and cry to the skies to be less beautiful, less still, less crowded, because something *hurts* you, something says you are alone—alone—alone."

Her voice died away in a whisper; her shining eyes sought his face.

The giant did not answer her; but he leaned towards her and nodded his head slowly. She was saying what he had felt and yet could never have expressed, nay, had only been dimly, vaguely aware of. But as she spoke something within him seemed to answer her.

They heard the voice of the showman without.

"Behold," he said, "the boot of the world-renowned giant!"

Marthe sprang up.

"I must go," she cried; "I could never stay."

She ran to the exit. She peeped through and saw the people moving towards M. Jean. A great pity for poor Legrand swept over her.

"Why don't you give it up?" she said to him, with her hand on the opening.

"I earn," said Legrand. "I support my mother and my sisters."

"Ah," said Marthe softly, "I see. Yes, it might be tolerable if one did it for the sake of others. Besides," she added pensively, "no one ever laughs at you."

"Walk in, walk in!" cried M. Jean.

Marthe slipped away so quickly that she could not even say "good-bye" to Legrand, and the showman was disappointed when he followed the people in to find he had not another attraction to offer them. But nothing would have induced Marthe to stay and to have to endure the comments, and the whispers, and the curiosity of men and women who had paid twenty centimes to see a girl whom they thought unlike themselves because her body was misshapen.

But while the fête lasted she came every day to the booth to which M. Jean had given her admission, and sometimes she brought the giant a flower or some fruit which she could ill afford, and she talked to him as she had never talked to any one before, and if he did not understand her at least he listened. And in a way he grew to like these visits of hers, because they cheered him up and made an event in his day. And M. Jean grew hopeful, although, whenever he asked Marthe if she was going to cast in her lot with them, she shook her head and said "No." He noticed that she was changed, and he said to himself: "She will attach herself to any one who is kind to her, this poor little wretch. She has never had any one to make a fuss of her, and if my giant would pretend he liked her, she would throw over her scruples. Legrand is stupid, I fear."

But Legrand was not stupid. He was only honest. He did not see why he should pretend to feelings which he did not have. He liked her fruit and her flowers and her society, and he had a sort of respect for her because she talked so well; and he wished she were going to travel with them, but she certainly did not inspire him with love. Only in a sort of way he had grown to need the dwarf because she was to him what a book of poetry would have been to her. She expressed what he felt, and revealed him to himself. He liked to hear her talk. He was sometimes depressed, and then she cheered him.

"I have hopes," she would say, "that things will be made right in another world. They say God is good, you know, and that He makes it up to the people who have been unfortunate or afflicted here. Fancy having no one to disapprove of you, but walking with your head up and feeling you are just the same as the others. We shall be at home there, and happy. We shan't be exceptions."

It was a wonderful privilege, she thought, to be able to give even a moment's happiness to one who was so much her superior.

A day came when the giant said:

"We are going to move off the day after to-morrow."

"So soon?" said Marthe, and she sighed.

The giant sighed too.

"I shall miss you," he said; "we've had some nice talks together."

"Yes," said Marthe absently.

She rested her chin on her hand and gazed into space. She was thinking of her future, and wondering if it would be gladder or sadder for this friendship.

"I wish you were coming along," said the giant; "you make me feel a deal brighter."

Marthe did not speak. She was debating which would be the greater suffering, never to see Grandiosus again, or to be on view as his foil. Her soul revolted as keenly as ever from the latter course. Just because she cared for him she could not bear to have her peculiarities constantly recalled to him; he would come to feel scorn of her

too, perhaps. Or would he only pity her? Ah, she decided, it would be easier to drag on her life with a memory to sweeten it than to have her sensibilities wounded daily. She shrank back at the thought of the first day when M. Jean had led her into the show; and it would always be like that. She could not persuade herself that she would ever get used to it. She must suffer either way, but that way was the worse.

"I wish you were coming along," the giant repeated.

The words fell on Marthe's ears and gave a new direction to her thoughts. How selfish she had been. She had not thought of him. But then she had not believed it possible that she was really any use to him, she so worthless and stupid. Suppose she were—suppose she could make him the very least bit more contented—could enliven an hour in his life—be the recipient of his troubles! Some were made only to serve—perhaps this was her opportunity.

"Would it make you any happier?" she asked slowly, and her voice sounded very far away; "would you be really glad?"

"Of course I should," said the giant. "You and I are such contrasts it seems as if——" He paused, for a spasm of pain contracted the dwarf's face.

"As if I ought to show you up," she finished for him, and there was a passing bitterness in her voice.

"No, no," said Grandiosus, "I didn't mean that."

"But I do," said Marthe. "I am going to stay to-day to see if I can bear it."

M. Jean heard shouts of laughter and delight, and peeped into the tent. He was more than pleased when he saw the reason. The giant was standing up, his head in the air, and with more animation about him than usual, and by his side shrinking against the wall was the figure of the dwarf looking more absurdly small than usual, with the man towering above her. And on Marthe's cheeks burned a crimson spot and her lips were tight set.

"Now," said M. Jean when the onlookers had dispersed, "see what a success you've made. We can't do without you, can we, Legrand?"

"No," said the giant.

"I don't think Mademoiselle Marthe will be unkind enough to hold out any longer, eh?" said the showman to her.

The face of the dwarf was white now.

"M. Jean," she said, "I accept your offer."

"So you did not mind their laughing," said Legrand.

"I heard them praising you," the dwarf replied quietly.

Grandiosus looked at her, wondering.

IDA LEMON.

## STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

### HORACE.

IN the early spring of 43 B.C. the streets of Athens were filled with unwonted bustle. The sleepy little university town, for to that condition had sunk the city of the violet crown, found itself once more the centre, if not of political life, at least of political intrigue. Brutus, the tyrant-queller, had arrived. His mind, after what had happened on the Ides of the preceding March, needed bracing up. The times were thoroughly out of joint. The murder of Cæsar had broken down the keystone of the arch, and the whole fabric of state had crashed into ruin. Heartless cruelty, mean ambitious profligacy, the greatest and the smallest of bad passions, raged everywhere; and he, Brutus, alone erect a man among wild beasts, must quell the evil and establish the good. Pure, high-minded, living for the ideal, how had he suffered degradation in the arena of party politics; how bitter that experience which summed itself up in his dying words at Philippi: "Virtue, thou art an empty name!" But that was a year later. Here at Athens, in the quiet groves and porticoes where he joined the studious youths who listened to the lectures of their professors, or joined in discussions on high subjects of virtue, fate, and the end of living, there was rest and refreshing. The furrows on that noble brow smoothed themselves out; the pallor of those chiselled features grew less deathlike. There were many young Roman students in Athens at that time, and their hearty enthusiasm for liberty and fresh unselfish admiration for himself must have soothed the care-worn spirit of the man.

Among these students there was one deserving of more than a passing notice. A well-favoured, dark-complexioned youth of twenty-two, rather under the middle size, square-shouldered, with a well-knit frame, Horace might easily pass muster in a crowd. But when his full black eye sparkled with fun as he touched with kindly humour the foibles of his friends, or glowed with inspiration as he poured forth his quick-coming fancies, even a

statesman might have remarked him, and the fastidious Cinara herself might have thought him a lad of mettle well worthy of a lady's favour. Introduced to Brutus as a lover of liberty and letters, Horace soon rose high in his favour, and when the Liberator quitted Athens, accompanied him as a member of his staff, soon to be promoted to the command of a Roman legion—not without grumbling on the part of better-born but less gifted youths. For Horace's father had been a slave; not that this meant of necessity lowness of birth or degradation of being. It was the fortune of war, and during the conquest of Italy thousands of Italians, better men often than their conquerors, had been reduced to this condition. Horace's father had been a town slave of Venusia, a Roman colony on the Apulian border, where it touches Lucania, settled there in old times to bridle the wild Samnite.

Its citizens were enrolled in the Horatian gens of Rome, and hence the name Horace; for the freed slave took the Gentile name of his master, and Horace's father had gained his freedom before the birth of his first and only begotten. This was a point of some importance, for it enabled the poet to style himself *ingenuus*, freeborn.

We do not need to go back to ancient Rome to see how much, in the way of social distinction, may turn upon a trifle, but it is certainly curious to find Horace insisting upon the importance of this point. He can praise Mæcenas for admitting to his friendship men of merit of all ranks, provided only they were *ingenui*; while he has nothing but scorn for the libertine, the manumitted slave, whose ability as a sailor, soldier, or financier may have raised him to the rank of knight through the favour of Augustus. To Horace, the son of the freedman, such an one represents the vulgar *parvenu*—so much difference does one remove make. Yet Horace was proud of his father; he is never tired of telling us that he is proud, and flinging back the *libertino patre natus* in the teeth of his detractors. For at Rome the hunter-up of pedigrees failed not to supply the public with full information as to the antecedents of the poor man who became rich or famous. We can hear him now. "Yes, he is a clever poet, says some good things, and his style—well, perhaps that is the best thing about him, if it is not just a little too elaborated—the file too freely used has blunted the crispness. In any case it is much to his credit, considering his early opportunities. No doubt you are aware that this friend of Mæcenas and Augustus was the son of a slave who made money as an auctioneer, town crier, dealer in salt fish, or debt collector, for it's not very clear what he was," etc. Thus lisps and insinuates the Nasidienus of the day. But the ex-slave had the heart of a gentleman, was one of nature's nobility, and his son was worthy of him. Like father, like son. There is nothing finer in all literature than the manly tribute which Horace pays to his father's memory. To him was owing his careful education in letters, but above all his moral training. If, says the poet, my life is pure, and if I am dear to the first men of my time, to my father be the praise. Again and again does he recur to this theme. His mother died while he was still young, but his father supplied her place as well as man could do.

Nor was the early childhood of the poet without signs and prodigies portentous of future fame. Did he not one day stray beyond bounds and lose himself among the woods that clothe the skirts of Vultur, and, lying down to sleep, did not Venus' doves spread a soft coverlet of leaves over the venturesome boy already dear to the gods? His early surroundings developed a love of the country and country life which clings to him to the last. He does not enter into the spiritual and mysterious elements in nature as a modern poet would do; but he loves the country, if not quite as Wordsworth, yet certainly as Wordsworth's good peasants do. The scenes that familiarity has endeared never quit their grip of his heartstrings. The sounding Aufidus, leafy Vultur, the pure Bandusian font, the sturdy peasant with his modest wife, the daily life of honest toil, impressed themselves on his youthful mind and gave reality and local colour to some of his finest poems. The boy was of a warmly affectionate disposition and of an honesty of mind which directed his affections to those things in themselves worth loving. This bent, fostered by his father's training, remained to the last. But early he began to display signs of no ordinary ability, and his father resolved to send him to the best teachers at Rome. The country school, though attended by the consequential sons of the local magnates, was not good enough for the son of the freedman. Yet in Rome the dangers to which a boy so young would be exposed might well give an anxious parent pause; but no difficulty should stand in the way: the father would go himself.

It was the ancient custom for boys to be attended to and from school by a confidential slave, called a pædagogue. His own father became Horace's pædagogue. Lest his son might suffer any humiliation, the old man was careful to maintain such state as was kept by the best in Rome when they sent their boys to school. We can see the old man and his boy walking through the streets; at a little distance follow two slaves. As they go the worthy man neglects no opportunity of instruction. His practical wisdom is worth more than the learning of the schools. He enforces general principles by examples. "See Barus yonder: what a poor figure he cuts now, all his father's savings spent. See what profligacy has brought Trebonius to," and so on. Thrashing Orbilius, whose lectures Horace attended, never scourged as much sense into his pupils as the old freedman of Venusia instilled into his son. Orbilius was a stickler for the old writers of Rome. In literature his tastes were patriotic and antiquarian; but all his thrashings availed not to convert his pupil. Horace came from a district where Greek was spoken almost as freely as Latin, and his natural taste led him to the study of Greek literature. Of his other teachers we know nothing, nor is it much of a loss. The genius is his own teacher. What he wants is air and freedom, so that he may be able to absorb from his surroundings the nourishment congenial to his nature. And this his father's loving care secured for Horace. Uncontaminated by the great city, he learned to look

upon men and manners; and then, what holidays were there for them both when they returned to the fresh air of the Venusian highlands!

Horace seems to have attended school in Rome from his twelfth to his eighteenth year—six years full of impressive events. He had but just come to Rome when the news of the utter defeat of Crassus in the East hushed for a time the murmurs of the Forum. He was in Rome during that terrible suspense which preceded the crossing of the Rubicon by Cæsar. He took the *toga virilis* in the year of Pharsalia. The year after he proceeded to Athens, going, as it were, from a public school to a university, there to complete his studies. It was in the groves of the Academy that the news of the crushing blow of Thapsus and the death of Cato reached him. A couple of years later and fresh hopes thrilled through the breasts of the young Republicans in Athens, with the news of that terrible scene in the Senate House, when Cæsar fell. We know the side which Horace took, and we are glad that he took it. Youth and genius should ever be on the side of liberty. Let years bring with them that acquiescence in the inevitable which is called the wiser mind. Horace, when he sailed from the Piræus with Brutus and watched the Athene of the Acropolis setting like a golden star on the horizon, his heart aflame with generous emotion, could little anticipate the evil days in store for him, and still less that across those evil days would come the time of repose and honour bestowed by his present enemies. By-and-by he will look back upon these days of youthful enthusiasm with a quiet joke at his own expense—how his wings had been clipped, and how he had thrown away his shield and only escaped from the field in a haze specially raised for his benefit by Mercury, the friend of flighty poets. But he never, to his honour be it said, turns round upon his old friends or his old party. He ever speaks of them with respect and makes no secret of it. Brutus is still his old captain; Cato died nobly; and he goes wild with joy when his friend Pompeius Varus returns from the wars long years after he himself had made good his footing with those whom they used to call the tyrants of Rome.

We have in his ode to the said Pompeius a slight glimpse of his campaigning life. It was not all marching and countermarching. There were nights when, under the Syrian sky, the tent of the tribune resounded with merriment. Those little banquets in which young officers of crack regiments delight were not wanting to their life, and Horace's lyre was often strung to ease the lovesick fancies of some brother-officer, or perchance his own. Little sketches, too, such as the dispute between Rupilius Rex and Persius, half comic, half satirical, were handed about the camp, to the delight of those who knew the parties and the no small titillation of the young poet's vanity. But there was plenty of hard work too, and, as the end approached, privations to be endured, which left permanent traces on his constitution. The campaign in Macedonia, terminated by the disastrous defeat of Philippi, fatal to liberty, quenched for ever the hopes of the Republicans. Horace did his part manfully. No enemy's voice ever reproached the son of the freedman with disgraceful flight. How he escaped we know not. Probably the remains of his legion was part of the forces which Messala was able to rally, and he was included in the terms of composition which that general was able to arrange. Be that as it may, he found his way back to Rome the year after the battle. Changed himself, he found all changed around him. His father dead, his estate confiscated, whither shall he turn? There was nothing for it but to woo the thankless Muse. Hunger compels birds and poets to sing. Occasional poems, *vers de société*, satires, all showing a peculiar felicity of expression, began to be handed about and bring his name into notice.

Already in B.C. 40, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he is the friend of the recognised leaders in poetry of the day. Through two of these, Varius and Virgil, he is by-and-by introduced to Mæcenas—a name famous for ever as the patron of literature. Mæcenas at this time, though holding no official rank, not even that of senator, is yet, as the confidential adviser of Augustus, one of the most influential men in Rome.

It was a curious interview between the eminently aristocratic descendant of Etruscan kings and the Republican colonel who had lately scraped enough together to purchase a poor writership in the Treasury. Little passed that promised the beginning of a lifelong friendship. There was no fawning on the one side, nor offered patronage on the other. Horace told a plain off-hand story—his past history, his present condition, his future prospects, concisely summed up with a proud humility. Mæcenas says but little. The poet leaves the presence of the great man as wise as when he entered it, and nine months elapse before he is again sent for. In the interval, Mæcenas has thoroughly taken the measure of his man, and this time there is no hesitation. Horace is enrolled in the circle of intimate friends who meet at the great man's table and discuss everything but politics and their host's poems. For the great man, though a thorough connoisseur in all branches of art, poetry included, had yet the misfortune to be himself one of the worst poets of the day. His productions took the form of trifles, elaborately frilled and curled, of an intolerable insipidity. Horace never alludes to them, nor could he have given a greater proof of his friendship. The temptation to make fun of them must have been at times almost irresistible, for chaff was the order of the day, and the bard had to stand his share of it. If his toga dragged, or his undershirt was not of the regulation material, or in some not unfrequent fit of philosophical abstraction he was guilty of some left-handed stroke, the fine gentlemen of the Esquiline were ready with their witticisms. Does not the great Augustus himself condescend to call our bard "dear little potbelly?" and in thanking him for the small volume of his poems, ironically inquires whether he had made the measure of his own person the measure also of his poems?

The freedom, at least in manners, of the Republic still lingered on, and the time had not arrived when the informer would lie in wait to catch and twist into treason the free laughter of convivial hours.

These banquets at the Esquiline were delightful—veritable nights and suppers of the gods. Horace is now thoroughly happy. His position is secure. The best and brightest in Rome are proud of his society. Has he not the truest of friends in Varius and Plotius and Virgil? and, above all, is he not independent? His patron makes no claims upon him but those of friendship. He is not expected to fawn upon the prime minister, the dispenser of patronage whose wealth is boundless. It is the man Mæcenas whom he respects and loves. He accompanies Mæcenas, who is going to Greece on a confidential mission, as far as Brundisium, and gives us an account, in one hundred lines, of the fortnight's journey. The greasy inns, the crowded canal boat, the bad water, the excellent bread, the gnats and the mosquitos, the varied humours of the road, are all there; but not one word of serious business. Officious busybodies wish to make use of his influence, but Horace quietly excuses himself; he is only the friend of Mæcenas' idle hours, who sometimes

> "Would take me in his coach to chat
> And question me of this and that,
> As 'What's a-clock?' and 'How's the wind?'
> 'Whose chariot's that we left behind?'
> Or gravely try to read the lines
> Writ underneath the country signs."

These excuses are usually sufficient, unless when our bard meets such a portentous bore as the one pilloried in the Ninth Satire of the First Book, from whose clutches only the providential interposition of Apollo could save him. The son of the Venusian freedman has become an important person, there is no denying it. As he lounges through the Velabrum and the Tuscan street, or works his way through the Forum and the Suburra, on his road to the Esquiline, a passer-by will nudge his companion and whisper, "There goes the great satirist and the friend of Mæcenas." The poet has changed a little. He is no longer so thin as when he served under Brutus—not corpulent as yet, but on the fair way to it. His eyes are as black and bright as ever, but the rims of the eyelids are bleared with red, the result of study and old privations, which have also left behind traces in a squeamish stomach. His raven locks are beginning to show a suspicion of grey. How he enjoys the life of the town! The booths of the Suburra, the fish and meat shops of the Velabrum, the book shops at the corner of the Forum, and the motley groups, the varied life of the great city—all are food for his delighted eye. Here he gets his spendthrifts, his misers, his fops, his long-bearded stoics; here he sees Demetrius paring his nails in the empty barber's shop; now he has to make way for a funeral, now for a wedding; a crane threatens with uplifted beam on the one side, a poet approaches to recite his latest on the other. What beauty is this who bows from her litter and shoots a glance that might kindle a less susceptible heart?—Barine herself, who drives the prettiest pair of ponies on the Appian Way, the admired of all the gilded youth of Rome. She wishes to be celebrated in one of those exquisite trifles in which the poet can embalm his own or his friends' lady-loves. She beckons him to her side. "Come to-night to our little symposium," we can hear her say across 2,000 years; "Pollio, Mesalla, all the set will be there, and Myrtale with her zither to sing a certain poet's songs, a poet who leaves poor Barine, of all his lady friends, alone uncelebrated." Horace bows. Barine is borne off, all smiles, showing those white teeth, speckless in spite of a thousand perjuries, which, thanks to the poet's praise, still glimmer through the mists of time. Horace never married. His love poems, inimitable *vers de société*, are not the poetry of passion. It was not a marrying age. Augustus found it necessary to have a law passed to compel men to marry—the senators passed it and paid their fines. The ladies whom the young Romans loved they could not marry, and the ladies whom they could marry they did not love. Horace would have been happier, no doubt, if a *placens uxor* had fallen to his lot, and if he had had a son to whom he could have passed on his father's instruction; but he makes no complaint.

To the practical philosophy of Horace, sufficient for the day is the good thereof—a way of looking at things which requires to be inborn, depending as it does upon natural constitution rather than teaching. Hence his ethics of everyday life are enjoyed most by those congenial spirits who do not stand in need of it, or by those whom advancing years have made vastly wise by taking away the inducements to be foolish. Still it is worth growing old to enjoy the Epistles of Horace. We have seen how he enjoyed town life—not Johnson nor Lamb did so with keener zest; but he loves the country also, and when the sun has entered Leo, and the dogstar rages, see him mounted on his bobtailed mule, with valise slung behind and legs dangling in front, making his quiet peregrination to Tibur Baiæ or Tarentum. By-and-by he receives from his patron the gift of that for which he longed above all things—a little bit of earth which he might call his own. The Venusian farm is restored to him, in the shape of sloping fields and rugged woodlands among the healthy Sabine hills.

The site of his villa, the slope of Lucretilis, the sacred fountain, the brook Digentia, the shaggy wood in which the wolf, subdued by the awe of divine poetry, gazed and turned tail,—all have been identified. The credit of discovery is due to a worthy Frenchman, or to his nag. For the Abbé Capmartin de Chaupy's old horse was generally supposed to be as great an Horatian as himself, and to have quite as keen a scent for antiquarian remains. Be that as it may, one fine morning the worthy pair, after having trotted over all suggested sites, found themselves on the Valerian road about thirty miles from Rome, and took the right turn where the town of Vicovara stands near the entrance of the only valley which for miles breaks the continuity of the Sabine hills. Here a brook called the Licenza comes tumbling down to join the Anio; further up comes the village of Bardela. As these names corresponded exactly to the Varia, Digentia, and Mandela of Horace, the clue was found. The temple of Vacuna came next more *putre*

than ever, then the villa and the fountain stood revealed. Mandela, wrinkled with cold, was true to its character, for did not our Abbé sit down there to sketch and catch cold? we suspect that he must have chosen a damp spot on purpose.

Varia had still its senators, only some Circe had changed them into swine, which occupied the market-place in grunting and wallowing solemnity.

Once discovered, the site of Horace's farm became an object of pilgrimage to scholars. So many Englishmen have visited the shrine that the simple sons of the Sabines have come to the conclusion that Horace must himself have been an Englishman.

After the acquisition of the Sabine farm the life of Horace was complete. Town and country were equally delightful to him, and the contrast heightened the pleasure. As soon as the season of the malaria approaches, see him eager for the hills, much more eager than his slave Davus, who grumbles, as he packs his master's books, at the prospect of a change which will land him more than four miles from the nearest tavern. See our poet arrived; how he hurries to examine the new library which he has added to the old cottage; here he stays to see his books unpacked, Cratinus, Aristophanes, and Plato in their places.

And now for a stroll up to the woodlands and through the pastures and down to the riverside where the dyke has burst. Finally he throws himself on the soft grass by the side of his beloved fountain, sends for a bottle of the vintage that was laid down in the year of the Consul Manlius, as old as himself, and feels that now he is truly happy—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot," "he lives and reigns"! It was a noble gift on the part of Mæcenas, and kindly meant. It was valued by the poet more for the friendship it showed than for its actual worth. And he lets Mæcenas know plainly enough that he cannot consider himself under an obligation which will interfere with his perfect independence. He will resign it at once if he is not to continue his own master. The fact is, that Horace might have had much more had he cared to ask for it. It was a golden age for poets. Varius received £8,000 for his tragedy of "Thyestes," and Virgil, who was a careful liver, died worth £80,000.

Augustus would have done much for the poet who, along with Virgil, had most contributed to give a kind of sanctity to his rule by presenting it as a summing up of the very spirit and ideal of Rome, and as the beginning of an epoch of peace and goodwill on earth. The old tribune of Brutus had become reconciled to what was the absolute rule of one man, though veiled under the forms of the Republic. He acquiesced in the only solution of the perplexed political problem of the day, and gave up liberty for well-being. It was perhaps better that the empire should waste slowly away than that it should be destroyed at once. There will always be those who prefer a consumption to the guillotine.

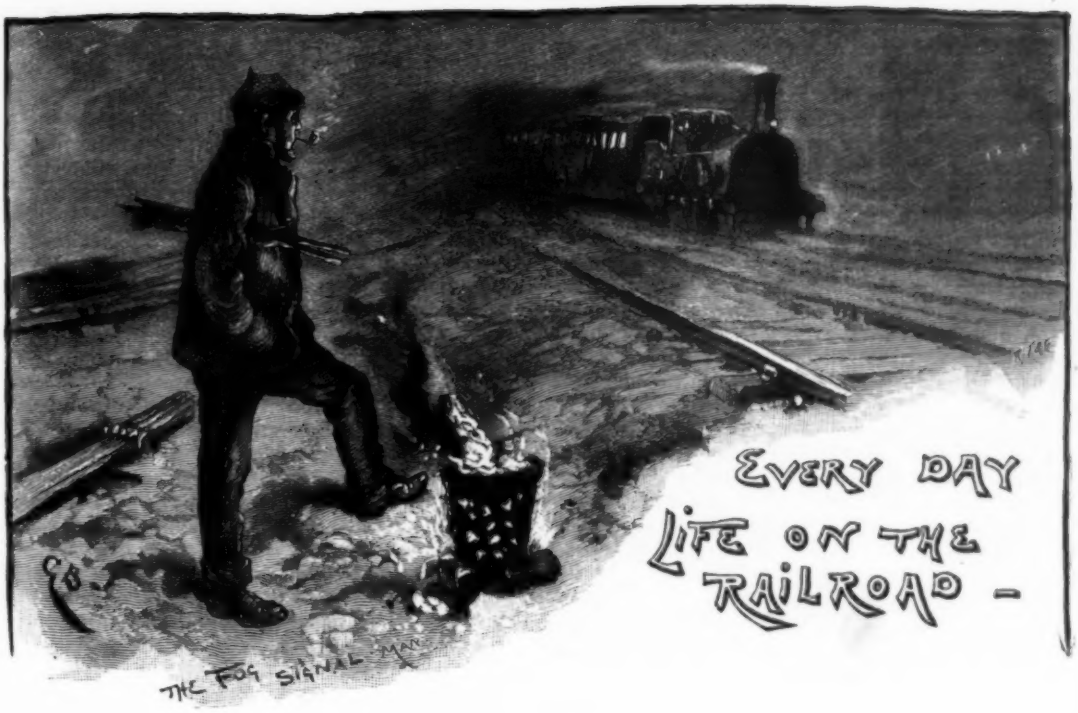
The relations of Augustus and Horace, at first shy, became more and more confidential, till we find the emperor proposing to take him from the position of Mæcenas' parasite and make him his own private secretary. But Horace declines. His own relations with Mæcenas have become more and more close and affectionate. Besides, the great man needs his sympathy and help. The marble halls of the Esquiline, with their plashing fountains and soft sweet music of viol and flute, cannot give ease to the mind or sleep to the body. Even friendship fails to soothe. After three years of constant sleeplessness, the outworn body of the great chancellor parts with its guest, and the greatest Roman of his time, Augustus alone excepted, becomes a name, an empty shade. Of all his great works none concern us now. The empire that he mainly helped to build up has long since crumbled into dust.

Not as the maker of treaties, not as the builder of palaces or the founder of an empire, does Mæcenas still live on in the recollection of men, but as the patron of letters and as the friend of Horace. It is the little, fat, blear-eyed poet who, in return for the dole of bread and wine, has conferred immortality. Never was kindness better laid out or bestowed upon a more grateful subject. Mæcenas was afraid of death, and Horace, to strengthen his courage, had assured him, in one of his noblest odes, that he would not tread the path to Hades alone—"*ibimus, ibimus*, together we shall go!"

The last words of Mæcenas had recommended Horace to Augustus—"Bear Horace in thy mind as if he were myself." The recommendation was unnecessary. Our poet was ready for the road. He had seen Varius, Tibullus, Virgil, depart. String after string had been loosened from his heart. And now the last and best of all. His prophecy was fulfilled. The shade of Mæcenas had not to wait long in Charon's boat for the company of his friend. The fall of the year 8 B.C. saw two fresh graves side by side on the Esquiline. The friends were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided.

ADAM RANKINE.

*** Every generation gives fresh accent to the poet's famous line, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*. But it is interesting to note that as we send this page to press another memorial has been discovered. In the course of the works for the embankment of the Tiber, a column is said to have been found bearing an inscription commemorating the games held every hundred years to celebrate the foundation of the city, and on this pillar is inscribed an ode written for the occasion by Horace.—ED. L. H.




## IN THE SIGNAL-CABIN.

WHY does a railway man wear a red neckerchief? Answer No. 1, because he likes it; answer No. 2, because it comes in handy as a danger signal. Many a fatal accident has been averted by the timely use of one of those "two red neckerchiefs yearly," which form part of the porter's outfit. But there are times when the wisp of red is of no avail, and of such we had many examples during the last winter.

Riding one day in the front brake into Waterloo, we were suddenly startled by the flash and report of a fog-signal. "Bang goes tuppence!" said the guard. And on inquiry we found that that was the value he put on these fireworks of the line. As several other twopenny bangs occurred before we passed under the famous A signal-box, we felt sufficient interest in the matter to undertake a small investigation, and as most of our fog-signals come from Kynoch's, of Birmingham—who are better known than loved among the grouse and partridges, except by those who appreciate sudden death—it was to Kynoch's that we applied.

"How many fog-signals do you make in a year?" "Many thousands of gross are used by some of the great railway companies in the course of a winter. But the variation in the demand makes it difficult to give you the exact figures. We should say between one and two millions." "And this year?" "It must have been nearer two millions than one!"

Two million rounds of ammunition! Nearly enough to mark out the entire equator in a series of cricket pitches, eighty to the mile. If the Flying Scotchman were to explode a signal at every revolution of her driving wheel she would have to run on the Edinburgh road unceasingly for a whole week from Sunday morning to Saturday night before she had got through this little heap of detonators.

At the same time our guard was wrong in his estimate. Signals do not cost twopence each, but a pound a gross at the outside; but even at that price the total cost is considerable. A fog is an expensive incident to a railway company. In November and December 1890 there were 118,760 signals used on the South-Western. In January 1888 there was a fog on the M. S. and L. which used up 360 gross of signals, and cost £1,250, including of course the men's wages and food, for a "fogger" on duty is fed at the company's charge. In the same fog the North-Western had men at 2,462 signal-posts doing nothing but attending to the fog-signals on the line.

As soon as a fog comes on the platelayers go off duty. Even if they could see the small patch of permanent way at their feet, it would be too dan-

gerous for them to attempt to work. And so the platelayer appears in another character in the railway programme, and, in a thicker overcoat than usual, comes forth as a "fogger." A miserable occupation is his, but it is wonderful how cheery he can be under the circumstances. The fire, which as a rule he makes in a bucket, seems to give no more heat than a tinker's, and the shelter, when he has one, is rarely as wind-tight as a wattled hurdle; but as you pass in the fog you may just get a glimpse of him smoking his pipe with commendable placidity, his only task being to interpret the sign language of the semaphore into the sound language of the detonator.

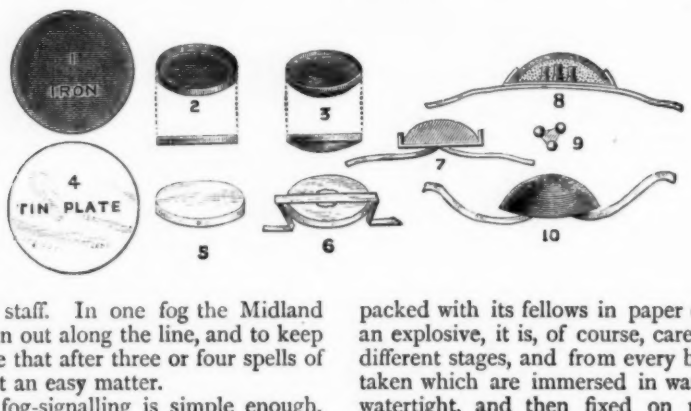
After three hours of duty he will get a cup of cocoa, or tea, or coffee, and occasionally something else. Then for six hours he will continue his gloomy watch until a meal arrives of bread and meat, and hot drinks as before. Then another three hours, and the relief man will come to let him go home to bed. It is great fun to let off one fog-signal or even two—but twelve hours of it!

No wonder that every fog means more deaths among the foggers than among those who run the trains. It is not every man who can be trusted to do the work, and a lasting fog is a severe tax on a company owing to the difficulty in finding reliefs from the ordinary staff. In one fog the Midland have had 4,000 men out along the line, and to keep up a number like that after three or four spells of twelve hours is not an easy matter.

The system of fog-signalling is simple enough. The man for the time acts as a semaphore. When the arm is up he clips a detonator on to the rail so that the train will explode it as it runs over it; when the arm is down and the line is clear he picks up the detonator so that the train passes without a report. Sometimes two detonators are used, so that if one should miss fire the other may not; sometimes one report means one thing, two reports another, three another. But under any circumstances there should be nothing more soothing to the railway traveller than the bang of the fog-signal. It is the fogger's "All's well!" and shows he is at his post and alive to his duty.

The signal he clips on to the top of the rail looks like a large button. It may be described as a gigantic percussion-cap, but it is really much more complicated. As a matter of fact it has three caps besides the powder. There are four parts in a fog-signal: the dome, which is of sheet iron; the base, which is of tinplate; the anvil, which is of malleable iron; and the clip, which is of lead. The dome is stamped out of the sheet, and first appears as a two-and-a-quarter-inch disc, which is then cupped into the shape of a canister lid, and further developed into a basin. The base is stamped out of the tinplate and begins as a rather larger disc, which becomes a canister lid, and then a lid with a deeper edge and just large enough for the little iron basin to fit into. On to the back the lead clip is soldered (fig. 7). The anvil (fig. 9), a triangle with a nipple at each corner, is cast in malleable iron and tinned so as to prevent deterioration of the powder by the chemical action which would otherwise be set up between the powder and the iron.

The parts are then ready for loading. The dome or basin, which is painted inside in order to further isolate the charge, is filled with powder specially prepared for the purpose. The anvil on which the three percussion-caps have been fixed is placed in the powder, and the base is fitted on and the whole pressed so firmly together under an ingenious machine that it is impossible for any of the carefully fitted parts to shift. All that the signal now requires is a little waterproofing and decoration. In the painting department it receives a coat of waterproof paint, and when that is dry it has another coat, and then it gets its label and finds itself packed with its fellows in paper cylinders. Being an explosive, it is, of course, carefully examined at different stages, and from every batch samples are taken which are immersed in water to prove them watertight, and then fixed on rails in a siding, where an engine and trucks are run over them to ascertain if they explode quickly and with a sufficiently alarming report. One curious custom of the trade is that the companies make it a condition that the manufacturers should keep a large quantity in stock so as to be prepared in case of a fog of long duration, and to keep this stock up during last December was no easy task. Fog-signals are not always used in fogs. Not long ago a railway man was married, and twenty-one fog signals were laid on the line as a salute to the bride at the "going away."




And now we are out of the fog we may as well return to that red neckerchief which we forgot to say was the first railway signal. As to which was the second there are several claimants, the most promising being the tallow candle which the Stockton and Darlington station-master stuck in his window when he wished the train to stop. On the Liverpool and Manchester in 1830 that candle

had become a lamp and the kerchief had become a flag. In 1834 the pointsman's flag and hand lamp had found a resting-place on a post about five feet high. In three years the posts grew seven feet, and developed into twelve-foot standards with a disc instead of a flag and a piece of red glass in one of the lamp's faces.

Four years afterwards—that is, just fifty years ago—the present system of railway signalling may be said to have begun. We have seen that 1891 is the jubilee of the railway ticket ; it is also the jubilee of the semaphore as applied to railway work. And, curiously enough, at the time it was so applied it had been in existence about fifty years. It was, in fact, the old original telegraph which gave its name to the numerous Telegraph Hills about the country. There is one of these telegraphs still at Portsmouth Dockyard ; there used to be one on the Admiralty in Whitehall, and on every prominent hill between the two points ; there was a series of semaphores all the way to Dover ; there was a series to the north. In short, the semaphore was the telegraph, and we still talk of the "electric telegraph" to mark the distinction between the old fashion and the new. It was at New Cross, of all places in the world, that the first railway semaphore was introduced, by Sir Charles Gregory, in 1841.

To this signal there were no wires ; the pointsman had to stand at the post and work the lever with his hands. But five years afterwards one of those wonderful labour-saving Scotsmen, who have done so much for the world, found an opportunity of distinguishing himself. This particular Scot was a porter at Meadowbank, on the North British. He had two signals to attend to, and, finding it fatiguing to be continually walking from one signal to the other, he brought from home a length of wire and a pulley, and fixing on to the lever a broken chair as a counterweight he hooked one end of the wire to the lever, and passing the other through the pulley he led the other into his hut and worked the signal by pulling and slackening it. Nothing could be simpler or more effective. Henceforth it was clear that a man could work a railway signal without going out of doors.

By-and-by Sir Charles Fox, whose enviable fate it was to drive the "Novelty" at Rainhill and build the Exhibition building of 1851 and the Crystal Palace, invented the switch in replacement of the old sliding rail, and thus gave us the "points" with which our signals now interlock. Interlocking really began about 1843, but it was not until Saxby's arrangement concentrated and interlocked the levers of points and signals at Bricklayers' Arms in 1856 that it can really be said to have come into practical use. On its further development we need not dwell.

Speaking generally, there are now two kinds of railway signals : those with a square end and those with a swallow-tail ; the square-enders are "homes," the swallow-tails are "distants." The distant is merely a caution. When a home is against a driver he must stop ; when a distant is against him he must be prepared to stop if he finds the home bars the road. By this arrangement there are saved in a year a good many minutes and a good many tons of coal, the caution being always given in time for the driver to get his engine in hand. On a level road a distant is a thousand yards from a home, on a rising gradient it is closer, but it is always far enough away for a train to pull up between the two.

There is only one side of a signal to which attention is necessary, and that is the side which faces the direction from which the train comes. Except on the Greenwich line and a very few others in this country, the rule of the road is the rule of the railroad—the paradox quite in which by keeping to the left the trains keep right. The signal arm therefore faces the driver on the left side of the post, and its face is painted red. It is the red side which clears or blocks the line, not the white. Another fact worth noting is, that for the purposes of safety it is assumed that danger is the normal state of things. Consequently, when a signal is at danger it is at rest. Then it is that the lever is down ; to clear the line the lever has to be pulled up, and the result is that down drops the signal to danger if the machinery breaks.

Railway signal making is a trade by itself, but of late the larger companies have been taking the matter into their own hands, and the visitor to Derby or Crewe with a general permit will find himself duly introduced to the semaphore in its different stages. At Crewe there is a shop nearly a hundred yards long and about thirty wide, entirely devoted to signal fitting. Down one side are the posts in preparation, some of them fifteen inches square at the bottom end, with some seven feet of the timber left in the rough, charred in a furnace and soaked with gas tar to preserve it from premature decay in the ground. Some signals are seventy feet high with a five-feet arm, but when the height is over forty-five feet there is generally an arm lower down so as to be visible from the rail level in thick weather. The arm is of wood or corrugated steel, and on it is fixed the pair of spectacles with a green eye and a red one which, working in front of the lantern, give the colours that at night make our great junctions look like drug-shops.

A signal-box has been compared to a great church organ. We have been inside the organs at the Albert Hall and Crystal Palace, and we are inclined to think the state of affairs in a signal-box, and under a signal-box, is more complicated, though it is simple enough when understood. The general appearance is familiar—a row of iron levers on one side ; a row of telegraphic instruments on the other ; a clock, a desk, an open book ; a man or men at work with a boy or boys, amid a constant ringing of bells, clicking of keys, and jolting of springs ; the levers like a set of teeth, complete when all are at danger, broken here and there when a few are at "line clear." Where the levers are not bright they are painted of different colours : black, perhaps, distinguishing the point levers ; blue, the down signals ; red, the up signals ; green, the distants ; and in a large cabin the groups of these colours are perhaps the most conspicuous feature. The signal-levers, it is hardly necessary to note, have wires to work, the point-levers have rods either of iron piping or, as on the North-Western,

of rods painted red. A signal, as we have seen, may be worked a thousand yards from the cabin; points are never worked at a greater distance than the eighth of a mile. When the points "face"—that is, when the train runs on to another line in continuation of the direction in which it has come—the length of the point-rods is not allowed by the Board of Trade to exceed 150 yards. When the train has to back, the points are said to "trail," and then the rods may be of the full length of 220 yards.

Every lever is numbered, and on every lever is a series of numbers showing those that are in inter-dependence with it. This is the key to the interlocking apparatus, which is under the floor, and consists of a sort of gigantic tumbler lock with sliding and vibrating bars working into notches on the lever. The signalman is by this arrangement prevented from opening the points to one line and giving a safety signal to a line that crosses it. He can probably send a train on to any one line, but he has to do so in a systematic manner. Once a train is beyond his signals he has no control of it, and he is powerless when the train is travelling through the points, for, owing to the "detector bar," he would then have to lift the whole weight of the train. One would think that with all this mechanism collisions would never happen; but happen they do, the accident being brought about, not by one pull of a lever, as is popularly supposed, but by the pull of half-a-dozen, all in due order and strictly according to rule. The truth is that all men are liable to make mistakes, and the man most liable to do so is he who works long hours, week in, week out, at the one monotonous occupation. At the Waterloo A cabin already mentioned, there are 209 levers making as many movements in a twelve-month as there are people in London, and averaging twenty-two movements for each train. To work these there are ten signalmen, four on duty from 7 A.M. to 2 P.M., four from 2 P.M. to 10 P.M., and two to complete the round; but in the country boxes—and on other lines—the hours are much longer and the work less incessant, so that the man has time to think of other things, while he becomes too jaded to pull himself together at a moment's notice. Hence mistakes, and elaborate mistakes, and disasters: very few though, fewer than in any other country in the world, but still too many. Signalmen are worked too long and paid too little, even in view of the future, when further automatic machinery will have further simplified their work. Like the great majority of railway men, they have no chance of receiving that gratuity for taking which they would never be "instantly dismissed"; and, like them, they suffer indirectly from a system by which the porters before the scenes add so largely to their incomes. If the passengers, instead of "tipping" the porters, would put their twopences into a superannuation-box it would improve the position of the railway man all along the line.

The earlier signalmen were policemen, and as a survival from the old times a signal inspector is still known amongst railway men as a P.C. To maintain the North-Western signals in order there are eleven of these inspectors, with a staff of 500 foremen, chargemen, and artisans. Every fortnight every cabin on the line is inspected and has all its fittings cleaned and oiled and repaired, should repairs be necessary. There are eleven districts each under an inspector, and these are divided into lengths, each under a chargeman, and in every cabin there is posted up the name and address of the chargeman responsible for it, so that he can be sent for should any accident happen during the intervals between his regular visits. The steel rodding these gangs deal with in a fortnight would extend from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and the wires would span the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York. To protect the 1,800 miles of line they have to visit some 1,400 signal-cabins, controlling 16,000 signals and containing 30,000 levers. Crewe turns out nine signals complete a week, including bracket and gantry posts, some of which carry as many as twenty-four arms, and the largest interlocking apparatus it had completed up to last year was that at Rugby South Junction, which contains 180 levers.

But we have by no means done with our signal-cabin. We have said nothing of the "compensator," which automatically makes allowance for the expansion or contraction of the rods from heat or cold; nor have we mentioned the "adjuster," by which the signalman can tighten or slacken his wires if they do not work easily; and we have omitted the "key interlocker," which is the most ingenious of the three. This is used when the points are too far from the cabin to be worked by rods, or when it is not thought worth while to go to the expense of rodding. The signals are worked by a frame of levers having a number of keys, and when the siding or branch line is to be used, a key withdrawn from the frame locks the signals, and when carried to the junction unlocks the points. Once the key is in it cannot be taken out till the points are closed, and the signals cannot be moved till the key is taken back to the signal-box and replaced in the frame.

Then there are the "starting" signals at the platform, to permit the train to enter the next section into which the line is divided; and there are "advanced starting" signals at the end of the furthest siding to stop the train going too far; and then there are the disc signals for the shunters and other supernumerary signals, which are often of a different colour at night to those on the through track.

One difficulty in signalling remains unsolved. When there are two lights on a post, and one goes out, how is a driver to know which it is? The signalman knows; he can see the signal front or back from his box, and if he cannot, electricity comes to his aid. When a signal is out of his sight, he has a model of it in his box electrically connected with it so as to mimic every movement. Below the model semaphore is a small disc marked "Light in;" above the invisible signal-lamp is a brass and steel tongue which, so long as the lamp is burning, keeps hot, and owing to the unequal contraction of the metals remains bent. When the lamp goes out the tongue cools and straightens,

and touching a binding screw, makes an electrical current which rings a bell in the signal-box, and changes the "Light in" disc to a red one marked "Light out."

And thus we have reached the telegraphic branch of signalling, to which the safety of our trains is chiefly due. The block system, now generally adopted, has been so often described that we can be brief. The line is divided into sections by signal-cabins. The signalman at any one cabin receives a "Be ready," consisting of so many strokes on a bell according to the sort of train that is coming. If the line be clear he repeats the signal back, and in reply he receives "Train on line." The train passes the other signal-box and enters the section between the two. As soon as he receives "Train on line," the signalman sends on "Be ready" to the cabin next in advance, gets back the repeat, signals "Train on line" and clears his bit of the road until the train passes, when he signals back "Line clear" to the first cabin. In this way no two trains can be on the same section at the same time. In the "permissive block" system two trains may be on the same section at the same time, but usually under such conditions as to make accident improbable.

Those who have listened outside a country signal-box can pretty well tell what the different rings mean. On different lines they vary, but on one line, at any rate, one stroke of the bell means "Attention;" two, "Train on line;" three, "Be ready for goods;" four, "Be ready for passenger;" five, "Be ready for express goods." But telegraphic signalling will take us very far afield; suffice it to say that every company has its code-book, just the same as a cable company or any great mercantile house, and by the code much time is saved. When a station-master telegraphs that "A hat-box and umbrella have been left in the net of the fourth first-class compartment from the end of the train," he does not stop to spell out all these words, but "codes" them up into something short, which would considerably astonish the excited owner of the lost property if he saw the telegram as received.

On the outer wall of many signal-cabins there will be noticed an elliptical or diamond-shaped piece of wood hung on a nail. By the way this is hung the drivers, and others interested, know if the signals are working properly or improperly. Like the points and semaphores, the telegraphs are under constant inspection, but a failure in them is more quickly known. As a rule, the telegraph superintendent of a railway company knows the state of the whole of the line under his charge before ten o'clock every morning. And the line is rather long if the wires be placed end to end. We know of one section of line on which there are sixty-one wires, but let us be moderate and take ten as the average. That would give us 170,000 miles of telegraph wire on the railroads of Britain. Allowing six cells to a mile, we should have over a million cells to work them by, most of them Daniells, with Leclanchés for the bells, and Bichromates for the repeaters. It is curious how much the expectation of life for telegraph wire will vary. In the pure air of Anglesey a wire lasts thirty-five years; in the foul atmosphere of Widnes and St. Helens it lasts but three.

W. J. GORDON.

## Song of the Oak.

Look, birdie, look out of your nest,
  Look forth at the glittering home
That the wind and the sun in the west
  Have built of the soft air-foam.
Sun lifted the clouds from the land,
  Wind gather'd their masses to mould
And carve with a cunning hand,
  Sun tinged them with purple and gold.

But change seems fair to their eyes,
  And the palace is never the same;
Turrets sink and pinnacles rise,
  Now black, now fervid in flame.
Their bases are dim in the mist
  That floats on the sleeping sea,
And I think that their peaks are kist
  By the stars that are hidden from me.

And the sun sinks soon, but I know
  That the wind still stirs from the sea;
O the gracious wind! he will blow
  The cloud and the rain to me.

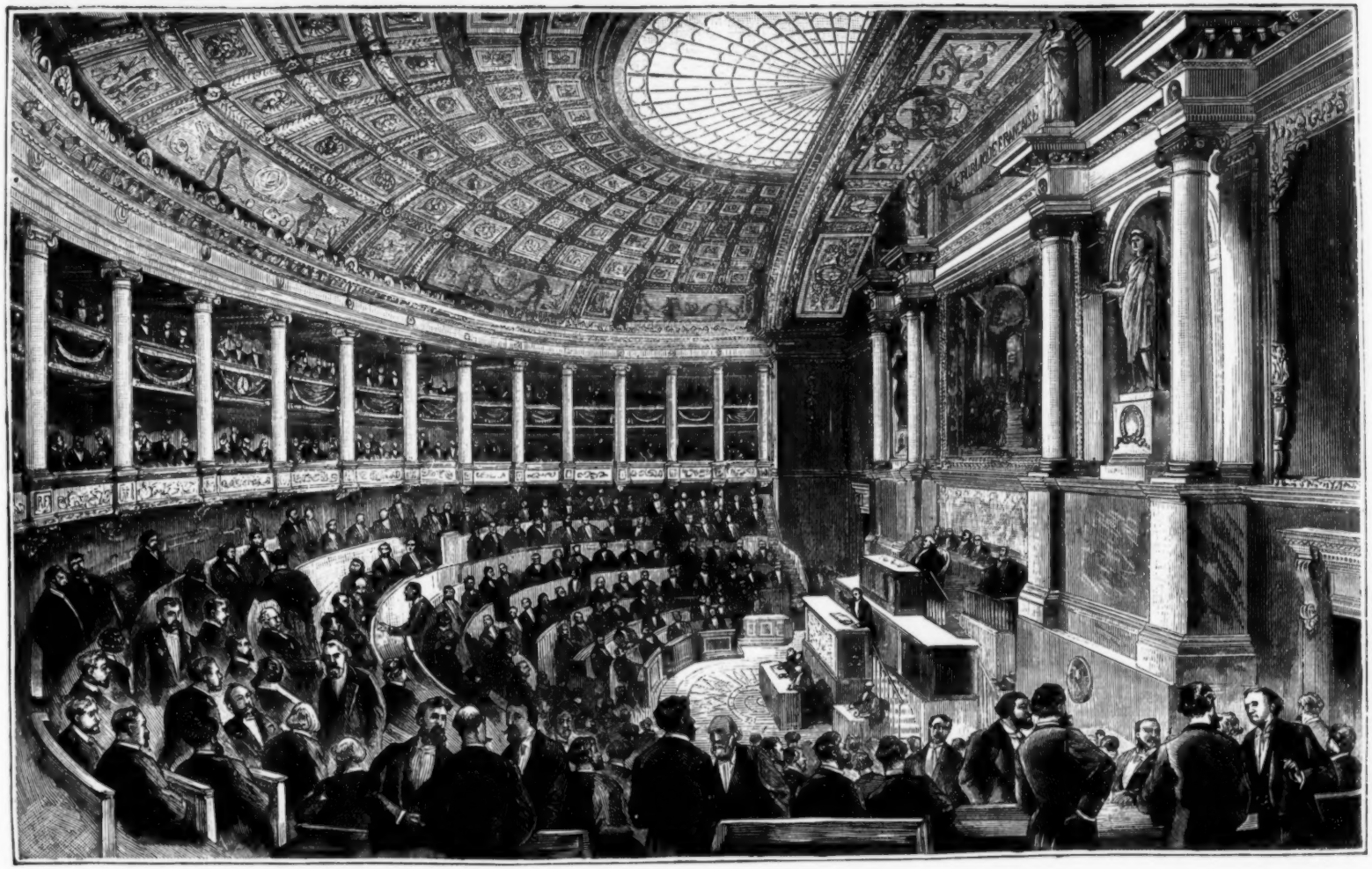
—— What is this
On a leaf up aloft?
It is warm, it is soft
  As a kiss!

Now again!
And another, and fast
They fall; here at last
  Is the rain.

Fall, fall
Each leaf is a thirsty lip.
  Fall, fall!
Till leaf and bud and twig
Are bent, and glistening all
With rain-drops clear and big,
That gather and poise and grow,
And quiver and overflow,
  And drip
Upon the grass below.

Fall, fall!
Thy falling music makes.
  Fall, fall!
Only where cowers my bird,
Thither no drop at all
Shall reach, nor she be stirred,
Until at early day
Sunward she bursts her way,
  And shakes
The hanging drops to spray.

C. J. LEE.



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, PARIS.

# STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

## FRANCE.

### PART I.

THE political history of France during the past decade seems to superficial foreign observers as a constant change and shuffle of Ministers and Ministries without stability or influence, apparently bearing out the popular prejudice that the French are a restless and volatile nation. A more profound study of the subject may prove that this axiom, like most such popular dicta, is hasty, and hence erroneous, or at least tells but half the truth. The French, since they cast off the corrupt and corroding yoke of the Second Empire, have been searching for the best methods of government suitable to their national idiosyncrasies. The task their rulers have had before them would have been no easy one, even if they had been men of rare merit. This, unfortunately for the land, has not been the case in a single instance during these past twenty years. As for the people, their political education had to be begun anew, and the crisis found them, moreover, involved in a disastrous war, provoked by this very Empire. With the enemy still upon their soil, a Government of National Defence was hastily formed, and not till the war was over was it possible to think seriously of giving a constitution to France.

The first step was the election, by universal suffrage, of a National Assembly, which had to conclude peace with Germany. In the clever meridional historian and statesman, M. Thiers, was vested the supreme power, first as head of the Executive, and then as President of the Republic, assisted by a responsible Ministry. After the evacuation of the territory Thiers was overthrown, to be replaced by Marshal MacMahon, who, it was thought, might be counted on to favour a restoration of the monarchy. But there was but one throne, and three pretenders to it—an Orleans, a Bonaparte, a Bourbon—and among these three pretenders no understanding was possible. Hence, after many futile efforts, even the Monarchist section of Frenchmen abandoned their hopes, and joined the Republican party in the Assembly, in order to vote the Constitution of 1875—that which now governs the country. In consequence, France, republican and democratic, possesses parliamentary institutions, an irresponsible President, responsible Ministers, and two Chambers.

These institutions are by no means a part of the Republican traditions, they are rather a legacy from the Monarchists; but they became a necessary condition of the assistance rendered by the latter to the foundation of the Republic of 1875. Obliged to live in a house built by their enemies, the Republicans have little by little become accustomed to it. They have recognised that there is a great advantage in being protected against their own impulses by the complications of the parliamentary machine, and a large majority of them would not willingly abandon it to-day.

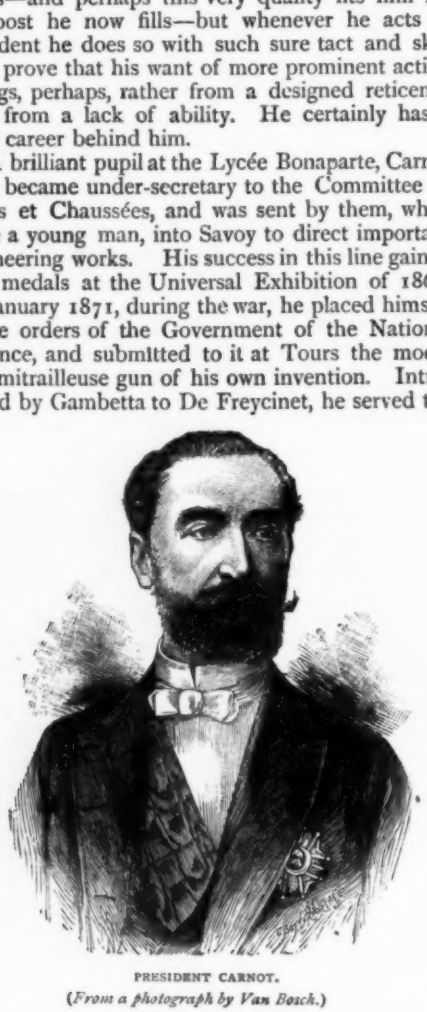
The working of this republican, democratic, and parliamentary institution, however, suffers from great difficulties, arising from the very succession of events which led to its establishment; for each of the Governments overthrown during the last century has still its partisans, and is still represented in the French Chamber. Thus we find there Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, all of whom alike would desire to overthrow the Republic, though not one party is agreed as to what they would put in its place. The Republican majority, too, which exists in both Chambers is much subdivided, and hence weakened in force. Certainly the education of the democracy in France is as yet far from complete. It is only very recently that this democracy has been given the instruments necessary to their education—freedom of press and freedom of public meeting. France does not yet possess freedom of combination; and one may say that all that concerns the strong organisation of parties, their discipline, the strict definition of their programmes, and the concentration of their forces, is still unknown in that country, or very nearly so. Consequently, the French Parliament commonly presents a spectacle rather of coalition for particular purposes than of combined action for a comprehensive policy.

Thiers, as we have said, was succeeded by the victor of Magenta. Seven years is the legal term of office for a French President, but the Marshal resigned ere it had expired. He was accused of conspiring to use his opportunities for the restoration of the monarchy, and the strength of the Republican Opposition, led by Gambetta, left him no alternative. He was succeeded by Grévy, an ex-barrister, whose moderation and firmness were believed to be a guarantee for the Republic, but who at the end of 1887 had to resign on account of a criminal prosecution which was brought against his son-in-law, Wilson, for utilising for his own financial ends information he was able to procure thanks to the official position of his father-in-law The circumstances of the case showed at least culpable weakness on Grévy's part. "Ah, quel malheur que d'avoir un gendre!" sang the gamins of Paris for the space of some weeks. The air was full of this street-ballad, and, as usual in France, dignity could not be maintained against ridicule. The old man had perforce to quit office. M. Carnot, who succeeded him, bears one of the greatest names of the Republican party, as grandson of the

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, PARIS.

illustrious War Minister of the Revolution. Carnot may not exactly be defined as a man of deeds—and perhaps this very quality fits him for the post he now fills—but whenever he acts as President he does so with such sure tact and skill as to prove that his want of more prominent action springs, perhaps, rather from a designed reticence than from a lack of ability. He certainly has a good career behind him.

A brilliant pupil at the Lycée Bonaparte, Carnot early became under-secretary to the Committee of Ponts et Chaussées, and was sent by them, when quite a young man, into Savoy to direct important engineering works. His success in this line gained him medals at the Universal Exhibition of 1867. In January 1871, during the war, he placed himself at the orders of the Government of the National Defence, and submitted to it at Tours the model of a mitrailleuse gun of his own invention. Introduced by Gambetta to De Freycinet, he served the



PRESIDENT CARNOT.
(*From a photograph by Van Bosch.*)

latter for a short time as secretary, helping him to organise the army of the defence in the valley of the Lower Seine. He was among those who protested against the fatal armistice signed by the Government of Paris, and, when the peace took place, Carnot, who had been a member of the *guerre à outrance* party, resigned his post with a dignified protest, winding up thus: "In coming here, charged with the mission of organising our forces of defence, I was accepting a militant post, the only *raison d'être* of which lay in a fierce and resolute Chamber such as Gambetta dreamed of, excluding partisans of peace at any price. To remain faithful to the line of conduct which I had traced out for myself, I hand over my function and beg you to accept my resignation."

Elected deputy, he voted against the peace of Frankfort, although his own father voted for it. Both sat in the Republican Left, of which Sadi Carnot was secretary. In 1878 Carnot was appointed Under-Secretary of Public Works by M. de Freycinet, and, after the latter had been obliged to resign on account of his action in the matter of the religious bodies (Carnot is openly anti-clerical), he still continued to hold his post. His task was to modify, as far as possible, the gigantic and disastrous schemes of De Freycinet, who was engaged in organising immense projects of engineering reform all over the country. It was Carnot's endeavour to condense and simplify these schemes.

When Gambetta came into power in 1881, Carnot became again a simple deputy. Despite his attitude during the war, he was never really a friend of Gambetta. Carnot was more moderate than the Gambetta party when it was radical, and remained more liberal when it joined hands with Ferry and became domineering. He never formed a part of the "Union Républicaine." For a short time he was a member of the "Union Démocratique;" but when the non-radical elements of the Chamber, in 1885, fused under the name of "Union des Gauches," Carnot remained outside all groups. Temperate in all things, he generally voted with the Ministry, but kept himself aloof from the too absorbing influence of leading men.

When the De Freycinet Ministry was formed, Carnot for the second time became Minister of Finance, with the difficult task of presenting the budget of 1887 to the Chamber. The Chamber would none of it, yet this budget had one great merit—that of sincerity. Carnot had frankly faced the situation, and did nothing to hide the huge deficit, which he was prepared to meet by a loan and by a tax on alcoholic drinks. But the Chamber had had enough of loans; it clamoured for economy in the various administrative branches. The Ministry of Finance was first passed in review; Carnot hid nothing, and quietly pointed out various possible economies. He spoke, as he always did, calmly and coldly, with no waving of arms, no gesticulations or elaborate phrases. Certain proposed economies, however, he would not hear of; and his plans were defeated by a large majority. Nevertheless, after the Ministry had fallen, when a new commission was named to examine the budget of Carnot's successor, so deep was the impression of absolute trustworthiness which Carnot had inspired in the Chamber that he was elected first on the list of the commission.

A few months later, during the Wilson scandal, a fact came to light which paved the way to Carnot's future presidentship. M. Rouvier, Minister of Finance and President of the Council, was discussing a motion as to the appointment of the commission to examine into the recent scandals. One of the facts alleged was that President Grévy had given directions that his friend Dreyfus was to get back from the Treasury all the taxes he had paid. M. Rouvier, wishing to draw a contrast between the Minister who had ordered this restoration and an upright functionary, said: "Yes, it is clearly shown by the documents that one of my predecessors, M. Sadi Carnot, refused to make the restoration asked of him." At these words the whole Chamber rang with loud applause and cheers for Carnot.

Then followed Grévy's resignation and the preparation for the presidential election. The four

prominent candidates were Ferry, De Freycinet, Floquet, and Brisson, of whom we shall have more to say. There were objections to all. Ferry's election would have broken up the Republican party, driving away the Reds, and bringing about a coalition between the remainder and the reactionaries. De Freycinet's disastrous policy in Egypt and his Public Works scheme were too fresh in men's minds. Floquet had insulted the Czar by crying in his face, "Vive la Pologne!" Brisson had had the misfortune to be in power when a strong Conservative minority had been returned at the elections. Carnot was a Moderate, independent of all groups. The only question was—Could he be induced to stand? On December 1 three members of the Chamber waited on him at his house and laid before him the proposal, which Carnot accepted under the condition that he should have to take no steps whatever in canvassing or soliciting his candidature. If France chose to elect him for this high post, he should think it his duty to accept; but he would not appear to thrust himself upon the nation. He was elected by an overwhelming majority. News of his selection for the post of President came like oil on the troubled waters, for at Belleville and Montmartre the Reds were already gnashing their teeth, and preparing to go "down into the streets."

Since he has been President, Carnot has, both socially and politically, acted with the greatest tact and discretion, and proved himself more than ever a man of unimpeachable integrity. In his social duties he is ably seconded by his wife, a daughter of the political economist Dupont-White, who was Secretary-General of Justice in 1848.

Although Léon Gambetta is no longer one of the living, it is not possible to speak of French statesmen of the last decade without mentioning him. Indeed, his influence over public affairs has been so important, that for a proper comprehension of the state of parties in actual France it is necessary to cast a rapid survey over the career of the man who for a time dominated the whole situation with all the *prestige* of a veritable dictator. Gambetta, who was a true *parvenu*, belonged to a family of the Riviera of Genoa, and was a meridional in every sense and acceptation of that term. His father came to Cahors, where he set up a cheap bazaar for the sale of Southern products—that is to say, vegetables, fruits, and groceries—and here Léon was born on April 2, 1838. He studied for the Bar, and was first remarked in the conferences of the young lawyers for the active part he took in the electoral meeting of 1863. In the courts he seemed to shun rather than seek occasions for speaking. Like many a Southerner, he was nursing his force for use when the moment should be ripe, waiting for a political trial to occur. This occasion came to him in 1868, when an action was brought against certain newspapers which had opened a subscription for Baudin's monument. The "Réveil," which had headed the subscription, confided its cause to Gambetta. It was on this occasion that the future tribune spoke his magnificent philippic against the Second of December. "This anniversary," he said, addressing his enemies of the Imperial party, "which you fain would not have had, we claim, we take it for our own, we will keep it eternally. Every year it shall be our All Souls' Day, till that day comes when the country, once more its own master, shall have executed a great national expiation in the name of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Turning directly to the Imperial advocate, he continued, "You may shrug your shoulders; let me tell you that I fear neither your conduct nor your threats. You can strike us, but you can neither dishonour nor vanquish us."

With this speech Gambetta laid the foundation of his personal influence. He had brought together in it, in the most able way, civilians and soldiers, Liberals and Conservatives. It was a prelude to his dominating idea—the union of all on the ground of practical



LÉON GAMBETTA.

liberty, the concert of all forces in a Republican State vigorously organised, resting on the national consent. Scarcely six months later Gambetta was elected with an enormous majority as deputy for Paris. He soon became the real head of the Democratic party. A foreshadowing of his future programme is found in a private letter. He writes: "I think I can sum up my whole policy in two lines—to bring about the triumph of the policy engendered by universal suffrage, both in internal affairs and in the management of external affairs; in a word, against the existing circumstances, to prove that the republic is henceforth the primary condition of salvation for France internally, and of the equilibrium of Europe."

In September 1870 Gambetta was one of the Ministers of the National Defence, and it was on that occasion, for the purpose of rousing up the zeal of the country, that he made his famous balloon journey in order to escape from the siege of Paris. His appeal to provincial France to co-operate in defence of Paris was eloquent in the extreme; no less vigorous was his reorganisation of the military forces and of the civil administration. It was thanks to him that the first Army of the Loire was set on its feet again; thanks to him, too, that the French armies gained a few victories, though

they were unimportant and too late to be of real service. He himself looked forward to an indefinite prolongation of the war, and believed that France would eventually succeed. Notwithstanding that he had drained the resources of the country to the uttermost, he was everywhere greeted, if not with enthusiasm, at least with implicit obedience.

Gambetta's last act as head of the Government was the decree calling upon the citizens to vote the election of a National Assembly, charged to decide for peace or war, and declaring ineligible all who under the Empire had been Ministers, Senators, or Councillors of State. This proclamation gave a pretext to Bismarck for interference. The German Chancellor protested in the name of the liberty of election stipulated by the armistice. France was obliged to yield, and Gambetta to recall his decree. But in doing so he resigned his office. He refused to vote the treaty of peace. When Alsace and Lorraine were ceded to Germany he quitted the Chamber, together with the deputies for those Departments.

For eleven years Gambetta laboured indefatigably to increase the influence of republican ideas, and it may be said of him that the one great peculiarity which distinguished him was "that he widened the limits of the field of action in which all Frenchmen could meet to work together under the flag of the Republic." When the Constitution of 1875 was voted, Gambetta made his famous speech, in which he pointed out how he and his party had made every concession possible to the reactionaries, and warned them not to miss perhaps the only chance of founding a firm, legal, and moderate republic.

It was after this that Gambetta frankly adopted an opportunist policy. In one of his speeches he openly stated: "I make my policy square with my philosophy. I deny the absolute in everything; so you will quite understand that I am not likely to introduce it into my political beliefs. I belong to a school which believes only in the relative, in analysis, in observation, in the study of facts, in the comparison and combination of ideas; to a school which takes into consideration surroundings, race, tendencies, prejudices, and enmities. A political creed never is, never can be, always the same. The policy of to-day, in 1876, will not be the policy of 1877, nor of 1878, nor of 1880. It will change with our interests, with our needs, with our enmities, with what will happen in Europe, in such-and-such a market, in the face of such-and-such economical, financial, and military conditions which may displace the axis of this policy. And thus I say that it is expedient to modify our political conduct according to the changes through which the world passes. You see, therefore, that politics require tact, study, observation, and exactitude."

The importance of the above speech lies in its negativing the assertions of some of Gambetta's biographers, who represent him as being all of one piece, which he certainly was not. He was a series of incarnations, not a full-fledged prophet.

Again and again, but in vain, Gambetta attempted to reconcile the republican parties of all shades in the Chamber; no easy task, for each of these men had an idea of his own as to what a republic should be, and they were not willing to merge their personal fancies for the purposes of patriotic unity. He next attacked clericalism. Speaking in the Chamber of the election of M. de Mun, the well-known clerical deputy, he said: "It is no question here of defending religion, which no one is attacking or threatening; and when we speak of the clerical party we mean neither religion, nor sincere catholicism, nor the national clergy. What we want to do is to bring the clergy back into the Church, and not allow the pulpit to be made a political rostrum; it is to have the liberty of the elector recognised, it is to insure a fair field for political opinions which have nothing to do with clerical questions." He summed up the clerical question in the words, "Le péril social le voilà."

Accused, later, of dictatorship, he defended himself at Belleville by declaring that he had twice helped to overturn despotism, by which he referred to Napoleon III and MacMahon. But his own government much resembled a despotism wielded in the name of Liberty. He himself, perhaps, became aware of this later, for, when speaking of the moral condition of the democracy and bourgeoisie, he said: "This is what inspired me to break with the past, and to say to myself, 'Your life must be consecrated to doing away with the spirit of violence which has so often led democracy, to keep it from making a fetish of absolute formulas, to direct it towards the study of facts, to teach it to take into consideration traditions, customs, prejudices, which are forces only to be overcome by persuasion. You must endeavour to remove the incentives to fear which might push the bourgeoisie into reactionary measures; you must present yourself as a kind of peacemaker between the interests of both parties; and, if you can succeed in obtaining this alliance of the people and the bourgeoisie, you will have founded a republic on an immutable basis.'"

In 1881 Gambetta was charged to form a Ministry. Most of the men whom he would have selected to form a Cabinet refused to serve under him, with the result that he had to select minor men, and was then charged with having made a Ministry of his own followers. His programme, among other matters, aimed at freeing the administrative functionaries from personal influence and local rivalries. Members who had been accustomed to ask for places and favours for their electors and *protégés* were up in arms. The word "dictatorship" was heard both on the Left and Right of the Chamber. The Ministry was doomed, and when Gambetta further expounded his programme, which included a revision of the Constitution, the project set the whole Chamber in a blaze. He had been but four months in office when he saw himself obliged to resign. The excitement in France at the fall of the Ministry was great, for Gambetta was very popular throughout the provinces. The most notable of his political schemes and the one that survived him was the introduction of the system of voting known as the "scrutin de liste."

He was succeeded by De Freycinet. The Minister and Dictator became once more a

simple deputy. He was, however, not inactive, and showed himself especially eager as a partisan of an alliance with England. He wished France to act in concert with her in Egypt, and clearly foretold the future which has come about, if she did not do so.

On November 28, 1882, the news went forth that Gambetta, who was at that time staying in his country house, had wounded himself in the hand with a revolver. The bulletins issued announced that the accident was of no consequence, and that the wound was healing, but on December 16 fever declared itself, and on the last day of the year the Dictator died. How did the accident happen? By the overloading of a pistol? Such was the official version. No one believed it. By the hand of a woman? All France believed it. Anyhow, no judicial investigation was made, and the matter was hushed up as far as might be.

When Gambetta died there was in office one of those mushroom Ministries, surviving but a few weeks, of which France, to her misfortune, has seen but too many during the last two decades. Early in the year, M. Fallières was succeeded by M. Ferry, who found himself thus for the second time in office, and who was to hold the reins for the next two years.

Will M. Ferry's hour ever come again? This is a question that is often asked in France. He is recognised on all sides as a political force, but the extent to which he has pushed his anti-clerical views has made him a dangerous man in the eyes of many, while on the other hand his foreign policy has brought him much opprobrium. The "Tonkinese," as he was called in disdain, became an object of popular loathing. For, with the ready ignorance and forgetfulness of the past that distinguishes nations, the people disregarded the fact that, though M. Jules Ferry conquered Tonquin, it was not he who first suggested the war, but rather those who reproached him with it at a later period. Recently there has been a slight reaction in favour of Tonquin—affairs there being so much more prosperous. In any case the lesson taught by that difficult conquest has not been lost; and for the present the French nation, wiser by experience, no longer listens to the insinuating voice of those who recommend distant adventures.

Ferry's name is not, as some people have tried to make out, of Italian origin; Ferry is merely, in the *patois* of the Vosges, a contraction of Frederick, for from time immemorial his family have inhabited the little town of Saint Dié. His father was a lawyer of considerable means, who devoted himself to the education of his two sons, bringing them up as pugnacious Republicans. Jules was destined for the Bar, and was educated at the Lycée of Strasburg; hence he has, besides that tie of patriotism which appears to bind every Frenchman to Alsace now they have lost it (for before the war it was no offence to hear Alsace spoken of as Germany), the added one of a personal love for Strasburg, where in his youth he made many friendships to which he has remained true in later years. He also married an Alsacienne of a highly respected family.

After the death of his father, Ferry, finding himself possessed of a fair income, left the Bar to enter upon the domain of politics. He soon grouped around him a number of men of merit, such as Floquet, Émile Ollivier, Hérold. The Empire was in those days in its full tyrannical power, and these men, all discontented, discussed ways and means of opposing the Government. The press was shackled; but, nevertheless, here and there, in articles of a literary form, this group managed to criticise the Government of the Third Napoleon. They wrote for Émile de Girardin's paper "La Presse," and Clément Duvernois' "Courrier de Paris." Émile Ollivier and Duvernois soon after abandoned the opposition party, and went over to the Imperial camp; but Ferry stuck to his colours, and in 1863 published a book which involved him in a political trial. It consisted of a series of revelations about the means employed in official candidature, and was denounced by the Government party as a Republican manifesto. Soon after this Ferry began to write in "Le Temps," and there



JULES FERRY.
(*From a photograph by Pirou.*)

published his remarkable onslaught on the Prefect of the Seine, entitled "Comptes fantastiques de Haussmann." Elected deputy for the sixth arrondissement of Paris in 1869, he continued in the House his double campaign against official candidature and the administration of Baron Haussmann. All his efforts at amendment were thwarted by a servile majority. But he soon became one of the most formidable antagonists of his aforetime colleague Émile Ollivier, and, in the frequent struggles between them in the House, Ferry generally got the better of the arguments.

In 1870 came the war—that war upon which Émile Ollivier embarked so light-heartedly, and which was to prove so utterly disastrous to his party and to France. Ferry took an active part in the opposition made by the little group of the Left to the Government project, whose criminal foolishness led the country to Sedan. When the Empire fell, on September 4, Ferry, as deputy for Paris, took his place in the Government of National

Defence, and subsequently became mayor of the capital. He showed great courage during the time of the Commune, and, had he been listened to, it is probable that many of the horrors of that time might have been avoided. He resisted to the end, and, as Mayor of Paris, only left his post when he saw all was lost. For one whole day, from 6 in the morning till 10 at night, he sent telegram after telegram to the Governor of Paris, to the Minister of War, and to M. Thiers, endeavouring in vain to persuade them not to give up the Hôtel de Ville to the mob. His last telegram ran thus: "The troops have evacuated the Hôtel de Ville; all the employés are leaving; I shall leave the last. The insurgents have made a barricade and are firing." He only escaped the fury of the mob by flying through the court of the Presbytery of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. The next day he rejoined the Government at Versailles.

Soon came the gloomy moment of the siege of Paris, and provisions grew scarce. Jules Ferry, not hesitating to sacrifice his popularity, proposed in a plenary meeting of mayors and vice-mayors the rationing of the people. A great hubbub ensued. "For how long have you bread?" asked some one of the audience. "I could tell you that to a day," answered Ferry; "but you will cut out my tongue before I will tell you, for that is the secret of the Government of the Defence, and none but the Government must know it." Absurd as it seems to non-French readers, Ferry was never forgiven for the courage and energy he displayed on this occasion. Had he not managed to escape, he would most certainly have been killed.

From that time forward Jules Ferry's name is found connected with every great public event. He took an active part in the National Assembly as a prominent member of the Left against the reactionary party. He helped to construct and vote the new constitution. Returned for his native town by a large majority, in the new Chamber he spoke and acted with increased influence, becoming the acknowledged leader of the Left. In their name he violently attacked the Government, in the important debate which followed the events of May 16, for what he called its cowardly persecution of the weak, its war against the poor and helpless—that is to say, the clergy and the schoolmasters. This speech counted not a little for Ferry's rehabilitation in the eyes of the French people.

In 1879, after Grévy became President, Ferry accepted the portfolio of Minister of Public Instruction. Almost immediately he brought forward the two famous Bills which set all France, clerical and anti-clerical, in a blaze, and with which his name will ever be connected. He ejected the entire clerical element which formed the majority of the old Conseil Supérieur, and planned education on such absolutely "unsectarian" and extreme principles that the very name of God was forbidden to be pronounced. The veteran Jules Simon justly reproached the Minister for this measure, maintaining that the instruction of children in the primary ideas of duty towards God was perfectly compatible with unsectarian aims. Simon wished that this simple method should be retained among the compulsory subjects. Ferry replied to his speech: "I do not wish to drive God out of the schools, but to introduce real neutrality on this point." And by the famous Article 7 he prohibited any member of an unauthorised religious community from teaching. In substance these Bills were passed, and Ferry then brought forward two others, for compulsory and gratuitous primary education, and for accepting the principle of laicisation. These decrees were soon put into execution, and legal proceedings were taken against all unauthorised communities, and notably against the Jesuit schools.

These changes at home were followed abroad by the conquest of Tunis, towards which the German press certainly pushed on France. Time has since revealed that Bismarck was anxious to make use of this question in order to bring France and Italy to loggerheads.

When Ferry, in his turn, was accused of arbitrary conduct because he would not listen to the proposals for a revision of the Constitution, he said: "We exclude no one from our majority; but we leave on one side those who do not wish to enter it, for the Government ought to be a guiding lantern, not a kind of twilight in which all opinions are lost." He certainly acted in an unconstitutional manner during the Tonquin campaign, representing the war, which was going on at full swing, as mere skirmishes. He lied over and over again concerning the despatches that arrived from the seat of hostilities, and never told the truth until the news published in the English papers obliged him to do so. From that day he became a marked man, and, though he is still re-elected for the Chambers, it is uncertain whether he will ever for a third time find himself head of the Government, though he regained a certain amount of popularity as one of the principal suppressors of Boulanger, whom he called in a public speech, "Saint Arnaud de café concert." For that epithet, indeed, he was challenged by the General, but, owing to the seconds differing, the duel did not take place.

After a brief interval, during which M. Brisson held the reins of office, there followed a Cabinet presided over by M. de Freycinet.

Charles de Freycinet, who finds himself for the fourth time at the head of the French Cabinet, comes of an old family of the department of La Drôme. His forefathers were distinguished navigators, several of whom enjoyed a high reputation for pluck and *sang-froid*, and in their present descendant we may distinguish more than one of the characteristic traits of his ancestors. He has stood more than one parliamentary broadside without giving in; and, like his great-uncle, he too has been an explorer, and in his cruise around the political globe has discovered, so say his detractors, two groups of islands, one in the Centre and the other on the borders of the Extreme Left. With great skill he has steered just clear of political shipwreck, and managed to rise to the highest ranks in the Government.

Educated for an engineer, he became, in 1850, the manager of the railways of the South. In this post his admirable administrative genius showed itself, and many of the regulations drawn up by

him then are still in force. He also published some valuable mathematical works, as well as a study on the sanitation of towns. Unlike most mathematicians, M. de Freycinet's genius is a mobile one. His career contains three or four sharp turns. After throwing up his post in the railway, he entered the Government service, and was employed on foreign missions to England, Belgium, and Germany. When the Empire fell, M. de Freycinet offered his service to the Government of the National Defence, and, although he had no special qualification for military affairs, he distinguished himself, and stood well in the breach, literally creating two regiments a day. Gambetta, with his keen eye for men, was struck by De Freycinet's talent, clearheadedness, and self-confidence, and bestowed upon him a post of importance.

After the peace De Freycinet retired back into private life, and dedicated his days to study, but he resumed his public career in 1876, when



M. DE FREYCINET.
(*From a photograph by Nadar.*)

he stood for a seat in the Senate, warmly supported by Gambetta. His profession of political faith he couched on this occasion in the following words :

"Politically, I date from 1870 ; if I entered the Republic late, I came in by the front-door, and received a baptism not of water but of fire, for it was in the fiery furnace of the National Defence that for five months I wrestled for my country with all my might and main. What I did it would ill become me to tell, but my master and friend, M. Gambetta, will tell you if I did my whole duty. . . . Side by side with great geniuses there are men who apply themselves to questions of administration and organisation entailed by the application of a new order of ideas. I am one of those men, and, to sum up everything in one word, I would wish to be called by you to form one of the scientific phalanx of the Republic."

M. de Freycinet was duly elected, and he sat in the Chamber with the Republican Left, always voting in the Senate in harmony with the Republican majority of the Chamber of Deputies. The cause and the explanation, as he himself had said, of his political career was the National Defence, and the man in whom that National Defence was incorporated—namely, Gambetta. Soon, however, M. de Freycinet could stand before the Senate and the public on his own merits. When he arose to address the Senators for the first time, it was evident that a new orator and a new kind of eloquence were revealed in him. From that moment, slowly but surely, by paths curiously tortuous, De Freycinet climbed the political mountain. In 1882 he nearly missed being re-elected for the Senate. Paris had, in the meantime, become ferociously Radical, and De Freycinet was not fierce enough for its taste. When, after a few brief weeks of existence, "le Grand Ministère," as Gambetta's Cabinet was nicknamed, fell under the weight of its chief, M. de Freycinet took in hand the reins of government. The programme he put forth was the exact contrary of Gambetta's. There were to be no constitutional questions, no *scrutin de liste*, no policy, no reforms, or rather, there were to be reforms, but of a strictly practical character. Nevertheless, his Cabinet, too, did not live long. After a brief six months M. de Freycinet had to resign and wait another three years before he once more resumed office.

Into his place stepped M. Duclerc, to be succeeded almost immediately by M. Fallières, succeeded in his turn by the Ferry Cabinet, which managed to live for two years, struggling on bravely till the defeat of Lang-Son gave it its death-blow. M. Grévy, who had been charmed by De Freycinet's manner and abilities, as had been Gambetta and Marshal MacMahon, immediately sent for him to come to the help of the Ministry. He was, however, unable to form a Cabinet, and had to content himself with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, given to him by M. Brisson, who proved more successful. When Brisson resigned, after eight months of office, the Minister of Foreign Affairs was quite ready to be made President of the Council.

At the present moment M. de Freycinet is Minister of War, which realises his lifelong dream. Several Cabinets have succeeded each other and he is still in office. He has even again become President of the Council, for it is now M. Carnot's turn to be fascinated. Indeed, De Freycinet narrowly missed being made President himself, and would have been probably elected had he not been thrown over at the last by M. Clémenceau. As to the practical reforms promised by him in 1882, as yet nothing has been seen of them. His critics say that he chops and changes with the times, and these are always changing in the uneasy sea of French politics. The bark of the Republic has often been in imminent danger during the last decade, thanks to the raging Radical sea, the fierce hurricane of Boulangism, the current of opinions constantly swaying and changing. Now, for a moment, all seems calm, and it is possible that De Freycinet may sit long on the Ministerial bench, and that his shrill but harmonious voice, with something of the pan-pipe or the flute in its quality, will often be heard in the Chamber. His small head and slender body are conspicuous

objects when he stands up delivering his clear-cut arguments, which sparkle like prisms, catching votes with them, it is said, as larks are caught by mirrors. Sir Charles Dilke has nicknamed him "The White Mouse"; one of his colleagues in the Senate "The Syren." He certainly has the gift of managing men, and is clever and astute.

The measure with which M. de Freycinet's name will ever be associated is the military law, passed in 1889, which makes three years' military service compulsory for all adult Frenchmen, even for seminarists and students of the École Normale—that is to say, it includes young men preparing for the priesthood or an educational career. The measure was regarded as highly tyrannous by the Church, and forms one of its chief grievances against the Republic. It contends that by obliging seminarists to pass through the barracks there is a danger of their being diverted from their clerical vocation.

It has been said that there are three kinds of mathematicians—those in a straight line, those in an angle, and those in a circle. M. de Freycinet belongs to the last category. He rounds his back, his arms, his fingers; he is fond of elegant solutions and demonstrations. He can pass a budget of seven hundred millions with ease and grace. Even when he is ironical, which is not seldom, there is always in his speech a preponderance of honey for the gall.

Undoubtedly not the least important result of Boulangism has been the fact that it led indirectly to the appointment of a civilian as Minister of War—a very important, and most people think advantageous, change, a civilian Minister being above and outside the jealousies which so often exist between generals. The latter, by the time they are fit to be Ministers of War, are in France as a rule physically and mentally worn out.

## LONDON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

### SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE "Athenæum," announcing the publication of a new edition of Cunningham's well-known "Handbook to London," said that "the immense changes that have taken place since the work was issued, in 1850, have made it necessary for the great part of it to be re-written," as has been done well by Mr. Wheatley. If the changes in the aspect of London since 1850 have been so great, it may be of interest to give some recollections of a period twenty years earlier, when the contrasts with the London of to-day were much more marked. Without attempting detailed descriptions or formal statistics, I propose to set down a few desultory notes, as they occur to memory.

My first visit to London was in the autumn of 1829, the year of the accession of William IV. I had a longer holiday that year than usual, the classes of the Edinburgh Academy, where I had been at school for six years, closing at the end of July, and the classes at the University not opening till November. To see London was a treat looked forward to with feelings beyond the Scottish experiences of previous holiday seasons. The opportunity came through invitation of two old Indian comrades and friends of my father, who had been in the service of the Honourable East India Company in the good old times when George the Third was King.

There were several ways of getting to London from Edinburgh in the year 1829. Railways, as yet, were unknown north of the Tweed, in fact the first English locomotive for passenger traffic was seen in October of that year, a date memorable for the tragic and lamented death of Mr. Huskisson, on the occasion of the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool line. By land there was no way of travelling but by coach, except walking, as many a Scotchman did in those days, besides pedlars and cattle drovers. Within the memory of men then living the stage coaches had taken the best part of a week to make the journey from Edinburgh to London. It is true that the time had gradually been lessened and the speed accelerated, till the Royal Mail had brought the time down to less than forty-eight hours. But the journey was fatiguing and costly, and comparatively few passengers were carried by the mail or other coaches. The most common and still the favourite method of transit was by sea, and the celebrated Leith Smacks took hundreds every year from the Forth to the Thames at moderate charge, and in time varying according to wind and weather. Fortunately the General Steam Navigation Company had some few years before put two steamboats on the east coast for the Scottish passenger traffic, and in one of these, the Soho, I made my voyage to the south, returning in due time by the companion vessel, the James Watt.

The Soho started, as far as I remember, from Granton, and in about forty-eight hours cast anchor

off Blackwall. Why it had to stop there I did not then know, but was afterwards told it was on account of the crowded ships, barges, and boats on the busy stream higher up, chiefly in connection with the building of the new London Bridge.

The passage from the steamer at Blackwall to the landing-place at Chelsea, close to Old Chelsea Bridge, was made in a Thames waterman's wherry. Captain Peevor, whose house in Church Street was my first destination, had brought the Chelsea waterman all the way to Blackwall, and the return voyage was now made, with two boys and their luggage added to the weight. In those times there were regulated fares for watermen to every point on either side of the river, both above and below London Bridge. The regulation fare to Chelsea Bridge was half-a-crown for a pair of oars and fourpence for each person carried. Of course it was a larger sum by agreement to go and return the longer distance of Blackwall, but the fare was small compared with what the journey would have been by land. The watermen on the river were then almost as numerous as the coachmen on the streets, and the tables of fares for oars or scullers were as detailed as the cab fares of subsequent times, when wherries for passengers had gradually become few. The traffic can hardly be imagined by those who know the Thames only since steamboats plied above London Bridge and granite embankments lined the banks, causing the gradual disappearance of most of the old "stairs" and landing-places on both sides of the river.

The name of Captain Peevor I have mentioned because he was well-known in Chelsea, where he was for a long period one of the resident officers at Chelsea Hospital, respected by his colleagues, and much loved by the old pensioners, to whose welfare he devoted himself. At the time of which I am writing he had just retired from the army, and opened an establishment for receiving pupils sent home from India, one of whom was my companion in the steamer, and in the boat from Blackwall.

But we must go back to the arrival of the steamer at Blackwall and the voyage in the waterman's boat up the river. The first thing that struck the eye was the immense number of ships moored in the midstream, a large proportion of them being colliers, far more than were ever seen afterwards, when coal began to be carried by rail and by steamboats. There were long rows of collier vessels, and the transfer of the coal to barges alongside was done in a rough manner. Gangs of grimy black labourers stood on a raised platform above the hold, and when the big baskets below were filled, they were brought to the surface by the men jumping all together from the stage down to the deck. A crane turning the load to the barges seemed the only machinery for helping the muscular labour. It was as rude a process as the pavior's work in the streets in these same times, whose loud chest-grunts were painfully audible.

As we advanced up the river, our attention was directed to Greenwich Hospital and Deptford, and the crowded masts of ships in the several docks, and past the Tower, till we were warned to prepare for "shooting London Bridge." This was no trivial or easy affair in 1829. The piers of the new Bridge stood out with grand effect, but the chief peril was in passing under one of the many arches of Old London Bridge, which was left standing until the opening of the new Bridge. Altogether the "shooting the rapids" was a skilful piece of management by our steady waterman. The various points of interest on both sides, after the first view of St. Paul's and the Monument, and the many church spires of the City, need not be enumerated, nor the successive bridges—Southwark, old Blackfriars, Waterloo, finished only twelve years before, and reckoned the finest in the world, and old Westminster Bridge, after which came the Abbey, and Lambeth Palace, and so to Chelsea. Suffice it to say that the first sight of London and the journey up "the silent highway" was a romantic introduction to the metropolis, such as no traveller nowadays can have in approaching by train to the great termini of the railways, or by any entrances to London by road.

I forget whether there was any boarding of the steamer by Custom House officials, or any examination of cargo; but I do remember, years after, in passing the Border by coach, the passengers' baggage was searched for contraband whisky; probably because there were differential duties in those days upon English and Scotch spirits.

The old house in Church Street to which we were going was a spacious mansion, with a good garden and playground. Occasionally, during the past half century, I have gone to look at the place, and on my last visit found it in possession of the General Omnibus Company, whose offices and workshops and stables would have made the house almost unrecognisable but for the fine brick frontage still unchanged.

Church Street, so called from its leading to Chelsea Church, with its old massive tower, was for a long time little altered compared with adjacent districts. The greater part of the ground now covered by streets and squares was at that time open and sparsely peopled. There was one portion known as Chelsea Fields, an unenclosed common. Large old mansions stood here and there, having extensive pleasure-grounds and gardens. Many years afterwards I saw at the end of a long garden in Beaufort Street, a portion of the massive brick wall which had bounded the domain of Sir Thomas More. Cheyne Row, famous in connection with Thomas Carlyle, and a few other streets, are little changed, but the whole space from the river to the King's Road has been built upon in more recent times. The Embankment has changed the aspect of the old riverside road, with its pleasant wooded banks, where Turner studied the glorious English sunsets. Don Saltero's Museum was broken up years before, but remained as the name of a public-house, at the beginning of the village street, with its china shops, and bunshops, and the primitive public-houses, much frequented by Londoners on Sundays and holidays.

On the south side of the Thames, between Nine Elms and Lambeth, there was a wider tract of desolate land, then called Battersea Common or

Battersea Fields, with few houses, the most notable being the Red House, where boatloads of revellers used to assemble, and where frequent sounds of gun and pistol shots were heard, due to pigeon matches, and occasionally, in early morning, to duels fought in the neighbourhood. Railway works and gas works hastened the occupation of regions almost unpeopled sixty years ago.

After a day's rest, and rambling in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, the business of sight-seeing commenced. Our host was a great pedestrian. We walked to St. Paul's as the first place of interest to be seen, and we saw it thoroughly, from basement to the cross on the top, an expedition never again made by me in the sixty years that have intervened. There were fees demanded for each section of the building, admission to the Cathedral itself, except at service hours, being only on payment of twopence each person. There were comparatively few statues to be seen in those days, but we saw those of the heroes of the great war, and at the entrance of the chancel the figures of Johnson and of Howard, the first statues erected in St. Paul's, and were told of the story of the foreigner who supposed these were figures of St. Paul and St. Peter, the prison keys in Howard's hand causing him to jump at that conclusion.

On many celebrated occasions I have since been in St. Paul's, but never had inclination to ascend again to the ball and cross, even when the Royal Engineers had their "crow's nest" there while taking the metropolitan survey. Once, during a dense brown London fog, I got a young friend to go up, and at the upper gallery he had risen above the dark fog, but the air was still beclouded by white mist. The hope of seeing blue sky and sunshine above the fog was disappointed. Another time, a messenger, special permission being given by the Dean, ascended during the night, in order to witness daybreak and "sunrise from the summit of St. Paul's," and gave a graphic account of his experience in the pages of the "Leisure Hour."

The sight of St. Paul's was the great feature of that first day in London, but many other things and places were observed. We walked through Chelsea Hospital, and by the Duke of York's Military School, and along what is now the busy Chelsea Road, the buildings of which were not continuous as now, for I remember a long reach of dead wall, where birds in cages and rows of rude pictures and ballads were exhibited for sale. After St. James's Park, we saw on the parade ground, behind the Horse Guards, the identical two pieces of ordnance, a long gun and a winged bomb, trophies of the great war, which are still, or lately were, on the same spot.

In Whitehall the front of the Horse Guards and the Admiralty looked then as now, mounted Life Guardsmen and the beribboned recruiting sergeants astonishing us as they have successive generations of boys. Then came Charing Cross, in everything different from what it now appears. We stood before the long frontage of the court of Northumberland House, with the lion over the gateway, and rustics waiting to see the erect tail wag. There were real live lions to be seen at Exeter Change, not far off, as there were also at the Tower, before the Zoological Gardens, then recently opened, concentrated such attractions. Trafalgar Square did not then exist, nor the National Gallery, the annual show of the Academy pictures being at Somerset House. Pall Mall was not then a row of palace-like edifices, the finest of the clubs being then unbuilt. We went up Regent Street as far as the Quadrant, then (and long after) marked by the heavy-pillared arcades covering the pavement on both sides of the roadway. The shop of Swan and Edgar was traversed from Piccadilly to Regent Street, then considered an emporium of unique magnitude, the pioneer of the vast marts and stores by which its fame has been superseded. The costumes in Bond Street were n the "Regency" epoch. From Piccadilly Circus all the way eastward, especially by the line known now as New Oxford Street, all is changed from what then met the view, the most marked changes having been in our own time. London maps of different dates since the accession of Victoria will show at a glance the alterations in this region, which our space forbids us to specify in detail.

On subsequent days expeditions were made in various directions. That to Westminster took in the Abbey, with its chapels and its monuments, the whole of the interior and surroundings greatly different from what it became after Stanley was Dean. Westminster Hall was then as grandly imposing as it is now, but it was not the vestibule to the Houses of Parliament, with their magnificent buildings and towers. The incongruous accretion of what were called the New Courts of Law still defaced the site. In Old Palace Yard stood the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the former containing among its ornaments the historic tapestry representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the latter known as St. Stephen's Chapel, used as the people's Parliament house ever since the time of Edward VI. These venerable chambers and the Speaker's House were destroyed by fire nearly ten years after I saw them. From the Horse Guards down Whitehall to Westminster Bridge everything remained in 1829 as in the old days of Addison and Chatham, of Pitt and Fox. Of the old Whitehall Palace the only part remaining was the Banqueting House, the masterpiece of Inigo Jones's architecture, and happily still standing, one of the grandest buildings of the London of our own day. In later times, since George I, it has been known as the Chapel Royal, but its chief interest to a stranger was its being associated with the execution of Charles I, who passed through the Hall to the scaffold erected in the front towards Whitehall. The Hall is to be now transferred to the United Service Institution, but with provision that no change is to be made in the building, and that the painted ceiling by Rubens is to be protected.

Although all our excursions, far or near—one of them to Harrow-on-the-Hill—were made on foot, it was not for lack of public conveyances. To Chelsea itself, described in the guide-books of the period as "a village on the Thames, two miles from

London," there were coaches running from the Strand, from Charing Cross, and Leadenhall Street. Brief reference to some of the many coaches running at that time to various suburban villages will give better idea than detailed descriptions of the spaces sixty years ago, now absorbed in the vast metropolis, and densely populated. Hackney was then known as "a populous village about two miles from Shoreditch Church." It included what were then styled the "hamlets" of Upper and Lower Clapton, Dalston, and Homerton. Coaches ran several times daily from the Royal Exchange, the Flower Pot in Bishopsgate Street, and from Snow Hill. A more curious entry in the same suburban guide-book calls Islington "an extensive village about two miles from London, with a church and several chapels." This village was said to be "remarkable for the salubrity of its air and the number of its chalybeate springs." Islington was likewise "noted for supplying a great portion of the metropolis with milk." Coaches ran to Islington from Holborn Bars, from Fleet Street, and Cheapside.

Touching the supply of milk to London, there is a curious reference in a letter of the celebrated Edward Irving, then in the zenith of his popularity. It is dated in August 1828, from Mornington Terrace, Hampstead Road. He says, "It is just striking twelve upon the Somers Town church, which is almost right opposite my window, with a green grass park full of milch cows between, which I overlook on this sweet autumn day." Whether the church clock was that of Somers Town or of Old St. Pancras, this description of the open pasturage and the cows will surprise the present dwellers in these crowded regions.

Turning to other suburbs of sixty years ago, Kensington, "the old Court suburb," then occupied a very circumscribed area, and was reckoned a village, while Earl's Court was "a hamlet in Kensington parish." Further to the west was Hammersmith, "a populous village four miles from London, with many ancient houses and villas," to which coaches ran at stated times from St. Paul's Churchyard and the White Cellars. Peckham was wholly rural. So we might recall other suburbs and "villages"; Greenwich, Kew, Hampstead, and many more, even Paddington itself being spoken of as "a village about a mile from London." A favourite excursion was to travel in "express boats" on the canal from Paddington towards the west. Bayswater, with its dense population and multitudinous omnibuses, was hardly known by name sixty years ago. Ten or twelve years later, what is now known as "Westbourne Grove" was literally a wooded rural region with a few small houses.

There were "stands" for hackney coaches, whether two-horse chariots or one-horse chaises, few in number compared with our modern cab-stands, but under strict regulations as to fares and other matters. The fares were not high, a shilling for the first mile, and sixpence for every half mile further. By time, the charge was a shilling for each half hour after the first hour, or five shillings for two hours. The fare by distance from Hyde Park Corner to St. Paul's was three and sixpence, and to Islington Church five and sixpence. The table of fares "to places of amusement" was very limited compared with such tables nowadays. There were only three licensed theatres in London proper; the Opera House, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden. The other "places of amusement" fares were to Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells, Astley's, and the Circus. The hackney-coachman of those days was a more imposing personage than most of our cabmen, generally with broad-brimmed hat and many-caped coat. "Lost property" had to be taken to the Hackney Coach Office "and deposited with one of the clerks," before the times of the police and of Scotland Yard.

Sedan chairs were no longer in public use for hire, though still favourite conveyances in quiet West-end squares and streets, in some of which the railings still show the pendent iron extinguishers for the torch-bearer's convenience.

Another curious vehicle still in use sixty years ago was the brewers' sleigh, a sledge without wheels, on which a single cask was dragged along by a showy dray horse. The same kind of sledge is in common use in Madeira, but there drawn slowly by oxen, the driver standing on the front of the plank with goad in hand, a very different figure from Barclay and Perkins's drayman of the old song and old times.

Part of my time in London was spent in a visit to Captain Lynn, who had commanded one of the splendid armed ships of the Honourable East India Company, and on retiring had an institution for training pupils for naval service. His house was in Leadenhall Street, near the East India House and Leadenhall Market. Over the door was a figure in uniform, holding up a sextant, such as Dickens described. From this centre my expeditions were made to the Docks, the Tower, the Custom House, the Mint, the Bank, and Royal Exchange, and other places of interest in central and eastern London. The changes have not been so remarkable here as in the western and northern parts of the metropolis, but many places besides the old Exchange and the India House which I knew in 1829, have disappeared, and many new buildings and streets now occupy the sites of that period, especially between St. Paul's and the Monument, Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street being among the most notable "improvements." On the river side I also remember the strangely different aspect when Billingsgate was supplied through fleets of fish smacks and deep sea boats instead of by huge steamers as in after days. The coal traffic by steam has also revolutionised the appearance of this part of the Thames. The greatest of all contrasts is that in the shipping itself, both in the docks and the river, the proportion of steamers sixty years ago being scarcely worth reckoning in the traffic and commerce of the port of London.

The street cries and street noises of London have continued much the same as they were in the middle of the fifteenth century, when John Lydgate wrote his quaint old ballad of the country yokel Lackpenny, who was bewildered by all he saw and heard among the salespeople. Flowers

and fruits, fish, fowl, milk, and all articles of diet, and many sorts of dress are loudly advertised as for sale, while O' Clo' and other cries are heard from buyers. Among the street noises of sixty years ago, the horn of the newsvendor is heard no more, and the loud bell of the dustmen and nightmen. The mention of the last recalls the dangers that threatened to bring the Plague or the Black Death again to London while the population was becoming so vast. No general system of sewage had as yet been attempted, and the dead were still buried under churches and in the midst of the living. The opening of cemeteries, and the system of sewage, had not begun in the time of which we are speaking.

Such are some slight recollections of London sixty years ago, when the Royal Exchange, built in 1668 to replace that which perished in the Great Fire, yet remained, and Old London Bridge was not yet removed; when watermen's wherries plied on the unembanked Thames, undisturbed by bustling steamboats and tugs; when the old British Museum (Montague House), and St. Stephen's Chapel, and old Blackfriars and old Westminster Bridges yet stood; when Paddington, and Islington, and Chelsea were still suburban townships, and districts now densely peopled were green pasturages; when the City and Metropolitan police force had not been organised; when gas lighting was only beginning to be general, and no railway stations yet existed, nor railway bridges spanned the river; when mail coaches carried a few bags of stamped newspapers and heavily rated or franked letters to the country and provincial towns; when the space covered with houses and streets was not one half, and the population not one third, of what it was in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

# At Haydn's "Creation."

DEEP rumble the notes which the master set wild in their order chaotic, confusion of birth,
Till, sonorous and strong, comes a voice, setting forth the beginning of things for the heavens and the earth;
And delicate harmonies move to tell how the Spirit of God brooded over the dearth.

And the chorus of angels proclaim, in rapture outpouring their throats—that jubilant band,
In the bliss of their worship embodied, and clad in the joy of their service, they wait at God's hand,
Proclaim to His honour and praise, how a world new-created springs up at the Maker's command;

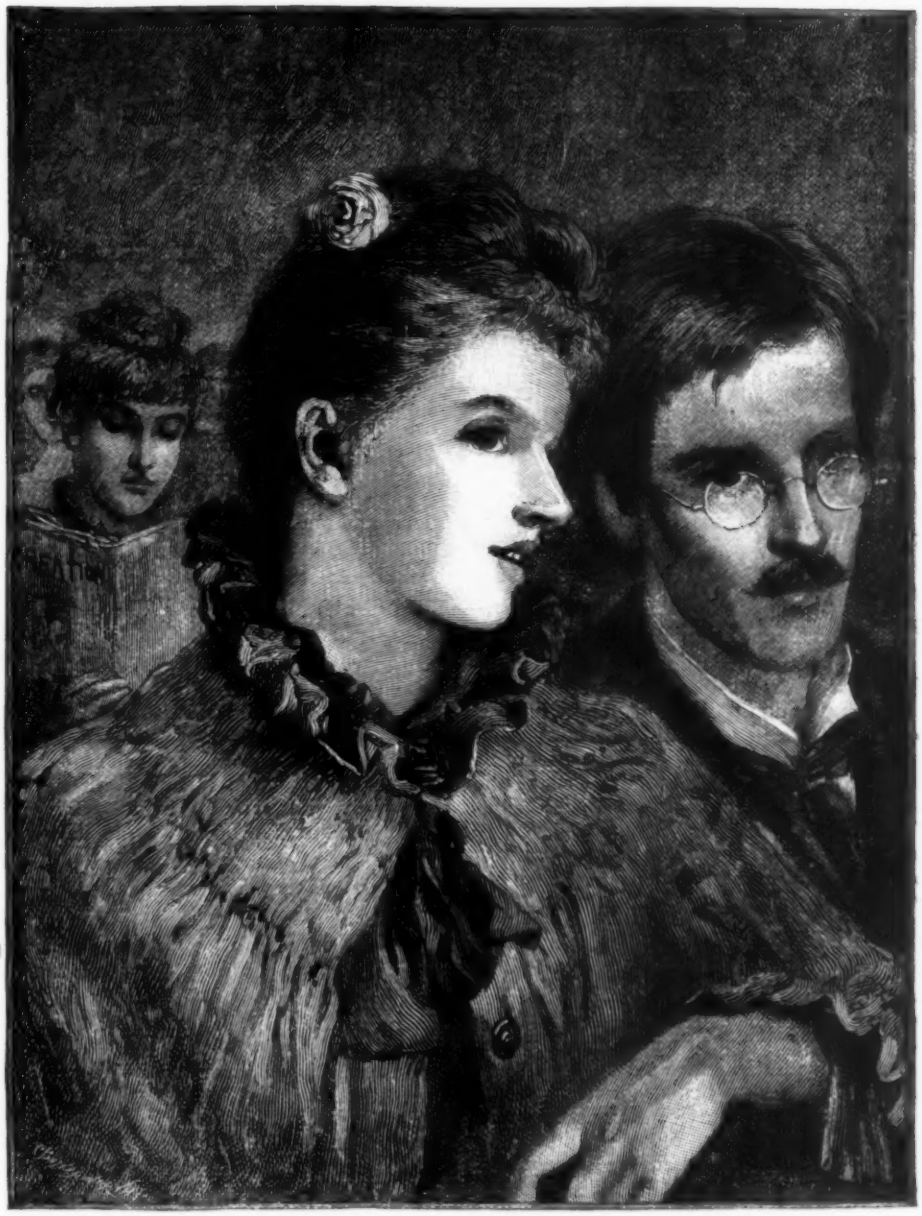
How the hand which had opened to give out the light opened freely again with munificent dower
Of life for the bird and the beast, and the fish of the stream and the sea, and the herb and the flower.
Oh, great is the Lord, and the praise of His strength shall be sung, and the praise of His love and His power.

Then they tell of the glorified glory, they tell of the splendour ensplendoured, the work that began
With order and light, and went on a-thrill with the rapture of life, its rest and its motion, and ran
Through the herb and the flower and the tree, and the fish and the bird and the beast, to God's image, the man.

O God, Thou hast given unto us, the sons of Thy love and Thy care, of Thy honour and state,
Not to find ready-made, but to make; to begin, and go on, and achieve, yea, indeed, to create!
Oh, well to be born and to live, and greater to quicken and urge, as the Greatest of great.

We bless Thee and praise Thee because Thou hast made us, and given us to make, in deed and in art
And now, as the notes die away of the wonderful music that's o'er, and the crowd goes apart,
Bless we too the creator-musician, who made for the world such a music, with brain and with heart.

EMILY H. HICKEY.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

# UNDER DISCUSSION



## INDIVIDUAL OR ORGANISED ACTION?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS," ETC.

I THINK it is Mr. Ruskin who says that when once our attention is directed to any subject, that subject seems to present itself to us at every point. And certainly, after Pleasance and I had once turned our regards towards what, in the phraseology of the present day, is called "Individualism" versus "Socialism" or "Organisation," there did seem something very like Fate in the revelations we received of the extent to which the world has of late tended in the direction of the latter. The morning posts brought us prospectuses of limited liability companies for every conceivable object, from the supply of firewood to the distribution of news and "leading articles." Nearly every caller brought tidings of some new club or guild, for which either our patronage or our co-operation was asked, or to whose festivities we were invited, while our subscriptions were solicited for a wonderful variety of societies, the aims of some seeming in flat contradiction to the aims of others, though in many such instances we noticed the same names to appear as supporters of both!

Pleasance recalled to my mind a remark which we had of late heard from two or three acquaintances, to the effect that they had been asked to give their support to this society or that association, and "as its object seemed good" they had not withheld their names, but "really did not know anything more about it, nor how it was getting on." Indeed, we ourselves had been actually asked to give similar "countenance," it being added as an inducement "that we need take no further trouble!"

Lastly, on Pleasance's birthday somebody sent her the gift of a volume setting forth the aims and aspirations of socialism pure and simple, according to the endeavours and dreams of its own advocates.

We both read the book carefully. It was certainly crammed with facts worthy of the gravest considerations, and one or two of its suggestions Pleasance promptly put into our own personal practice. We spoke of it a little to one another, but we did not really discuss the subject till we had a visit from its donor, Horace Penrith, who is really one of the finest young fellows we know. By birth he has had every advantage, by which I do not mean you to infer that he has had that blessing rather dubiously described as "blue blood," or that there are dukes or even bishops to be found in his pedigree. No, but there is a long record of respected, thoughtful people, with no legend of wickedness nor taint of moral weakness among them,—the record brought up to date in his own father and mother, our friends, both now dead. You can see Horace is well born, just as you can recognise a noble dog or a fine horse. You can see it in the grand head, with its perfect development, both of brow and chin, in the upright, well-placed ear, and the rectangularly disposed features, in the sensitive skin, in the fine sweeps of the delicate hair. His very hands, as I once heard a sculptor say, are "alive."

Then Horace is thoroughly well-bred. By which again you must not understand that he is filled with all the formalities of a finical etiquette. Nay, perhaps he is but too ready to sweep such aside as mere conventionality, often but the thin mask of something base enough. But Horace has had the advantage of being reared by strong and gentle people, who looked right and wrong in the face, "proved all things," and "held fast that which was good." No appetite was pampered, no just development was withheld. The secret of the sea and of the mountain, the stress of crowded cities and the love of dumb animals have all wrought their share in him. He is responsive to every fine feeling and subtle emotion, quick to the most delicate impulses of honour and loyalty and consideration for others.

Finally, he has the best of good fortune. Does

that mean that he is wealthy? Far from it; it means that, having received the best equipment for the battle of life, he has now got to fight it. Standing on the summit of a Past which could scarcely be bettered, he has now to prove himself worthy of it by the Future, which remains in his own hands.

We, and others of his parents' friends (especially the childless ones), regard Horace Penrith with a loving, yearning interest. He makes the things which are to be, in the long years after we are laid in our graves, seem less shadowy to us. By his hand we reach out towards that misty future; through his heart, which will not lightly forget, we feel that we may play some part in the affairs of men long after our own forms have vanished from mortal scenes.

"I feel as if I could leave messages for posterity with Horace Penrith," says Pleasance, in her playful way.

But I remark: "He will have to go through terrible disappointments and disillusions before he can acquire the wisdom that will teach him that, though his duty will always remain 'to do unto others as he would that they should unto him,' yet he must not expect to find many natures capable of understanding or appreciating such a course of action, or of reciprocating it on any plane that would give him much satisfaction."

"Horace Penrith as he is in the world as it is," said Pleasance, "seems to me something like a St. Bernard dog in a cage of tigers and snakes. How is such a one to defend himself from creatures that tear and sting?"

"Your simile is not true, Pleasance," I said. "For, after all, Horace Penrith and the worst man in the world are creatures of the same nature, and all he is they may become."

Pleasance gave a sniff. "They may begin to become," was all she would admit. "They may turn round towards good and make such a start that a hundred generations hence their descendants may be where Horace is to-day. The grace of God itself does not alter the shape of one's head or the texture of one's skin. It only makes the best of one as one is, instead of the worst."

Well, when Horace came to spend the evening with us he saw his gift lying at the top of Pleasance's work-basket, and so with eager confidence he asked: "Now won't you own that socialism offers grand prospects to our race? I only wish I could hope to see it all come true in my time, but it can scarcely come so soon as that, though events do move very quickly nowadays."

"Remember that events, like vehicles, only go very quickly—downhill," said Pleasance, drily. There is always much discussion when Horace comes.

"Oh, Miss Pleasance," he cried, "you cannot think there is anything of going downhill in the new order of things which every day is setting before us. Think how Labour begins to be honoured! Think how Combination is learning to defeat the tyrant Capital! It is not always victorious yet, but it will be; and all along its march to victory, think what a grand idea it inculcates, that the strong must refuse to use their strength to gain any advantage over the weaker, for that is the principle really underlying socialist dreams or trades-union rules, even in such details as the number of working hours and the uniformity of wages, though some people seem to think them so selfish and shortsighted. Why, they are of the very heart of Christianity!"

"I don't deny the principle," answered Pleasance, "but would not the same end be achieved in a more natural way, if the strong used their strength to give advantage to the weaker? Let me illustrate what I mean. There is a crowd in which there are a tall man and a boy. There is a pressure and a hustle, and the boy cannot see nor push so well as the man. Shall the man crouch down to put himself on the boy's disadvantageously low level; or shall he stand up in his full height and strength, and lift the boy upon his shoulder?"

"Without answering your parable," said Horace, "allow me to say that what has hitherto gone on in the world is that the 'tall man,'—by which, of course, we understand the man of rank and wealth—has pushed aside and trampled the 'boy,' who represents the poor and helpless, and that if that boy manages to keep his footing it has been hitherto merely in the hope, and with the determination, of some day 'growing up' to push and trample in his turn!"

"Pardon me, Horace," I remarked, "but I do believe that God has been with our world from the beginning, ever bearing it onwards as fast as it can follow His will. If we do not believe that, how shall we believe that He is beginning to do so to-day?"

"Now don't misunderstand us," pleaded Pleasance. "We are the very last to deny that from time to time some new idea, which has been gradually brightening on the horizon of humanity, suddenly bursts forth in full radiance, revealing to us new heights for our souls' climbing. But those only are prepared for these further ascents who have already come thus far. I think I can see the light flashing on the mountain peaks of human life that lie before us, and I think, too, that I see them quite as fair as you can. But what a telescope will show us in a moment's revelation may, nevertheless, be only attainable after many weary steps and grievous falls, and even fatal accidents. I fear that you and some of your friends are given to imagine that a few Acts of Parliament can bring about in a year or two that golden age for which all creation has been patiently waiting and preparing since the beginning—that manifestation of the sons of God which we old-fashioned folk mean when we pray, 'Thy Kingdom come.'"

"I am going to utter a paradox," I said. "It is this. I am inclined to believe in socialist theories put into individualist practice. As for a man to say 'There should be no such thing as private property. Nobody should possess anything for himself. Now I can earn five hundred a year (we will state a modest middle-class case, instead of always aiming at the millionaires!) and it is my bounden duty to see that the whole of that five hundred pounds is distributed for the good of the community, and not one penny diverted towards

its detriment. If I myself am doing good work, then the food and clothing necessary for me is due to me as a servant of the community, and it shall be a point of honour with me to take less rather than more of my just right. And I must take care that my wife is also doing her share of life's work, and not merely employing other people to do it for her. And I must do the same in the case of my sons and daughters, being careful that I put them into the avocations for which they are really suited, and not merely those which my pride or ambition may desire ; nor will I waste a University education on my boy who is not suited for it,—but I will do justice to him in whatever station he is fit for,—and be ready to help with my means in the development of gifts and powers which Providence has bestowed elsewhere, feeling that I do my best for "my own" only by doing the best for all. Then if my income of five hundred changes into six hundred or a thousand, that will be so much more for me to distribute for the good of the community, or if it dwindle to three hundred or one hundred, I shall be none the poorer myself, nor miss anything save the charge of the stewardship thereof.' Now, it seems to me, Horace, that wherever one man is awakened to see his own life from this standpoint, the human race has made a longer step forward than it can accomplish by any mere legislative adjustment of rights and wrongs. For you may make perfect Acts of Parliament, but they cannot be better than the men who have to put them in force."

"I have often heard it said," observed Pleasance, "that our statute-books already contain remedies for many evils which exist among us quite unchecked, the true crux being how to get such remedies rightly and vigilantly applied. And the story of Ananias and Sapphira may show us that, even apart from any legislative pressure, human nature yields to the temptation to try to conciliate a high public opinion with its own low self-interests."

"One may organise, and legislate, and regulate as much as one likes," I said ; "but if such proceedings are above the level of the humanity to which they are directed, it will still pass under them and go on its own way, though possibly in some fresh disguise. Tyranny, the oppression of others for that 'private profit' which is nobody's real benefit, was once personified in an absolute monarch, then in a feudal baron or a slave-holder, now in a capitalist, presently perhaps in a labourer. Please to observe that every one of these personalities, if developed by a good man, would have been no evil at all—nay, would have seemed, each in its own period, to be the one form through which blessings could be handed to the body politic ; and as fast as goodness fades behind each form, so fades its vitality, and when it is all gone its extinction is assured."

"It does seem to me," said Pleasance, "that anything which tends to produce a dull uniformity in the ways and means of life must also tend to produce a dull commonplaceness in human nature. Is it not possible that there will be presently some sort of moral embargo laid on too much heroism, or romance, or self-sacrifice, as tending to impose too severe a strain on mere average human nature? If one man is absolutely forbidden to work more than others, why should he be allowed to love more than they? We are already beginning to laugh at whatever we call 'romantic' or 'unpractical' or 'high-flown.'"

"I grant all you say---up to a certain point," returned Horace. "But then let me tell you that Socialists of to-day are less apt than those of an earlier stage to dream of Utopias and perfected commonwealths. Even their enthusiasm has learnt to recognise the mysterious operations of the Time-Spirit, which seems so often to lead men by ways that they know to ends which they could not foresee. Has not the laureate of socialism told us 'how men fight and lose the battle, and the thing that they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes turns out not to be what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name'?"

"What you call the Time-Spirit I should call the Spirit of God, greater than our own hearts—the Comforter gathering up our efforts and aspirations, and leading us by them unto all good," said Pleasance parenthetically.

"Yet I think you will be the last to say that the existence of this incalculable Power, call it what you will, would justify our sitting down and playing no active part of our own," returned Horace. "Our efforts are at least the material with which it works, and therefore to cease these would stultify it. Socialist schemes, even the wildest, are all experiments on the grand idea of brotherly combination to secure the good of all. It is a very well-worn adage that 'union is strength.'"

"Which, like all proverbs, is but one facet on the diamond of truth," said I, "for remember there is another saying—'A chain is no stronger than its weakest link.'"

"Do you mean to say," cried Horace, with some vehemence, "that you would set your face against combination for desired ends? Why, then, all nature and human nature is against you. For even those who reject socialistic ideas introduce socialistic institutions. Capitalists combined in limited liability companies before labourers combined in trades unions. It was aristocratic Civil Servants who first gave wide impetus to co-operative distribution."

"We don't decry combination," said I. "We only ask you not to expect too much from it, but to remember its special weaknesses. Sometimes, I own, my heart is inclined to sink at the sight of that wave of 'organisation' which seems sweeping over society just now, and almost threatening to swamp all that is original and vital in the individual. But I take courage again by remembering the weak points of the more individualistic state of things which it replaces. Something had got to efface these, and this may well be that something. For it was an individualism which shut up the ordinary man's duty within his own family, finding its logical utterance in that awful saying of the old Scotchman, 'What do I care though all the world greet, if my ain bairns smile?' It shut up the duty of a craftsman to the profit of his own craft, so that every question was approached from that standpoint, as

in the case of the Ephesians of old. It shut up the duty of a citizen to the glory and aggrandisement of his own country or his own race. People did not see beyond this. They did not merely yield thus to expediency ; they thought these things were right. Survivals of them crop up even among the advanced labour problems and struggles of to-day, when the Londoner turns in wrath on the poor foreign Jew, or the Australian or American on the persevering and penurious Chinese. We have laughed too much at cosmopolitanism, presenting it in an epigram about a man who loved all the world—except his own wife. But we have got to learn somehow the solidarity of humanity—the brotherhood of man as man simply. And any width of organisation which helps us to realise this is a step in the right direction, however futile it may be in some of the immediate aims it proposes to itself. For the individualism of the future must rise to that great ideal by which a man dare not take joy in the love of wife, or brother, or child, while he is aware of a single wrong unrighted within his own reach, or suspects that any course of action of his may breed wrong somewhere, however well hidden out of his sight."

"That last clause would make many people reconsider their investments and shrink from their dividends," said Horace.

Pleasance sat thoughtful. "I can't help dwelling on one remark of yours," she observed, glancing at me. "You alluded to the selfishness which had permeated too much the old-fashioned ideal of Home. I cannot help regretting that its Nemesis has come in the form of new ideals, which tend, at least for the present, to damage and destroy Home itself. The right ideal of Home is, that it should exist to open wide its door for the homeless, and to offer them its brightest smile and its warmest corner. It failed to do this. The homeless were shut out. And presently in their outer darkness they raised such a woful clamour, that all sorts of hospitable schemes were formed for their benefit and cheer. And by-and-by, these attracted not only those for whom they were intended, but some for whom homes were open, and actually others who had homes of their own ! How seldom does a perfect family circle now gather round an evening hearth, working or reading ? No. There is always a son or a daughter away at club, or guild, or class ; often two or three. Nay, frequently the father and mother, or even one of them, are left alone. Then, too, the old homely reunion is dying out, when the few neighbourly families, known to each other through and through, met for some pleasant games, some cheery music, or a little chat, vying with kindly emulation in the warmth of welcome extended to any stranger brought into their midst. This was the culmination, the natural blossom, of the quiet home evenings ; but it is now supplanted by the soirée, the conversazione, which is the necessary outcome of wide associations. There hundreds meet in place of tens. There is no really responsible host or hostess ; or if such appear, it is but as the figure-head of an unwieldy 'committee.' It would alarm some of those good people who are not much given to search closely into things, if they could be made to realise that such gatherings, despite most edifying names and objects, often approximate to that 'promiscuous assemblage' at which the wise of all ages have always looked askance. 'The thing must be made a success !' Alas, 'at any cost.' For instance, if there happens not to be a good singer among the members or genuine friends of some young men's association for the promotion of temperance and other allied virtues, then, responsibility being vaguely distributed, the temptation is strong to wink just a little and avail ourselves of the attractive services of somebody who is no example of the qualities we profess to promote."

"Ay, I think I noticed what you mean when I was at college," cried Horace. "While I was there there were some new movements towards securing some more corporate social life for the benefit of our students. It struck me as very odd that many of those who became prominent figures in those movements and their resulting social life—the heroes of the occasion as it were—were precisely those who utterly failed to come up to any conceivable ideal of good students, or steady men, or valuable citizens ! Many of these schemes seemed to me to be the discovery of a direct method of forming the most dangerous type of acquaintance under the best auspices ! They became, as it were, a pit dug on the open high road, to catch those unwary who were not likely to frequent the forbidden paths where such pits are known to abound. I saw some queer results." And the expression on Horace Penrith's face showed that he indulged in some personal reminiscences which he did not choose to confide to us.

"I remember," said I, "that I felt some such problem was presented to me a year or two ago, when I visited a club founded for girls of the humblest classes. The aim of the institution was admirable, namely, to provide cheerful and improving evenings for factory hands and other similar lasses. There was the long bright room—such a pleasant contrast to the dreary streets. There was a kindly superintendent, and two or three helpful ladies. There were games and facilities for needlework or reading. And yet—I will tell the true story of that evening. There were about thirty girls present. Out of these only two 'settled down.' These looked like decent labourers' daughters ; the one got to sew, the other took up a magazine. The rest, many much smarter in appearance, rampaged about, treating the superintendent and her suggestions with ill-disguised scorn ; too impatient to keep silence even while a merry story was read to them. Every now and then there was a mutter of evil language, and there were perpetual outbursts of that horrible laughter which one hears so often in the streets. Many faces were marked with wild passion and vile propensity. One girl, a slip of fourteen, little better than a skeleton, produced from among her rags a pretty little silver watch, which she displayed to her companions. Such were the associates to whom the club introduced the children of honest working parents, perhaps fresh from the country, and trusting to the Club-arrangements where they might mistrust their own judgment.

And I thought that my little friends with the needle-work and the magazine would have been safer sitting at their mothers' firesides though the fire might not have been so blazing nor the light so brilliant! The superintendent herself owned that her heart sometimes beat very low. Somebody asked her if she had marked any improvement—could report anything really done; to which she replied that during the year of the club's existence they had come across one hard-working sewing-girl who was dying for want of proper rest and food, and they had secured her a holiday which had saved her life, for the time at least. It seemed to me that if something had not gone very wrong at the root of society, so much machinery need scarcely have been set at work to bring forth that claim for succour. It might surely have been discovered in some simpler way."

"I recollect Penelope Boughton telling me that she had heard (mind, only heard—take it for what it is worth," warned Pleasance) "that the children of some sweet secluded village suffered sore damage to their morals and manners through the inroad of a band of City arabs sent down from the slums for a fortnight's holiday."

"And yet what is to be done?" mused Horace. "There are my profligate fellow-students, and those poor lost girls, and the neglected little ones. Careless ignorance or selfishness somewhere has made them what they are. We dare not leave them to themselves. I am not quite sure whether I am a Christian; but I dare not do this, by the bond of our common humanity."

"That is the problem," I said—"how to help these without injuring those—how to seek and to save the lost without injuring those whom God has given us to keep. And I maintain that the problem can only be worked out on lines of individual loving service, as tender and patient and discriminating as the skill and self-denial with which a mother discharges her duty to her fever-stricken child, while warding off the infection from those who have as yet escaped it. In time of pestilence we realise that we owe prevention to the healthy as to the sick every effort to cure. We do not mingle the inmates of the lazar-house with the wholesome residents at home, but the strong and well-established and fully equipped take their own lives in their hands—mind, not the lives of others—and go down into the places of darkness and fight with the dragons there. I think we may easily carry the analogy into the sphere of morals."

"It seems to me," said Pleasance, "that everything is valuable precisely as it bears the distinct stamp of individuality. It is this which makes the sketch worth more than the lithograph, the sculpture worth more than the cast. And surely this worth must be pre-eminent in the sphere of social action and feeling. Works of love may be as numerous as they may, but they change their nature when they are turned off, wholesale, by machinery."

"Yet I am sure there are many organised bodies whose good works you would not undervalue," observed Horace. "Think of all the great societies, missionary societies, book agencies, teaching unions."

"Still, their worth remains in the individuals who work them," I persisted. "If they fail, or if they allow their efforts to become stereotyped, without regard to the changing needs of the world, what happens? Why, as we have so often seen, some organisation which at the beginning did incalculable good, lies fossilised in the path of progress and becomes a stumbling-block instead of a stepping-stone. Think of the old monastic institutions, which undoubtedly accomplished good work before they stagnated into corruption! And I must say that I think the best work done in the palmiest days of any organisation is not so much what it does itself as the principles it lays down, the standard it sets, and the ideal it proposes, to be applied by the individual in those thousand-and-one varieties of circumstance which no organisation could meet. For example, the work of Temperance has advanced not so much through the pledges gathered in by the Total Abstinence party, as by the universal attention it directed to the subject, and the light it threw on the influence and result of ordinary drinking customs. And the highest function of the agencies for the dissemination of pure literature has been to provoke lively outside competition on their own lines."

"In attempting to do good," said Pleasance, "it seems to me that the first endeavour should be to do nothing that may destroy good already existing, or induce greater evils than those we would allay. Now, free education looks like an undoubted blessing: and the feeding and clothing of ill-fed and ill-clad children seems a distinct social duty. But so, pre-eminently, is the maintenance of the sense of parental responsibility. No temporary benefit bestowed on some will atone for the permanent damage done to the whole community if that is weakened. For the best care of the State is but a cold substitute for the warmth of watchful love. Rather, indeed, might many of the most crying and bitter social problems be solved for ever, if that sense of parental responsibility was individually pressed home as it never has been yet, and its acceptance insisted on as the only basis of any parental rights."

"If we each took consideration of our own duty and the interests of our fellows as closely to heart as most of us do our own comfort and the security of our investments," said I, "I think we should presently find that, by a myriad different ways, we should be all drawing nearer to the same goal! It has been well said that 'the building of the Kingdom of God is like the building of Jerusalem in Nehemiah's time, when they who wrought, wrought each at the portion of the wall that was opposite himself: there they repaired the breach; there they set a guard against the foe, and the issue was the gradual steady and symmetrical growth of the whole, without friction and without pause, along the lines of its appointed circuit, up to the measure of its destined height.' And we well know from Whom we get a hint that the children of this world are wiser than the children of light, and that the latter would do well to study the methods by which the former advance their objects! Now is there any Society for the Promotion of Vice? And yet vice is promoted—by the magic might of

evil principles only 'organised' in the tremendous individual sincerity and energy of the evil-doers! The giant Drink Traffic, with its vested interests and its subtle ramifications of profit, is perhaps the nearest approach to evil 'organisation' which exists; and, precisely for that reason, one cannot help feeling that the days of this giant, strong as it is, are numbered, and that it will readily go down when the right sling and stone are directed to some vital point. Far different is it with other social curses, spirits of the air as it were, pervading everything, poisoning art, poisoning literature, utilising the unwary services of some who little dream to what they minister, sometimes, alas! even turning those who would fain attack these evil forces into their unconscious missionaries. Only by many an experience which has been revealed to me since I have been a middle-aged woman, have I learned to realise with what ceaseless zeal and vigilance the crusade of sin is carried on: how the unwary are inveigled and the innocent pounced on, and with what foresight one generation of sinners sows the seed which shall bear the desired crop in the next! What artificial social organisations, however well intended and however wise, can cope with force like this? It can only be opposed by a similar force on the side of God and goodness—to wit, by the unflagging, unswerving energies of individuals who are made members of one body by the Spirit of Christ."

"Yet for hundreds of years the churches and religious bodies have gone on dealing with individuals,—and what progress have they made towards the world's salvation?" asked Horace, as one asks a question he believes to be unanswerable.

"Yet such progress as the world has made has been achieved by individuals," I said. "Ay, in things spiritual, moral, and physical. A modern philosopher (and one, too, who had had his own socialist dreams) boldly says that at the root of everything which is good, in science or art, in politics and in social life, one will find the thought and the action of some single individual. But then he also claims—and I agree with him—that there is no royal road of human progress—that all sound advance is slow. 'Every true man,' says he, 'is a cause, a country, and an age: requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design.' And further I will go on to add that what you call 'the churches and religious bodies' have themselves often been too prone to forget or to neglect the value of individuals, to bury the living Christ beneath creeds and confessions, and to offer Him temples of stone and brick instead of the reasonable service of human beings in living sacrifice."

"I do think, however," said Pleasance, thoughtfully, "that special organisation is needed to meet what we may call artificial evils, *i.e.* evils not growing so much out of human nature itself as out of certain transitory conditions of society. For instance, the pernicious influences which have created overgrown cities have resulted in great crowds of destitute and difficult people, whose real history and character are known to nobody who is able and willing to help. An individual going down blindly among these—say, for instance, giving charity to a beggar in the street—would be almost sure to do more harm than good. He must put himself under the direction of some agency which has wider experience and greater facilities of knowledge than he has himself. Well and good. This will not be the best thing—will not be that sweet charity which is twice blessed, to him that gives and to him that takes. Yet it is the best thing under the circumstances. But what if this person began to think that he might surrender all individual interest in his benefactions, and, instead of personally looking after his mother's old nurse and his own sick clerk, should expose those worthy and honourable persons to unnecessary visitations and inquiries, and to a final appearance before a strange committee through whom alone his donations are allowed to filter? I can assure you, Horace, that I have known associations and organisations to be misused in this way. It is as absurd as if the restriction and regimen found necessary in a fever ward were applied to a household of healthy people."

"And too much of that sort of blunder is going on throughout Great Britain," I observed. "Great schemes, which may be rightly enough devised to meet the present frightful necessities of such places as London and Liverpool, are imitated in quiet corners, where they can only demoralise, because if the evils with which they purpose to cope exist there at all, they exist only in such narrow limits that they could be easily dealt with by unobtrusive individual action."

"It is odd," said Pleasance, "that while easy-going popular morality has long ago accepted the axiom that 'companies have no consciences,' there should be such a tendency to put unlimited faith in the social saving power of associations and committees."

"But," said Horace Penrith, "I do see there is a great deal in what you said just now about artificial combination being well directed against temporary artificial wrong conditions. While capital and labour are apart, as they so generally are just now, the great aggregations and combinations of capital involve the combination of labour, till strike and arbitration and concession shall have gradually restored the balance of power, which a slowly purified public opinion and improving standards of life's true honour and dignity will tend to maintain."

"Exactly," said I, "and that is why we need look with no dismay or disgust at the wave of 'organisation' which is passing over society at the present time. I use the word 'organisation' rather than 'socialism,' because I see the same spirit at work in quarters where the idea of 'socialism' would be regarded with horror! The general individualism of the past has been a selfish individualism. To return to my parable: it has been the tall men of the crowd, neither abasing their own stature nor lifting up the little ones, but rather pushing them aside and trampling them under foot. Therefore the crowd has risen *en masse* against them, and in the struggle, humanity may be for a while in danger of being treated like those prisoners of Procrustes, whose

limbs were stretched if they were too short for his famous bed, and whose feet were cut off if they were too tall. But meanwhile the 'little ones' themselves will be growing up and learning by experience (some of which they could have scarcely had without first binding the 'tall men') that there is more harmony in variety than in uniformity, and that, exactly for the sake of other people, each man should only be free that he may be bound by a noble inward compulsion, to do all and be all that he possibly can.

> 'The soldier when he lets his whole self go,
> Lost in the common good, the common wrong,
> Strikes truest, even for his own self.'"

"I'll give you another illustration," said Pleasance; "not a parable, but a metaphor made out of a real bit of some of the problems we puzzle over to-day, and I think it will show the probable course of their working out. People who have been used at home to man-servants and maid-servants and all the luxuries of the flesh, go out to new countries. Hardly any such hired labour to be had, so scarce as to be invaluable. Nobody can afford it. Everybody very miserable. Brilliant idea! Let us club together and have an associated home and a co-operative cook. A decided change for the better, but a constant terror lest this too should fail us, and we find also a great deal we don't like. We lose some of our old luxurious habits, and our children grow up. Let us live apart again, and do our work among ourselves or with the kindly interchanged help of equals. Thus the 'organisation,' much of which we naturally deplore (and which we should certainly try to control and minimise), may yet be better all round than that which went before, though not so good for everybody as that which shall follow after."

"And, after all, we need join in none except where we intend to work as heartily as if we were doing everything ourselves," said Horace Penrith.

I closed our little talk by dreamily repeating Whittier's beautiful verses—

> "Oh, sometimes glimpses on my sight
> Through present wrong the eternal right;
> And step by step since time began
> I see the steady gain of man.
>
> For still the new transcends the old
> In signs and tokens manifold:
> Slaves rise up men, the olive waves
> With roots deep set in battle graves.
>
> Through the harsh noises of our day
> A low, sweet prelude finds its way:
> Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
> A light is breaking calm and clear.
>
> Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
> For olden time and holier shore,
> God's love and blessing, then and there,
> Are now and here and everywhere."

"But what one cannot help feeling," observed Pleasance thoughtfully, "is, that while home is falling into abeyance, life goes on, and must often proceed on rather dangerous paths!"

That was the chord our talk had left vibrating in her heart. I knew what she was thinking about, wondering over the prospects and the possibilities of the homes that are to be—the great questions which surround the subjects of falling in love and marrying!

## A LONG LOOK OUT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS S. MILLINGTON.

IN the cuddy of a merchant ship, homeward bound, a small party, consisting of two or three passengers, the skipper, and another, were sitting together round the stove one evening towards the close of the year. The conversation turned, as was natural, upon the weather, the wind, and the ship's reckoning, with regard especially to the probability of a safe arrival at their homes before Christmas Day. The sea was high and it was blowing hard, but they did not mind that, for the wind was favourable and the ship was scudding through the water.

Presently the cuddy door was opened and the first mate entered, shaking the spray from his hat. Then he stood still, looking about him with a strange dazed expression, and once or twice opened his lips to speak but said nothing.

"What's up?" one of the company said, half joking, half earnest. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Ghost! No," said the mate with a forced laugh. "Though I have had a bit of a fright, true enough."

"Fright! You look like it, though I shouldn't have thought it of you; anxious you might be if anything was wrong, but not easily frightened."

"Nothing wrong," said the mate, "and yet—frightened—that's the word, just like a child, or a woman."

"How was it?"

The mate laughed and seemed to throw off by an effort the alarm, whatever it was, which had troubled him.

"Only this," he said; "I came suddenly upon a man dressed up in my macintosh and sou'-wester. It was Johns, who had borrowed them for a moment, being handy. He is just my height and build, as

you know, and looked so like myself in the dusk that I thought at first sight it was myself and no one else."

"How could that be?"

"Ah, how indeed? when you come to think of it. It gave me a turn though, and if he had not spoken to me as he passed me on the deck I don't know what I should have thought of it."

There was a seriousness in the tone and manner of the speaker which checked the remarks which might otherwise have followed this confession, and presently, after seating himself upon a locker, he broke the silence.

"You'll think it strange," he said, "but I have a sort of belief in such things, second sight or whatever you may call it—and not without good reason. I met with a curious instance of it some years back, and it made an impression upon me which I could never overcome."

"Tell us about it."

"All right, if you won't laugh at me; it is not a laughing matter, I can tell you; not like Johns dressed up in my togs, though that brought it back with a force that you could hardly understand to my memory."

After a pause the mate, observing the serious and attentive attitude of those present, spoke as follows:

"The first voyage I ever made to sea was on board a man-of-war, a seventy-four gun ship of the old sort, low between decks, close in quarters, round in the bows, and round in the stern. There were no ironclads in those days, and no steam; wood and canvas like the ship we are now sailing in. They used to build Her Majesty's navy by the mile and cut them up into lengths as wanted—so the sailors said. There were forty of them, so the story went, all of the same pattern. They called them the forty thieves, and ours was one of them. I was a young man then before the mast. I don't care who knows it. There are as good men before the mast as aft. I am not speaking of myself in that connection; self-praise is no commendation: all I mean to say is that there were some good steady chaps among those A.B.'s, and I owe a debt of gratitude to one of them who is gone to his rest long ago for the good advice he gave me and the friendship he showed me: and if it had not been for him I should, likely enough, have been before the mast still. And it's him I am going to tell you about, and I wish he were here to spin his own yarn; though he is better off where he is, that's certain.

"It was blowing pretty hard one night when we were out at sea, off the coast of North America. It was our watch below, and Mac and I were in our hammocks, which were slung together, close alongside of one another; they always called him Mac for short; MacGregor was his name. He was from Aberdeen, and had a wife and two young children there, and was very fond of talking about them. Well, the wind didn't trouble us much, for we had shortened sail before turning in and the ship was made snug; and I was fast asleep as usual in spite of the creaking and groaning of the old "timber" as she pitched and strained, when suddenly I heard a cry close to my ear which woke me up in an instant.

"There was a lantern hanging near, with a purser's dip in it, and a sentry keeping watch over it; and the light fell upon Mac's hammock so that I could see that he was awake, with his eyes wide open, staring at something. Yes, he was staring; he might have been looking through the ship's side over the sea and right across the Atlantic. I believe he was too. Then he began to gasp and tremble. Nobody ever saw Mac tremble before; so I knew directly that there must be something wrong with him.

"'What's the matter, Mac?' I cried. 'Rouse up,' I said; 'you've been dreaming!'

"He took no notice at first, and I reached out my hand and shook him; then he turned to me with the same far-off look in his eyes, but presently seemed to come back to himself—if I may so speak—and, to my surprise, burst out all of a sudden, gasping and sobbing. After a few moments he seemed to pull himself together by a great effort, and clasping his hands over his eyes, lay for some time breathing hard, and murmuring something which I could not understand.

"Presently I spoke to him again, and then, instead of answering me, he asked in a low, quiet voice, 'Have you said your prayers to-night, Joe?'

"'All right, Mac,' says I; and very glad I was to be able to say it. Sailors don't do a great deal in that way perhaps, as a rule, and I was no better than others. You can't kneel by your bedside when it's slung up over your head amongst a lot of others as close together almost as herrings in a barrel, but there's a goodly number of the men in every ship who never close an eye without having first thought a prayer, if they do not put it exactly into words, after they are rolled up in their blanket, you know. And you can do a deal of praying in a short time when you *mean* it. So I was able to answer Mac when he asked me, 'Have you said your prayers to-night, Joe?' 'All right, I have.'

"'Say them again,' says he, 'and think of me, Joe,' he went on after a bit. 'Joe, I've had a call, a warning! I've seen something!'

"'You've been a-dreaming,' I said again.

"'Dreaming? Maybe I have, but if it was a dream there was a meaning in it—it was sent for a purpose. I should like to tell you about it, and to give you a message—a message, you know, for——'

," His voice seemed to choke up, and he stopped there.

"But I understood him. If it had been anybody else, I might have argued with him, and perhaps chaffed him a bit for having such fancies. But Mac was too much in earnest, and I had not the courage to say a word. So I lay still with my face close to his as he leaned over the side of his hammock, and whispered in my ear—

"'I don't know how it began,' he said, 'but there seemed to be a sort of pale white mist before my eyes, moving about, waving this way and that till it settled, still, quiet, and solemn. I knew there was something behind it, something that concerned me and seemed to fill my heart with anxious thoughts; and I waited, watching and expecting. The mist grew thinner and thinner, and I could see

through it, dimly, though indistinctly at first, but afterwards as clearly as ever I saw anything in my life.'

"'What did you see, Mac?' I asked, for his eyes were fixed again, as if the spectacle were still before him.

"'I saw,' he said, 'my wife and children in their home at Aberdeen. Everything in the room was just as I left it. Polly was busy with her needle, as she always is almost, and the two boys, bless 'em, were sitting at the table, one with his books getting his task for school, the other busy with his pocket-knife, hollowing out a ship that he was making. I saw Polly raise her head with a startled sort of look and turn her eyes towards the door. I looked in the same direction, and—and——'

"'Well, what happened?'

"'The door opened, Joe, and some one came in!'

"'Some one that you knew?'

"'Yes, Joe. I ought to know him, if I don't.'

"'Who was it?'

"'I, myself!'

"'You saw yourself?'

"'I saw myself enter the room. Polly saw me too, and started up, leaning with her hands upon the table. I saw her lips open, but she did not speak. She moved as if she would have run to meet me, but stopped with a look upon her face such as I had never seen before; not fear, nor wonder, nor joy, but such as you might suppose if any one was to see a spirit.

"'She stood so for a moment, and I stood looking at her; then she clasped her hands together and fell back in her chair, sobbing. And then, after a minute or so, the whole thing faded away, and I was here lying in my hammock, wide awake.'

"'A dream, Mac, a dream, of course!' I cried; but I couldn't feel it so myself, even while I spoke, it seemed so real and solemn. 'Was that all you saw?' I asked, trying to make light of it.

"'Not quite all. The clock was hanging on the wall, the pendulum swinging, and the hands pointing, the short one to seven, the other to five; twenty-five minutes past seven. I seem to see the clock face now with the hands in that position. At the moment when the door opened and I entered the room, the pendulum slowed, and after two or three feeble swings, stopped altogether. Twenty-five minutes past seven, Joe. I know what it means. The warning didn't come for nothing. I know what it means, Lord help me!'

"I said what I could to quiet him, and he soon grew calm; but he lay awake all the rest of the night, only speaking now and then to give me some last words for his wife and children, telling me also what to do with his chest and all that it contained, and so on.

"When the watch was called, Mac turned out in a minute, and was one of the first on deck, just as if nothing had happened, and seeing him so ready to his duty, I thought he had got rid of his dream, and hoped that I should never hear any more about it.

"The wind had increased during the night, and it was blowing hard, almost a gale, when we went on deck together. The sea was running high, and the watch had to shorten sail twice before daylight broke. We could see the clouds driving overhead with just a rift here and there letting the light down upon us, dim and uncertain, but enough to show us what the sea was like. I was laying out on the foretop-sail yard, and we had just finished taking a reef, when I heard a cry from the deck and then a heavy thud. It went to my heart; it seemed to chill my blood. I almost lost my hold, and if I had not clung on natural like, and, as I might say, by instinct, I should have fallen off the yard. When I looked down, I could see a group of men, officers and bluejackets, stooping over something on the deck. I knew what it was, and when I got down my worst fears were confirmed. There, sure enough, was poor MacGregor lying upon his face, stunned and bleeding."

"Was he dead?" one of the company asked.

"Not quite. His eyes were wide open, and there was a strange far-off look in them, gazing, as it seemed, at some distant object, passing over everything near, just as I had observed them when he first called out from his hammock in the night. There was a smile, too, upon his lips, which quivered and worked as if he would have spoken. He was gazing on his poor wife and the two bairns in his house at Aberdeen. I make no doubt he saw them at that moment and that she saw him. His eyes were fixed upon them. It was a long look out; the round world rose up betwixt them, thousands of miles of ocean rolled between, but they could not hide them from each other's view. Distance is nothing at such times; it is the mind, the spirit, that sees and feels. And so poor Mac's eyes turned where his heart directed them, right away to the home that he loved, and to them that he longed for, and lingered there with a last fond look until the light went out of them for ever. There was nothing more to be done then but to shut down the eyelids and carry the poor lifeless body down below, with the Union Jack hung up as a screen to hide it from curious or careless eyes, until it should be committed to the deep, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead) and the life of the world to come."

The speaker paused reverently; but after a few moments spoke again.

"Nothing else to be done, did I say? Yes, there was though; for we found, when we tried to lift him, that he was fastened somehow to the deck. The arm was broken, and the splintered bone was stuck fast in the plank, driven into it by the violence of the fall. The carpenter cut the plank away from it with his chisel; and when he had done that and had repaired the place by letting a bit of wood neatly into it, whether by accident or design I couldn't say, the piece inlaid was just in the form of a cross; and there it was, as long as the ship was in commission, to mark the spot where poor Mac breathed out his spirit, and an emblem, at the same time, of the faith by which, through the grace of our blessed Lord, his soul was saved.

"I wrote to his poor wife at Aberdeen, giving her an account of the accident, and telling her what a good Christian her poor husband had been, and how all his messmates respected him and mourned

for him ; but that he was gone to a better world, and she must think of him in heaven and bid the children follow in his steps and hope to meet him there. And I sent her an exact tracing of the cross on the old ship's deck, which I made no doubt she would be glad to look upon, and it might help her a little in her sadness by reminding her where to look for consolation. 'Leave there thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.' Those are words of promise from Him who gave His own Son to die upon the cross for us. You'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'm not a-preaching. I'm only telling you the thoughts that come into my head whenever I recall those solemn circumstances.

"There's only one thing more to be observed. While we were carrying the lifeless body down below, seven bells sounded : half-past seven, you know. So it was just at the time that he had told me of—twenty-five minutes past seven, when poor Mac drew his last breath.

"I went down to Aberdeen as soon as the ship was paid off, and saw the poor widow and the children, and the room, just as he had described it. I never could make out for certain whether the clock stopped as Mac had seen it in his dream ; but I believe it did, myself. It was an old clock, and had a trick of stopping at odd times I was told ; so they couldn't be quite sure ; but an old woman who lived next door recollected it perfectly, and would have it that she herself had set it going again. Twenty-five minutes past seven, she said ; but when I came to think of it, it ought to have been three or four hours later, allowing for the difference of longitude ; otherwise it could not have stopped at the time of the accident. I don't know how that is to be accounted for. But the facts are as I have told you."

There was silence for some moments after the mate had finished his story ; and he was himself the first to interrupt it.

"So you see I have good reason to believe in second sight, or whatever it may be called. You'll allow that, won't you ?"

"It was a remarkable coincidence, at all events," said the skipper ; "but it may have been nothing but a dream, as you suggested."

"But how do you account for its coming true ?"

"I don't pretend to account for such things," was the answer ; "but I daresay your friend had been thinking a great deal about his wife and children. It was Christmas time, you said, and his thoughts would naturally turn towards home at that season. It was no wonder, therefore, that he should dream about those who were so dear to him, and whom he longed so much to see."

"Well, but that would not cause his death, that would not make him fall from the yard-arm where he was always as safe and comfortable as I am sitting on this locker. And that would not make the clock stop thousands of miles away."

"It is not certain," one of the passengers remarked, "that the clock did stop ; and if it did, it must have stopped, as you sensibly observed, some hours earlier than the event with which it was supposed to synchronise. The dream, if it was a dream, may have been indirectly the cause of his fall. The impression it produced upon his mind would naturally make him a little nervous."

"Nervous ! Oh no ; you didn't know MacGregor. Mac was not one of the nervous sort, not he."

"I beg his pardon—and yours. I have no doubt he was as bold and sound-hearted a seaman as ever went aloft. But we are only flesh and blood, my good friend, and the thought of his wife and children, whom he felt persuaded he should never see again in this world, had disturbed him. Then, just at the hour, the very hour which he had been looking forward to with apprehension—I beg his pardon again—with a man of tender feeling like your friend, it could not well be otherwise—just at that very hour, I say, he had to go aloft in a heavy gale. He could hardly help being a little shaken at that moment, and that may have helped to bring about the catastrophe ; so that the dream would, in a manner, lead to its own fulfilment."

"I don't hold with it," said the mate ; "I am not going to believe that anything would make Mac nervous. You wouldn't say it yourself if you had ever known him."

"You have described him so well," said the other, "that I feel almost as if I did know him. He reminds me of poor Tom Bowling—

> 'His form was of the manliest beauty,
> His heart as woman's, soft,
> Faithful on earth he did his duty,
> But now he's gone aloft.'"

"That's him all over," cried the mate ; "that's MacGregor ; he wasn't nervous, not a bit, not he."

"It's a strange coincidence, at any rate," the skipper said again.

"Call it so if you like," said the mate ; "the facts are as I have told them."

# Varieties.

**M. Meissonier.**—Numerous have been the *éloges* on the painter Meissonier, whose death lately, at an advanced age, removed one of the most illustrious of French artists. His popularity has always been great in this country, where his pictures were first widely known at the Exhibition of 1862 at Kensington. The strength of this master was best shown in his smallest productions; on panels hardly exceeding a hand's breadth he contrives to tell his story eloquently, and at the same time to exhibit the qualities of freedom and vigour of handling, breadth of drawing, contrast of light and shade, purity of colour, power of expression, and vivid discrimination of character. It was not uncommon for a picture small enough almost to go into a card-case to be priced at 40,000 francs. For some of his larger pictures, yet small compared with those of other historical painters, enormous sums have been given. The famous picture of Napoleon and his staff of marshals and generals, which we recently engraved, was bought for 500,000 francs, and again sold, to M. Cauchard, Manager of the Magasins du Louvre, for 850,000 francs, or about £34,000.

**Atlantic Waves.**—In the last week of January there were storms rarely exceeded in the worst records of the Atlantic. The Hamburg-American liner Polaria, Captain Busch, narrowly escaped. During a gale on January 27, a wave of enormous height struck the deck with tremendous force, clearing it of most of the bulwarks and boats, and snapping the foremast just below the deck. When the ship's speed was reduced, and the men were able to clear away the wreckage, the crests of the seas were smoothed by suspending bags of oil from the bows.

**Krakatoa Reclothed with Vegetation.**—In the terrible catastrophe in the Straits of Sunda in the year 1883, half of the island of Krakatoa was swallowed up in the sea, and the remainder was overwhelmed with lava, stones, sand, and ashes, completely obliterating every trace of vegetation. Dr. Treub, the director of the Botanic Garden at Buitezorg, near Batavia, has paid the ruined island two visits, and reports that vegetation has reappeared and seems to progress. At his first visit, in 1886, three years after the catastrophe, he found that algæ had spread all over the new formations. He counted eleven different species of ferns, and saw a few scattered flowering plants in bloom. This revival must be due to birds or the winds, or the sea-currents bearing seeds; for the place is uninhabited, and all vestiges of original vegetation had been destroyed.

**The Watch Trade of Switzerland.**—From the last Consular official report from Switzerland it appears that next to the textile industry that of watch-making is the most important there. Its chief centre is at Geneva, where it took its rise some three centuries ago, and there are also important branches in the Cantons of Neuchatel, Berne, and Vaud. Owing to the activity of trade during the past year, and to the greater demand for skilled workmen, the trades-unions succeeded in obtaining a rise in wages. The increase thus caused in the cost of production was not, however, followed by any sensible rise of prices, and the profits of the manufacturers consequently suffered. They appear, however, to think that prices will now gradually rise, and that the increased cost of production will have eventually to be borne by the purchaser. Some anxiety is felt lest the interests of the trade may suffer seriously from the fact that the United States and England are every year becoming more dangerous rivals in this field of industry, and that the demand for Swiss watches is falling off considerably in certain countries, notably in the United States and France. The returns for last year, however, taken as a whole, are very satisfactory. The value of the watches, etc., exported amounted to £3,949,728, showing an increase of £592,156 on 1888. The principal purchasers were Germany, £1,059,460, an increase of £400,000; Great Britain, £564,653, an increase of £112,225; and Austria-Hungary, £394,441, an increase of £37,895. The cheap import of Waterbury and other American watches does not seem to have greatly affected the Swiss trade in England.

**Frost in England.**—Among the many records of the low temperature during the wintry season of December 1890, one of the most noteworthy is that reported by Mr. W. W. Sowerby, of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park. The glass fell in the night of December 19 to 15° in the air—a lower figure than any registered for ten years. In other places lower temperature was noted, as at Esher −5°—but the care and accuracy of Mr. Sowerby's observations make them useful for comparison.

**Millet's "Angelus."**—M. Cauchard, the millionaire partner of Major Heriot, who bought back the "Angelus" of Millet from its American purchaser, gave a dinner to celebrate its entrance into his picture gallery. One of the features of the entertainment was that each guest found in his napkin a commemorative medal in silver. On the obverse there was a fine engraving in the Russian style of the painting, and on the reverse the date of the dinner, and an inscription stating its object and giving the names of the guests.

**Openings for Women in the Colonies.**—At no time have the prospects of women in the Colonies been brighter. Work abounds at good wages. Their reception on arrival and their protection on the voyage is in large measure due to the successful organisation of the United British Women's Emigration Association. This Association has raised the standard of female emigration by pledging itself to send out only capable women of irreproachable character. The confidence inspired by its fidelity to this pledge has secured in all the English colonies warm reception, kindly care and help, for the women it sends out. Committees of ladies have been formed at the principal centres, who keep an eye on the young girl, and lessen her sense of loneliness at the outset of her career in a new country. The Association has secured most satisfactory arrangements in the sailing vessels. Carefully selected parties of domestic servants, and of companion helps, are sent out from time to time under the care of an experienced matron. At the present moment, owing to the recent personal visit of its Vice-President, the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, to the Dominion, the Association has been asked to send out to Canada 800 women of respectable character during the present season. The sailings commenced in April, and will continue till October. The dates for the departure of the protected parties are duly announced, and full particulars given about outfit and journey. The Association has, during the eleven years it has been at work, sent out some 1,400 single women, many of whom are now happily married in prospering homes, and who have sent, in numberless instances, for their relations and friends to join them. The majority of these women have not been highly trained domestic servants (of whom there is a deficient supply in England), but orphan girls who have had few home ties in the old country, and little prospect of rising above the somewhat depressed condition

of the maid-of-all-work. The Association also sends out women of their own position in life to settlers in the Colonies as "Companion Helps." These ladies must understand domestic work and be willing to use their hands in practical matters, but they will on arrival have nothing but cultivated companionship in situations already secured for them through the correspondents of the Association. Application should be made to the secretaries of the Association. Address, c/o the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, St. John's Croft, Winchester, or Miss Lefroy, 17 Eldon Road, Kensington.

**Oyster Beds Damaged by the Frost.**—Since the disappearance of the frost it has been found that serious damage has been done by the severe weather to the oyster beds at Whitstable, the damage sustained by the two companies being estimated at £15,000. The French and Dutch sorts have suffered most, and these have almost all been killed by the effects of the prolonged frost. Nearly one hundred vessels are engaged in the oyster trade at Whitstable. The oyster beds are two miles long by one mile wide, and are laid in different sections according to the kinds of the oysters. The average depth below the surface is about 16 ft., but at low water there is in some places not more than 2 ft. over the beds. During the intensely cold weather the sea was frozen over, the frost reaching the oyster and causing it to swell and open the shell and so cause death. As it takes from three to five years for an oyster to become marketable from the time the spat is laid, it will be nearly this length of time before the beds will recover from the loss that has been sustained.

**International Comity.**—M. Herbette, the French Ambassador at Berlin, has sent the following letter to the members of the organising committee of the Berlin International Art Exhibition: "Gentlemen,—I have received your letter, dated January 22, in which you express the wish that distinguished French artists should participate in the Berlin Art Exhibition to be opened in May. The Government of the French Republic has accepted with thanks this kind invitation, which I hastened to lay before it. If the Government cannot take part officially in a private undertaking, it will be greatly pleased if French artists comply with the request, and hopes, notwithstanding that exhibitions will be held at the same time in Paris, Munich, and Moscow, that French artists will be able to send a collection of works of art worthy of the Berlin Exhibition." It is said that many French artists had already communicated their intention to take part in the Exhibition. The visit of the Empress-Dowager Frederick to Paris ought to have contributed much to create more friendly feeling between France and Germany, but the Parisian newspapers have made an outcry, and the artists are afraid to offend their critics!

**Moxon's Publishing Firm and Tennyson.**—The recent death of Mrs. Moxon, widow of Edward Moxon, of Dover Street, the "poets' publisher," recalls some interesting literary associations. Mrs. Moxon's maiden name was Emma Isola, daughter of an Italian teacher of languages in London. Being left in early life an orphan and destitute, she was adopted, and with help of friends provided for, by Charles Lamb and his sister. She always called Lamb "her uncle." At his house she met Edward Moxon, a friend of the Lambs, then an aspiring young poetaster and sonnetteer. On his marriage with Emma he wisely abandoned the art of poetizing, and entered on the business of publishing the productions of better poets. The works of Wordsworth and of Tennyson would alone have brought to him a competency, but he published the poems of many others. After his death the business was carried on with diminished energy and skill till at last a crisis came, and the affairs were in the hands of executors and trustees.

At this period, or in that of Moxon's successor, an incident occurred which we mention to the honour of Alfred Tennyson. The trustees were very properly watchful over the copyrights, and sharp in detecting infringements of them. In a book on "The Months, illustrated by pen and pencil," a large volume with selections from numerous poets, the compiler, guiltless of injurious intent, used three short extracts from Tennyson, one, on Christmas Bells, only of twelve lines. The Moxon representatives sent a demand for the payment of £75, and the publishers of the book, the Religious Tract Society, paid the money, not disputing a legal claim, though surprised at the demand of so large and inequitable a sum for the unintentional injury.

On the next statement of accounts laid before Tennyson, he saw this entry of £75, and as he recognised the difference between incautious and fraudulent use of his property, he at once generously sent a cheque for the amount to the Society, the objects of which were well known to him.

It remains to say of the Moxon affairs that Messrs. Ward and Lock had sufficient faith in the value of the stock, connection, and copyrights then remaining that they took them over under an arrangement to pay fifteen shillings in the pound to all creditors, and to pay to the widow of Edward Moxon a handsome annuity, which she enjoyed until her decease in the early part of this year.

Tennyson has had other publishers since the death of Moxon, who probably first had his patronage through the introduction of Wordsworth. The very earliest of Tennyson's poems appeared anonymously, and then, in conjunction with his brother Charles Turner, came the volume "Sonnets by two brothers." The first volume issued in his own name, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," was published by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange. This was in 1830, when he was only twenty-one. Two years later, in 1833, came out a small volume, "Poems by Alfred Tennyson. London: Edward Moxon." To the publisher of Dover Street Tennyson steadily adhered long after he had become famous and was regarded as the great poet of his time. On the death of Wordsworth in 1850 his appointment to be Poet Laureate was universally approved, and it was an honour eclipsed by no subsequent titles or privileges. In 1845, five years before his death, in his eightieth year, Wordsworth wrote to Moxon: "Tennyson is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things."

**A Windfall for Cardinal Lavigerie.**—The French papers state that the aged Marquise de Brives has settled on Cardinal Lavigerie her fortune of above half a million sterling in return for an annuity of a thousand a year. She is about ninety-six years of age, and without heirs. For old domestics and poor friends she has also reserved small annuities, but the vast sum is given to the African prelate, who, it is to be hoped, will use it for slavery abolition, this being the cause of the interest taken by the aged Marquise.

**Regent's Canal and the Zoological Gardens.**—A curious incident of the great frost of 1890-91 was the capture of countless multitudes of fish in the canal passing through the Zoological Gardens. Mr. Bartlett caused a blow-hole to be pierced in the thick ice, and to this hole the fish came to get the necessary supply of air. Tons of fish were thus obtained. One of the nets let down into the hole, which was five or six feet in diameter, had almost a "miraculous draught," and it was with the utmost difficulty it could be hauled up. The fish furnished food for many weeks. The London Zoo had few losses compared with the Jardin of Paris, where many valuable animals perished. The losses at Regent's Park were few, through the watchful care of Mr. Bartlett and his assistants.

**Salmon in the London Market.**—In the annual statement given in the "Times" by Mr. Ffennell, instances of large salmon, weighed and measured by him in Mr. Grove's shop, are given. They include an Esk salmon of 63 lbs., a Tay fish of 54½ lbs., and a fish of 51⅓ lbs. taken in the Blackwater at Lismore. An Irish trout weighed 13¼ lbs.

**Silicates.**—A discovery of unusual value is reported from Kamouraska, in Lower Canada. A Quebec correspondent states that an entire mountain has been found composed of silicates, otherwise known as vitrifiable stone, of a purity certified by the Provincial Engineer to average 98 per cent. This material is used for the manufacture of the finest glass, and is believed to exist nowhere else on the American continent in such purity. The Provincial Government has been asked to develop the new industry by guaranteeing interest for ten years to a company undertaking the work by subscribed capital.

**National Drink Bill for 1890.**—Dr. Dawson Burns publishes an annual summary of the amount spent in drink in the United Kingdom, which was, in round numbers, 139½ millions sterling. This is equal to an average expenditure per head of £3 13s., or per family of five persons £18 5s. Comparing the expenditure upon alcohol in 1890 with other great national accounts, we find that it was one-twelfth of the estimated incomes of all persons in the United Kingdom, and one-fifth of the National Debt. It was between one-fifth and one-fourth of the annual value of all the property and profits on which income-tax was levied in the year ending April 5, 1890. It was 32 millions more than the whole capital of the Post Office Savings Banks and other savings banks in 1889, and 4½ times the amounts deposited in both kinds of savings banks. It was 11 times the capital of all the industrial and provident societies of the country. It was 4½ times the gross receipts from passenger traffic on all the Railways of the United Kingdom in 1889, and 3½ times the gross receipts from their goods traffic, or nearly as much again as the receipts from both species of traffic combined.

If we were to compare the drink expenditure in 1890 with the income of all Christian churches for all purposes of maintenance and extension, including their benevolent institutions, we should find that, as the latter expenditure does not probably exceed 18 millions yearly, the nation spends on drink nearly 8 times more than it does on religion.

Had the 139 millions not been expended in 1890 upon intoxicating drink, they would have been expended on other articles, and for other objects tending to increase the comforts, convenience, and general elevation of the people. It is equally certain that, had they not been expended upon strong drink, the crime, poverty, lunacy, vice, disease, and mortality of the country would have been greatly lessened; and that, could such an annual expenditure be arrested, the whole social and moral status of the nation would be raised to a point which it is impossible for it to reach so long as the expenditure continues. The report of Dr. Dawson Burns will be found in the "Times" of February 12.

**Third-Class Passenger Traffic.**—The report of the South-Western Railway states that in 1890 there was a great increase in third-class passenger traffic, whilst the other classes had suffered in numbers and money. This was probably owing to the good appointment and convenience of the third-class coaches, and to the fact that third-class passengers were conveyed by all express trains. There was a decrease of £2,983 on the first-class, of £4,507 on the second-class, and an increase of £41,047 on the third-class passenger traffic receipts; and in the number of passengers (exclusive of season ticket holders) carried there was an increase of 1,231,256 in the third-class, and a decrease of 9,776 and 18,449 in the first and second-class respectively.

**Japanese Statesmanship.**—In an eloquent speech before the lower House of Parliament the Viscount Aoki said there were more important international questions to consider than mere "treaty revision," of which they heard so much. He discussed the effects of the most-favoured-nation clauses in the later treaties made by Japan with certain Western countries, which, he said, were most serious for the legislative and commercial autonomy of Japan. He then referred in detail to the various efforts made since 1872 to conclude treaties on new bases. Attempts to this end were made in 1871, when a special mission came to Europe, in 1875, in 1878, when a special treaty was signed with the United States, in 1880, 1882, 1886, and finally in 1888. The Minister drew special attention to the fact that the treaties were not permanent. The Government had in no wise abandoned the work; it had been established for twenty years past as one of the national duties, and no Government could give it up. At the same time other duties fell on the Foreign Office; they could not be devoting themselves day and night to treaty revision only, and it was a popular mistake to suppose that the foreign relations of the country were all summed up in those two words. Speaking of foreign commercial relations, he said that at their doors sat a nation of 270,000,000 people ready to take their manufactures and products, and to give its own in return. The Chinese were the proper partners of Japan in trade and industry. In olden times the Japanese manned their boats and harried the coasts of China; the descendants of those hardy mariners ought to have something better to do than lose themselves in contemplation of the two words "treaty revision." Large spheres of activity and of national development lay before them; and when the treaties were revised those would become much larger.

**Nameless Celebrity.**—To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate? The inequity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men, without distinction, to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus liveth that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Who knows whether the best of men be known? Or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgotten than any that be remembered in the known account of time? Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the Register of God, not in the record of man.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

**Manhattan Island.**—In the "Leisure Hour" Varieties for 1890, p. 429, in reference to the statement that the purchase money of Manhattan Island in 1626 was 24 dollars, or little more than £5, which would make at compound interest in 1890, £2,178,000, a correspondent writes to say that the sum is much understated, being nearly what would be the increase at 5 per cent. But in former times the rate of interest was 8 or 10 per cent. often, and never under 6 per cent. Our correspondent sends various calculations of different rates of interest, very curious in result, but too long to transcribe. These are sufficient. If at 6 per cent. compound interest, the £5 of 1626 would give £28,341,480; or at 24 dollars, £27,207,821. At 10 per cent. the £5 becomes £704,515,840,948, say $\frac{7}{10}$ of a billion!

**A Family Group.**—The following anecdote from "A Century of Painters of the English School," reminds one of the famous family group in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Hoppner related it to a friend. "A wealthy stockbroker drove up to his door, whose carriages emptied into his hall in Charles Street a gentleman and lady, with five sons and seven daughters, all samples of *Pa* and *Ma*; as well fed and as city bred a comely family as any within the sound of Bow Bells. 'Well, Mr. Painter,' said he, 'here we are, a baker's dozen.; how much will you demand for painting the whole *lot* of us, prompt payment for discount?' 'Why,' replied the astonished painter, viewing the questioner, who might be likened to a superannuated elephant; 'why, that will depend upon the dimensions, style, composition, and——' 'Oh, that is all settled,' quoth the enlightened broker. 'We are all to be touched off in one piece, as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing "God save the King."'"

**Capital and Labour.**—At the meeting of the Council of Labour, on opening this session, M. Roche, Minister of Commerce, made important proposals on the part of the Government by which the Council had been instituted. Referring to the interest now taken in social problems, and to the altered conditions resulting from the universal use of machinery in factories, M. Roche said that it was necessary to abandon the old system of leaving all matters between capital and labour to individual contract. When disputes occurred, it was no longer possible to leave the decision to private judgment without intervention of public authority. Much had been achieved by the pacific labours of arbitration, especially by the "Conseils des Prudhommes," consisting jointly of capitalists and workmen; but it is thought now expedient to enact that the decisions of these voluntary Courts of Conciliation should acquire legal enforcement. To this purpose laws would be introduced, as had already been successfully done in other countries. The chief matter was to give legal authority to decision of arbitrators. Besides this, there were questions of payment in kind instead of in money (the Truck system), against which British workmen are protected; also public "Registration Offices" for those seeking employment, thereby saving the commission

exacted by private bureaux. The Labour Office would be under the department of the Ministry of Commerce. It would undertake collecting information and preparing statistics on all affairs affecting the working classes. Four sub-committees were appointed to have charge respectively of subjects of arbitration, the protection of salaries and wages, the placing of workmen, and the Labour Office; the presidents being M. Barhaut, Jules Simon, Challemel Lacour, and Léon Say, names which command public confidence.

**Lord Albemarle.**—The veteran Earl of Albemarle has at last passed away, at the age of ninety-two. He carried the regimental colours of the 14th Foot at Waterloo. The old colours, when new ones were given to the regiment, were taken by Sir Harry Verney, Bart., of Claydon, Bucks, and are among the relics in the Hall of that fine old mansion.

**A Mary Stuart Relic.**—A correspondent at Brighton describes an interesting relic of the unfortunate Queen Mary, which might well have appeared in the Stuart Exhibition. It is a satchel, of violet velvet, with very beautiful embroidery, the Queen's own work, which she wore on the day of her execution at Fotheringhay. Taking out her handkerchief as she passed to the block, she handed the satchel to her attendant, Lady Jane Douglas. It has been kept at Douglas Castle ever since, till it recently came into the possession of a member of the family of Sir W. Watkin Wynn, Bart., by whom it was given to Mr. Germain, dentist, of Grenville Place, Brighton, who has it in a glass case, with a descriptive and historical note.

**Lucifer Matches.**—In 1829, when the first railway was opened, the invention of lucifer matches was one of the minor incidents of the year. The inventor was Isaac Holden, M.P., then a working engineer in Glasgow, who has since, as a great manufacturer, risen to honour and affluence, and is now the "father of the House of Commons." Mr. Holden took no patent, else he might in more easy way have amassed a fortune, as Sir David Brewster might have done when he invented the unpatented Kaleidoscope. Personal recollections by Isaac Holden would be interesting reading.

**The Power of Destruction Favourable to Peace.**—In addressing a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Forwood, M.P., gave a most reassuring statement as to the condition of the Navy, and of National defence by sea. Not only were seventy ships of war being rapidly built, but numerous swift armed ships, now in mercantile service, were available on immediate notice for protection of commerce. The long dispute as to the superiority of attack or of defence in regard to armed vessels seems to be closed, as a gun lately tried at Shoeburyness sent a bolt of 2,000 lbs. clean through armour plate of 2 feet 4 inches of steel and iron, and in another case a trained gunner sent from one gun five bolts of 100 lb. each weight, within a minute. The peace of the world is likely to be promoted by the existence of such terrible implements of destruction. One word of caution, however, must be added. Steel and iron do not form the best protection, as Todleben proved by his rope mantelets at Sebastopol. There are substances which deaden the impulse of the swiftest and strongest bolts, better by yielding throughout the substance than by resisting at the surface.

**Clearing House in Post Office Court, Lombard Street.**—The recent clever and daring robbery of some thousands of pounds at the counter of a London bank, shows the risk of carrying money in the streets, and also the safety as well as convenience for bankers of the Clearing House. The aggregate value of drafts or cheques paid at the Clearing House is not far from £7,000,000,000 a year. This vast amount is split up into tens, hundreds, and even thousands of items, and transferred without the payment of a single coin. It would require a large number of waggons or carts to convey seven millions of money, but for this civilised method of transfer. The non-clearing banks might devise some method of dealing with daily drafts, so as to avoid the risk of money being sent by hand, in the wallets of clerks. Usually it is a junior clerk, "walk clerk" he is called, entrusted with this important transfer. Even country banks take better precaution in transferring. We remember many years ago, when cash was sent by Smith (of Smith, Payne & Co.) from Nottingham to the branch at Derby, the bags were sent in custody of the head clerk, a powerful man, Mr. Chowler (brother of the redoubted Chowler who threatened to head the Yeomanry at the time of the Corn Law Repeal), and Mr. Chowler went armed with a trusty blunderbuss and pistols. There was less danger by the road in those days than in the streets of London forty years later, if we may judge by the recent robbery of a walk clerk, in the city itself, and at the counter of a bank!

# Household Queries.

**Cleaning Gilt Frames.**—*Could you tell me of any method of cleaning gilded picture frames?*—There are now so many kinds of gilding that it is rather unsafe for an amateur to meddle, as the same process does not suit all. The "washable" gilt mouldings will clean with soap and water. Mere fly marks can be removed from many ordinary frames by ordinary soap and water, used very gently on a piece of rag held over the end of the finger, rinsing off with clean water and drying gently with chamois leather. Most frames are best cleaned by applying either spirit of turpentine or hot methylated spirit, on a bit of soft Turkey sponge moistened with it, leaving them to dry, and not wiping dry after. In all cases brush loose dust off first with a soft brush. Some gold, again, is best cleaned by dabbing gently all over it a weak solution of salt of tartar, and after a few minutes syringing it off with a jet of water. Some of the cheaper modern frames will not bear cleaning at all.

**Cleaning Ivory and Coral.**—*Will you kindly inform me how to clean coral, also ivory?*—The kind of coral should have been specified, also if smooth worked articles, or rough natural coral. Failing these particulars, we can only safely advise you to scrub with a tooth-brush and some whiting and water, which will clean a large class of work. Ivory is best cleaned in general by leaving on it for a day or two a thin paste of fresh-slaked lime and water, then brush well out with clean water and a tooth-brush. In some cases a little chloride of lime added is a great assistance, but plain lime is best if it will suffice. Dry gently near a fire.

(2) *Can anyone tell me how to get ink stains out of an ivory paper-knife?*—First wet with water, then apply a solution of oxalic acid in boiling water, about a tablespoonful to half a pint, rinse with clean water. We cannot ensure success in removing ink, as it often sinks in to a considerable depth, also inks vary a great deal in chemical character. If any polish is removed by either of the above, it is easily restored by rubbing with putty-powder and water on flannel.

**Bleaching Straw.**—*Would you kindly tell me if there be any simple means of taking the sunburn off white straw hats?*—It is better to have them dipped some colour, bleaching being more trouble than it is worth. You would, however, probably succeed by steeping in a weak solution of either chloride of lime or of oxalic acid, both of which are used in bleaching straw goods. The hat must, however, first be cleansed from dirt, grease, or varnish by a preliminary steep and wash in soda.

**Candied and Dried Fruit.**—*Will you be so kind as to give me a receipt for candying and drying fruit, such as plums, cherries, or pears?*—England is not a very good country for drying fruit; but in good seasons fair results may be had. Cherries and plums should be treated before they change colour, being done in a slow oven heated not over 240° F., then stored by hanging up in bunches in a dry place. Should the weather be warm, they dry still better under a glass frame in the sun, with a little ventilation; but in our climate the heat is seldom enough so late in the year. Pears may be dried in slices in the same way. Cherries may also be done by putting them in a preserving pan with about one third their weight of loaf sugar crushed, and simmering till the fruit shrivels, when they are strained out of the syrup and dried in a very slow oven. Candied fruit is first boiled gently till soft enough to absorb the sugar, then put for a week to a fortnight in hot sugar syrup, then dried on sieves in a room heated to 100° F., and candied by dipping into boiling clear syrup, and leaving to drain over the pan; finally again dried in a hot chamber. The process is too complicated and delicate to be successful in the hands of most amateur housekeepers, to say nothing of the long heat required.

**Oil Stoves.**—*Can a room be satisfactorily warmed by an oil stove? Is there any sort of oil suited to the purpose which is free from smell?*—Stoves are made by Rippingille and others which will warm an ordinary room. Avoidance of smell depends upon no form of lamp, but on cleanliness and care. All paraffin oils have the property of gradually "sweating" over the surfaces of the lamps; and if these are not regularly and scrupulously wiped dry from it, there will be smell when the lamp is warmed. Secondly, the wicks need always to be kept trimmed, and turned up very gradually, burning for a minute or two quite low before the full power is gradually reached. Unless this precaution is taken, they smoke, and that makes smell enough for one day. The same lamp will always smell under one servant's management, and never under another's. The cheaper oils, however, are worst, and the best should always be used, being safer as well.

**Parrot Featherless.**—*Could you tell me what the reason is for a small parrot having no feathers for the last year and a half. It is a young bird, and feeds well; we fear it sucks its feathers?*—Surely you can find out by observation whether the bird does pluck itself or not. The usual cause for either this habit or simple baldness is giving the bird meat or pastry, or too many oily nuts or seeds. They are fond of all, but meat and pastry should never be given, and rich nuts only sparingly. Bread and milk also does not suit many of them, the proper food being grain (especially in the ear, such as wheat or barley or Indian corn ears), also maize boiled, sponge cake, green food, and ripe fruit. Give the bird a cuttle-fish bone always to gnaw at and cool the blood, and some growing shoots of willow, elder, or even a stick of firewood to work the bill upon. These simple expedients will often mend the state of affairs. Apply to the skin now and then a very little toilet vaseline.

**Rusty Ornaments.**—*Could you tell me the most effectual way of removing rust from steel ornaments?*—If simple enough in form to admit of rubbing with fine emery flour and oil, this is much the best plan. If not, immerse them for a few minutes in a solution of cyanide of potassium, half an ounce to a wineglassful of water, then take out, and clean with a toothbrush used briskly, and a paste made about as thick as clotted cream, of powdered cyanide of potassium, Castile soap, whiting, and a little water. When clean, dry very quickly to avoid more rust, and either grease very slightly, or apply with another brush a very little mercurial ointment, the merest trace. Take care not to get the cyanide paste or solution into the slightest abrasion of the skin.

**Cleaning Brushes and Gloves.**—"*Mite*" *would like to know in what way she can clean metallic hair-brushes, and also how to clean white kid gloves?*—It is best to confine yourself to patient use of the comb and another brush. Some soap or soda will apparently enable you to cleanse the wires easily; but however careful you are to dry them at once, water generally remains under the bottom ends of the wires and rusts them. Benzol also will clean the wire rapidly, and does not rust, but attacks the india-rubber if it touches it. If plain working of two brushes together will not do, the safest plan is to get another bristle brush, wet this in soda solution and lay down with bristles upwards; then brush the wire one over this with the bristles down, and when clean, dry quickly, and work over a cloth very slightly greased. Lay the glove on a towel folded fourfold, dip a flannel in a saucer of milk, and rub it on brown Windsor or glycerine soap. Holding the glove with left hand, rub it towards the ends of the fingers till clean, when it will probably appear a dingy yellow. Pull out and lay to dry. The French clean gloves by putting them on, and working them just as if washing the hands, with spirits of turpentine; but we never dared try the experiment on *white* kids; we know it answers for others, and the smell is only a question of time.

**Fritters.**—*Can you give the recipes for making currant and apple fritters?*—For apple fritters, pare and core some large apples, and cut into slices about a quarter of an inch thick. After covering these with pounded sugar and letting them lie two hours, throw them into batter made stiff and smooth, say of ½ lb. flour, a pinch of salt, a little clarified butter, three eggs, ¼ pint of milk, and a tablespoonful of beer improves the flavour for most persons. Fry in plenty of hot fat—about eight minutes as a rule—drain the grease on blotting-paper, and serve with powdered sugar. For currant fritters, whisk three eggs up, and mix in six tablespoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt; when smooth add a pint of milk. Put some lard or dripping in your pan, and when hot stir a handful of picked and dried currants into the batter, and drop it in the pan in quantity to make a small fritter, putting no more in at once than you can keep separate. When light brown on one side turn them. Serve as the others. For those who cannot eat eggs, very fair fritters may be made by mixing a pint of mild ale with flour to a thick batter, adding with the currants a little sugar and grated nutmeg. It may be well to add that any alcohol used in these kinds of *hot* cookery is to all intents and purposes evaporated by the heat, the ale being chiefly used for its glutinous properties and hop flavour.

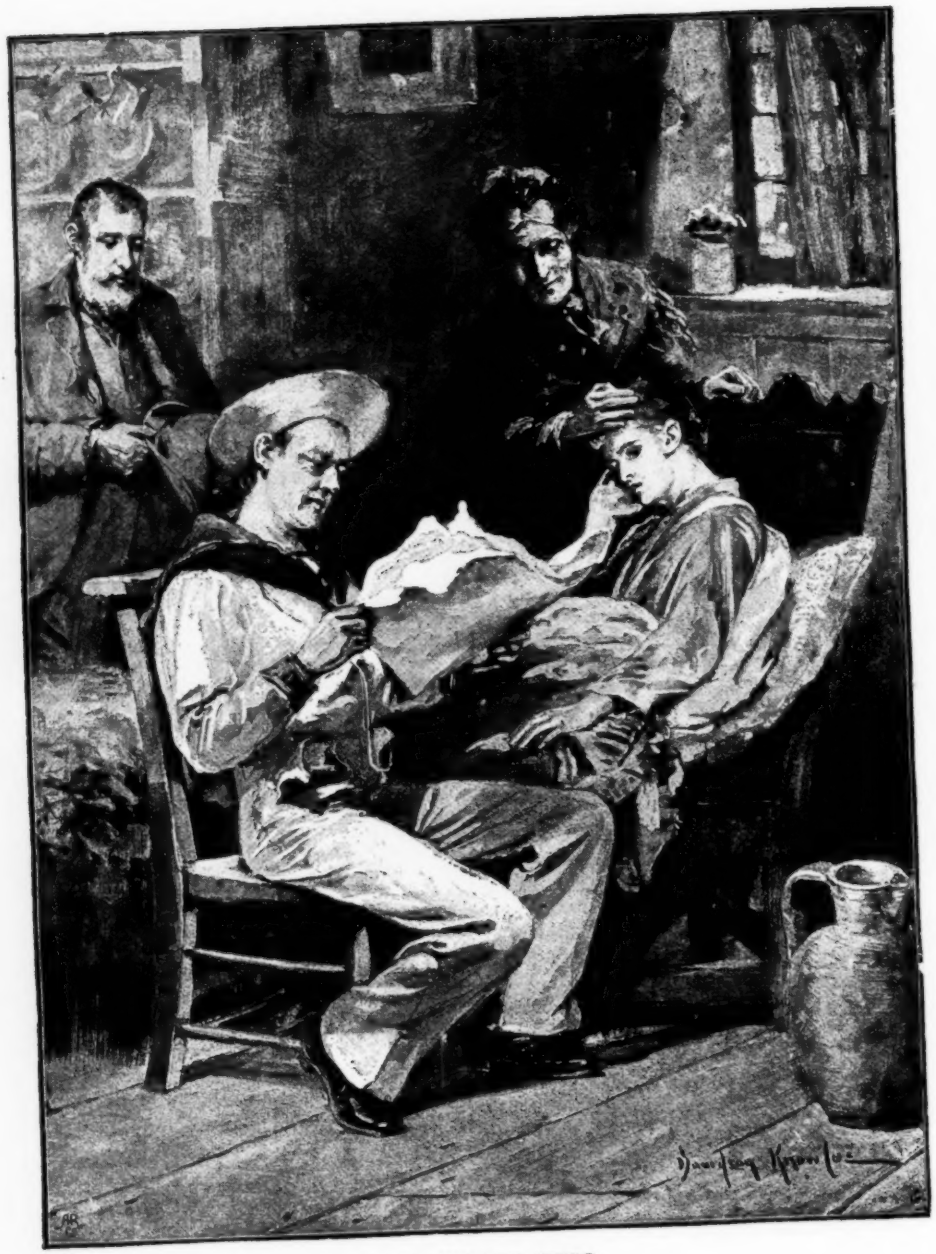
**British Birds.**—*What book of a moderate price can you recommend, describing the habits and notes of English song-birds?*—As near to what you want as we can think of would be Stanley's "British Birds" in Longman's Silver Library, 3*s.* 6*d.*

**Aviary.**—*I propose making an aviary in a conservatory facing due south. Can you kindly tell me if it will be too hot in the summer?*—There would probably be some difficulty with British birds; but tropical kinds, of which many are now to be had cheaply, should thrive very well if the ventilation is good, and the heat in winter is kept comfortable. If you mean an ordinary cold greenhouse without heat, hardy birds will thrive provided ample ventilation is secured.

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## Astronomical Almanack for April.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | W | Oxford East. Term begins | 16 | T | ☽ 1 Quarter 1.40 A.M. |
| 2 | T | ☽ 3 Quarter 6.30 A.M. | 17 | F | Camb. East. Term begins |
| 3 | F | ☉ rises 5.33 A.M. | 18 | S | Virgo S. 11.33 P.M. |
| 4 | S | ☉ sets 6.35 P.M. | 19 | ✠ | 3 SUN. AFTER EASTER |
| 5 | ✠ | 1 SUN. AFTER EASTER | | | [☽ greatest dist. from ⊕ |
| 6 | M | Clock before ☉ 2m. 29s. | 20 | M | Daybreak 2.39 A.M. |
| 7 | T | Easter Law Sitt. begin | 21 | T | Twilight ends 9.20 P.M. |
| | | [☽ least dist. from ⊕ | 22 | W | Mars an evening star |
| 8 | W | New ☽ 8.57 P.M. | 23 | T | Length of Day 14h. 14m. |
| 9 | T | Fire Insurance expires | 24 | F | Full ☽ 5.5 A.M. |
| 10 | F | Venus a morning star | 25 | S | Saturn S. 8.38 P.M. |
| 11 | S | Jupiter rises 4.7 A.M. | 26 | ✠ | 4 SUN. AFTER EASTER |
| 12 | ✠ | 2 SUN. AFTER EASTER | 27 | M | Ursa Major N. 9 P.M. |
| 13 | M | Regulus S. 8.35 P.M. | 28 | T | Clock after ☉ 2m. 35s. |
| 14 | T | ☉ rises 5.9 A.M. | 29 | W | ☉ rises 4.38 A.M. |
| 15 | W | ☉ sets 6.53 P.M. | 30 | T | ☉ sets 7.18 P.M. |



THE VILLAGE HERO.

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC

## CHAPTER XIII.—A WILFUL MAN'S WAY.



SURRENDER? TO WHOM? I SAID.

ONLY to feel that we were moving was a relief, though our march was very slow. Master Bertie carried the child slung in a cloak before him, and, thus burdened, could not well go beyond a smooth amble, while the guides, who were on foot, and the pack-horses, found this pace as much as they could manage. A little while, and the exhilaration of the start died away. The fine morning was followed by a wet evening, and before we had left Emmerich three miles behind us Master Bertie and I had come to look at one another meaningly. We were moving in a dreary silent procession through heavy rain, with the prospect of the night closing in early. The road, too, grew more heavy with each furlong, and presently began to be covered with pools of water. We tried to avoid this inconvenience by resorting to the hill slopes on our left, but found the attempt a waste of time, as a deep stream or backwater, bordered by marshes, intervened. The narrow road, raised but little above the level of the swiftly flowing river on our right, turned out to be our only possible path; and when Master Bertie discerned this his face grew more and more grave.

We soon found indeed, as we plodded along, that a sheet of water which palely reflected the evening light was taking the place of the road; and through this we had to plash and plash at a snail's pace, one of the guides on a pack-horse leading the way, and Master Bertie in charge of his wife coming next; then, at some distance, for her horse did not take kindly to the water, the younger woman followed in my care. The other guide brought up the rear. In this way, stopped con-

stantly by the fears of the horses, which were scared by the expanse of flood before them, we crept wearily on until the moon rose. It brought, alas, an access of light, but no comfort! The water seemed continually to grow deeper, the current on our right swifter; and each moment I dreaded the announcement that further advance was impossible.

It seemed to have come to that at last, for I saw the Duchess and her husband stop and stand waiting for me, their dark shadows projected far over the moon-lit surface.

"What is to be done?" Master Bertie called out as we moved up to them. "The guide tells me that there is a broken piece of road in front which will be impassable with this depth of water."

I had expected to hear this; yet I was so dumb-foundered—for, this being true, we were lost indeed—that for a time I could not answer. No one had uttered a word of reproach, but I knew what they must be thinking. I had brought them to this. It was my foolish insistence had done it. The poor beast under me shivered. I struck him with my heels. "We must go forward!" I said desperately. "Or what? What do you think? Go back?"

"Steady! steady, Master Knight-errant!" the Duchess cried in her calm, brave voice. "I never knew you so bad a counsellor before!"

"It is my fault that you are here," I said, looking dismally round.

"Perhaps the other road is as bad," Master Bertie replied. "At any rate, that is past and gone. The question is, what are we to do now? To remain here is to die of cold and misery. To go back may be to run into the enemy's arms. To go forward——"

"Will be to be drowned!" Mistress Anne cried with a pitiful sob.

I could not blame her. A more gloomy outlook than ours, as we sat on our jaded horses in the middle of this waste of waters, which appeared in the moonlight to be boundless, could scarcely be imagined. The night was cold for the time of year, and the keen wind pierced our garments and benumbed our limbs. At any moment the rain might begin afresh, and the moon be overcast. Of ourselves, we could not take a step without danger, and our guides had manifestly lost their heads and longed only to return.

"Yet, I am for going forward," the Duchess urged. "If there be but this one bad place we may pass it with care."

"We may," her husband assented dubiously. "But suppose when we have passed it we can go no farther. Suppose the——"

"It is no good supposing!" she retorted with some sharpness. "Let us cross this place first, Richard, and we will deal with the other when we come to it."

He nodded assent, and we moved slowly forward, compelling the guides to go first. In this order we waded some hundred yards through water which grew deeper with each step, until it rose nearly to our girths. Then the lads stopped.

"Are we over?" said the Duchess, eagerly.

For answer one of them pointed to the flood before him, and peering forward I made out a current sweeping silently and swiftly across our path—a current with an ominous rush and swirl.

"Over?" grunted Master Bertie. "No, this is the place. See, the road has given way, and the stream is pouring through from the river. I expect it is getting worse every minute as the banks crumble."

We all craned forward, looking at it. It was impossible to say how deep the water was, or how far the deep part might extend. And we had with us a child and two women.

"We must go back!" said Master Bertie, resolutely. "There is no doubt about it. The flood is rising. If we do not take care, we shall be cut off, and be able to go neither backwards nor forwards. I cannot see a foot of dry land, as it is, before or behind us."

He was right. Far and wide, wherever our eyes could reach, the moonlight was reflected in a sheet of water. We were nearly up to our girths in water. On one side was the hurrying river, on the other were the treacherous depths of the back-water. I asked the guide as well as I could whether the road was good beyond. He answered that he did not know. He and his companion were so terrified that we only kept them beside us by threats.

"I fear we must go back," I said, assenting sorrowfully.

Even the Duchess agreed, and we were in the act of turning to retrace our steps with what spirit we might, when a distant sound brought us all to a standstill again. The wind was blowing from the quarter whence we had come—from Emmerich; and it brought to us the sound of voices. We all stopped and listened. Yes, they were voices we heard—loud, strident tones, mingled now with the sullen plash of horses tramping through the water. I looked at the Duchess. Her face was pale, but her courage did not fail her. She understood in a trice that the danger we had so much dreaded was upon us—that we were followed, and the followers were at our heels; and she turned her horse round again. Without a word she spurred it back towards the deep part. I seized Anne's rein and followed, notwithstanding that the poor girl in her terror would have resisted. Letting the guides go as they pleased, we four in a moment found ourselves abreast again, our horses craning over the stream, while we, with whip and spur, urged them on.

In cold blood we should scarcely have done it. Indeed, for a minute, as our steeds stumbled, and recovered themselves, and slid forward, only to draw back trembling—as the water rose above our boots or was flung by our fellows in our eyes, and all was flogging and scrambling and splashing, it seemed as if we were to be caught in a trap despite our resolve. But at last Master Bertie's horse took the plunge. His wife's followed; and both, partly floundering and partly swimming, set forward snorting the while in fear. To my joy I saw them emerge safely not ten yards away, and, shaking themselves, stand comparatively high out of the water.

"Come!" cried my lady, imperatively, as she turned in her saddle with a gesture of defiance. "Come! It is all right."

Come, indeed! I wanted nothing better, for I was beside myself with passion. But, flog as I might, I could not get Anne's brute to take the plunge. The girl herself could give me no aid; clinging to her saddle, pale and half-fainting, she could only beg me to leave her, crying out again and again in a terrified voice that she would be drowned. With her cry there suddenly mingled another, the hail of our pursuers as they sighted us. I could hear them drawing nearer, and I grew desperate. Luckily they could not make any speed in water so deep, and time was given me for one last furious effort. It succeeded. My horse literally fell into the stream; it dragged Anne's after it. How we kept our seats, how they their footing, I never understood; but, somehow, splashing and stumbling and blinded by the water dashed in our faces, we came out on the other side, where the Duchess and her husband, too faithful to us to save themselves, had watched the struggle in an agony of suspense. I did but fling the girl's rein to Master Bertie; and then I wheeled my horse to the stream again. I had made up my mind what I must do. "Go on," I cried, waving my hand with a gesture of farewell. "Go on! I can keep them here for awhile."

"Nonsense!" I heard the Duchess cry, her voice high and shrill. "It is——"

"Go on!" I cried. "Go on! Do not lose a moment or it will be useless."

Master Bertie hesitated. But he too saw that this was the only chance. The Spaniards were on the brink of the stream now, and must, if they passed it, overtake us easily. He hesitated, I have said, for a moment. Then he seized his wife's rein and drew her on, and I heard the three horses go splashing away through the flood. I threw a glance after them over my shoulder, bethinking me that I had not told the Duchess my story and that Sir Anthony and Petronilla would never—but, pish! What was I thinking of? That was a thought for a woman. I had only to harden my heart now, and set my teeth together. My task was very simple indeed. I had just to keep these men—there were four—here as long as I could, and if possible stop Clarence's pursuit altogether.

For I had made no mistake. The first man to come up was Clarence—Clarence himself. He let fall a savage word as his horse stopped suddenly with its fore feet spread out on the edge of the stream, and his dark face grew darker as he saw the swirling eddies, and me standing fronting him in the moonlight with my sword out. He discerned at once, I think, the strength of my position. Where I stood the water was scarcely over my horse's fetlocks. Where he stood it was over his horse's knees. And between us it flowed nearly four feet deep.

He held a hasty parley with his companions. And then he hailed me. "Will you surrender?" he cried in English. "We will give you quarter."

"Surrender? To whom?" I said. "And why—why should I surrender? Are you robbers and cutpurses?"

"Surrender in the name of the Emperor, you fool!" he answered sternly and roughly.

"I know nothing about the Emperor!" I retorted. "What Emperor?"

"In the Queen's name, then!"

"The Duke of Cleves is queen here!" I cried. "And as the flood is rising," I added scornfully, "I would advise you to go home again."

"You would advise, would you? Who *are* you?" he replied in a kind of wrathful curiosity.

I gave him no answer. I have often since reflected, with a fuller knowledge of certain facts, that no stranger interview ever took place than this short colloquy between us, that no stranger fight ever was fought than that which we contemplated as we stood there bathed in the May moonlight, with the water all round us and the cold sky above. A strange fight indeed it would have been between him and me had it ever come to the sword's point!

But this was what happened. His last words had scarcely rung out when my horse began to quiver under me and sway backwards and forwards. I had just time to take the alarm, when the poor beast sank down and rolled gently over, leaving me bestriding its body, my feet in the water. Whatever the cause of this, I had to disentangle myself, and that quickly, for the four men opposite me, seeing me dismounted, plunged with a cry of triumph into the water, and began to flounder across. Without more ado I stepped forward to keep the ford.

The foremost and nearest to me was Clarence, whose horse began halfway across to swim. It was still scrambling to regain its footing when it came within my reach, and I slashed it cruelly across the nostrils. It turned in an instant on its side. I saw the rider's face gleam white in the water; his stirrup shone a moment as the horse rolled over, then in a second the two were gone down the stream. It was done so easily, so quickly, it amazed me. One gone! hurrah! I turned quickly to the others, who were about landing. My blood was fired, and my yell of victory as I dashed at them scared back two of the horses. Despite their riders' urging, they turned and scrambled out on the side from which they had entered. Only one was left, the farthest from me. He got across indeed. Yet he was the most unlucky of all, for his horse stumbled on landing, came down heavily on its head, and flung him at my very feet.

It was no time for quarter—I had to think of my friends—and while with one hand I seized the flying rein as the horse scrambled trembling to its feet, with the other I lunged twice at the rider as he half tried to rise, half tried to grasp at me. The second time I ran him through, and he screamed shrilly. In those days I was young and hot-headed, and I answered only by a shout of defiance, as I flung myself into the saddle and dashed away through the water after my friends.

*Væ victis!* I had done enough to check the pursuit, and had yet escaped myself. If I could join the others again, what a triumph it would be! I had no guide, but neither had those in front of me; and luckily at this point a row of pollard willows defined the line between the road and the river. Keeping this on my right, I made

good way. The horse seemed strong under me, the water was shallow, and appeared to be growing more so, and presently across the waste of flood I discerned before me a dark solitary tower, the tower seemingly of a church, for it was topped by a stumpy spire which daylight would probably have shown to be of wood.

There was a little dry ground round the church, a mere patch in a sea of water, but my horse rang its hoofs on it with every sign of joy, and arched its neck as it trotted up to the neighbourhood of the church, whinnying with pleasure. From the back of the building, I was not surprised, came an answering neigh. As I pulled up, a man, his weapon in his hand, came from the porch, and a woman followed him. I called to them gaily. "I fancied you would be here the moment I saw the church!" I said, sliding to the ground.

"Thank heaven you are safe!" the Duchess answered, and to my astonishment she flung her arms round my neck and kissed me. "What has happened?" she asked, looking in my eyes, her own full of tears.

"I think I have stopped them," I answered, turning suddenly shy, though, boylike, I had been longing a few minutes before to talk of my victory. "They tried to cross, and——"

I had not sheathed my sword. Master Bertie caught my wrist, and lifting the blade looked at it. "So, so!" he said, nodding. "Are you hurt?"

"Not touched!" I answered.

Before more was said he compelled his wife to go back into the porch. The wind blew keenly across the open ground, and we were all wet and shivering. When we had fastened up the horse we followed her. The door of the church was locked, it seemed, and the porch afforded the best shelter to be had. Its upper part was of open woodwork, and freely admitted the wind; but wide eaves projected over these openings, and over the door, so that at least it was dry within. By huddling together on the floor against the windward side we got some protection. I hastily told what had happened.

"So Clarence is gone!" My lady's voice as she said the words trembled, but not in sorrow or pity as I judged. Rather in relief. Her dread and hatred of the man were strange and terrible, and so seemed to me then. Afterwards, I learned that something had passed between them which made almost natural such feelings on her part, and made natural also a bitter resentment on his. But of that no more. "You are quite sure," she said—pressing me anxiously for confirmation—"that it was he!"

"Yes. But I am not sure that he is dead," I explained.

"You seem to bear a charmed life yourself," she said.

"Hush!" cried her husband, quickly. "Do not say that to the lad. It is unlucky. But do you think," he continued—the porch was in darkness, and we could scarcely make out one another's faces—"that there is any further chance of pursuit?"

"Not by that party to-night," I said grimly. "Nor, I think, to-morrow."

"Good!" he answered. "For I can see nothing but water ahead, and it would be madness to go on by night without a guide. We must stay here until morning, whatever the risk."

He spoke gloomily—and with reason. Our position was a miserable, almost a desperate one, even on the supposition that pursuit had ceased. We had lost all our baggage, food, wraps. We had no guides, and we were in the midst of a flooded country, with two tender women and a baby, our only shelter the porch of God's house. Mistress Anne, who was crouching in the darkest corner next the church, seemed to have collapsed entirely. I remembered afterwards that I did not once hear her speak that night. The Duchess tried to maintain our spirits and her own; but in the face of cold, damp, and hunger, she could do little. Master Bertie and I took it by turns to keep a kind of watch, but by morning—it was a long night and a bitter one—we were worn out, and slept despite our misery. We should have been surprised and captured without a blow if the enemy had come upon us then.

I awoke with a start to find the grey light of a raw misty morning falling upon and showing up our wretched group. The Duchess's head was hidden in her cloak; her husband's had sunk on his breast; but Mistress Anne—I looked at her and shuddered. Had she sat so all night? Sat staring with that stony face of pain, and those tearless eyes, on the moonlight, on the darkness which had been before the dawn, on the cold first rays of morning? Stared on all alike, and seen none? I shuddered and peered at her, alarmed, doubtful, wondering, asking myself what this was, what had happened to her. Had fear and cold killed her, or turned her brain? "Anne!" I said timidly. "Anne!"

She did not answer nor turn; nor did the fixed gaze of her eyes waver. I thought she did not hear. "Anne!" I cried again, so loudly that the Duchess stirred, and muttered something in her sleep. But the girl showed no sign of consciousness. I put out my hand and touched her.

She turned sharply and saw me, and in an instant drew her skirt away with a gesture of such dread, loathing repulsion as froze me; while a violent shudder convulsed her whole frame. Afterwards she seemed unable to withdraw her eyes from me, but sat in the same attitude, gazing at me with a fixed look of horror, as one might gaze at a serpent, while tremor after tremor shook her.

I was frightened and puzzled, and was still staring at her, wondering what I had done, when a footstep fell on the road outside and called away my attention. I turned from her to see a man's figure looming dark in the doorway. He looked at us—I suppose he had found the horses outside—gazing in surprise at the queer group. I bade him good-morning in Dutch, and he answered as well as his astonishment would let him. He was a short stout fellow, with a big face capable of expressing a good deal of astonishment. He seemed to be a peasant or farmer. "What do you here?" he continued, his guttural phrases tolerably intelligible to me.

I explained as clearly as I could that we were on the way to Wesel. Then I awoke the Duchess

and her husband, and, stretching our chilled and aching limbs, we went outside, the man still gazing at us. Alas! the day was not much better than the night. We could see but a very little way, a couple of hundred yards round us only. The rest was mist—all mist. We appealed to the man for food and shelter, and he nodded, and, obeying his signs rather than his words, we kicked up our starved beasts and plodded out into the fog by his side. Anne mounted silently and without objection, but it was plain that something strange had happened to her. Her condition was unnatural. The Duchess gazed at her very anxiously, and, getting no answers, or very scanty ones, to her questions, shook her head gravely.

But we were on the verge of one pleasure at least. When we reached the hospitable kitchen of the farmhouse it was joy indeed to stand before the great turf fire, and feel the heat stealing into our half-frozen bodies; to turn and warm back and front, while the good wife set bread and hot milk before us. How differently we three felt in half an hour! How the Duchess's eyes shone once more! How easily rose the laugh to our lips! Joy had indeed come with the morning. To be warm and dry and well fed after being cold and wet and hungry—what a thing this is!

But on one neither food nor warmth seemed to have any effect. Mistress Anne did indeed, in obedience to my lady's sharp words, raise her bowl to her lips. But she set it down quickly and sat looking in dull apathy at the glowing peat. What had come over her?

Master Bertie went out with the farmer to attend to the horses, and when he came back he had news.

"There is a lad here," he said in some excitement, "who has just seen three foreigners ride past on the road along with two Germans on pack-horses; five in all. They must be three of the party who followed us yesterday."

I whistled. "Then Clarence got himself out," I said, shrugging my shoulders. "Well! well!"

"I expect that is so," Master Bertie answered, the Duchess remaining silent. "The question arises again, what is to be done?" he continued. "We may follow them to Wesel, but the good man says the floods are deep between here and the town, and we shall have Clarence and his party before us all the way—shall perhaps run straight into their arms."

"But what else can we do?" I said. "It is impossible to go back."

We held a long conference, and by much questioning of our host learned that half a league away was a ferry-boat, which could carry as many as two horses over the river at a time. On the farther side we might hit a road leading to Santon, three leagues distant. Should we go to Santon after all? The farmer thought the roads on that side of the river might not be flooded. We should then be in touch once more with our Dutch friends and might profit by Master Lindstrom's advice, on which I for one was now inclined to set a higher value.

"The river is bank full. Are you sure the ferry-boat can cross?" I asked.

Our host was not certain. And thereupon an unexpected voice struck in.

"Oh dear, do not let us run any more risks!" it said. It was Mistress Anne's. She was herself again, trembling, excited, bright-eyed; as different as possible from the Anne of a few minutes before. A great change had come over her. Perhaps the warmth had done it.

A third course was suggested, to stay quietly where we were. The farmhouse stood at some little distance from the road; and though it was rough—it was very rough, consisting only of two rooms, in one of which a cow was stalled—still it could furnish food and shelter. Why not stay there?

But the Duchess wisely, I think, decided against this. "It is unpleasant to go wandering again," she said with a shriver. "But I shall not rest until we are within the walls of a town. Master Lindstrom laid so much stress on that. And I fancy that the party who overtook us last night are not the main body. Others will have gone to Wesel by boat perhaps, or along the other bank. There they will meet, and, learning we have not arrived, they will probably return this way and search for us."

"Clarence——"

"Yes, if we have Clarence to deal with," Master Bertie assented gravely, "we cannot afford to lose a point. We will try the ferry."

It was something gained to start dry and warm. But the women's pale faces—for little by little the fatigue, the want of rest, the fear were telling even on the Duchess—were sad to see. I was sore and stiff myself. The wound I had received so mysteriously had bled afresh, probably during last night's fight. We needed all our courage to put a brave face on the matter, and bear up and go out again into the air, which for the first week in May was cold and nipping. Suspense and anxiety had told in various ways on all of us. While I felt a fierce anger against those who were driving us to these straits, Master Bertie was nervous and excited, alarmed for his wife and child, and inclined to see an enemy in every bush.

However, we cheered up a little when we reached the ferry and found the boat could cross without much risk. We had to go over in two detachments, and it was nearly an hour past noon before we all stood on the farther bank and bade farewell to the honest soul whose help had been of so much importance to us. He told us we had three leagues to go, and we hoped to be at rest in Santon by four o'clock.

But the three leagues turned out to be more nearly five, while the road was so founderous that we had again and again to quit it.

The evening came on, the light waned, and still we were feeling our way, so to speak—the women tired and on the verge of tears; the men muddy to the waist, savage, and impatient. It was eight o'clock, and dusk was well upon us before we caught sight of the first lights of Santon, and, in fear lest the gates might be shut, pressed forward at such speed as our horses could compass.

"Do you go on!" the Duchess adjured us. "Anne and I will be safe enough behind you. Let

me take the child, and do you ride on. We cannot pass the night in the fields."

The importance of securing admission was so great that Master Bertie and I agreed; and cantered on, soon outstripping our companions, and almost in the gloom losing sight of them. Dark masses of wood, the last remnants, apparently, of a forest, lay about the road we had to traverse. We were passing one of these, scarcely three hundred paces short of the town, and I was turning in the saddle to see that the ladies were following safely, when I heard Master Bertie, who was a bow-shot in front of me, give a sudden cry.

I wheeled round hastily to learn the reason, and



"ONE OF THE TOWN-GUARD! WE ARE LOST, MAN!"

was just in time to see three horsemen sweep into the road before him from the cover of the trees. They were so close to him—and they filled the road—that his horse carried him amongst them almost before he could check it, or so it seemed to me. I heard their loud challenge, saw his arm wave, and guessed that his sword was out. I spurred desperately to join him, giving a wild shout of encouragement as I did so. But before I could come up, or indeed cross half the distance, the scuffle was over. One man fell headlong from his saddle, one horse fled riderless down the road, and at sight of this, or perhaps of me, the others turned tail without more ado and made off, leaving Master Bertie in possession of the field. The whole thing had passed in the shadow of the wood in less than half a minute. When I drew rein by him he was sheathing his sword. "Is it Clarence?" I cried eagerly.

"No, no, I did not see him. I think not," he answered. He was breathing hard and was very much excited. "They were poor swordsmen for Spaniards," he added—"very poor, I thought."

I jumped off my horse, and, kneeling beside the man, turned him over. He was badly hurt, if not dying, cut across the neck. I looked hard at him by such light as there was, and did not recognise him as one of our assailants of the night before.

"I do not think he *is* a Spaniard," I said slowly. Then a certain suspicion occurred to my mind, and I stooped lower over him.

"Not a Spaniard?" Master Bertie said stupidly. "How is that?"

Before I answered I raised the man in my arms, and, carrying him carefully to the side of the road, set him with his back to a tree. Then I got quickly on my horse. The women were just coming up. "Master Bertie," I said in a low voice, as I looked this way and that to see if the alarm had spread, "I am afraid there is a mistake. But say nothing to them. It is one of the town-guard you have killed!"

"One of the town-guard!" he cried, a light bursting in on him, and the reins dropping from his hand. "What shall we do? We are lost, man!"

### CHAPTER XIV.—AT BAY IN THE GATEHOUSE.

WHAT was to be done? That was the question, and a terrible question it was. Behind us we had the inhospitable country, dark and dreary, the night wind sweeping over it. In front, where the lights twinkled and the smoke of the town went up, we were like to meet with a savage reception. And it was no time for weighing alternatives. The choice had to be made, made in a moment; I marvel to this day at the quickness with which I made it for good or ill.

"We must get into the town!" I cried imperatively. "And before the alarm is given. It is hopeless to fly, Master Bertie, and we cannot spend another night in the fields. Quick, madam!" I continued to the Duchess as she came up. I did not wait to hear his opinion, for I saw he was stunned by the catastrophe. "We have hurt one of the town-guard through a mistake. We must get through the gate before it is discovered!"

I seized her rein and flogged up her horse, and gave her no time to ask questions, but urged on the party at a hand gallop until the gate was reached. The attempt, I knew, was desperate, for the two men who had escaped had ridden straight for the town; but I saw no other resource, and it seemed to me to be better to surrender peaceably, if that were

possible, than to expose the women to another night of such cold and hunger as the last. And fortune so far favoured us that when we reached the gate it was open. Probably, the patrol having ridden through to get help, no one had thought fit to close it; and, no one withstanding us, we spurred our sobbing horses under the archway and entered the street.

It was a curious entry, and a curious scene we came upon. I remember now how strange it all looked. The houses leaning forward in a dozen quaint forms, clear cut against the pale evening sky, caused a darkness as of a cavern in the narrow street below. Here and there in the midst of this darkness hung a lanthorn, which, making the gloom away from it seem deeper, lit up the things about it, throwing into flaring prominence some barred window with a scared face peering from it, some corner with a puddle, a slinking dog, a broken flight of steps. Just within the gates stood a brazier full of glowing coal, and beside it a halbert rested against the wall. I divined that the watchman had run into the town with the riders, and I drew rein in doubt, listening and looking. I think if we had ridden straight on then, all might have been well; or, at least, we might have been allowed to give ourselves up.

But we hesitated a moment, and were lost. No doubt, though we saw but one, there were a score of people watching us, who took us for four men, Master Bertie and I being in front; and these, judging from the boldness of our entry that there were more behind, concluded that this was a foray upon the town. At any rate, they took instant advantage of our pause. With a swift whirr an iron pot came hurtling past me, and, missing the Duchess by a hand's breadth, went clanking under the gatehouse. That served for a signal. In a moment an alarm of hostile cries rose all round us. An arrow whizzed between my horse's feet. Half a dozen odd missiles, snatched up by hasty hands, came raining in on us out of the gloom. The town seemed to be rising as one man. A bell began to ring, and a hundred yards in front, where the street branched off to right and left, the way seemed suddenly alive from wall to wall with lights and voices and brandished arms, the gleam of steel, and the babel of a furious crowd—a crowd making down towards us with a purpose we needed no German to interpret.

It was a horrible moment; the more horrible that I had not expected this fury, and was unnerved as well as taken aback by it. Remembering that I had brought my companions here, and that two were women, one was a child, I quailed. How could I protect them? There was no mistaking the stern meaning of those cries, of that rage so much surpassing anything I had feared. Though I did not know that the man we had struck down was a bridegroom, and that there were those in the crowd in whose ears the young wife's piercing scream still rang, I yet quailed before their yells and curses.

As I glanced round for a place of refuge, my eyes lit on an open doorway close to me, and close also to the brazier and halbert. It was a low stone doorway, beetle-browed, with a coat of arms carved over it. I saw in an instant that it must lead to the tower above us—the gatehouse; and I sprang from my horse, a fresh yell from the houses hailing the act. I saw that if we were to gain a moment for parleying we must take refuge there. I do not know now how I did it, but somehow I made myself understood by the others and got the women off their horses and dragged Mistress Anne inside, where at once we both fell in the darkness over the lower steps of a spiral staircase. This hindered the Duchess, who was following, and I heard a scuffle taking place behind us. But in that confined space—the staircase was very narrow—I could give no help. I could only stumble upwards, dragging the fainting girl after me, until we emerged through an open doorway at the top into a room. What kind of room I did not notice then, only that it was empty. Notice! It was no time for taking notice. The bell was clanging louder and louder outside. The mob were yelling like hounds in sight of their quarry. The shouts, the confused cries, and threats,



ON GUARD.

and questions deafened me. I turned to learn what was happening behind me. The other two had not come up.

I felt my way down again, one hand on the central pillar, my shoulder against the outside wall. The stair-foot was faintly lit by the glow from outside, and on the bottom step I came on some one, hurt or dead, just a dark mass at my feet. It was Master Bertie. I gave a cry and leaped over his body. The Duchess, brave wife, was standing before him, the halbert which she had snatched up presented at the doorway and the howling mob outside.

Fortunately the crowd had not yet learned how few we were; nor saw, I think, that it was but a woman who confronted them. To rush into the low doorway and storm the narrow winding staircase in the face of unknown numbers was a task from which the bravest veterans might have flinched, and the townsfolk, furious as they were, hung back. I took advantage of the pause. I grasped the halbert myself and pushed the Duchess back. "Drag him up!" I muttered. "If you cannot manage it, call Anne!"

But grief and hard necessity gave her strength, and, despite the noise in front of me, I heard her toil panting up with her burden. When I judged she had reached the room above, I too turned and ran up after her, posting myself in the last angle just below the room. There I was sheltered from missiles by the turn in the staircase, and was further protected by the darkness. Now I could hold the way with little risk, for only one could come up at a time, and he would be a brave man who should storm the stairs in my teeth.

All this, I remember, was done in a kind of desperate frenzy, in haste and confusion, with no plan or final purpose, but simply out of the instinct of self-preservation which led me to do from moment to moment what I could to save our lives. I did not know whether there was another staircase to the tower, nor whether there were enemies above us; whether, indeed, enemies might not swarm in on us from a dozen entrances. I had no time to think of more than just this: that my staircase, of which I did know, must be held.

I think I had stood there about a minute, breathing hard and listening to the din outside, which came to my ears a little softened by the thick walls round me—so much softened at least that I could hear my heart beating in the midst of it—when the Duchess came back to the door above. I could see her, there being a certain amount of light in the room behind her, but she could not see me. "What can I do?" she asked softly.

I answered by a question, "Is he alive?" I muttered.

"Yes; but hurt," she answered, struggling with a sob, with a fluttering of the woman's heart she had repressed so bravely. "Much hurt, I fear! Oh why, why did we come here?"

She did not mean it as a reproach, but I took it as one, and braced myself more firmly to meet this crisis—to save her at least if it should be any way possible. When she asked again "Can I do anything?" I bade her take my pike and stand where I was for a moment. Since no enemy had yet made his appearance above, the strength of our position seemed to hold out some hope, and it was the more essential that I should understand it, and know exactly what our chances were.

I sprang up the stairs into the room and looked round, my eyes seeming to take in everything at once. It was a big bare room, with signs of habitation only in one corner. On the side towards the town was a long, low window, through which—a score of the diamond panes were broken already—the flare of the besiegers' torches fell luridly on the walls and vaulted roof. By the dull embers of a wood fire, over which hung a huge black pot, Master Bertie was lying on the boards, breathing loudly and painfully, his head pillowed on the Duchess's kerchief. Beside him sat Mistress Anne, her face hidden, the child wailing in her lap. A glance round assured me that there was no other staircase, and that on the side towards the country the wall was pierced with no window bigger than a loop-hole or an arrow-slit; with no opening through which even a boy could enter. For the present, therefore, unless the top of the tower should be escaladed from the adjacent houses—and I could do nothing to provide against that—we had nothing to fear except from the staircase and the window I have mentioned. Every moment, however, a missile or a shot crashed through the latter, adding the shiver of falling glass to the general din. No wonder the child wailed and the girl sank over it in abject terror. Those savage yells might well make a woman blench. They carried more fear and dread to my heart than did the real danger of our position, desperate as it was.

And yet it was so desperate that for a moment I leant against the wall dazed and hopeless, listening to the infernal tumult without and within. Had Bertie been by my side to share the responsibility and join in the risk, I could have borne it better. I might have felt then some of the joy of battle, and the stern pleasure of the one matched against the many. But I was alone. How was I to save these women and that poor child from the yelling crew outside? How indeed? I did not know the enemy's language; I could not communicate with him, could not explain, could not even cry for quarter for the women.

A stone which glanced from one of the mullions and grazed my shoulder roused me from this fit of cowardice, which I trust and believe had lasted for a few seconds only. At the same moment an unusual volley of missiles tore through the window as if discharged at a given signal. We were under cover, and they did us no harm, rolling for the most part noisily about the floor. But when the storm ceased and a calm as sudden followed, I heard a dull regular sound close to the window—a thud! thud! thud!—and on the instant divined the plan and the danger. My courage came back, and with it my wits. I remembered an old tale I had heard, and, dropping my sword where I stood, I flew to the hearth, and unhooked the great pot. It was heavy: half full of something, broth most likely; but I recked nothing of that, I bore it swiftly to the window, and just as the foremost man on the ladder had driven in the lead work before him with his axe, flung the whole of the contents—they were not scalding, but they were very hot—in his face. The fellow shrieked loudly, and, blinded and taken by surprise, lost his hold and fell against his supporter, and both tumbled down again more quickly than they had come up.

Sternly triumphant, I poised the great pot itself in my hands, thinking to fling it down upon the sea of savage upturned faces of which I had a brief view as the torches flared now on one, now on another. But prudence prevailed. If no more

blood were shed it might still be possible to get some terms. I laid the pot down by the side of the window as a weapon to be used only in the last resort.

Meanwhile the Duchess, posted in the dark, had heard the noise of the window being driven in, and cried out pitifully to know what it was. "Stand firm!" I shouted loudly. "Stand firm. We are safe as yet."

Even the uproar without seemed to abate a little as the first fury of the mob died down. Probably their leaders were concerting fresh action. I went and knelt beside Master Bertie and made a rough examination of his wound. He had received a nasty blow on the back of the head, from which the blood was still oozing, and he was insensible. His face looked very long and thin and death-like. But, so far as I could ascertain, the bones were uninjured, and he was now breathing more quietly. "I think he will recover," I said, easing his clothes.

Anne was crouching on the other side of him. As she did not answer I looked up at her. Her lips were moving, but the only word I caught was "Clarence!" I did not wonder she was distraught; I had work enough to keep my own wits. But I wanted her help, and I repeated loudly, "Anne! Anne!" trying to rouse her.

She looked past me shuddering. "Heaven forgive you!" she muttered. "You have brought me to this! And now I must die! I must die here. In the net they have set for others is their own foot taken!"

She was quite beside herself with terror. I saw that she was not addressing me; and I had not time to make sense of her wanderings. I left her and went out to speak to the Duchess. Poor woman! even her brave spirit was giving way. I felt her cold hands tremble as I took the halbert from her. "Go into the room awhile," I said softly. "He is not seriously hurt, I am sure. I will guard this. If any one appears at the window, scream."

She went gladly, and I took her place, having now to do double duty. I had been there a few minutes only, listening with my soul in my ears to detect the first signs of attack, either below me or in the room behind, when I distinguished a strange rustling sound on the staircase. It appeared to come from a point a good deal below me, and, probably, whoever made it was just within the doorway. I peered into the gloom, but could see no one as yet. "Stand!" I cried in a tone of warning. "Who is that?"

The sound ceased abruptly, but it left me uneasy. Could they be going to blow us up with gunpowder? No! I did not think so. They would not care to ruin the gateway for the sake of capturing so small a party. And the tower was strong. It would not be easy to blow it up.

Yet in a short time the noise began again; and my fears returned with it. "Stand!" I cried savagely, "or take care of yourselves!"

The answer was a flash of bright light—which for a second showed the rough stone walls winding away at my feet—a stunning report, and the pattering down of half a dozen slugs from the roof. I laughed, my first start over. "You will have to come a little higher up!" I cried tauntingly, as I smelt the fumes. My eyes had become so accustomed to the darkness that I felt sure I should detect an assailant, however warily he might make his approach. And my halbert was seven feet long, so that I could reach as far as I could see. I had had time, too, to grow cool.

After this there was comparative quiet for another space. Every now and then a stone or, more rarely, the ball of an arquebuse would come whizzing into the room above. But I did not fear this. It was easy to keep under cover. And their shouting no longer startled me. I began to see a glimpse of hope. It was plain that the townsfolk were puzzled how to come at us without suffering great loss. They were unaware of our numbers, and, as it proved, believed that we had three uninjured men at least. The staircase was impracticable as a point of assault, and the window, being only three feet in height and twenty from the ground, was not much better, if defended, as they expected it would be, by a couple of desperate swordsmen.

I was not much astonished, therefore, when the rustling sound, beginning again at the foot of the staircase, came this time to no more formidable issue than a hail in Spanish. "Will you surrender?" the envoy cried.

"No!" I said roundly.

"Who are you?" was the next question.

"We are English!" I answered.

He went then; and there for the time the negotiations ended. But, seeing the dawn of hope, I was the more afraid of any trap or surprise, and I cried to the Duchess to be on her guard. For this reason, too, the suspense of the next few minutes was almost more trying than anything which had gone before. But the minutes came at last to an end. A voice below cried loudly in English, "Holloa! are you friends?"

"Yes, yes," I replied joyfully, before the words had well ceased to rebound from the walls. For the voice and accent were Master Lindstrom's! A cry of relief from the room behind me showed that there, too, the speaker was recognised. The Duchess came running to the door, but I begged her to go back and keep a good look-out. And she obeyed.

"How come you here? How has it happened?" Master Lindstrom asked, his voice, though he still remained below, betraying his perplexity and unhappiness. "Can I not do something? This is terrible, indeed."

"You can come up, if you like," I answered, after a moment's thought. "But you must come alone. And I cannot let even you, friend as you are, see our defences."

As he came up I stepped back and drew the door of the room towards me, so that though a little light reached the head of the stairs he could not, standing there, see into the room or discern our real weakness. I did not distrust him—heaven forbid!—but he might have to tell all he saw to his friends below, and I thought it well, for his sake as well as our own, that he should be able to do this freely, and without hurting us. As he joined me I held up a finger for silence and listened keenly.

But all was quiet below. No one had followed him. Then I turned and warmly grasped his hands, and we peered into one another's faces. I saw he was deeply moved: that he was thinking of Dymphna, and how I had saved her. He held my hands as though he would never loose them.

"Well!" I said, as cheerfully as I could, "have you brought us an offer of terms? But let me tell you first," I continued, "how it happened." And I briefly explained that we had mistaken the captain of the guard and his two followers for Clarence and the two Spaniards. "Is he dead?" I continued.

"No, he is still alive," Master Lindstrom answered gravely. "But the townsfolk are furious, and the seizure of the tower has still further exasperated them. Why did you do it?"

"Because we should have been torn to pieces if we had not done it," I answered drily. "You think we are in a strait place."

"Do you not think so yourself?" he said somewhat astonished.

I laughed. "That is as may be," I answered with an affectation of recklessness. "The staircase is narrow and the window low. We shall sell our lives dearly, my friend. Yet, for the sake of the women who are with us, we are willing to surrender if the citizens offer us terms. After all, it was an accident. Cannot you impress this on them?" I added eagerly.

He shook his head. "They will not hear reason," he said.

"Then," I replied, "impress the other thing upon them. Tell them that our swords are sharp and we are desperate."

"I will see what I can do," he answered slowly. "The Duke of Cleves is expected here to-morrow, and the townsfolk feel they would be disgraced for ever if he should find their gate held by a party of marauders, as they consider you."

"The Duke of Cleves?" I repeated. "Perhaps he may be better affected towards us."

"They will overpower you before he comes," Master Lindstrom answered despondently. "I would put no trust in him if I were you. But I will go to them, and, believe me, I will do all that man can do."

"Of that I am sure," I said warmly. And then, cautioning me to remain strictly on the defensive, he left me.

Before his footsteps had ceased to echo on the stairs the door beside me opened, and Mistress Anne appeared at it. I saw at once that his familiar voice had roused her from the stupor of fear in which I had last seen her. Her eyes were bright, her whole frame was thrilling with excitement, hope, suspense. I began to understand her; to discern beneath the disguise thrown over it in ordinary times by a strong will the nervous nature which was always confident or despairing, which felt everything so keenly—everything, that is, which touched itself. "Well?" she cried, "well?"

"Patience! patience!" I replied rather sharply. I could not help comparing her conduct with that of the Duchess, and blaming her, not for her timidity, but for the selfishness which she had betrayed in her fear. I could fancy Petronilla trembling and a coward, but not despairing nor utterly cast down, nor useless when others needed her, nor wrapped in her own terrors to the very exclusion of reason. "Patience!" I said; "he is coming back. He and his friends will do all they can for us. We must wait awhile and hope, and keep a good look-out."

She had her hand on the door, and by an abrupt movement she slipped out to me and closed it behind her. This made the staircase so dark that I could no longer distinguish her face, but I judged from her tone that her fears were regaining possession of her. "Clarence," she muttered, her voice low and trembling. "Have you thought of him? Could not he help us? He may have followed us here, and may be here now. Now! And perhaps he does not know in what danger we are."

"Clarence!" I said, astonished and almost angry. "Clarence, help us? Go back, girl, go back. You are mad. He would be more likely to complete our ruin. Go in and nurse the baby!" I added bitterly.

What could she mean, I asked myself, when she had gone in. Was there anything in her suggestion? Would Clarence follow us hither? If so and if he should come in time, would he have power to help us, using such mysterious influence, Spanish or English, as he seemed to possess? And if he could help us, would it be better to fall into his hands than into those of the exasperated Santonese? I thought the Duchess would say "No!"

So it mattered not what I answered myself. I hoped, now Master Lindstrom had appeared, that the women would be allowed to go free; and it seemed to me that to surrender to Clarence would be to hand over the Duchess to her enemy simply that the rest of us might escape.

Master Lindstrom returned while I was still considering this, and, observing the same precautions as before, I bade him join me. "Well?" I said, not so impetuously, I hope, as Mistress Anne, yet I dare say with a good deal of eagerness. "Well, what do they say?" For he was slow to speak.

"I have bad news," he answered gently.

"Ah!" I ejaculated, a lump which was due as much to rage as to any other emotion rising in my throat. "So they will give us no terms? Then so be it! Let them come and take us."

"Nay," he hastened to answer. "It is not so bad as that, lad. They are fathers and husbands themselves, and not lanzknechts. They will suffer the women to go free, and will even let me take charge of them if necessary."

"They will!" I exclaimed, overjoyed. I wondered why on earth he had hesitated to tell me this. "Why, that is the main point, friend."

"Yes," he said gravely, "perhaps so. More, the men may go too, if the tower be surrendered within an hour. With one exception, that is. The man who struck the blow must be given up."

"The man who struck the blow!" I repeated slowly. "Do you mean—you mean the man who cut the patrol down?"

"Yes," he said. He was peering very closely at me, as though he would learn from my face who

it was. And I stood thinking. This was as much as we could expect. I divined, and most truly, that but for the honest Dutchman's influence, promises, perhaps bribes, such terms would never have been offered to us, by the men who two hours before had driven us to hold as if we had been vermin. Yet give up Master Bertie? "What," I said, "will be done to him? The man who must be given up, I mean?" Master Lindstrom shook his head. "It was an accident," I urged, my eyes on his.

He grasped my hand firmly, and, turning away had come over the room since I had left it. The moon had risen and was flinging its cold white light through the twisted and shattered framework of the window, to fall in three bright panels on the floor. The torches in the street had for the most part burned out, or been extinguished. In place of the red glare, the shouts and the crash of glass, the atmosphere of battle and strife I had left, I found this silvery light and a stillness made more apparent by the distant hum of many voices.

Mistress Anne was standing just within the threshold, her face showing pale against the gloom,



'OH NO, NEVER!" CRIED THE DUCHESS. "WE WILL NOT GIVE YOU UP."

his face, seemed for awhile unable to speak. At last he whispered: "He must suffer for the others, lad. I fear so. It is a hard fate, a cruel fate. But I can do no more. They will not hear me on this. It is true he will be first tried by the magistrates, but there is no hope. They are very hard."

My heart sank. I stood irresolute, pondering on what we ought to do, pondering on what I should say to the wife who so loved the man who must die. What could I say? Yet, somehow I must break the news. I asked Master Lindstrom to wait where he was while I consulted the others, adding, "You will answer for it that there will be no attack while you are here, I suppose?"

"I will," he said.

I knew I could trust him, and I went in to the Duchess, closing the door behind me. A change

her hands clasped. The Duchess was kneeling by her husband, but she looked up as I entered.

"They will let us all go," I said bluntly; it was best to tell the tale at once—"except the one who hurt the patrol, that is."

It was strange how differently the two women received the news: while Mistress Anne flung her hands to her face with a sobbing cry of thankfulness, and leaned against the wall crying and shaking, my lady stood up straight and still, breathing hard but saying nothing. I saw that she did not need to ask what would be done to the one who was excepted. She knew. "No," she murmured at last, her hands pressed to her bosom, "we cannot do it! Oh, no, no!"

"I fear we must," I said gently—calmly too, I think. Yet in saying it I was not quite myself. An odd sensation was growing upon me in the

stillness of the room. I began on a sudden, I did not know why, to thrill with excitement, to tremble with nervousness, such as would rather have become one of the women than a man. My head grew hot, my heart began to beat quickly. I caught myself looking out, listening, waiting for something to happen, something to be said. It was something more terrible, as it seemed to me, than the din and crash of the worst moments of the assault. What was it? What was it that was threatening my being? An instant and I knew.

"Oh no, never!" cried the Duchess again, her voice quivering, her face full of keenest pain. "We will not give you up. We will stand or fall together, friend."

Give *you* up! Give *you* up! Ha! The veil was lifted now, and I saw what the something with the cold breath going before it was. I looked quietly from her to her husband; and I asked—I fancy she thought my question strangely irrelevant at that moment, "How is he? Is he better?"

"Much better. He knew me for a moment," she answered. "Then he seemed to sink away again. But his eyes were quite clear."

I stood gazing down at his thin face, which had ever looked so kindly into mine. My fingers played idly with the knot of my sword. "He will live?" I asked abruptly, harshly.

She started at the sudden question. But, brutal as it must have sounded, she was looking at me in pity so great and generous that it did not wound her. "Oh, yes," she said, her eyes still clinging to me. "I think he will live, thank heaven!"

Thank heaven! Ah yes, thank heaven!

I turned and went slowly towards the door. But before I reached it she was at my side, nay, was on her knees by me, clasping my hand, looking up to me with streaming eyes. "What are you going to do?" she cried, reading, I suppose, something in my face.

"I will see if Master Lindstrom cannot get better terms for us," I answered.

She rose, still detaining me. "You are sure?" she said, still eyeing me jealously.

"Quite sure," I answered, forcing a smile. "I will come back and report to you."

She let me go then, and I went out and joined Lindstrom on the staircase.

"Are you certain," I asked, speaking in a whisper, "that they will—that the town will keep its word and let the others go?"

"I am quite sure of it," he replied, nodding. "They are Germans, and hard and pitiless, but you may trust them. So far I will answer for them."

"Then we accept," I said gravely. "I give myself up. Let them take me."

## Night and Morning.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The greeny glow-worms creep,
  The pigeons to their cote are gone,
And to their fold the sheep.

Rest, baby, rest,
The sun sinks in the west;
  The daisies all have gone to sleep,
The birds are in the nest.

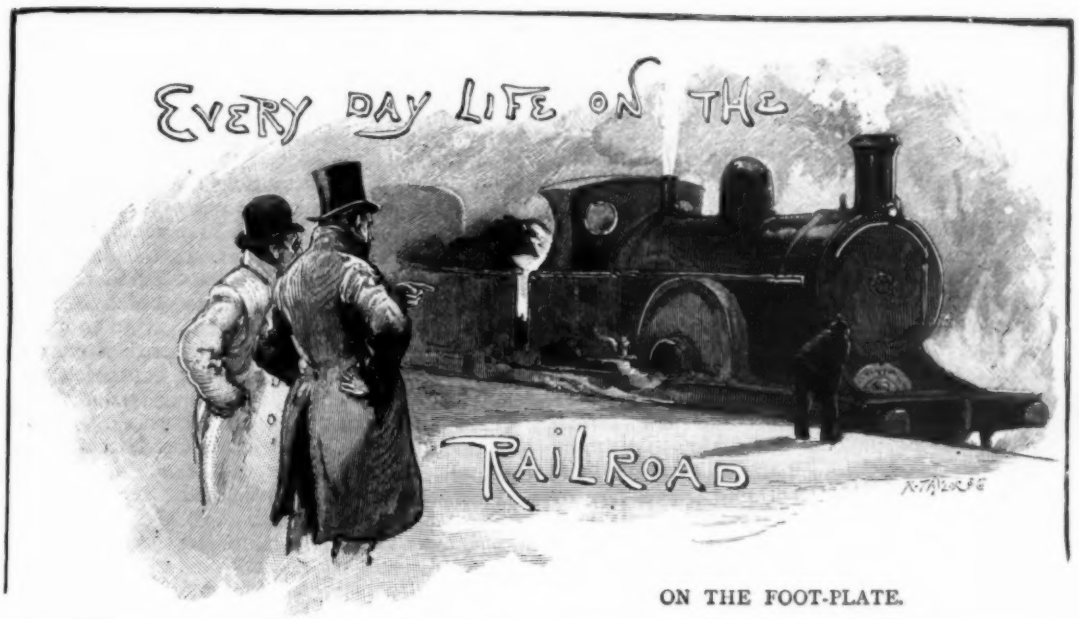
Sleep, baby, sleep!
The sky grows dark and deep,
  The stars watch over all the world;
God's angels guard thy sleep.

Wake, baby, dear!
The good glad morning's here.
  The dove is cooing soft and low,
The lark sings loud and clear.

Wake, baby, wake!
Long since the day did break;
  The daisy buds are all uncurled,
The sun laughs in the lake.

Wake, baby, dear!
Thy mother 's waiting near,
  And love and flowers and birds and sun
And all things bright and dear!

E. NESBIT.




ON THE FOOT-PLATE.

THERE are as many vehicles on the railroad in Britain as there are people in Gloucestershire, and as many engines to move them as—well, we cannot for the moment think of a town with 16,000 inhabitants, unless it be Taunton, which is not sufficiently well known for our purpose. These 16,000 engines, besides drawing over 50 tons a day apiece of minerals and goods, have each to drag some 1,300 passengers a day to or from duty, grief, or pleasure, and this they do with such safety and control that only one traveller in more than 90,000,000 is killed in a railway accident in the course of a year. Taking it as 90,000,000, and multiplying by the number of days in the year, we find that, when we trust ourselves to a British railroad, the chances that we reach our journey's end alive are as 32,849,999,999 to 1.

What the average speed may be can only be estimated, but it is remarkable that the faster we go the safer we are. Trains have been classified into expresses and otherwise; expresses being such as average over forty miles an hour. Into the express group come more and more trains every year. All years are not as free from accidents as 1889, yet there is a general tendency to decrease among the casualties as there is a tendency to increase in the average speed.

How fast does a train travel? To average it is easy enough—so many miles from station to station, so many minutes running the distance; nothing can be easier. But this gives no clue to the speed at any portion of the journey, the laborious toiling uphill, the free running on the level, the flying down the incline.

Last time we came out of the Box tunnel, a fellow-passenger informed us we were going 60 miles an hour. We were going fifteen. In about half an hour he again told us we were doing a mile a minute. So we were, and rather more, for we were going 65 miles an hour. It is curious what a charm there seems to be in this mile a minute, which is the rarest of speeds to run exactly. When the Midland engines are tried in the silence of the night, they are worked up to 75 miles an hour, and on the North-Eastern there is one engine at least which has accomplished 86 miles an hour; but of course no train is run at this rate from stop to stop. If we want speed we must try the Great Northern, and even on that, our fastest line, the average is but 54; though the 54 is obtained by an alternation of spurts and slows varying with the gradient of the road. Second in point of general speed is the North-Western, and third is the Midland. Let us take our example of running from the Midland, so as to have something in reserve in case we are accused of exaggeration. Here is the run of the Glasgow up-mail between Leicester and Bedford on a certain day last year, as checked by the watch. In this section of the line there are fifteen stations—Wigston, Glen, Kibworth, Langton, Market Harborough, &c.—and working out the time between each with the distance between each, the rate of travelling between each came out at 34⅘, 50, 55, 66⅔, 72, 47½, 58, 72, 79½, 75, 78, 57, 52, 64, 63 miles an hour; total, 49½ miles, done in 52 minutes 50 seconds, at an average of 57 miles per hour. This is not given as a best on record; it is probably a common achievement, and is merely a

sample of what is done in every-day work on what figures show to be the third fastest line in Britain.

The driver knows the time he has to pass certain places on the line, not necessarily stations or stopping stations; and he gets his rate from his speed indicator or from the quarter-mile posts. Take the number of seconds you are travelling from quarter-mile post to quarter-mile post, and divide 900 by it to find the number of miles you are travelling per hour. If the train takes 30 seconds between the posts, then 900 divided by 30 gives 30 miles an hour; if it takes 15 seconds between the posts, then 900 divided by 15 gives 60 miles an hour. The reason for this being that there are 3,600 seconds in an hour, which, divided by the number of seconds occupied in running a mile, will give you the rate; and therefore a quarter of 3,600 divided by the seconds occupied in a quarter of a mile will also give you the rate, with the use of fewer figures.

It is an exciting moment when the steam is first let into the new cylinders, and the completed engine is asked the question, "Will you go?" Oftenest she does go, and, being found to run all right on the loose pulleys, out of the shop she comes, one of the ugliest objects that enter the world. The patchwork of bright and dull and rusty metal, the daubs of lead colour and pink and white smears make her seem about twice the size she does when decently clothed in her many coats of paint. And of coloured vestments she has to don not a few before she appears in her professional costume at a public platform. First comes a coat of lead colour; then two coats of filling; then she is stopped and hard stopped, and rubbed down; then she has two more coats of lead colour faced with pumice stone between; and then she has two coats of the black, green, brown, yellow, or whatever it may be which is the distinguishing colour of the company to which she belongs. And with every coat she seems to get smaller and gain in good looks, until she becomes graceful enough to gratify the critical eyes of a Stirling, a Johnson, or a Webb.

An engine is essentially a combination of fire-grate, heating-surface, and cylinders; and on the proportion which these bear to one another depends her power and efficiency. Being the outcome of at least as much practice as theory, her construction offers a wide field for individual opinion. No two builders make an engine alike in either design or material. A visit to a company's works, as at Doncaster, and then to other companies' works, as at Derby, or Gateshead, or Swindon, or Crewe, and then to a private establishment, such as Beyer's or Kitson's, will considerably open the reader's mind as to the number of changes that can be rung in a railway engine on steel, cast iron, forged iron, sheet iron, galvanised iron, copper, bricks, gun-metal, asbestos, indiarubber, and wood. Yes, wood! and not oak, or ash, or elm for the framework, but unmistakable deal; and that inside the engine.

Go to Swindon, and you will learn that to keep the boiler and dome shielded from the outer air it is necessary for it to wear a jacket of non-conducting material, and that the non-conducting material there used is a cage of deal battens; so that at a certain stage in its growth a Great Western engine is "bound in boards," and looks as if it were packed for exportation. Over these battens comes the outer skin of sheet iron, which bears the paint, and which to most people is the boiler itself. The use of deal is not confined to the Great Western; but go to Derby, and you will find the boiler coated with galvanised iron, and lagged with asbestos or silicate cotton under the outer barrel; and elsewhere you will find something different again.

In one corner of Derby yard there is a store of what look like bell-topper hats; these are cast-iron chimneys upside down, with the wind-guard doing duty as a brim. In other works you will find that chimneys do not have wind-guards or caps, the idea that they turn aside the wind being laughed at; and probably you will find that the chimney is not made of cast iron at all. But you must not believe all you hear. One company has the reputation of making its engines entirely out of cast iron and lamp-black; but these materials are, of course, of the best quality, and, being mixed with brains, do remarkably well. Really, there is no engine which has not at least a dozen varieties of metal in its construction.

There are two chief kinds of railway engines—the simple and the compound. In the simple engine the cylinders are of the same size, and the steam is used only once; in the compound engine the cylinders are of different sizes, and the steam, after being used in one, passes into the other and is used again. In the Worsdell compounds there are two cylinders; in the Webb compounds there are three. The Webbs are used on the North-Western; the Worsdells on the Great Eastern and North-Eastern. A Webb is recognisable at a glance by the huge base of its low-pressure cylinder between the main frames in front, the connecting rod working on to a single-throw crank in the middle pair of wheels; the high-pressure cylinders being outside the frames, between the leading and middle wheels, with the connecting rods working on the trailing wheels. A Worsdell has the two cylinders in the usual position, either inside or outside the frame, though when they are inside one is generally higher than the other. In the engine we spoke of just now as doing her 86 miles an hour, the cylinders are of 20 and 28 inches diameter respectively, and the driving wheel is 7 feet 7½ inches in diameter; when she ran her 86 she had eighteen 6-wheeled coaches behind her, and was working at a pressure of 170 lb. per inch. The older engines have 18- and 26-inch cylinders. It was one of these (No. 117) which in the race to Scotland in 1888 did the last and fastest run, working up at times to 76½ miles an hour, and averaging over 57. The North-Western did not use their compounds to Edinburgh, the West Coast train being a light one; but they used them, and are using them still, on the Glasgow train, which is twice as heavy. It may be worth while to note that neither Mr. Worsdell nor Mr. Webb was the first to build a compound locomotive; as far back as 1852 there were two such engines running on the old Eastern Counties, designed by John Nicholson, a driver in the employ of that railway; and although Mr. Worsdell is now identi-

fied with the North-Eastern, it was at the Great Eastern works at Stratford, when under his management, that the new compounds first appeared.

It is claimed for the compound engine that it is economical to work and gives greater power. The new Worsdells are said to save 14 per cent. of fuel; the Webbs are said to save 16 per cent., which is a consideration to a company like the North-Western, using over 1,000,000 tons of coal a year. Not only is there a saving in fuel, but there is a saving in water; and as an engine travels with over 2,000 gallons in her tender, and annually evaporates 8,000,000 gallons, the smallest percentage is appreciable economy. Even the saving of scale from these millions of gallons is of enough importance to warrant the Great Northern stopping its trains at Grantham, where there is the finest engine-water in the world.

A Webb compound, such as the "Marchioness of Stafford," has a curious appearance broadside on, owing to the long slide, which looks like a new sort of coupling rod, though, of course, the wheels are uncoupled. The coupling rod, it may be well to point out, is the bar that works outside on two or more wheels and always remains horizontal—the bar, in fact, which the artist of a certain "family remover" invariably paints as a fixture on the axle-boxes, and which to many people is the most characteristic part of a locomotive's motion. When an engine has none of its wheels coupled it is said to be a "single"; when it has two pairs of wheels coupled it is said to be "four-coupled"; and a large number of engines, chiefly used for goods traffic, are "six-coupled." And, while we are on this point, it may be as well to say that "light engines" are simply engines without a train; "tank engines"—a very different thing—are engines without a tender, which carry their own water and coals, and are chiefly used for local work and station-to-station traffic. Long-journey engines have a tender which carries from 2,000 to 3,000 gallons of water and about five tons of coal. An express engine will weigh about 45 tons, the tender about 35—say, 80 tons the two—and as to cost, we can take the tender at £400 and the engine at five times as much. No wonder that the locomotive account runs into large figures, particularly at a place like Crewe, where a new engine comes out in replacement of an old one every fifth day; and where an engine can be erected complete, from the selection of the frame-plates to the going out under steam ready to work a train, all within 25½ working hours.

The travelling weight of engines and tenders has increased so much of late owing to the distances it is now found convenient to travel without a rest. In 1888 the North-Western ran its Scotch mail from London to Crewe, 158 miles, without a stop, and the Caledonian took the West Coast trains on from Carlisle to Edinburgh, 100¾ miles, from Carlisle to Glasgow, 102 miles, from Carlisle to Larbert, 110 miles, all without stops. At the same time the Great Northern was running the East Coast mail between London and Grantham, 105¼ miles, and the North-Eastern was running the 124½ miles between Newcastle and Edinburgh, as, indeed, it is doing now. This is at present the longest run in Britain; the longest run in England alone being the 124 miles between Nottingham and St. Pancras, on the Midland route.

The Midland engines travel this 124 miles in 152 minutes, taking 200 tons over a ruling gradient of 1 in 120 at a consumption of coal of 20 lb. per mile, which is one of the notable things in our railway work. Last time we were at Derby one of the "singles" to run this road was in the shop, brand-new, and just ready to move off to business. The contrast between her and the one we described when remarking on the ugliness of the thing of wheels and patches before she was passed as fit for service, was startling. New railway engines are familiar objects in exhibitions; here was one just ready to go to an exhibition, if needful, with all the latest improvements—steam-blast to drive the sand on to the track, side-lubricators with steam-blast so as to be oilable from the foot-plate, &c.—the metal as bright as a new gold watch, and the paint as brilliant as a sheriff's carriage.

But for a thoroughly workmanlike, elegant engine there is nothing to beat a new Great Northern. She rises so well on her bogie in her black and green livery; her 8-foot driving-wheel (it is 97 inches really) seems not an inch too large for her length, and, with the trailing-wheel, completes the curve so as to make her stand firm and light, and as though she would never leave the rail even when flying along it like the wind. Our engines get longer and higher in order to enlarge the boiler-capacity for long-distance steaming; and the longer and higher they get the better they stand these huge driving-wheels.

There was a time when the driver worked by contract, and found his own coal and oil. The driver of the Flying Scotchman would smile at the suggestion now, although not the least of his objects are to keep time and save the coal and oil—prosaic duties for the man in command of the East Coast Flyer. And he is the responsible man, notwithstanding all the theories and respectabilities about the importance of the guard. How often does the guard of the mail touch the brake in these quick days? Hardly ever. How often is he "sorting" when anything goes wrong? Generally always. As a matter of fact, the modern system of long runs and few stations throws all the responsibility on the driver.

He must travel by sight and sound. Every bridge and tunnel and bank and cutting has its peculiar note, and what the bells are to the signalman these sounds must be to him. Above the piston's rhythmical beat, and amid the roar of the wind and the hiss of the rain, he must hear the whiff or rattle or clangour or boom that tells him where he is and the speed at which he runs. The rail may be damp, the coal may be poor, the wind may be high, but he must keep time. And his eyes must be all round him—on his indicators and gauges, on the road, on the signals ahead. It is no light responsibility to be in charge of a body of 200 tons moving at the rate of 90 feet per second!

And yet it all comes in the day's work; but what that work is, and the overwork, it is not so easy to say. Any statement as to the hours a railway man works requires as much qualification as one regarding the wages of the agricultural labourer. We

have to consider this thing and that thing and the other thing until we have whittled the statistics down almost to worthlessness. As throwing some light on the subject, a paper was recently issued by the Board of Trade, showing the general results in the case of certain classes of railway men who were on duty during the months of September 1889 and March 1890 for more than twelve hours at a time, or who, after being on duty more than twelve hours, were allowed to resume work with less than eight hours' rest. We have taken these results so far as they affect this island during one of the months, and arranged them graphically in the accompanying diagram, which, be it clearly understood, is not founded on private information or newspaper reports, but solely on the Government returns, obtainable by any one through any bookseller at the very moderate price of fivepence-halfpenny.

In this diagram we have dealt only with the more important lines employing more than a hundred engine-drivers each ; and we have taken only three classes of servants—goods guards, engine-drivers and firemen, and signalmen, the instances in which the passenger guard is worked more than twelve hours at a stretch being hardly numerous enough to warrant his inclusion. So far as the signalman is concerned, it is, we believe, generally admitted that he works all the hours he is booked for. He is in his box at work in the sight of all men. But in the case of the guards and enginemen a different state of affairs exists. In their case hours of "duty" are not neeessarily hours of "work," nor, on the other hand, are hours of "work" the same as hours of "duty." Every train sent out has to come back again—there can be no "up" without a "down"—and the interval spent in the sidings, terminal and otherwise, is not seldom a long one on an ill-managed line.

There are many who reasonably contend that these intervals should be deducted in any consideration of duty hours. As a case in point we have Mr. Hardy's excursion train introduced by him to the notice of the House of Commons. This train was three hours going to the seaside, nine hours in the sidings while the passengers enjoyed themselves by the sea, and three hours coming back—total, fifteen hours on duty, during which the driver had really nothing to do most of the time, and, like a sensible man, went off and enjoyed himself with the passengers. That is one case of "intervals" ; now for another on the other side. There are lines on which stopping goods trains are stated in the time-tables to be so many hours on the road, while as a matter of fact they are frequently hours and hours after time. It might be thought that the men would be paid for the time they are on the journey. Not so ; they are paid for the number of hours authorised in the time-table ; these are the "hours of duty," and it is these hours, and not the actual hours, which appear in the official returns. Here are two common disturbing elements in the matter of railway labour statistics ; there are others, but these will suffice.

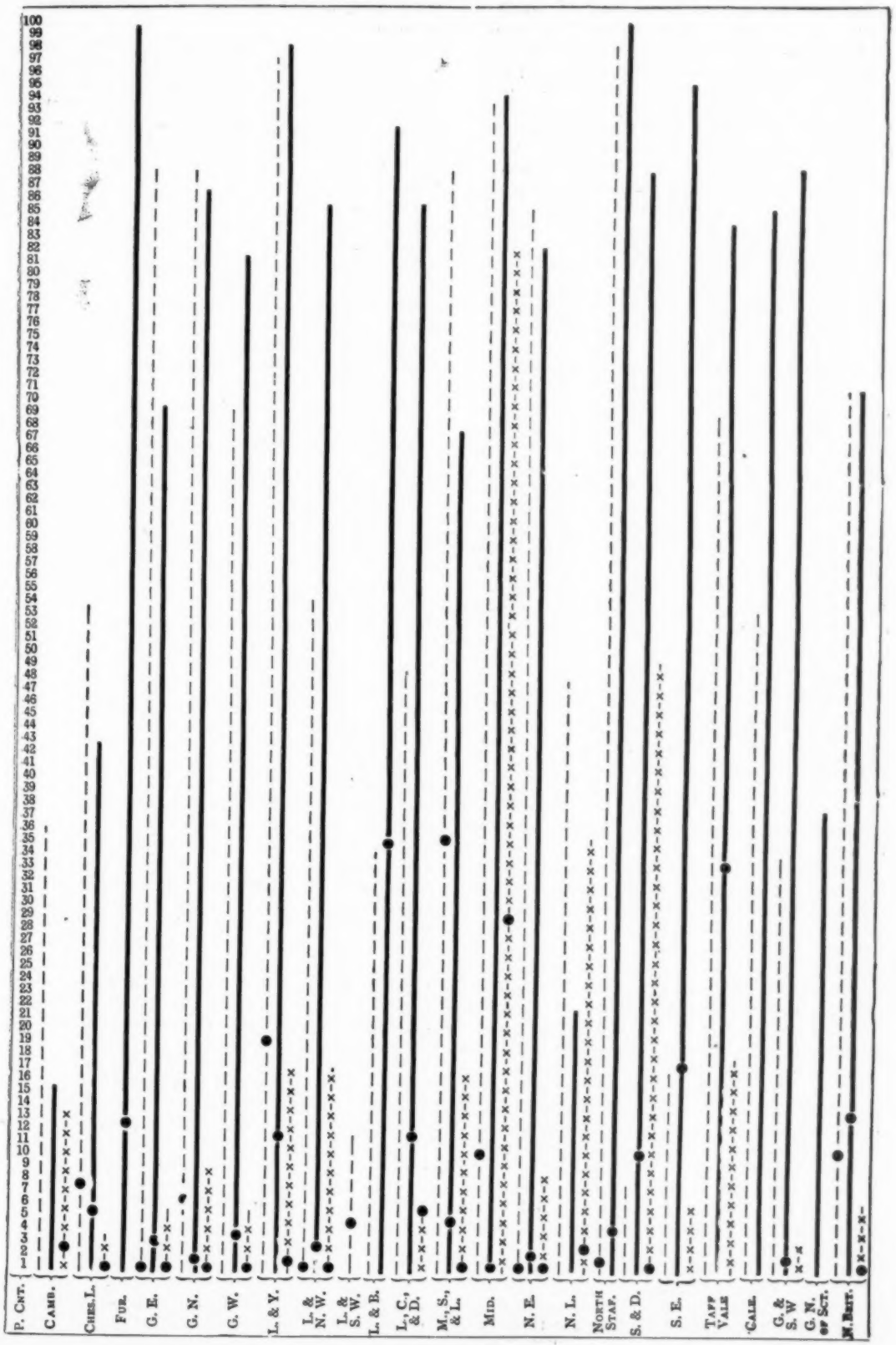
Let us turn to our diagram and assume, for our present purposes, that the considerations balance each other so as to leave the official figures unshaken. Our first line is the Cambrian. Here, during March 1890, there worked for more than twelve hours at a stretch, 35·29 per cent. of the goods guards, 15·79 per cent. of the engine-drivers and firemen, and 13·88 per cent. of the signalmen. Of these signalmen 2·78 per cent. returned to work after less than eight hours' rest. In the case of the Furness line we have neither guards nor signalmen working more than twelve hours at a time ; but, curiously enough, all the enginemen work more than twelve hours, and 12·74 per cent. of them return to duty with less than an eight hours' interval, one man of the 204 doing two spells with only an hour's rest between them. On the Lancashire and Yorkshire we have 96·79 per cent. of the goods guards, 98·83 per cent. of the enginemen, and 18·72 per cent. of the signalmen working over the twelve hours ; and of them we have one signalman doing two spells with only an hour's rest. The London and South-Western has no engineman or signalman working over the twelve hours ; and only 11 per cent. of its goods guards come within the record. The Metropolitan possesses but three goods guards and does not overwork them ; in fact no member of its staff returns to duty with less than eight hours' rest ; the District is in the same category, with the exception that it has no goods guards at all ; we have, therefore, omitted them from our diagram. The Midland returns make matters out much worse than they really are so far as the signalmen are concerned, the hours over twelve being the night hours, which the men prefer to work straight on end, so as to get the advantage of shorter hours on the next shift of day duty ; and the instances of resumption of work at less than eight hours' interval occurring solely when the change is made from night shift to day shift, at which change the interval is five hours. The same remark applies to the Somerset and Dorset results.

Considering the statements which were made during the recent strike north of the Tweed, it cannot be said that the five great Scottish lines compare so very unfavourably with the lines in England and Wales. The Highland has no man working more than twelve hours at a time, and consequently does not appear on our diagram; the Great North works but 37 per cent. of its enginemen over the twelve-hour limit, and of these there are none recalled to duty after less than eight hours' rest ; the Glasgow and South-Western has only 13 signalmen out of 385 working over twelve hours a day, and but a third of the goods guards exceed the limit, and 89·61 per cent. of the enginemen, though only 2 per cent. of these last are deprived of their eight hours off duty. The Caledonian had only 3 men out of 3,021 returning to duty in less than eight hours, and of these 2 returned after six hours and one after seven; of signalmen there were none exceeding the twelve-hour period, but 85 per cent. of the enginemen, and 53 per cent. of the goods guards come within the record. The North British has a different story to tell. Of its 645 goods guards 455 worked

*** In the diagram on the next page Goods Guards are shown thus — — — —; Engine-Drivers and Firemen thus ▬▬▬; Signalmen ×–×–×–×–; and the percentage resuming work after less than eight hours' rest is shown thus ●.

# HOURS OF LABOUR ON CERTAIN BRITISH RAILWAYS.

**Percentage of Goods Guards, Drivers, and Signalmen Working over 12 Hours a Day in March 1890.**



more than the twelve hours, and of these 1 returned after two hours' rest, 1 after three hours, 4 after four hours, 11 after five hours, 37 after six hours, and 71 after seven hours. Of its 1,593 enginemen, 1,121 worked over twelve hours at a time; and of these 2 returned to duty after one hour's rest, 7 after four hours' rest, 36 after five hours, 156 after six hours, and 295 after seven hours. Of its 1,028 signalmen, 61 were at work for more than twelve hours; and of these 3 returned to duty after an hour's rest, 3 after two hours' rest, 6 after six hours' rest, and 25 after seven hours' rest. But under the recent scheme much of this will be altered.

Of Ireland we have said nothing in the diagram, as we have said nothing in these articles. It is the land of railroad curiosities. As a sample we will be content with the delightful line on which, according to our official returns, "traffic is suspended for one hour daily to allow men to get dinner."

But we left our Northern driver on the foot-plate, ready for his ride to York. There he will take his engine into siding to make room for the North-Eastern compound, which will continue the run to Edinburgh, where the North Britisher will come into possession and distribute the train beyond the bounds of punctuality. Of course there is much to be said in excuse of this inability to keep time north of the Tweed; there are difficulties, but the difficulties being of regular occurrence, and not of the nature of catastrophes, might surely have been dealt with before now. The general policy seems to be the making of it as difficult as possible to get out of Scotland, and the taking of the varnish off all the good work done south of Berwick and Carlisle. The wicked baronet who found the word Basingstoke so soothing to his agitated mind, would have appreciated the tale of those mushrooms at Waverley. When waiting wearily for the move, what hundreds have been told of the disused tunnel in which those mushrooms grow, and how thankful they have felt that so unexciting a subject of conversation should be provided by the forethought of the railway company!

But let us be off to Perth, and after a trial of its baths and dressing-rooms, enjoy the famous salmon breakfast, and then go out on the platform and watch the start of the Highland express. This is the most astonishing train in the island, and the strangest of monsters to meet as it comes climbing round a hillside with two engines in front and one behind. The way in which trains are made up south of the Tweed—on the London and South Western, for instance—is puzzling enough; but how the Highland "harlequin" gets together is a mystery. Here are from thirty to forty vehicles, representing, perhaps, a dozen companies—vehicles of all sorts, horse-boxes, carriage-vans, luggage-vans, saloons, composites, sleepers, all higgledy-piggledy—North-Eastern and North-Western and Great Western, North British and Midland and Brighton, Chatham and Dover and M. S. and L., North Stafford and Highland and London and South-Western, as if the agent of a firm of carriage-builders had come travelling north and brought his samples with him. No wonder that the Scottish trains are late when the staff to handle all this is insufficient; and no wonder that the three great north-going English lines are held accountable for the delay.

One great line we have that to a certain extent is independent of connections, and can consequently keep its own time. That line is the Great Eastern, and its punctuality is proverbial. It is a rising line—it had a good depth to rise from—and it is going ahead in many ways. Its introduction of the compound engine we have noted; now it is experimenting on fuel, and drives its engines with petroleum. And thereby hangs a tale. In making the oil-gas for lighting the carriages a thinnish tar is left as a waste product. This tar was run off by the Company into a Stratford stream. Down came the local authorities on the polluters, and the tar had to be got rid of in another way. How? Mr. Holden, the present locomotive superintendent, took to burning it in stationary fires, and from step to step advanced until he could use ordinary oil and run a "liquid fuel express." In this new kind of firing a thin layer of coals is kept on the bars, and on to this the petroleum is squirted in spray from steam injectors; the tender having two tanks, one for water, one for oil—with another to come, perhaps, as an extinguisher, when the first collision has revived the horrors of Abergele. But the Great Eastern is at the moment most talked about, not for these economies, but for the introduction of a superannuation system, to which all wish well.

A railway strike rarely succeeds because, in the first place, however low may be the wages and long the hours, the work is constant; the man knows what his work and pay are to be before he joins, and on every line are certain funds and superannuation allowances which put the service on much the same footing as the police and army and navy. On the North-Western, for instance, the salaried officers and clerks have their fund, the members paying sixpence in the pound on their salaries, and the company contributing the same amount as the members; the workmen at Crewe have a society of their own, and the engine-drivers and firemen and others of the running department have another society, and as the membership of these two societies exceeds 15,000, the locomotive branch is amply provided for; there is also the General Insurance Society to which every member of the wages staff except those mentioned above has to belong, the boys with wages under twelve shillings a week paying a penny a week, the passenger guards and brakesmen paying threepence, and the rest of the men twopence, the company adding five-sixths of the sum subscribed by the men, so that its income exceeds £30,000 a year; and there are the Provident and Pension Societies, now amalgamated, also with an income of £30,000 a year, due to the company's contributions and the penny or twopence a week from the men. As with the North-Western so is it with all the other lines, but as a rule the funds are special to different departments. The locomotive men have always their fund, but porters and more or less unskilled labourers are occasionally left out in the cold, not seldom owing to a percentage of them being of too limited a mental capacity to support anything but a "fighting" organisation.

One of these lines with no general fund for the rank and file was the Great Eastern, which employs over 16,000 men over twenty years of age at weekly wages ; but during the last few months a scheme has been introduced amongst them which gives a £5 pension for every penny a week subscribed, returns the money with 3 per cent. interest if the man retires, gives it him back with 4 per cent. interest and 75 per cent. bonus if he is ill, and doubles it, also out of the company's funds, if he dies.

But enough ; and yet one sentence more. Over and beyond these private funds there is a society which deals with all railway men irrespective of their employers, and is open to public support ; this is the Railway Benevolent Institution, on the Board of which are all the leading officials of the different lines, and which distributes over £14,000 a year in pensions and gratuities ; and if any readers have been indebted to these papers for taking some interest in those who earn their living on the railroad, they cannot more appropriately clear themselves of that indebtedness than by sending a guinea for the fund to the secretary, at 57 Drummond Street, Euston Square.

W. J. GORDON.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS.

ALL who have read the late Dr. John Brown's charming story of "Pet Marjorie" will remember the great Sir Walter's love and tenderness for children ; anything weak and helpless appealed to his noble and kindly heart. There is no more charming lesson book in the world than Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," written originally for his little grandson, the delicate "Johnnie," of whom we have such frequent mention in Sir Walter's Journal, recently given to the public. The two following anecdotes may serve to illustrate his kind and fatherly way with children.

My great-grandfather's property was situated a short distance from Ashestiel, where Sir Walter lived before he built Abbotsford, and the two families were on very intimate terms. One of my grand-aunts, after a lapse of sixty years, loved to speak of his beaming smile, and the charming stories he used to tell her.

One day he came upon her unexpectedly as she was climbing a paling to cross a field on her way to visit her little friend, Sophia Scott.

"Trespassing, Maggie !" he cried. "What will the Shirra say !" (he was sheriff of the county at the time) ; then, seeing her dismayed look, he added with a smile, "But you ken that your father's bairns can never come by a wrong road to my house !"

My next anecdote belongs to a younger generation. Sir Walter was then settled at Abbotsford, and his name had become a household word throughout the land.

One day, my mother, then a little girl of seven, and her sister, were told that their aunts were going to take them over to Abbotsford, where a great man lived, one who wrote books. That was in itself sufficient, one would think, to strike awe into their childish minds ! And their grandmother gave them parting injunctions to remember what the great man said.

One can imagine the state of trembling excitement which they were in as they drove along in the great "chariot," all in their "best becomes," and how weary the little mites were before the eventful drive was ended, and the great building of Abbotsford came in sight ; and how awestruck they must have been when the "great man" came out to greet them, his noble head bowed down with age and trouble, and the weary toil after wealth, which always seemed to slip from his grasp just as he reached it ; and the two little girls in their short-waisted frocks and big bonnets, clinging to their aunt's kind hand, listening for the words of wisdom which were to fall from the great man's lips.

"And what did Sir Walter say, dears ?" asks grandmamma, on their return.

"He said 'that it was a fine year for the grass to grow,'" answers eleven-year-old Mary Anne, while the other little voice cheeps out—

"Oh, no, Mary Anne ; he said 'it was such a beautiful day, *Fine Ear* might hear the grass grow !'"

Sir Walter had alluded to some fairy tale, so little seven-year-old's memory was the best of the two !

Perhaps the true secret of Sir Walter's popularity with children was that his was such a pure and childlike nature, that children, always good judges of character, did not fear him, but found a reflection of their own natures in that of the great Wizard of the North.

# THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS

BY W. J. HARDY F.S.A

SECOND SERIES.

WITHOUT occupying much further space—for the matters treated of in the examples of royal handwritings to be given, naturally become of less historic interest as time goes on—we propose to resume [1] and complete in the present volume our series of illustrations of English royal handwriting.

## WILLIAM III AND MARY.

In the specimen which we gave of James II's handwriting, penned in August 1685, we saw him writing to his son-in-law with an evident absence of anything like suspicion. Whether or not that fearlessness was then well-founded, or at what particular time William of Orange began first to contemplate the invasion of England, are matters which would occupy too much time to discuss. No doubt the birth of James's son in June 1688, finally resolved him on hazarding the attempt.

William, accompanied by a considerable fleet and some 14,000 men, landed at Torbay from Helvoetsluys on the 5th of November following the date of the Prince's birth. The letter from which the extract below is taken is written in a firm bold hand. It is dated "Au camp de Torbay," on the day after landing, and is addressed to William's Admiral, Arthur Herbert, afterwards created Earl of Torrington, who tarried behind in Holland. William announces his safe arrival and intention of marching without delay upon Exeter, whither, as shown by the extract, he desires reinforcements from Holland to be sent.

*Translation. Original in French. British Museum. Egerton MSS. 2621, folio 39. See facsimile A.*

It is necessary that you send the regiments of Hagedorn and Fagel in one or two small frigates to the Exmouth River, in order that I may cause them also to come to Exeter.

I am always yours,

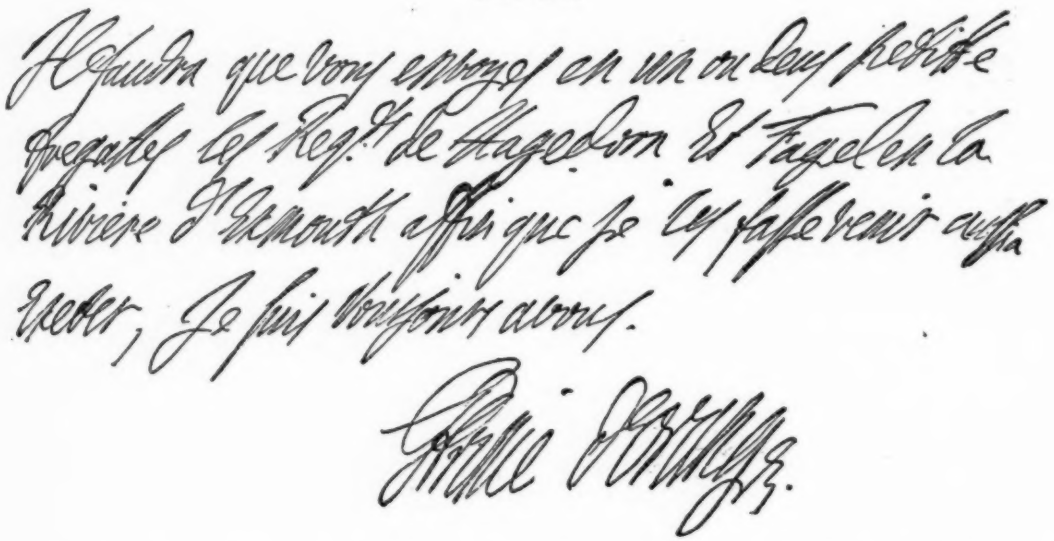
GUILLAUME PRINCE D'ORANGE.

Below is William's signature as King of England. It is attached to a warrant dated at the commencement of the year 1689.



Early in 1692 William embarked for Holland to follow up the campaign against the French, which for some time he had been carrying on with but indifferent success. Affairs in England were, during his absence, left in the hands of the Queen, who gave evidence of her capacity for government by conducting them with tact and ability. The incidents of the year's campaign were equally unfortunate. At Steinkirk [or Enghein] William

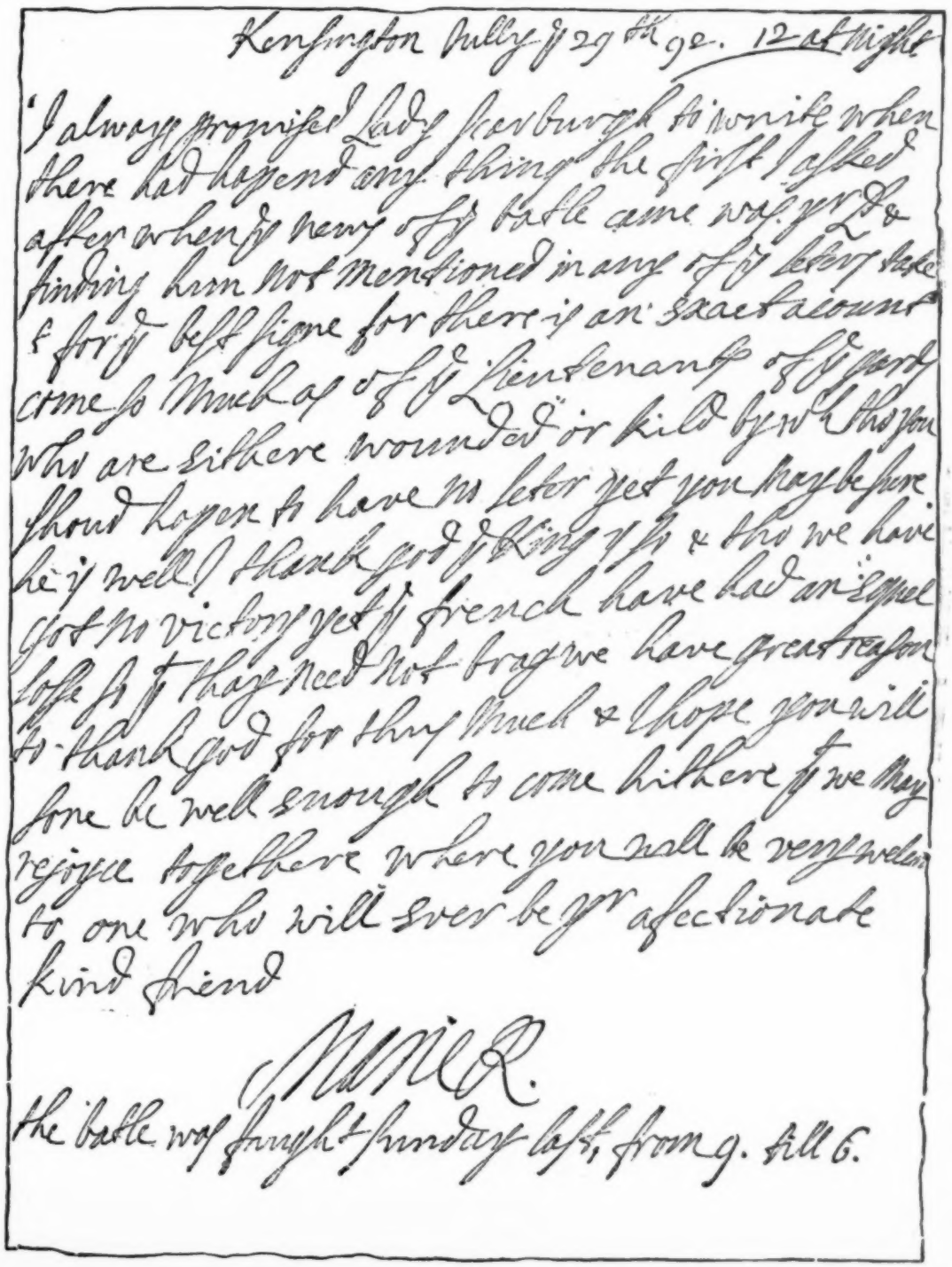
*Facsimile A.*



[1] See "Leisure Hour" for 1889.

was defeated on Sunday, July 24, after nine hours' fight. The news reached the Queen at Kensington late on the following Friday, and she hastened to convey to her friend Lady Scarborough tidings of Lord Scarborough's safety. The letter, which is in the Queen's writing throughout, is interesting as an account of the defeat as it first reached England, and shows that the writer's mind was prepared for the possibility of a more serious disaster to her husband's forces: "tho we have got no victory yet y^e^ french have had an equal losse so y^t^ thay need not brag."

*Facsimile C.*



Kensington July ye 29th 90. 12 at night

'I alway promised Lady Scarburgh to write when there had happend any thing the first I asked after when ye news of ye battle came wch yr L^d^ finding him not mentioned in any of ye letters sent for ye best signe for there is an exact account come so much as of ye Lieutenants & Ensigns who are either wounded or kild by wch thos you should hopen to have no leter yet you may be sure he is well I thank God for it & tho we have got no victory yet ye french have had an equel losse & thay need not brag we have great reason to thank God for thy much & hope you will soone be well enough to come hithere & we may rejoyce togethere where you shall be very welcom to one who will ever be yr affectionate kind friend

M R.

the battle was fought Sunday last, from 9. till 6.

*Holograph. Original at the British Museum. Additional MSS. 20,731, folio 2. See facsimile C.*

Kensington Jully y^e^ 29^th^ 92. 12 at Night.

I always promised Lady Scarburgh to write when there had hapen'd any thing. The first I asked after when y^e^ news of y^e^ battle came, was y^r^ L^d^ and finding him not mentioned in any of y^e^ letters, take it for y^e^ best signe, for there is an exact acount come so much as of y^e^ Lieutenants of y^e^ Gards who are either wounded or kild by w^ch^ tho you should hapen to have no letter yet you may be sure he is well. I thank God y^e^ King is so, and tho we have got no victory yet y^e^ french have had an equal losse so y^t^ thay need not brag. We have great reason to thank God for thus much, and I hope you will sone be well enough to come hither y^t^ we may rejoyce together where you will be very welcom to one who will ever be y^r^ afectionate kind friend.

MARIE R.

The battle was fought Sunday last, from 9 till 6.

## ANNE AND GEORGE OF DENMARK.

Hume tells us that the middle-statured lady whose effigy presides at the top of Ludgate Hill earned for herself the title "Good" as much from indolence and weak understanding, as from "any active principle of benevolence." Be that as it may, in the following letter, written in 1703 to the Earl of Nottingham, we see her bestirring herself in the interests of some poor woman who on the morrow was going to pay the penalty of the law. The Queen's appreciation of her Secretary of State's sound judgment is shown in this letter:

*Holograph. Original at the British Museum. Additional MSS. 29,548, folio 37. See facsimile D.*

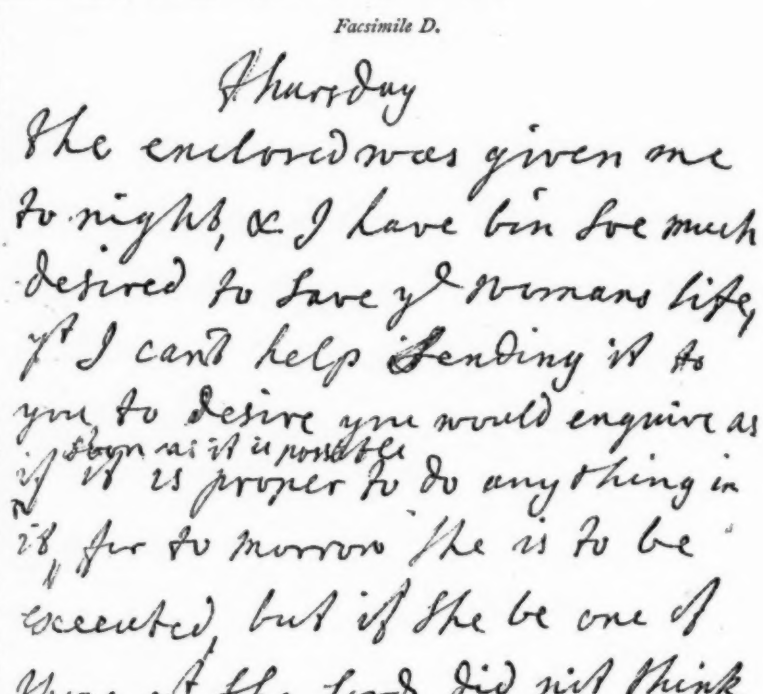
Thursday

The enclosed was given me to night, and I have bin soe much desired to save y^e^ woman's life, y^t^ I cant help Sending it to you to desire you would enquire as soon as it is possible if it is proper to do anything in it, for to morrow she is to be executed, but if she be one of those y^r^ the Lords did not think a fitt object of mercy, when Mr. Recorder made his report, I have nothing more to say for her, I am your very affectionett freind

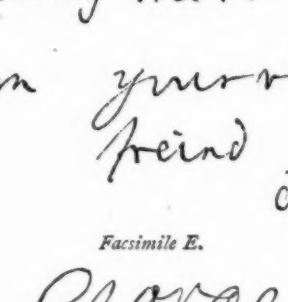
ANNE R.

Queen Anne, at the instigation of her uncle, Charles II, married, in 1683, George, Prince of Denmark; he died in 1708. His signature appears below (Facsimile E).

*Facsimile D.*



*Facsimile E.*



*British Museum. Additional MSS. 28,094, folio 184^d^.*

# LEAH AHLBORN, THE SWEDISH ENGRAVER.

AMONG the remarkable women whom Sweden has produced during the present century, few stand higher than Leah Ahlborn.

Her maiden name was Leah Lundgren; her father was a distinguished engraver, who held the position of Engraver to the Royal Mint in Stockholm. Her mother was originally a Jewess, and suffered great persecution from her own people when she embraced the faith of "Christ crucified" and forsook that of ancient Israel. She also was a person of great talent and intelligence, and her children all inherited the tastes and talents of their parents.

Leah Ahlborn's brother, Peter Lundgren, was a young man of great artistic ability, and had prepared himself in every way to succeed his father as Engraver to the Royal Mint. He was fired with the noble ambition to excel in his art, and spent some years in Paris, studying under the guidance of the first artists. During this time he produced a medal of the famous singer, Jenny Lind, which gained a first prize at the Paris Exhibition of 1856. To the great sorrow of all his friends, he died at an early age. The award of the Paris prize was made after his decease.

The Royal Mint in Stockholm is picturesquely situated on the shores of Lake Mälar. It covers a considerable area, and is surrounded by lofty trees. Several houses occupied by the officials of the Mint stand within the enclosure.

The place possesses peculiar charms for the writer, as a considerable portion of her early life was spent there, when her father held the post of Chief Director. It is only natural, therefore, for her to bend her steps thither on every occasion of visiting Sweden, and the same gate-keeper keeps watch and ward at the entrance. She never has failed to salute me by the old name once so familiar to her, forgetful of the fact that it has been changed many a year ago.

Leah Ahlborn was born in Stockholm on February 28, 1826. After her preliminary studies were finished, she attended the Academy of Arts in Stockholm by the special permission of Professor Quarnström, the director. The Academy of Arts in Stockholm was not at that time open to female students.

She received, even in those early days, much encouragement from the writer's father, who recognised her genius, and urged her to persevere in her studies. He helped her in many of the details of an engraver's art. She has ever expressed herself thankful for his kindness at that critical period, and has frequently stated how her success was due altogether to encouragement then afforded. It was in those days a novel idea for ladies to have any aspirations beyond household duties and family life.

When Professor Quarnström moved to Paris in the year 1850, he invited Leah to follow him there in order to continue her studies under his guidance. She followed his advice, and went to Paris the following year, 1851. In that great capital she had peculiar opportunities to improve herself, under




the instruction of such artists as M. Toussain, the sculptor, in whose atelier she studied modelling. She also continued her studies in engraving under the famous M. Chevalier, engraver of arms and heraldry, and also under M. Barr, Engraver to the French Mint. Leah's uncle Solomon was also an engraver, and under his direction she engraved on cameos the portraits of the then Crown Prince Charles (afterwards Charles XV), and of Prince Gustaf, which were afterwards purchased by the Royal Family of Sweden.

Leah Lundgren was married in April 1854 to Herr Carl Ahlborn, who was also an artist of reputation, and has performed a great work in Sweden by setting on foot the technical schools, now known under the name of "Slöjd" schools, which were warmly supported by Baron Alfred Fock and others.

Leah Ahlborn was appointed in the year 1855 Engraver to the Royal Mint in Stockholm upon the death of her brother, Peter Lundgren, for whom she had most successfully acted as substitute during his protracted illness. The result of the appointment has abundantly proved that no better

selection could have been made. Since that time, during a period of thirty years, she has fulfilled all the duties of that arduous office, with exemplary industry and success, and has gained for herself a high and honourable name as an artist, both in her own land and in other countries. This is manifest from the number of distinctions which she has received. In 1863, King Charles XV of Sweden presented her with the gold medal "Litteris et Artibus."

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin in 1871 gave her the medal "Für Wissenschaft und Kunst." The most honourable of all her distinctions was the large gold medal presented to her in 1883, "Illis quorum meruere labores," for distinguished services to the Government during thirty years. This decoration is worn round the neck, suspended by a blue and gold band.

The "Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung" of August 23, 1884, describes Fru Ahlborn in the following complimentary terms: "Fru Ahlborn, Engraver to the Royal Mint in Stockholm, is a specialist in her art. This lady is mistress of the art of engraving. The medals which she has produced during the last thirty years testify to her high artistic qualifications. Fru Ahlborn is a member of the Swedish Academy of Arts and Sciences, and has been decorated by the King of Sweden in acknowledgment of her artistic works."

Leah Ahlborn has received the distinction of being elected honorary member of the following learned societies:—The Imperial Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg in 1878, the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia in 1879, the Royal Academy of Arts in Stockholm in 1881, the Numismatic Society of Boston in 1879, the American Numismatic and Archæological Society of New York in 1885.

Some idea of her numerous works may be gathered from the following facts, communicated to the writer during a visit to her in Stockholm, during the meetings of the Oriental Congress held last



COMMEMORATION MEDAL OF THE FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF UPSALA UNIVERSITY

September. During the first eight years after her appointment as engraver to the Royal Mint in Stockholm, she seldom took more than three or four hours' sleep at night, as she had to design stamps which could not be imitated or falsified, for nearly all the different departments of the State. She was so successful in her inventions in that direction that the same stamps have been in continuous use during the long period of thirty years. She has trained several pupils in the art of engraving who afterwards have assisted her in the mechanical parts of her work. The artistic portion has, however, always been performed by herself.

Mrs. Ahlborn has designed and engraved no less than 300 medals, not only for learned societies in Sweden, but for many countries in Europe.

In the year 1883 she had the honour of being entrusted with designing the Jubilee medal struck by the city of New York in commemoration of the liberation of the United States of America. The

medal depicts Washington taking his oath to the Constitution. She has designed medals for four kings of Sweden: Charles XIV, Oscar I, Charles XV, and Oscar II; and for several queens: Queen Josephine, Queen Louise, and Queen Sophie; also a medal in commemoration of the marriage of the Crown Prince Gustaf with Princess Victoria of Baden.

The largest medal ever struck in Sweden was that designed by her in commemoration of the silver wedding of King Oscar II and Queen Sophie in 1886. The Jubilee medal struck at the 400th anniversary of the University of Upsala was also her work. She executed for Norway the Coronation medal, representing Charles XV in his coronation robes. She has made all the stamps for the gold coins issued in Norway, as well as for all the current coins in Finland.

Leah Ahlborn's great energy and power of work has also found a field of operations in designing medals for a large number of private persons in Sweden, Denmark, and America, which have been executed in silver and bronze.

Fru Ahlborn has been twice offered appointments in other lands. She was invited to settle in England and also in Finland. Charles XV and Oscar II, however, urged her to remain in her native land, and as she had a large family she did not like her children to be brought up in a foreign country. Hence she has remained in Sweden, although her emoluments there are comparatively small.

Her eldest daughter was the first lady in Sweden who obtained the degree of Master of Arts in the University of Upsala.

EDDA J. D. WRIGHT.



COMMEMORATION MEDAL OF THE FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF UPSALA UNIVERSITY.

# STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

## FRANCE.

### PART II.



M. CLÉMENCEAU.
(*From a photograph by Nadar.*)

NEVER yet Prime Minister, but among the most conspicuous and influential of French statesmen, is Clémenceau. Georges Benjamin Clémenceau belongs to a Vendée family. He came to Paris as a medical student, but turned his attention at once chiefly to politics. After a rapid journey to America to study the institutions of that commonwealth, he came back to Paris, and took up his abode between Montmartre and Belleville, in order that he might live right in the very midst of revolutionary Paris. He soon gained a rapid popularity among his obstreperous neighbours, and found himself among the new men called to the front by the events of September 4. At that time he was twenty-nine, but was nevertheless elected to be mayor of his arrondissement, though he had neither services nor titles to show. His first move was in the direction of laicising the schools; his first misfortune, the assassination in his arrondissement of the Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas. He has often been accused of complicity, and has as often pleaded his innocence, or rather, his impotence.

It was in October 1876 that he first became member of the Chamber. At the Municipal Council of Paris, whence he issued, his influence had been preponderant. He had incarnated in his person Radical and Revolutionary Paris, and he entered the Chamber in the same quality. He would, no doubt, have made himself remarkable at once, had not Gambetta at the time been covering every one by his shadow, and M. Clémenceau, willy-nilly, had to resign himself to walk under that shade. He became the lieutenant under this captain, and was at the beginning an obedient and submissive subordinate.

In his appearance, M. Clémenceau has something of the character of a Puritan of Cromwell's Court. He is a middle-sized man, thin, with a big, bony head, straight, thick eyebrows, and deep-set, twinkling eyes. To those who look closer at the face it bears traces of continual effort and premature fatigue, traces of a something which might be politely qualified as scepticism. When he speaks his voice is sharp and his words short, his gestures are decisive, and, even when his face is in movement, his delivery remains calm.

In the tribune he is a powerful antagonist. Just as in his exterior appearance there is an affectation of calm and austerity, so in his speeches there is an appearance of the most rigid precision—an appearance with which he deceives himself and others. He starts in his political conceptions from three or four *à priori* ideas which other men might account unproved, and which he pushes relentlessly to their logical conclusion. A Frenchman has said that Clémenceau's chain of reasoning, which looks so logical and strong, is tacked on to a rotten old stake; strike that, and the chain comes away in your hand. The criticism is characteristic, though not always applicable. He is the theologian of a theology without God, or, if we may coin the word, the demologian of democracy raised to the level of a dogma. Masterful and authoritative with his colleagues, he is all honey and flattery with his electors—flattery of the grossest and vulgarest kind, calculated to catch the suffrages of the mob. According to him, the upper classes are corrupt, vile, grasping; the people alone is lofty, grand, pure, impeccable, the source of all light, and all right. According to him, all those who think with him are good and loyal Republicans; all others are traitors—he has no gentler word to bestow. Probably he is not singular in thus dividing the world of politics.

When MacMahon formed the Rochebouet Ministry, the so-called Ministry of Resistance—which resisted three weeks—the Republicans leagued themselves together, and answered by appointing a committee of eighteen members, whose duty it was to watch MacMahon, and avert a monarchical reaction. Clémenceau was one of the eighteen. This committee became a

regularly organised, parliamentary counter-government, in which, for a moment, all party differences were laid aside. Its decisions were secret, and remained inviolate until the moment appointed by the Chamber for putting them into execution. M. Grévy declared this manner of forcing MacMahon unconstitutional, and even insurrectional; but the eighteen had so decided it, and the House followed them to the end. The task in which he was employed was one thoroughly congenial to Clémenceau's temperament. There is nothing he seems to enjoy so much as overturning a ministry, and he boasts that he has overturned more ministries than any other man now living in France.

In his opinion a necessary evolution must give the power to each faction of the Republican party in succession. Needless to say that each has considered itself the last term in this evolution. While Gambetta would have stopped this translation of power at his own group, Clémenceau went further, and imagined it to be meant for him and his. When the Waddington Ministry fell, Clémenceau said: "Now it is Gambetta's turn, and then it is mine."

He was at the time the proprietor of the newspaper "La Justice," and besides this, in the clubs, in the corridors, in the House, he ceaselessly laboured to prepare the way for his own aggrandisement. By the proposal of a law on landed property by which no one was to be allowed to possess more than five hectares, he curried favour with the Red Republicans of Montmartre, Charon, Belleville, and Menilmontant. When Gambetta died, Clémenceau flattered himself that the greatest obstacle to his political career had been removed. But Ferry was tough, and, moreover, M. Grévy disliked Clémenceau, and never thought of calling the Extreme Left to office.

It would almost appear as if it was wounded vanity at not being able to come into power that caused M. Clémenceau to try and obtain it by indirect means. It was he who invented that disgrace of contemporary France, Boulangism—that is to say, the upraising of a man of straw to pose as the liberator and regenerator of France. It is said that he arrived at this by the following mode of reasoning: Gambetta's popularity helped the reputation of the army, and the reputation of the army helped Gambetta's popularity. He (Clémenceau) had no National Defence in his earlier history, he had never organised and directed armies, he was too much of a civilian. Willingly he would have exclaimed with Robespierre: "If only I understood something about these military matters, would not I do without the military!" As he could not do without, he wanted to have one of those plumed heroes devoted to him, one whose popularity should complete his own, one who would remain docile and submissive, and should be the sword of the democracy, as he (Clémenceau) was its head. For France, with its love of show and pomp, journalists were not enough; a sabre was wanted.

It was indeed a bad hour for France when M. Clémenceau forced General Boulanger, as Minister of War, on the weakness of M. de Freycinet, his relative. It is a matter of history how M. Clémenceau's foolhardy venture very nearly became a shameful one; he woke up, only just in time, from his fool's paradise to perceive that his General was borrowing *prestige* from him, giving him none in return. Then he was among the first to turn upon "the man on horseback." But it was not he, but Constans, who saved France from that iniquity.

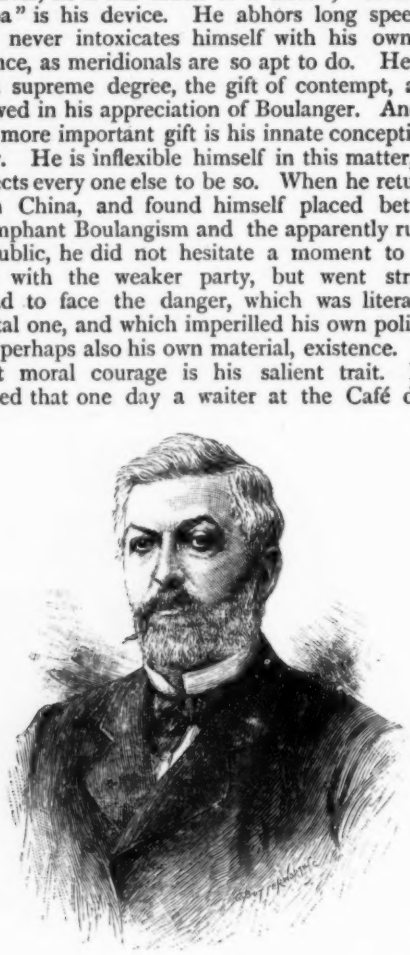
In a word, if, after twenty years, the French Republic is still a party, and not an unquestioned Government; if this party itself be split up, as it is, into four, five, six factions; if the Constitution which has restored a little order to France be in danger of falling; if an immense amount of energy and goodwill has been expended in vain; if ill-intentioned persons have found easy opportunities of doing harm; if there is rarely a majority in the Chamber; if the parliamentary morals and customs of which it has been the scene have become acclimatised in France, greatly to her discredit in Europe,—a large measure of the responsibility must be attached to M. Clémenceau. Just as he was more highly gifted he is the more guilty,—guilty of what he has done, and of what he has prevented being done.

In private life M. Clémenceau is most charming, always ready, if possible, to grant a favour, and endowed with considerable æsthetic perceptions and much artistic good taste.

The strongest man in France at the present moment, and the man of whom the world will probably hear a good deal more in the future, is M. Constans, Minister of the Interior. The son of an officer of the First Empire, he was born, in 1834, at Toulouse, of a father who once had been rich, but who lost his fortune before his son was started in life. The son took his legal degree at the age of twenty-two, but, despising the law, he became a railway contractor, a profession in which he ruined himself, despite his great activity and enterprise. At the age of thirty-two he returned to his legal studies, and after four years the railway contractor became Professor of Roman Law at Toulouse, then National Councillor, finally Deputy, Minister, and Governor of Indian China. On returning to France from his post of Governor-General, a friend asked him, in June 1888, what he thought of Boulangism, which at the time was at its height. "I will tell you," replied Constans, "when I have seen the man." A fortnight later he had seen the man, and said to his friend: "Boulanger is hollow; Boulangism is a big practical joke." Nevertheless, at that moment the practical joke was taking alarming proportions, and everybody in France, and many persons in Europe, were convinced that it would prove successful. Even the Government, influenced by the surrounding atmosphere, was wavering and breaking up; resistance seemed useless, defeat certain. And yet Boulanger was conquered, and it is to Constans in largest measure that this is due. He saved the Republic, and saved France from a danger that would have been an ignominy. At the moment that Boulangism was at its apotheosis, Constans alone shrugged his shoulders, and said: "You will see the new Chamber will count 362 or 365 Republicans." It counted 366.

Like many another eminent Frenchman, Con-

stans is a Southerner, and has many of the Southerners' peculiar qualities. Unlike a Southerner, however, he is not much of a talker; "Acta non verba" is his device. He abhors long speeches, and never intoxicates himself with his own eloquence, as meridionals are so apt to do. He has, in a supreme degree, the gift of contempt, as he showed in his appreciation of Boulanger. Another and more important gift is his innate conception of duty. He is inflexible himself in this matter, and expects every one else to be so. When he returned from China, and found himself placed between triumphant Boulangism and the apparently ruined Republic, he did not hesitate a moment to take side with the weaker party, but went straight ahead to face the danger, which was literally a mortal one, and which imperilled his own political, and perhaps also his own material, existence. But great moral courage is his salient trait. It is related that one day a waiter at the Café de la



M. CONSTANS.
*(From a photograph by Ladrey.)*

Paix came to tell him that he had overheard Boulanger say: "If I don't kill Constans, he will kill me." "Really," replied Constans, "that is the only sensible remark of Boulanger's I have ever heard." Certainly, Constans is not the kind of man to kill any one. It has been acutely remarked that there is much more of the fisherman than of the gunner in him. He perceives his prey, throws in his line, gently plays with his fish, draws him up and down stream, and then, just when he might land him and finish him, he stops. He prefers making his adversary disappear rather than kill him. In Boulanger's case it were hard to say whether Constans' cleverness or Boulanger's stupidity were the chief instruments that brought about success. But certainly, Constans is a great tactician. He never drops a card unless it is a bad one, and then in order that some one else may pick it up. His whole strength lies in his psychological perceptions; he has a keen intuition of the human soul with which he has to deal. Gambetta used to attack situations, Constans attacks men. He acts on principle, although he is accused of having none. The professor of law is still strong in him; he proceeds by regular phrases, each beginning, "Seeing that," &c., and in his calculations he is scientific as well as calculating. "If this is equal to that, such-and such a result must be brought about by such-and-such a combination." He never speaks or acts unless he is thoroughly convinced, and his conviction is so strong that it magnetises others and convinces them too. Herein lies his main strength; his will is a magnet, and by it he has magnetised France. His great firmness in office, his cleverness in administration, have given him the supremacy which he undoubtedly holds at the present moment. Nevertheless, it must not be for one moment supposed that he is popular. Like Jules Ferry, he enjoys the hatred of the masses, and is accused of the most infamous and dishonourable crimes.

Constans is a successful man in society, and much beloved of his convivial friends. He is a member of the club called "La Luscrambo" (a provincial word meaning glow-worm), much frequented by meridional artists. Billiards, however, are more in honour at this club than politics. In appearance Constans shows no great character; his face is not remarkable, it is only his eyes that betray his power—fine, grey Southern eyes, of which it is difficult to read the hidden meaning. They constantly convey an impression of being shut and seeming tired, and they avoid meeting a direct gaze. His general aspect is that of a *bonhomme*, as the French would say. His enemies declare that he looks like a grocer. He has a most marvellous memory, and can repeat books that he has read from cover to cover. He has also an astonishing memory for music; but with regard to this it is jokingly said that his memory is Italian—he can recall all the words and music of an Italian opera, but he cannot remember a single French air. Like many men of the South, he is very superstitious; he is afraid of sitting down thirteen at table, and always, they say, puts a piece of old iron under his chair to keep away evil influences. Since he came into office there has certainly been a notable change in the direction of French politics. His clear-sighted determination has been of immense value to the tranquillity of the State, and, so long as he holds the authority of Government, it is likely that the Third Republic will be able to continue its existence.

With M. Constans we close the list of the leading statesmen of modern France; but there remain a large number of minor men who are also making their mark upon the course of events. We will mention a few of the most prominent.

In 1888 Charles Thomas Floquet was President of the Council. He, like so many of his compeers, began his career as a lawyer, passing from jurisprudence to journalism. He is to this day a contributor to the "Temps" and the "Siècle." His distinguishing feature when in office was that he was willing to let everything go, and to insist on nothing—the very contrary of M. Constans, who knows what he means and intends to do it. Like

so many of his countrymen, also, he is enamoured of words, and, above all things, of epigrams, by which he is ever seeking to make effects. A few of these will always remain attached to his name, as, for example, his address to Boulanger: "At your age, M. le Général Boulanger, Napoleon was already dead, and you will be nothing but the Sièyes of a stillborn Constitution;" or his apostrophe to Monsignor Freppel: "You bishops, are the prefects of the Pope." M. Thiers was in the habit of saying, in order to excuse his redundancies of speech: "It is not too much to repeat the same thing twice; the first time that one says it, it is for intelligent people, the second time is for the fools, and these are in the majority outside the Chamber—and even inside." M. Floquet has not much regard for fools; he does not repeat his epigrams. His enemies say that he has ticketed himself as "incorruptible like Robespierre, and handsome like Saint Just"—at least, his enemies declare that he has so labelled himself; and they go on to add that from that moment he has been the captive of the Revolution, and has walked all his political life, like a sandwich-man, between two boards, on one of which was painted Robespierre, and on the other Saint Just, his own head only appearing vaguely above the boards, and presenting a forced resemblance to a rather artificial Danton. His dominant hobbies are a revision of the Constitution, in order to give more power to universal suffrage, and a new system of taxation which should bring about a fairer distribution of imposts. The men whom he managed to group around him were moved much more by a suspicion of Boulanger than any sympathy with Floquet; and now that Boulanger is dead, it is possible that Floquet, too, may subside into oblivion.

Another man whom the disappearance from the scene of Boulanger has also largely deprived of his political *raison d'être* is M. Alfred Naquet, the man who was the brain of the gallant General, who wrote his speeches for him, and who pulled the wires of that good-looking puppet, who was occupied, meanwhile, with red carnations, fine ladies, and dainty suppers. By profession a scientific chemist, by birth an Israelite, he entered into political life in 1878, opening up a campaign in favour of a union of all the Republicans. He wrote in the "Revue Bleue" and the "Estafette," and he spoke in the Chamber in favour of a Constitution modelled on that of the United States. It was this hobby which led him to take up Boulanger, whom he thought might be utilised for carrying out his ideas; while, on the other hand, the Monarchical party were utilising this same Boulanger in order to support their aspirations. He will be remembered as the man who gave the Divorce Law to France.

Among the most important measures passed in France within the last ten years is M. Goblet's *loi des maires*. M. Goblet, who was a barrister, entered public life as Secretary of State in the Ministry of Justice in 1879. He had practised at the Bar at Amiens with considerable success, and in that city founded at the close of the Empire a democratic newspaper. From the beginning of his career he distinguished himself by pronounced republican sentiments and hostility to all reactionaries. He is a Liberal in the Jacobin sense—Liberal, that is to say, as the First Revolution was Liberal, with the guillotine for a corrective. "Liberty or Death" is the watchword of this fiery enthusiast and of the party he represents. The compatriot of Robespierre, he possesses some of Robespierre's qualities. Worthy of Robespierre was the amendment he introduced in the press laws, authorising the Government to suppress any newspaper they chose by the mere decision of the Ministers in Council. In the Ferry Cabinet Goblet was chosen Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, and in this post he showed great energy. It was he who prompted the deconsecration of the Panthéon, and who replied so sternly to the protest made by the Archbishop of Paris. Before the elections of 1885 he addressed a circular to all the bishops, recommending them to enjoin on the clergy a policy of non-intervention in politics. When his orders were disobeyed he stopped the pay of certain priests, claiming for the Government the right to act thus, as being the only check it has upon ecclesiastics. He does not, for the present, however, think it possible to separate the Church from the State, as he admits that, up to date, this would be contrary to the wishes of the majority. Twice called upon to form a Cabinet, he failed to bring together a working Ministry; but under Floquet he was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, and showed himself very successful in treating several delicate matters, as, for example, the Suez Convention, and the question of schools in Tunis raised by Signor Crispi. He is, perhaps, one of the ablest men now acting together with Carnot, but he will never take a leading position.

M. Brisson, who has also held the post of President of the Council, is among the most characteristic leaders of the Republican party. He, too, is a lawyer by profession. At the age of eighteen, together with Vacherot, Pelletan, and others, he founded, in 1854, the first republican paper issued in the Quartier Latin. He afterwards passed on to the staff of "Le Temps," but found it too moderately republican for him. When he became the head of the Cabinet, in 1885, his programme was inspired by the desire to re-establish concord between the various factions of the Republican party; a programme which it was of course impossible to realise, as every one of the factions desired that its dominant ideas should become those adopted by the whole party. Since his resignation he has played no prominent part.

M. Ribot, the present French Minister of Foreign Affairs, officially untried as yet, possesses the gift of practical parliamentary eloquence to a high degree; and, as he belongs to no pronounced school, it is possible that he will make himself popular among the various elements with whom he has to deal. His aspirations are to see France a species of Swiss Republic, pacific, laborious, and keeping outside of all European agitation.

M. Rouvier has proved his mettle, and is a Finance Minister who may stand worthily beside

M. Léon Say. His determined action with regard to the scandals of the Copper Ring, and the able way in which he saved the Paris market from a financial disaster which might have been tremendous, have given the test of his capacity. The victory achieved by him was as great as that of M. Constans in crushing Boulanger. The French finances are not in a flourishing state just now; the war burdens are heavier than even that rich country can bear; and France has the unenviable distinction of being to-day the most heavily taxed country in Europe. Whether the policy of strenuous protection which seems to be becoming the keynote of French financial affairs will be found to answer in the end, and whether the people will be able or willing to bear additional burdens, is a question the future can alone decide. To us English this protection policy appears a suicidal one, and as yet there has been no appearance of increased prosperity in France to justify those who hold this doctrine.

Of M. Spuller, M. Léon Say, M. Tony Révillon, M. Deroulède, M. Turquet, and M. Tirard, the limits of our space will not allow us to speak. They are men who all, in their turn, have had an influence upon parliamentary affairs, and are all Republicans.

The Imperialist party has but one man of note to show, and he is rather notorious than noted. We refer to the hot-headed M. Paul de Cassagnac, journalist, politician, and swordsman. He has, perhaps, fought more political duels in his time than any other man in contemporary Europe. A great favourite at the Tuileries during the time of the Second Empire, he received much Court protection. At Sedan he was taken prisoner. After his release he re-entered political life, and became director of "Le Pays," and Imperialist champion in the Chamber. Duel after duel did he fight in the Imperialist cause, until at last, perhaps tired of this amusement, he refused successively to fight both M. Rochefort and Clémenceau, alleging that he had entered "la phase du travail." Clémenceau added, "la phase où l'on se dérobe." The Chamber has had to condemn him again and again for offensive behaviour and insults to deputies, and his violent language in "Le Pays" draws down upon him repeated fines and various imprisonments. It was he who tried to excite Marshal MacMahon to make a *coup d'état*. During the discussion of Jules Ferry's educational laws, he publicly accused Ferry of having falsified a document, and refused to retract the accusation. It caused no little surprise, on the Prince Imperial's death, to find there was no mention of Cassagnac in his will. The journalist transferred his allegiance to Prince Jerome, whom a few years before he had reviled. But in 1880, in consequence of a battle between his paper and another, there arose that schism between Prince Victor and Prince Jerome which is so notorious. Cassagnac sided with the younger man. It may be said that he is the high priest of *N'importequiism*, or "solutionism"—that is to say, anything and anybody rather than the present *régime*. It was this *N'importequiism* which led France to Boulangism.

Another hot-headed member of the French Chamber is Henri Rochefort, a noble belonging to a very ancient family of Berry. He began his career by writing dramatic reviews for the newspapers—the only form of criticism that was then allowed by the jealous censorship of Napoleon III. His articles proved an enormous success; for, though they pretended to deal with the drama, they were really levelled at the Empire, and he had a way of saying things so subtly that it was difficult to bring against him an action for libel. Moreover, he wielded his sword with as much skill as his pen, which not a little helped his reputation as a journalist in a country where duelling is as much a part of a journalist's profession as the correcting of proof-sheets. As soon as the restrictions imposed on the press with regard to politics were a little slackened, Rochefort published in the "Figaro" most slashing articles against the Second Empire, till, at last, the editor was afraid to keep him, for fear of incurring the ill-favour of the Emperor. He turned him off, but advised him to found a newspaper of his own. This was the origin of the famous "La Lanterne." The popularity of the new paper was tremendous, much to the alarm of Napoleon and his Court. Every effort was made to throw discredit upon Rochefort. At last, one day, tired of being calumniated, he went to demand satisfaction of an editor who had published a number of scurrilous pamphlets against him. The editor was insolent. Rochefort knocked him down; and for this he was condemned to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 10,000 francs, together with the loss of his civil and political rights. This sentence amounted to extinguishing his career as a journalist and a politician. Rochefort, therefore, fled from France, and took refuge in Belgium, where he continued to publish his "Lanterne," which, although it was prohibited, found its way into France in large numbers. Many French exiles were at the time living in Brussels, among them Victor Hugo, who received Rochefort with open arms and the words, "Voilà mon troisième fils."

The Imperial Government had hoped to snuff out Rochefort and extinguish "La Lanterne" at one breath; but Rochefort safe across the frontier continued his fiery denunciations of the Emperor and his satellites, and "La Lanterne" flamed as brilliantly as ever. Amongst the adherents of the Court of the Tuileries, one and one only, young Baroche, son of the Garde des Sceaux, had the courage to challenge the fire-eater. The duel that ensued was a peculiarly fierce one, both parties displayed great courage; young Baroche was wounded in three places and Rochefort came off triumphant. Soon the difficulties of finding new dodges for smuggling the prohibited "Lanterne" into France became insurmountable. So "Le Rappel" was started, with Vacquerie, Meurice, Charles, François Victor Hugo, and Rochefort, as its staff, and a fresh campaign was begun against the Empire, despite fines and imprisonments. The signs were not wanting that the Empire was beginning to totter towards its fall; how that fall was to come, and the depth to which it was to drag France, no one could then foresee.

At the election for the Corps Législatif in 1869, the republicans felt that the time had come to make an effort, and pass from words to action.

The Quartier Latin called on Rochefort to stand for the seventh circumscription. Rochefort accepted, but was defeated by the Imperial candidate, Jules Favre.

There was joy at the Tuileries, but it was short-lived. Gambetta elected for Marseilles and Belville opted for the former, Rochefort was called on to stand for Belville. He replied by at once crossing the frontier. Arrested, he had soon after to be set at liberty, the Government fearing an insurrection. His return to Paris was a triumph, and he was elected for Belville by an overwhelming majority.

In the Corps Législatif Rochefort was more remarkable for his ironical interruptions than for his set speeches. He soon understood that the Press, not the Tribune, was his field, and forthwith he founded "La Marseillaise." In the fresh campaign thus entered on, the tactics were the same as before on both sides. Fiery accusations, bitter invective, shameful revelations, fines, imprisonments. Then came the tragic incident of the murder (the word is not too strong) of young Victor Noir, one of the staff of "La Marseillaise," by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. Republican France thrilled with indignation, and Rochefort burst forth into language so openly seditious that on February 7 he was arrested and imprisoned at Ste. Pélagie. The next day the rest of the staff of "La Marseillaise" were imprisoned along with their editor; but from their prison they wrote, and their words found an echo throughout the country.

Seven months later, Napoleon III was himself a prisoner, and Rochefort was carried in triumph from Ste. Pélagie to the Hôtel de Ville. His dream was *résistance à l'outrance*; he strove by words and deeds to encourage it. He was elected deputy for Paris; but his career was short, for in company with twenty-five other deputies, he resigned in disgust when the Assembly voted the peace. Shortly after his paper, "Le Mot d'Ordre," was suppressed by the then governor of Paris, but when the Commune was triumphant Rochefort hastened to Paris and resumed its publication. His opinions, however, were not sufficiently ferocious for the Place de la Grève, but were too revolutionary for Versailles. Obliged to quit Paris to avoid being seized by the Commune, he was arrested at Meaux by the Versaillais, tried by court-martial, and condemned to perpetual confinement.

Some years after, France was electrified by a telegram which announced that Rochefort with five of his companions had escaped. After a short stay in London he went to Switzerland, and from Geneva continued to publish "La Lanterne," and to contribute to "Le Mot d'Ordre," "Le Reveil," "Le Droit de l'Homme." In July 1880, profiting by the amnesty, he returned to Paris in triumph. *La gare de Lyon* was literally besieged. The next day appeared the first number of "L'Intransigeant," a paper devoted to the doctrine that the republic exists in name but not in fact, and that the question of government is a social one.

An ardent adherent of Boulanger, Rochefort was obliged to fly, together with the "brave Général," and was condemned, together with him and Dillon, in the famous *Réquisitoire* of August 12, 1888, pronounced by the Procurateur, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire.

In naming M. Jules Simon, we are naming one whom many account the most attractive man modern France has to show, and the man who most profoundly has at heart the public weal. Alas, that he should be no longer in his prime! Born in 1814, he belongs to a generation which heard the voices of Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, Sismondi, Demaistre, Cousin, Lamartine, Béranger, and other great men—a generation which, as M. Ernest Daudet remarks, seems to have inherited some of the merits of its elders, and preserves the stamp of that pre-eminently grand epoch. Poor by birth, Jules Simon had from his childhood to work for his daily bread; yet, nevertheless, he managed to educate himself so thoroughly that at the age of twenty-five he was called to fill Cousin's Chair of Philosophy at the Sorbonne. From that time forward his private life has run smoothly; and though he has been connected with nearly all the great events of the last fifty years, he has played no decisive part in any. His action as a politician has been comparatively small; his influence as a thinker, however, has been considerable, and, as it has been well said, we all know that the world is governed by the men of whom it hears least. In any other country but France, M. Jules Simon's influence would have been even greater than it has been. Of all the public men of the day in his country he has this pre-eminent advantage—that he is of an honesty and uprightness unquestioned even by those who affect to despise him as a *vieux bon homme*. Were he to die to-morrow, all parties would unite in rendering him the same kind of homage that was rendered to John Bright. Simon has had the disadvantage of being a moderate man in a country where moderate men have seldom, at any period of history, been listened to. The very name is almost a term of reproach; and this is more truly strange of a land which, with characteristic self-complacency and exclusiveness, claims that "Le bon sens est né français." If so, it seems to have had some difficulty in coming to maturity in the land of its birth.

The Liberals of 1840 listened with scant respect to Simon's first lectures, and read his first books with impatience—they wanted fire and thunder. One quality, however, none could deny him—his sweet-voiced, penetrating eloquence. Thirty years later, in 1871, during the disaster of the war, Simon proved that there was strength as well as sweetness in the storehouse of his mind. It was he who obliged Gambetta to renounce his dictatorship. He plainly declares himself an enemy of Socialism, and has always fought for the cause of order against anarchy. Questions of education have occupied him above all others, and in his day he defended the university against Montalembert, not from any anti-Catholic spirit, for he is himself a liberal-Catholic, but from a repugnance to seeing the liberty of any one set of men domineered over by that of another. It is to the honour of both men that from this contest arose a mutual esteem which ripened into friendship. The *coup d'état* of December drew from him an eloquent protest,

which caused him to lose his Chair; he fell back on his pen, and made good use of it against the Empire. At the same time he produced that series of books on "Duty," "Natural Religion," "Liberty of Conscience," "Schools," and "Working Men," with which his name will always be associated, and interested himself in all great philosophical and social questions. Under the Republic he became Minister of Public Instruction, and he strenuously opposed Ferry's educational scheme, particularly Article 7. It was then he made his celebrated speech in favour of teaching duty to God, independently of any religious denomination. He is a pronounced enemy of the dogmatic irreligion of the Third Republic.

Simon now sits in the Senate. The speeches he there holds, and that delivered but a few months ago at the unveiling of Lamartine's statue, show that age has not lessened his oratorical power. The honour shown to him by the German Emperor, who specially invited him to come to Berlin to attend the Liberal Congress, will be fresh in all minds. The old man continues to interest himself in the well-being of the working classes, from whom he himself has sprung. He is president of a philanthropic society for the education of poor children, as well as secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. It will be an evil day for France when she no longer has such men to show.

From all that we have written, it will be seen that modern France may be said to be in a transition stage. It is always difficult in a Latin country to gauge public opinion, and it may not be too much to say that in France two-thirds of the population are absolutely indifferent to politics. The only people who appear to have really hard-and-fast ideas are the members of the Extreme Right—men who have inherited, rather than thought out, their political creed. The manner, however, in which the Boulanger bubble burst, without bringing about the terrible danger which it menaced, is an evidence of a more balanced public opinion. The incident has certainly taught the Republic and its rulers some salutary lessons; the latter especially realise that the country requires from them less wrangling and more useful practical work. It is to be hoped that a new and better state of things is about to be ushered in. In one matter there is a marked improvement—the intense strain which the antagonism of Germany created among the French people has been happily and suddenly removed: first, by the unexpected fall of Bismarck; secondly, by the improvement in tone and policy of the German Emperor.

That witty poet and acute observer, Heinrich Heine, said: "When I speak of France I speak of Paris, not of the provinces; just as when I speak of a man I speak of his head, and not of his legs; to talk about the opinion of the provinces is like talking about the opinion of a man's legs." Not the least important issue of Boulangism has been that it has shown that France, as a country, is no longer at the beck and call of Paris. There remains a genuine rectitude under the immense majority of the French population, and it is these who chiefly inhabit the provinces, and who have been less affected by that deplorable deterioration of French moral worth, through her mental culture, which has been the most disastrous feature of her literature since the downfall of the First Empire. It is by no means improbable that the French people may find some fine morning that the legs will suddenly wake up with a very positive opinion of their own, and the result may be a most important change, not only in the government of Paris, but in the government and character of the whole country.

## Heard in Heaven.

I PACED the platform—body, and mind, and brain,
Dulled by the deadly cold—what time the train,
Too-tardy, came not.
'Twas a darkening noon
In bleak December. Low i' the east, red Mars
Rose large and lurid; and a slender moon
Lay, like a finger, on the lip of Night,
Commanding silence.
'Neath the silent stars
(Perched on a bench, with wistful face, and white,
With limbs a tremble, bare legs red and raw,
And hands blue-nipt) a tiny child I saw,
Who, thinly-clad, sat blithe, and brave, and bright,
Crooning some baby lay.
What song she sang,
That little maid, the while her wee voice rang
So shy and low,—
Whether some childish chime,
Olden and quaint,
Of fairy and fay; a snatch of nursery rhyme,
Or hymn, or prayer—I knew not, nor shall know;
But long ago
One spake this word:
"No sparrow falls, its dying cry unheard,
Though feeble and faint;"
And I am sure that He who hears the bird,
Heard that sweet plaint.

C. K.

# FAINT HEART AND FAIR LADY.

BY ELLA EDERSHEIM.



"I AM A DOOMED MAN, TOMMIE; A DOOMED MAN."

## CHAPTER I.—FAINT HEART.

"THE situation is frightful, Tommie; absolutely frightful!"

Richard Doughty wiped the perspiration from his high rounded forehead with the pad into which he had been working the centre of a large silk handkerchief while he was speaking, and gave an uncertain glance at his companion.

The younger man sat in a stooping position, tucking the ends of a tough little moustache between his teeth, so that only the crown of a wide head covered with thick straw-coloured hair faced Mr. Doughty. He gave his head a little jerk, however, which Mr. Doughty translated as being indicative of sympathy, and thus encouraged proceeded:

"The woman knows no mercy. Woman? *Women*, I should say. An exceptionally constituted man might perhaps tackle one woman; but a pair of them! On my word, Tommie, it makes me shiver only to think of what I have gone through!"

Tommie Mills released his moustache, and straightened himself a little. His observant grey eye, set far back amongst fair bristling eyelashes, twinkled for one moment comprehensively on Mr. Doughty's disturbed visage; but he gave no other sign of interest.

The original speaker resumed his parable.

"It took them some time. Certainly it took them some time. It is a pleasure to me to think that I have even put them to some considerable expense and inconvenience. A six weeks' stay at the Vicarage—that's where the mischief was begun; letting their house; and now three months of lodgings in Hupton. I shouldn't care myself to lodge for three months in Hupton. And yet, that's bad too . . . for I am afraid that the mother . . . very much afraid. . . . In fact, the woman's getting desperate, Tommie. There it is in a nutshell. She's well-nigh bored to death, and desperate. And"—his voice sank ominously, and his face dropped into deep gloom—"I am a doomed man, Tommie; a doomed man."

There was silence for a few minutes. The scent of late jasmine and roses came in at the low

mullioned window. The September sun brightened the book-lined walls, and glittered here and there on their gold lettering and handsome bindings. Mr. Mills sat in a carved oak writing-chair, near Mr. Doughty's writing-table, and facing the pleasant window. The master of the house shifted uneasily about on a faded Axminster hearth-rug at a safe distance from a beautiful collection of Chelsea cups and saucers which adorned the mantel-shelf. The space above his head was crowded with miniatures, and rare china let into the panelling over the chimney-piece. The other walls were quite given over to books—untouched rare editions and unique volumes. A small Turkey carpet, a useful-looking sturdy oak table, and a few lounging chairs completed the furniture of the room. It was Mr. Doughty's sanctum and living-room: the other sitting-rooms were in the keeping of his housekeeper.

"It's hard on me, Mills," the speaker resumed again, in a voice softened by self-pity. "Really, I sometimes think it is very hard. Here am I, a man who has lived for fifty-two years without ever having consciously hurt one of God's creatures, and whose only ambition has been to be left alone. On my word of honour as a gentleman and a Christian, Tommie, I cannot remember having used any means, or arts, or wiles, to 'raise expectations' (that's the term they employed) in Miss Lankaster's or any other woman's breast."

The stooping figure in the oak chair suddenly became alert. Mr. Mills left off chewing his moustache and smiling into his hand, and fixed on Mr. Doughty a look which, had that gentleman been at the moment less self-absorbed, would certainly have surprised him.

"I didn't quite catch the name, Richard," he said in an unsteady voice. "What are these people called, did you say?"

"Lankaster," repeated Mr. Doughty, obediently; "Evelina Lankaster is the name of the young woman whom her mother says is to be my wife."

Tommie Mills had sprung to his feet and hurried to the window. He flung open the other lattice with entire disregard to the comfort of a large black cat, relieved by white spots, who had lain, apparently legless, sleeping on the sunny sill. The cat thus hustled off, fell into the flower-border, where she stretched herself deliberately, spat at Mr. Mills, and then retired with unabated dignity to the shelter of a geranium plant. Mr. Mills gave an odd little laugh and turned back a flushed face into the room.

"Tell me all about it, Richard," he said, "from the very beginning. It's a most extraordinary tale."

Mr. Doughty lost a good deal of his harassed expression and looked genuinely pleased. "That's it, my boy," he said in a gratified tone, and dropping into a discoloured hammock chair by the side of the writing-table. "Now you're beginning to take a proper interest. Indeed, I relied on your help from the very first moment I heard you were coming."

He kept up a little uneven movement in the chair all the time he was speaking, which seemed to harmonise with his unequal tones and the uncertain glance of his mild eyes.

The younger man looked somewhat shamefaced. "Indeed, sir," he said, "I am afraid that *I* was counting rather on *your* assistance when I proposed paying you a visit."

"That's all right," said Mr. Doughty, comfortably. "You're a good lad, Tommie, and I have never regretted that in your case I broke my rule and consented to be your godfather. I've got no relations to speak of, as you know, Tommie. You've been a very good lad and a great pleasure to me. It can't be all *take* on my part; I hold it quite fair that there should be a certain amount of *give*, too."

He smiled gently, and thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, set the keys and coins there jingling suggestively. Mills winced, and said hurriedly:

"No, no! It's not that, this time." Then pulling himself up he added: "But I must hear your story first, Richard. Let's have it from beginning to end."

Mr. Doughty's small slight form writhed visibly at this reminder of his troubles. His fingers wandered aimlessly over his face and among his straggling whiskers. Then with an attempt at resolution he braced himself together, clasped his hands behind his head, and began his recital.

"Mrs. Lankaster is sister to the Vicar here—that's Mr. Harvey, of whom you have often heard me speak. I used to think his wife was a peaceable, nice soul. But I find now that she's every bit as bad as her sister-in-law: a couple of designing women, Tommie; plotting, deceitful women. Well, in the spring, Mrs. Lankaster and her daughter came to stay at the Vicarage. I was a good deal there at the time, because I was busy classifying a very fine collection of coins that Harvey inherited from an uncle. The fellow's sold them now, after all my trouble, to pay for a children's cottage-home, or some such fad, that he's mad on: however, that's neither here nor there. I liked Miss Lankaster. She seemed a nice, unaffected girl, who could sing very sweetly, and she used to help me by cleaning the coins. She wrote some letters of inquiry for me too, to the British Museum—of course under my direction—and made some fairly correct drawings of pieces of which I was not certain. On the whole I certainly liked her, and I saw a good deal of her."

"What was she like?" interrupted Mr. Mills, in a subdued voice.

"What was she like?" echoed Mr. Doughty. "Dear me, I scarcely know. But I think she was dark—no, she wasn't; I remember remarking one day in the sunshine that her hair was red. And as for the rest of her—I am not clear. I don't think she was much like any one in particular, and she was very quiet."

"That will do," assented Mr. Mills to the half interrogative pause.

"I found she liked flowers, and as the Harveys' flowers all go to the children's home I used to bring her some when I came in the morning. I remember, too, I took her the first section of honey—she is very fond of honey—and once or twice some

early strawberries. You see she did a good deal of work, one way or another, for me, and I felt beholden to her, so to speak."

As it was evident that Mr. Doughty required something beyond self-justification at this juncture Mr. Mills interposed with: "Very natural, I'm sure."

Mr. Doughty looked relieved, and continued:

"Quite so; quite natural; that's what I thought. Any one could have seen that no idea . . . of a . . . love-making" (he stuttered over the word, and blushed considerably) "had ever entered my mind. At last they went away. I missed Miss Lankaster very much, and I told Mrs. Harvey so: and then she informed me that *the feeling was mutual—that I had made a conquest.*"

"Made a *what*?" shouted Tommie, very red in the face, and leaning forward in his chair.

"It's quite true, though," Mr. Doughty was fain to repeat, though modestly enough. "I can't tell you all the nonsense she talked. It makes me quite uncomfortable to think of it." And indeed the poor little man looked most miserable, as he recalled the *badinage* to which he had been subjected. "I had always thought her a sensible sort of body, and I assure you it gave me quite a shock when she pointed her finger at me, and called me a 'naughty, wicked flirt.'"

There was a convulsive movement in the oak chair, but no further sign of life.

"Well, the next thing I heard was that the Lankasters had left their house in Town for the summer, and had come into lodgings at Hupton. Of course I had to go and pay my respects to them, though you will readily understand how ill at ease I felt after all that Mrs. Harvey had said. I had never particularly noticed Mrs. Lankaster, she had seemed to me a quiet unobtrusive sort of a person" ("*O nimium facilis!*" broke involuntarily from his listener's lips), "and I must say I was a little surprised at the fussy way in which she greeted me. I remember noticing too that Miss Lankaster looked trimmer a good deal than when I had last seen her, and she seemed worried. That made me feel sorry for her, and perhaps I threw too much *empressement* into my manner. But really, I meant nothing. Mrs. Lankaster went out of the room, I don't exactly know when, and I took Miss Evelina's hand and began to ask her if there was anything I could do for her; for I liked the girl, I did indeed, Tommie. She was a nice quiet person, I thought then. And, besides, I was sorry for her."

"Yes, yes," assented Mr. Mills, somewhat impatiently.

"I took her hand, I told you, didn't I, Tommie? Yes, I took her hand. And all at once she began to say very quickly, and her cheeks got quite scarlet, 'Yes, there is something you can do for me. Oh! Mr. Doughty,' and just as she had got so far she began to cry. I implored her not to give way: indeed, by her manner, I thought that she had some important confidence to make to me—but I find now it was only part of the plot. As I stood over her, endeavouring to comfort and reassure her, the door was flung open, and Mrs. Lankaster burst into the room. She did not wait a moment. She flew at me as though she had been mad. "My children!" she cried. "Oh, my children! My prayers have at last been answered!" Then, Tommie,—Tommie, I would have you remember that I am not a man who exaggerates—she flung her arms round me—ME, *and kissed me on both cheeks*!"

"What did Miss Lankaster do?" gasped Tommie.

"I think she said something about a mistake, but I am not sure. Indeed, I was so much confused and upset by this unprecedented occurrence, that I scarcely know what followed. Do you know, Tommie, I think my brain must have been affected by the great shock. For I have an indistinct notion, yes, really I have, that I thanked Mrs. Lankaster for her great kindness, and hoped I should prove worthy of it. I don't know how I got home. I think I must have left almost directly. And the next morning I got a letter."

He paused, and Mr. Mills fixed him with a feverish gaze. "Yes, yes," he said. "Was it from Miss Lankaster?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Doughty. "It was from her mother. Here it is. I always carry it about with me. It is my death-writ." At the same moment he drew from his pocket an ash-coloured envelope, scrawled over in a flowing feminine hand.

Unfolding the letter thus handed to him Mr. Mills read the following extraordinary document:

"Dear Richard,—For so I feel I must *at last* call you after the *decisive events* of yesterday. Ah, cruel man! how long have you toyed with my poor child's *peace of mind!* Would you believe it? I had actually resolved to speak to you *myself*, had you not *happily forestalled me*. What a *treasure* you have won! How *sweet* a creature is my Evelina! How *blissful* will she make *your home* for you! The dear girl is very much upset by *the event* of yesterday. Therefore, my good Richard, I beg you to curb your *natural impatience*, and do not visit us *to-day*. You might, however, *send me a line*; that, I do not think will hurt my darling daughter, and she is *wearying* for some word from you.

"I remain yours most affectionately,
"JEANETTE LANKASTER."

When he had finished reading the letter Mr. Mills looked up anxiously.

"And what did you do?" he asked.

"I wrote; I did not see how I could help it," replied Mr. Doughty with an appealing ring in his voice, to which, however, his companion remained wholly unresponsive. "I said as little as I could, but still I wrote."

There was another pause, and then the elder man said nervously: "You think I was wrong, Tommie?"

"It's your fatal weakness," said Mr. Mills solemnly, and gazing with a great seriousness at his companion's restless face. "I don't know what you said, but I've no doubt you booked yourself by that idiotic letter."

"I believe I did," said Mr. Doughty very quietly

and very humbly. "But indeed I did not know what else to do."

"You should have said—" began Tommie impetuously. "But," he dropped off in answer to Mr. Doughty's prolonged and heavy sigh, "what's the good of saying what you should have done. You're in for it now, I reckon."

Mr. Doughty's head drooped low on his breast. Mr. Mills noticed that silver streaks had greatly increased among the soft brown locks. Yes, Richard had aged during the last three months, decidedly aged. The knowledge smote the younger man, and brought compassion in its train.

"And since then?" he inquired, in a more sympathetic tone of voice. Mr. Doughty immediately became conscious of the change in his companion's attitude of mind.

"Since then," he resumed with more spirit, "I have been getting deeper and deeper. At first it did not seem so inevitable. I really liked the girl, Tommie, and I did not mind giving her a ring, as her mother said she ought to have one. I did not give her one of the family rings, Tommie; somehow I could not bring myself to do that. But I got her something that looked pretty, and her mother was very pleased."

"And, Miss Lankaster herself?"

"Oh, I suppose she was pleased too. But she did not say much. She is very quiet, you know."

"What finger does she wear your ring on?" pursued the inquisitive Mr. Mills rather breathlessly.

"Really," replied the lover, "I do not know. It has never struck me to notice. But it's not a wedding-ring, you know, and so it does not matter in the least."

"Oh, not in the least," answered Tommy demurely.

"At first, you see," pursued Mr. Doughty, encouraged by this acquiescence, "nobody talked about marriage, and so I thought that if I only allowed things to take their own course I should somehow get out of it. But a month ago Mrs. Lankaster let loose the question on me, and since then she has been hounding me down with it."

"And what does Miss Lankaster say?"

"Oh, we don't talk to her about it. For, although she is so quiet she is very hysterical, her mother says; and I am afraid of upsetting her. Have you ever seen a female in hysterics, Tommie? It's a dreadful thing. Ten years ago my housekeeper had hysterics in this room. I have never had an easy moment alone with her since."

"What gave her hysterics?" inquired the sympathetic godson.

"I scarcely know—in fact, I scarcely like to say. It was a trifling disagreement over the amount of butter consumed in the household. Nine pounds a week seemed to me excessive, but of course I don't understand such matters, and butter weighs heavy, Mrs. Fidler says. But we have always been good friends since."

A smile of some meaning played on the listener's face. He seemed however suddenly to cast the interesting digression out of his mind, and returned direct to the question in hand.

"You keep on telling me how quiet Miss Lankaster is," he said. "And you seem to hold no converse with any one but the mother. But is your *fiancée* not aware of the state of your feelings towards her? How do you get on with her when you are alone together?"

"Oh, we never are alone together," Mr. Doughty made prompt reply. "That is inconsistent with Mrs. Lankaster's notions of propriety. And indeed I am quite of her opinion myself. Besides I am only too thankful to be spared the burden of *tête-à-tête* with Miss Evelina. She is quite extraordinarily quiet: she never seems to have anything to say."

"But used she to be so in the old days?" persisted Mr. Mills. "Just think, when you were classifying her uncle's coins, and she was writing letters at your dictation?"

Mr. Doughty paused before replying. Then he brought out his red silk handkerchief once more, and sat up to wipe his moist countenance.

"Really, it's most remarkable, Tommie," he said in a distressed voice. "I've never thought of it before, but she certainly used not to be so quiet when first I knew her. I don't know what that portends. I can't pretend to say."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Mills, "it only portends that Miss Lankaster is tongue-tied in her mother's presence. If you could only make up your mind to get an interview alone with her, you might even yet put matters right."

"My dear boy, my dear boy, for mercy's sake don't suggest such a thing," cried Mr. Doughty, tearing at his handkerchief till the silk gave way under the nervous clutch of his fingers. "Mrs. Lankaster is bad enough: indeed she is sometimes altogether too much for me. But *Miss* Lankaster! You can never have seen her. Of course, I remember now you *have* never seen her. I couldn't do it, Tommie; I really could not face that girl alone if you were to give me a hundred pounds for it.

"I am not likely to do that," said Mr. Mills, somewhat bitterly. "But may I ask how you intend to get on with a wife that you are afraid to be alone with?"

"It is Mrs. Lankaster's plan to reside here with us," said Mr. Doughty, letting his head once more fall forward. "But I have not yet been able to bring myself to enter into all the details of this most distasteful business."

Mr. Mills gave something which very nearly approached a long low whistle. "So," he said finally, "that's the old woman's game, is it?"

But Mr. Doughty now changed front.

"Thomas Mills," he said solemnly, leaning forward in his chair and with more concentration of purpose in his face than his godson ever remembered to have seen there before, "Thomas Mills, I will not do it. I will not marry that girl. I can't and I won't. I don't hate her, Tommie—don't misunderstand me. I used to think her a very nice girl, and I don't wish her any harm now. But I can't marry. Why should I marry? I am so comfortable and happy alone. I love my things. She will go prying about amongst my editions—she is intelligent—I know she will. She will want to ask her friends to drink tea out of the Chelsea. She

will tidy my drawers, and sit in this room with me, and . . . Tommie, I can't do it. Don't ask me to do it. I tell you I *won't.*"

"I don't want you to do it, Richard," said Mr. Mills, soothingly. "I am trying to think of some plan whereby I may get you out of this hobble. Wait. . . . Can't you tell Mrs. Lankaster you don't think her daughter cares sufficiently for you to marry you?"

"I have done it," moaned Mr. Doughty. "I took an early opportunity of saying so. But she only laughed at me. Said her Evelina was head over ears in love with me, and that that was her way of showing it."

Mr. Mills muttered something indistinctly. It sounded like: "The liar!"

There was another space for reflection, and then Tommie spoke again, but hesitatingly:

"Couldn't we bring another man on the scene?" he began. But Richard Doughty broke in on him impetuously.

"The very thing!" he cried, starting from his chair, and beginning wildly to gesticulate with his lank arms. "Why have I never thought of it before? I will take you to the Lankasters to-morrow; I will introduce you to my would-be mother-in-law. You will either win her heart, or Miss Lankaster's, or in some clever way oust me. Oh, it is splendid! I shall be free, I shall be absolutely at liberty again!" In his paroxysm of delight Mr. Doughty literally waved his arms above his head and uttered a feeble attempt at a whoop.

"Sit down," said his godson crossly, leaving his own seat to thrust Mr. Doughty once more back upon his chair. "You really are too great a fool, Richard. I believe if you are to be saved you must be saved in spite of yourself. You would mar the best-laid plot. Now let me think a little," and he withdrew thoughtfully to the hearth-rug, while Mr. Doughty, by no means resenting the liberties that had been taken with him, sat biting his finger-nails, and glancing from time to time at his tyrant.

"Yes," said Mr. Mills at last, after a prolonged silence, "I think I have it. But one thing I clearly see: you must be saved in spite of yourself, Richard. You are no more than a babe in the hands of these designing women." He smiled a curious smile, which found a weak reflection on Mr. Doughty's face. "Can you trust me, Richard?" he inquired. "Will you promise to trust me absolutely?"

"If I only thought——" began Mr. Doughty; but the other interrupted him.

"There are no 'ifs' in the matter," he said sternly. "Do you trust me or do you not? I want a plain Yes or No."

"You know quite well," said Mr. Doughty, remonstratingly, "that I have always been in the habit of trusting you."

"I know; but that is not the question now. Will you trust me though things seem to be going all wrong; though your suspense is prolonged, and though you appear to be on the very verge of matrimony?"

"I will try," said poor Mr. Doughty.

"You can't do more, I suppose," allowed his godson. "But now tell me. Does any one know of my arrival here besides the servants in the house?

"How can I tell?" replied the distracted little man. "You must yourself know best whom you met on your way from the station."

"Oh! I met no one at all but a couple of ploughboys. The five miles of road between here and Hupton were practically deserted. But I did not refer to a chance encounter. Haven't you told the Harveys or the Lankasters, for instance, that I was coming?"

"No," replied Mr. Doughty, valiantly, "I have not. The Harveys are away from home for a few days, and somehow I don't ever seem to speak with Mrs. Lankaster on affairs in which she is not directly interested."

"Oh!" said Mr. Mills, with a good deal of meaning in the monosyllable. "You don't, don't you? Then I'll tell you what. Don't you say a word about my having been here. I am going now, going right away. Don't mention my name to a single soul. Let it be as if I hadn't been here at all. Do you understand? Can you make the servants understand?"

"Going?" gasped Mr. Doughty, as the meaning of Mr. Mills's words slowly dawned on him. "Going to desert me? To leave me in the lurch after all? Oh, Tommie!"

"My dear Richard," cried Mr. Mills, with a trace of exasperation in his tone, "didn't you promise just now to trust me?"

He had picked up his hat and umbrella, and thrown the travelling rug which he had brought down with him a couple of hours before once more over his arm. Now he came back from the door whither he had moved, and laid his large hand on Mr. Doughty's quivering shoulder. "Trust me, Richard," he repeated, impressively. "I will save you. Only you must trust me, up to the last."

There must have been a kind of mesmerism in the young doctor's grasp, for a look of tranquillity slowly crept over Mr. Doughty's puckered face.

"Yes," he said quaveringly, "I know you're a good lad. I'll do my best to trust you. And there's that other little matter you came to speak to me about. Let me help you in it, Tommie. Has your cob broken down again? I fear you work him and yourself too hard. What do you require, Tommie, to set him up?"

He had moved to the writing-table as he spoke and taken from one of its drawers a cheque-book. The younger man looked at him, and the elder's blight of uncertainty seemed to have fallen on his square young face. He chewed viciously at his moustache and knitted his brows.

"I said I never would sponge on you again," he said gruffly. "But I don't see any way out of it this time. I am afraid I must ask for £50, Richard, but I should like to take it as a loan. When the practice begins to pay well, which it must do some day or other, I will refund you, I will indeed."

"Why," cried Mr. Doughty, who in turn seemed to have adopted his godson's manner and cheery laugh, "what a fuss to make about nothing! It's

Christmas in three months' time. Take it as a Christmas present, my boy, or whatever else you like," and he dried the paper, and, rising, gave it to Mr. Mills with a ringing slap on the back.

The young man took it confusedly. "You're very good to me, sir," he said, "and I shall be proud to do you a good turn. I shan't forget your confidence, and I shall lose no time in acting."

They shook hands warmly.

"Only trust me, Richard," repeated Mr. Mills, as he left the room. "Remember, you must trust me."

### CHAPTER II.—RUN TO EARTH.

A WEEK had passed since Mr. Mills had paid his hurried visit to his godfather. It had been a week of terrible anxiety to Mr. Doughty. During its course he had rigorously abstained from all intercourse with Hupton, and, indeed, the whole outer world. He immured himself in his own substantial red brick dwelling, where many past generations of Doughtys had lived and died, and gradually emerged in the slow process of time from the rank of yeomen-farmers to that of small gentry. Richard Doughty, with his good education, quiet ways, and antiquarian tastes, had unconsciously lifted still higher the name and fame of the Doughty family. In the village he was generally described as "the squire," probably on account of the non-existence of such a legitimate potentate in Swire, and the unwillingness of its inhabitants to be behind their neighbours in glory or possessions. Mr. Doughty was, however, quite unaware of his own importance, or the prestige which hung round his comfortable little property. He had led a simple and secluded life. He was more affected by the death of an old-established yokel of Swire than by the fall of kings. Well-known as a never-failing bank on which the destitute might draw at pleasure, he became the prey of all the ne'er-do-weels for miles round. His orchard was robbed in the open day; he habitually bought his own eggs from his under-gardener; his kitchen garden largely supplied the Hupton market without its owner's ken.

From such a life of continual pillage Mrs. Harvey had plotted to save her kindly neighbour. At the same time she informed the Vicar with marital candour "that it would be a good work to release poor Evelina from that dreadful old sister of his."

"My dear," replied the Vicar, "your good work will have still further reaching effects than those you contemplate. For in supplying Richard Doughty with a guardian you will remove one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to morality in the whole district."

Mrs. Harvey nodded complacently. She was well aware that she was a clever, capable woman, and that her husband and the parish could not possibly get on without her.

"But," added the Vicar, "I thought Evelina told you in the spring that she would never marry."

"Bah!" responded the lady. "Some girl's fancy that had taken hold of her. I never got to the bottom of it, only I know her mother was dead against it, and nobody yet was ever able to stand out against the obstinacy of a Harvey. But depend upon it, that's over long ago, and it will be delightful to have the dear girl so near to us."

And the Vicar, as usual, bowed to his wife's superior knowledge and worldly wisdom.

Mr. Doughty was wrestling with an unmanageable branch of honeysuckle that hung over the entrance to his summer-house. The little building stood at the end of the lawn, at the back of the house, on which the window of his sanctum looked. It commanded a view of his neatly-kept drive, whose towering bays and ilex almost gave it the dignity of an avenue. Behind him, the kitchen garden sloped upwards. Late peas with tender pods swayed in the autumn breeze; a few scarlet blossoms hung on the tall ranks of French beans, and giant cabbages, their massive balls still holding twinkling drops of last night's rain, stood in compact rows. A smell of herbs and mignonette, and delicate odour of warm hanging fruit came every now and then on the breeze. Over the discoloured red wall, thickly covered with fruit trees, the bees came humming and floating to their favourite pleasaunce. The great black cat, Rebecca, sat slowly washing one uplifted paw, the claws of which she had drawn tightly together, and from which from time to time she tore some offending particle. The dark chimneys of the old house stood out against a sky of deep, pure blue; two blackbirds were singing in the elm trees an intoxicating song of last spring's delights. It was an afternoon of perfect peace, and Richard Doughty, absorbed for the moment in his occupation of nailing up the refractory honeysuckle, had forgotten his troubles and was also at peace.

All at once there was a sound of squeaking hinges and grating on the gravel. Mr. Doughty knew well the noise of his own labouring gates. In an instant memory had flooded back upon him, and with it the premonition of evil. He crept to his kitchen window and tapped on the lattice.

"I am out, Mrs. Fidler," he said, in nervous reply to the sternly interrogating countenance of his housekeeper. "Very much engaged, and out—that is, if any visitors call—you understand. Not that I am expecting any one to call—only I am out."

He beat a hasty retreat up his back lawn, for already the sound of wheels was on his ear. He got behind his little wooden summer house, and peeped anxiously round it to see who the visitors might be.

In a hired open carriage sat two ladies; and his heart beat quickly. He had not been wrong: the Lankasters were upon him.

He heard the carriage stop before the rose-covered porch on the other side of the house to him. Then the clanging of the bell seemed to fill his brain. Through the open windows he could hear Mrs. Fidler's deliberate step up the passage and across the hall, and the opening of the front door.

There was a murmur of voices, and then his housekeeper's distinct tones were borne to him.

"Not at home, ma'am. Mr. Doughty has gone out for the afternoon."

Some hubbub seemed to ensue, and the listener could distinguish nothing for several minutes. Then the voices seemed to be advancing.

"So very unfortunate—such a long drive, and I feel so fatigued. Evelina, my dear child, how white you are. Really, Mrs. Fidler, do you think Mr. Doughty would object to our coming in and resting for a few minutes? I feel positively faint, I do indeed. Perhaps you would even be so good as to give us a cup of tea. I am sure Mr. Doughty would have no objection."

By the peculiar fall of Mrs. Fidler's jean heelless boots on the polished floor, Mr. Doughty discerned the state of dudgeon into which Mrs. Lankaster's remarks had driven his housekeeper. He held his breath, however, and listened intently.

That was the handle of the drawing-room door. Mrs. Fidler knew better than to obtrude the guests whom she hated, and shrewdly suspected her master of hating, into the snug comforts of the sanctum. The drawing-room door shut behind the ladies, and there was silence, but for the loud beating of Mr. Doughty's heart, for several minutes.

All at once voices struck upon him again, but horribly nearer. It was Mrs. Lankaster who was speaking.

"I believe it's all humbug, Evelina, and he is somewhere about the place. But if he is I'll hunt him down yet."

The low swift voice that answered did not reach Mr. Doughty. A deadly terror was on him. Peeping cautiously from his shelter he saw that the two ladies had issued from one of the long windows of the drawing-room and were slowly advancing in his direction. Not a moment was to be lost. Like an antelope he sped up the garden, taking care to pursue such a direction as should still leave the summer-house to interpose between a view of himself and his pursuers. There was no escape from the kitchen garden. Its high red walls were unbroken by gate or gap. He dared not double and cross the unsheltered lawn. The cat, scampering after him, made tell-tale treads on the weed-grown paths, and the leaves crackled ominously beneath her weight. Mr. Doughty was in an agony. He crouched for breath behind the shelter of the scarlet-runners, and then safety seemed suddenly to open to him. Dropping on the ground he crawled between a row of the giant cabbages, and, prone on his stomach on the wet earth, awaited triumphant the march of events.

Once more the voices approached him, and this time he heard the rustle of Mrs. Lankaster's silk skirts and a kind of swirl that seemed to accompany them.

"It is quite an ideal place," the elder lady was saying. "Really, Evelina, it is far more than you deserve, and you are a remarkably lucky girl."

"Mamma," began Miss Lankaster, tremblingly, but Mr. Doughty was in no mood to distinguish the tones of voices.

"Now I will have no more of your nonsense!" broke in the mother, irritably. "You have once already made a great fool of yourself, and the less you say about it the better."

"That's the day she cried to me," commented Mr. Doughty to the cabbage stalks.

The ladies had paused for breath, as he had done, at the top of the steep path. They stood so near to him that he could have touched their gowns with his outstretched hand. He dared scarcely breathe; the least nervous twitch would betray his presence.

Once more they began to move slowly on.

"Just think what I have saved you from, ungrateful child!" pursued the fond mother. "Poverty! wretched, grinding poverty! Loss of liberty! May I ask what your preposterous infatuation would have ended in?"

"I knew they were in debt," thought Mr. Doughty, "but they don't send people to prison for that nowadays. Oh! I'd pay all their debts if they'd only let me off."

"Of course I don't expect you to care for *me*, though *I* have given up everything for *you*," Mrs. Lankaster continued. "To what expense and trouble I have been put! Most girls would deem it a small thing to provide a suitable home for an aged and impoverished parent, who has been worn out by their obstinacy and stupidity."

"Oh, mamma!" began the aged parent's child again, while Mr. Doughty, considerably puzzled, was weighing this sentence still in his mind.

But at that moment Rebecca, the cat, who had been preceding the visitors along the gravel path, and indicating in every hair of her body her resentment at their intrusion on her tête-à-tête with her master, suddenly sprang to one side with a piercing and unwarranted cry, and, having calculated her distance to a nicety, fell on that cabbage whose outstretching leaves protected Mr. Doughty's head from the gaze of all beholders. The ladies, startled by the jump, and following with their eyes her flight, marked her fall and the battered straw hat which her hind-legs displaced. "Richard!" shrieked Mrs. Lankaster, and poor Mr. Doughty, scrambling to his feet, and trying to brush the heavy soil from his clothes, stumbled from his security and felt his courage and resource fading with his hope.

He shook hands nervously with his visitors. "The caterpillars!" he stammered out. "They give me a great deal of trouble. So do the slugs and snails."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Lankaster distantly, and Evelina turned away.

"Go, my child!" the elder lady said, addressing once more her daughter, "and see if the excellent Fidler has yet served tea. You need not come out again. I want a few words alone with Mr. Doughty."

Evelina moved swiftly down the path and across the lawn. Evidently she was relieved at her dismissal, but her mother thought she should not show her relief so plainly. The girl was obstinate, yet for the last week she had seemed more amenable to reason than ever before, and Mrs. Lankaster, encouraged by this fact, had determined on a master stroke, and meant to lose no time in dealing it. The situation in which she had found her future son-in-law added materially to her advan-

tage, and she resolved to make the very best of the present opportunity.

"Richard," she began, directly Evelina was beyond earshot. "I have a few very serious words to say to you."

Mr. Doughty, who was struggling to control his quivering features, and at the same time to repel the advances of Rebecca, who was describing those figures at his feet which he knew must ultimately result in a spring to his shoulder, made no answer to this statement beyond a distressed and appealing glance.

But Mrs. Lankaster was a stranger to mercy.

"Are you aware," she continued in a sepulchral tone intended to carry great solemnity, and not without a certain impressiveness, "are you aware, Mr. Doughty, that you are trifling with the feelings—I do not now mention the affections—the feelings of a fatherless girl, and taking advantage of two helpless women?"

It might have seemed as though at that moment Mr. Doughty himself was decidedly the most helpless of the party. Standing irresolutely shifting his position with each second, his fingers working with the discoloured ribbon of his hat, his pale face moist with nervousness, his mouth set in a deprecating droop, his unhappy eyes wandering from Rebecca and her blandishments to Mrs. Lankaster, and back once more to the cat, he was a picture of misery complete and pathetic. Still he answered nothing, but seemed waiting until the full tale of his enormities had been announced.

"Richard," pursued his tormentor, and her fine dark eyes literally flashed with righteous indignation through the intervening lace of her veil, "I thought you were a gentleman, a gentleman and a Christian. But how can I reconcile such conduct as yours with this opinion?"

"Indeed," began Mr. Doughty, falteringly, "if I thought that, that—the steps you contemplate were for Miss Lankaster's ultimate happiness I would not hesitate; I assure you I would not. But I am convinced that there—is—" (he became dreadfully confused) "there is not enough love on either side to warrant our adopting the—course you have indicated."

Only for one instant did Mrs. Lankaster pause. Then she cast up the thick veil which hung loosely over her handsome features, and at the same time turning her eyes sky-wards thus addressed Mr. Doughty.

"Unhappy man! Do you suppose that by such feeble arguments you can disguise the real meaning of your words, or deceive *me* by the cowardly subterfuge to which you have had recourse? With your own lips you told my daughter that you loved her. Stay, I will not bear contradiction. You have never denied it before, and it is too late to do so now. By your conduct and protestations you won her young and confiding affections; and now, when I, her mother, in the endeavour to protect her interests, ask of you what are your final intentions, and the meaning of that engagement into which you have solemnly entered, you turn upon me with abuse and threats, and strive to crush the orphan and the widow!"

Mr. Doughty was moved to horror at his own iniquitous conduct. He had never before contemplated it in this light, and he was staggered at the interpretation which he now found put upon his actions. His eyes moistened at the mere notion of the oppression to which the weak had been subjected. Yet an insurmountable objection to altering his own line of behaviour remained.

Mrs. Lankaster saw she had made some impression, and thought well immediately to follow it up.

"Not only," she proceeded, "must your conduct be contemptible in your own eyes; but think of how it must appear in those of your neighbours. What will your friends say when they hear of the dishonourable way in which you have behaved? What will even the poor of the parish think? What an example for their squire to set them! How many a broken heart amongst your lowlier friends will in the future, and with justice, refer its injuries to one whom they had been wont to regard as their benefactor!"

This shot told well home. Mr. Doughty groaned aloud. That he, who had never consciously given to any one a moment's pain, to whom the very thought of suffering or misery was well-nigh unbearable, should be the pioneer of broken engagements, bleeding hearts, general unhappiness, and an object of universal reproach, was indeed an awful thought. He felt that, being such a villain as he evidently was, he had forfeited all right to his own sympathy and support. He dropped all thought of himself and his own defence, and desperately turned to see if he could not show some fight for the sake of the lady who was to be chained to him.

"But, Mrs. Lankaster," he protested feebly, "I do not think I can make Miss Lankaster happy. I do not think I love her sufficiently to give her all to which so charming a young lady has a right."

"Selfish wretch!" cried the indignant mother. "Always what *you* feel and what *you* think! Never a thought of my poor child's blighted life and reputation! For," she continued, lowering her voice, but speaking with an awful distinctness, "I warn you fairly, Mr. Doughty, that if you continue in this most unsatisfactory attitude, I will appeal to the general sense of justice of the nation. Understand what I mean. If you refuse now to marry my daughter, I will summon you for breach of promise of marriage, and the whole country shall ring with your disgrace."

The shell was discharged, the bomb had exploded. As the smoke of excitement slowly cleared, Mrs. Lankaster was able to mark the effect of her words. Richard Doughty was literally trembling from head to foot. His pale countenance had turned to ashen grey, his hat had fallen from his slack fingers. He stood shaking and gazing at Mrs. Lankaster, tongue-tied.

"I mean every word I say," proceeded the victorious general, although she longed to shout for very triumph at the effect she had produced. "I know that by such a proceeding I should drag my daughter's fair name through the very mire of publicity. But I should be bold and brave to do it, because I feel that I must fight for her interests

and her protection; and with you, and not with me, would lie the shame and the blame of the proceeding."

Mr. Doughty's mild grey eyes, wide open now from horror, still hung fascinated on the lady's immovable visage.

"But, Richard," she resumed in more kindly tones, "I know that affairs will never get as far as that. You will do your duty by my poor child, without any force from without. I really only came to settle which day would be the most convenient for the wedding. You will have no objection to its being before the end of the month."

you, and you shall come on in our carriage to church. I suppose we'd better have it in the morning, for Mr. Harvey does not like the new-fangled notions. I'll go on now and tell them all about it. You can see about the licence to-morrow morning. Leave all the rest to me. I'll manage everything. The only thing you've got to do is to mind and get the licence in good time, and to be ready at a quarter to eleven next Saturday."

She shut her parasol, drew down her veil, and held out her hand to Mr. Doughty as she spoke. Remonstrance, entreaty, excuse, rose to his lips, but found no expression in words. "The whole



MRS LANKASTER DECLARES SHE WILL APPEAL TO THE GENERAL SENSE OF JUSTICE OF THE NATION.

A faint "No" came from Mr. Doughty's parched and quivering lips.

"That only leaves us a week," Mrs. Lankaster proceeded cheerfully. "Let me see; to-day is Tuesday, and to-morrow is rather too soon. What do you say to Thursday?"

Mr. Doughty faintly shook his head. "I couldn't get a licence in time," he ventured.

"Then how about Friday?"

"Unlucky," gasped the bridegroom.

"Well, there can be no objection to Saturday," said Mrs. Lankaster, resolutely.

Poor Mr. Doughty's brain reeled. "My dear Aunt Susan died on a Saturday," he gasped with happy inspiration.

"Stuff and nonsense," cried Mrs. Lankaster unfeelingly. "Who cares about your Aunt Susan? Saturday's the day. We'll come over here to fetch

country shall ring with your disgrace"; "With you and not with me would lie the shame and the blame of the proceeding." These words seemed to sound in his ears, to be stabbed into his heart, to struggle with and suffocate any of his own. Dumbly he shook hands with his visitor, and dumbly he stood looking after her as she swept down the narrow path. At the foot of the kitchen-garden she turned to call back: "Don't forget about the licence. Better see to it first thing to-morrow." Then she disappeared for a minute into the house, and a few seconds afterwards he heard the front door reopen, the carriage door bang to, and then the crunching of the gravel once more below the unwilling feet of the cab horse.

Still Mr. Doughty stood, as one who is turned into clay. He might yet be standing in that attitude of

utter, blank despair, had not Rebecca, who had wisely awaited her time for the performance of her designs, now taken the opportunity to spring from the flower-border on to his shoulder with a little pitying cry. The start aroused Mr. Doughty. He staggered to a garden bench, his shoulders bowed to support without disturbing the cat's weight, and sinking down he buried his face in his hands groaning: "I can't, Rebecca; I can't, I can't, I can't!"

### CHAPTER III.—THE WORM TURNS.

IT would be worse than useless to attempt to describe the hours of despair which ensued for Mr. Doughty after his visitors had taken their leave. All Wednesday he remained in his sanctum, with the door locked, only opening it so far as to allow Mrs. Fidler to hand in to him the meals which remained untasted. On the Thursday morning he recovered so far from the state of collapse into which he had sunk as to write a long letter to Mr. Mills, posting it to that gentleman's home-address. In this letter he gave a circumstantial account of the interview which had been forced upon him by Mrs. Lankaster; of that lady's demands and threats, and his, Richard's, useless protests and entreaties. His own attitude of defiance was doubtless drawn from that which Mr. Doughty had mentally felt capable of sustaining; it scarcely represented him as he had appeared in single combat. The letter wound up with a pressing appeal. The matter was urgent, and Mr. Mills must come to the rescue without a moment's delay. Mr. Doughty calculated that this powerful missive would reach the suburb of London where his godson's practice lay not later than eight of the following morning. He therefore counted on Mr. Mills' arrival at Hupton station by the afternoon train of the Friday. When his letter was posted he felt rather more at ease than he had done since the memorable interview with Mrs. Lankaster. Tommie had promised to help him, and Tommie was a man of his word. Mr. Doughty could not tell what means Mr. Mills would employ for his rescue; but he felt quite sure that he had secured the best possible champion for his cause. And in the meantime he himself would remain defiantly inactive as regarded the procuring of a licence or other such unnecessary forms.

On the Friday morning the Vicar, alarmed by the reports given him by his invaluable partner of the frame of mind in which Mrs. Lankaster had visited her sister-in-law on the previous day, called upon Mr. Doughty. But Mrs. Fidler, who was possessed of all those ordinary means which place a faithful servant *au courant* of her master's affairs, did not admit the gentleman without preliminary consultation. Upon parley being held through the keyhole of the sanctum Mr. Doughty declared himself to be in bed with a violent catarrh, which he was nursing against the morrow; and furthermore, when even this excuse did not serve to check the attentions of Mr. Harvey, Mr. Doughty protested to Mrs. Fidler that he had just sunk into a profound slumber, from which at her peril she dared not wake him. The same slumber-device was repeated later on in the day, when the clergyman again called, although at the moment Mr. Doughty was sitting in his favourite hammock-chair, watch in hand, counting the moments to the time when Tommie Mills might be expected to arrive.

But Tommie did not come. At first Mr. Doughty allowed himself to believe that the train had been fifteen minutes late. But before this time of grace had well elapsed the smart dog-cart, which was kept for the pleasure of Mr. Doughty's groom and occasional visitors, returned with the tidings that Mr. Mills had not been among the passengers disgorged at Hupton. Neither questioning nor cross-questioning could elicit any other report from the grinning servant, and poor Mr. Doughty retired from the window, whence for greater security the dialogue had been carried on, to a search of the railway-guide, and then issued fresh orders that Ducat should meet the 8.30 down train with the dog-cart.

A choice supper was prepared by Mrs. Fidler for her favourite, and Mr. Doughty with the *Spectator* in his hands, but his eyes on the timepiece, endeavoured to await with as much patience as he could muster the arrival of the expected guest. But another disappointment was in store for him. At 9.15 the dog-cart again returned without Mr. Mills.

"Can't 'elp it, zur," said Ducat, in reply to his master's remonstrances, for in his excitement Mr. Doughty had flung open the door of the sanctum. "If 'er wadden theer I coudden bring 'er; thick's plain."

"I can't understand it, I can't understand it," moaned poor Mr. Doughty. "He never would have played me false like this if he'd been alive, I'm sure. I cannot think what can have happened to Mr. Mills." And shutting the door once more Mr. Doughty retreated to the inner recesses of the chimney-corner, wringing his hands and repeating to himself, "And what is to happen to me: whatever on earth will become of poor me?"

There was no sleep for Mr. Doughty again that night. During its early hours he sat in his chair, half-stupefied from his disappointment, and his brain racked with nervous terrors for the welfare of his godson. But with the morning hours a consciousness of his own exceeding and nearing peril returned to him. It wanted but a few hours to his doom and he was alone to meet it! The thought stirred him to some kind of energy. His anxiety should be more on his own account than on that of the deserter. A suspicion even dawned upon him that Tommie was purposely forsaking his cause. A faint remembrance of the half smile with which his godson had heard the preliminary account of his troubles dawned on him now, though at the moment it had been quite unnoticed. Perhaps Tommie was only amused at the predicament in which Mr. Doughty found himself. He had a habit of being unaccountably amused by circumstances in which Mr. Doughty could see no joke. This theory grew upon him, till by 5 A.M. it had become plain and clear to him that Thomas Mills meant to throw him

over, and was wholly indifferent to the horrible fate which awaited him.

This conviction when thoroughly formed stirred Mr. Doughty out of all inertness. He threw off the feelings of lassitude and incapacity which were the growth of years and sprang to his feet. He paced up and down the room rapidly, fanning the flame of his own indignation and revolt, and encouraging in himself the unwonted activity and power of initiation which he now felt. He would not submit; he would not tolerate the bondage which was being thrust upon him. He would repudiate his bride at the church-door; he would refuse to take his part in the ceremony before the altar. A vision of the crowded church, the solemn faces of the expectant throng, the white-robed bride, the priest, the organ, the flowers, the rice, rose before him. Could he trust himself to play such a part before all this multitude? Should he have courage to carry out his protest in the face, as it were, of God and of man. He knew he should not. He could not attempt to deceive himself; and falling back again into his chair he groaned aloud.

But why push events to this very last extremity? Why not rather refuse to come to the church? Why not feign illness, paralysis, anything? Alas! he realised that here Mrs. Lankaster would be too much for him. The undaunted lady had promised herself to conduct him to the altar, and he knew that she would be as good as her word. He believed her even capable of hiring an ambulance-conveyance if so be that he could reasonably plead ill-health or accident.

Escape! Where was it? It seemed to elude him, but he *must* grasp it! He clutched his aching forehead and his thoughts whirled wildly on. Flight. There was a path open to him. What should prevent it; who could stand in his way? He would run the country! He would desert his happy peaceful home, until this calamity should be overpast. Why had he never before thought of this most simple expedient? He laughed aloud in mad elation at the scheme.

Half-past six! In four and a quarter hours that terrible woman would be on him. He sprang from his chair and seized the railway-guide once more. At 6.40 a train left Hupton for Saltby-on-Sea, and at 6.45 another started for London. He was too late for both these. He dared not drive, for none of his own household must know of his destination. If he waited for the next Town-train, which left Hupton at 9 A.M., all his servants would be about, and he would be distraught by the curiosity of Mrs. Fidler and the chatter of the outdoor men. No, he must fly at once and without further loss of time. Hurriedly his eye fell down the railway-table. How few trains stopped at Hupton! Stay! What was this? An express left for Saltby-on-Sea at 7.45. He had time to catch that. Why not go there as well as anywhere else? And, besides, from there he could make his way at leisure to the protection of Mr. Mills, or to any other spot which might seem to afford safety.

Mr. Doughty was now acting with speed and decision. His servants, according to their usual custom at this hour, were all fast asleep. He would not venture to cross the hall, for fear of disturbing them. He became suddenly conscious of hunger, and hastily devoured the cold remains of his last night's dinner. With his mouth crammed full of sodden beefsteak and dried bread he collected his purse, his cheque-book, and a few other trifles. Quite regardless of the ludicrousness of the statement, he scrawled in large letters on a sheet of foolscap: "I left for Central Africa last night," and put the paper in a prominent position on his mantelshelf. He could get at no hat beside the battered straw which he used for garden-wear. He placed this firmly on his head and gently opened the lattice. With some difficulty he squeezed himself through its narrow opening and stood in the fresh green garden. The delicious morning-air cooled his head and quieted his fevered pulses, but his resolution did not abate. Choosing the orchard path, as being the one least frequented, he hurried from his grounds, without so much as one backward look or pang of regret, and struck into the field-path to Hupton station.

Like most nervous people Mr. Doughty was an extremely rapid walker. In the present instance the fears which pursued him served as goads to hasten his footsteps. He cleared stiles and gates with boy-like agility, and never once did he pause for breath till he found himself safely at the booking-office. To secure his ticket and a seat in a crowded compartment where he might hope to be unnoticed was the work of but a few moments; and indeed, had he known it, Mr. Doughty need have had no fear of detection. The four days' growth of beard upon his face, his tumbled clothes and disreputable hat sufficiently disguised his identity to the sleepy porter. Richard Doughty entirely escaped all observation, and sinking back with a profound sigh of thankfulness as the train steamed out of the station, he composed himself for slumber.

How sweet was his sleep! For two delightful hours anxiety and fear forsook him. He roused himself with difficulty and rubbing his eyes sat up. Most of his fellow passengers had left the compartment while he slept, and there only remained a poor woman with her two ugly little girls, whose tiresome and persistent questions had aroused him. The children seemed to Mr. Doughty charming. They were sceptical as to the nature of sand, and openly derided the possibility of "so much water that they wouldn't be able to see across it." Mr. Doughty became deeply interested in their conversation, and gave them each half-a-crown when the train stopped at Saltby.

Liberty! He was free! He had escaped! A clock struck eleven as he dismounted and dismissed his cab alongside of the asphalted esplanade. The Saltby season was now at its height, and swarms of people strolled together or chatted in little groups in the warm sea-air. The day was glorious. The sun shone as though it had been midsummer, and the fresh salt-laden air saved the heat of the morning from oppressiveness. How happy every one looked! How happy, how consciously and perfectly happy he felt! Mr. Doughty

was quite oblivious to the unseemliness of his personal appearance; but it struck him that he had not washed that morning, and that his hands were grimed with railway dust, and the skin of his face felt uncomfortable. He left the esplanade and descended to the beach. There were not many bathers, and Mr. Doughty had never before so enjoyed a tub as he did that morning's swim. He felt like sixteen. He kicked about and splashed the water high over his head. A sense of irresponsibility, an ignorance of the future, and a delight in the present, were on him. He dressed and emerged again from his bathing-machine with a step as light as a child's.

But this delicious exhilaration of feeling was short-lived. He had returned once more to the esplanade and was passing below one of the smaller hotels of the place. Something tempted him to look up, and there, standing in the full sunshine on a balcony of the first floor, gazing seawards with her profile half turned from him, stood Miss Lankaster. At first he could not believe his eyes. He remained stockstill, staring at the tall slight figure. But he was not mistaken. The pale complexion, the thick plaits of soft brown hair, the gently-rounded figure, the long shapely arm, and the simple gown were indeed all unmistakable.

When Mr. Doughty had fully satisfied himself that his eyes were not playing him false, that there before him in the flesh stood Evelina Lankaster, he turned and sped in an opposite direction. He knew the town well, and dodging from one street to another, he presently found himself in a quiet coffee-house, where he was at liberty to ruminate at his leisure on this new and most astounding aspect of affairs.

But ten minutes before he had been spitefully chuckling to himself over the bridal party without its bridegroom, over the hubbub and commotion which would at that moment be reigning in Swire, and over his own consummate resource and promptitude of action. Now all was changed. He had been discovered and tracked. How could he ever have hoped to outwit the dauntless Lankaster? Some one must have seen him at the Hupton railway-station and have reported the matter immediately at head-quarters. Perhaps, indeed, his would-be mother-in-law kept spies always on the watch. And yet how could he have been so speedily followed? If his pursuers had been in the same train with him he would have been long ago seized and probably delivered over to execution, that is, marriage. He could not remember any other Saltby train which left Hupton before midday, and it was barely twelve now. He sat drinking his coffee and munching his rolls in an inner private room with only the gloomiest forebodings for companions. One thing became clear to him as his depressed brain revived under the stimulant of the coffee. If he was to avoid discovery and capture, he must immediately leave Saltby and seek a hiding in London.

He paid his bill and left the house. With the step and hunted look of a criminal he sped down the High Street and took the first turning in the direction of the railway station. He would fly to Tommie. Tommie would not refuse him protection and shelter when once he properly understood the dilemma in which Mr. Doughty now was. Tommie could not before have thoroughly realised the extreme peril and danger of the situation in which he had refused his support. Tommie was good at heart, and had always been a good boy to him. Yes, he would go to Tommie.

He was passing the Post Office as he formed this resolution, and a man issuing from its doors ran up against him. Mr. Doughty started back and grasped at a lamp-post for support.

"Tommie!" he cried in accents shaken by surprise and wrung by despair. "It is Tommie? Tommie too!"

No *et tu Brute* could have told forth a love more deeply wounded by the conviction of the treachery of an own familiar friend, than did those few simple words of Mr. Doughty.

In an instant it all flashed upon him—the reason of Tommie's indifference and silence to his appeal. Tommie had gone over to the enemy; Tommie was with the Lankaster faction; Tommie was a party to the pursuit; Tommie had hunted him down. The great sorrowfulness of the thing, the ingratitude, the desertion, the loss of love, the spirit which prompted all these, smote on Mr. Doughty more sorely than even the fact of his own capture. He could not speak; a sob rose in his throat and he concentrated his mind on choking it down. His pitiful eyes sought his godson's with a pertinacity rarely seen in them. He remained mute, holding by the lamp-post and looking at Tommie.

And Mr. Mills stared back at him. His healthy young face, which had flushed somewhat abnormally on their first encounter, gradually resumed its ordinary colour. A puzzled expression, which slowly passed into one of deep contrition, was on his countenance. He took a step nearer, and then, as Mr. Doughty shrank and trembled at his approach, he dropped his outstretched hand and retreated again. When he spoke it was in tones of sorrow impossible to misinterpret.

"Oh, Richard! I never would have done it had I known that you really cared."

By mutual, if mute, consent, the two were now walking down a quieter side street which led back to the sea.

"Cared!" repeated Mr. Doughty, and even in his own ears his voice sounded old and quavering. "Did I not tell you that my liberty, my happiness, my very life almost were at stake? Did you not promise to help *me*? Did you not give me your plighted word? And I believed you! I was foolish enough and weak enough to trust *you* instead of trusting only to *myself*! I——"

"I don't know what you mean and why you are going over all that," interrupted Tommie, with a confused air. "I thought you did not care for Miss Lankaster."

They were standing now in the full sunshine of the esplanade. The sparkling water dazzled Mr. Doughty's eyes, and his brain was beginning to feel the fatigue of the unusual strain which he had imposed upon it. He gathered himself together,

however, for one final protest, and leaning against the traitor's arm, the support of which he sorely needed, but could not bring himself avowedly to take, he gasped out :

"No more I do, and no more I did, and no more I ever shall."

"Well then, why are you here, and what's the matter?" cried his questioner, with a strange ring in his voice, and a smile sweeping the lines from his contracted features.

"I am here because I fled at the last moment. I couldn't bring myself to the point, Tommie ; you know I told you I knew I couldn't. But that *you* should run me down, that *you* should hunt me up, that *you* should turn upon your old friend—your friend who loved you, Tommie—ay, and who loves you still—that *you* should want to deliver me up into the hands of those designing women! Oh, Tommie, that is bitter—that is exceeding hard to bear."

Poor Mr. Doughty's voice, which, through the delivery of this speech had been gradually breaking, now gave way altogether, and ended in a most uncompromising sob.

But Tommie Mills burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oh, poor old man!" he cried. "So you thought that I had forsaken you ! that I had given you up and gone over to the enemy. And all the time I was plotting for your liberty, and holding daily and secret consultations with a friend in the very camp of the enemy !"

Mr. Doughty turned his bewildered face on his companion.

"Where were you?" he inquired hoarsely, "and who was the friend in the enemy's camp?"

"I was lying *perdu* in Hupton," Mr. Mills replied gravely. "And the friend was Miss Lankaster herself."

"But she is here ; she is in pursuit of me too," persisted Mr. Doughty. "I daren't even walk in this direction or she will see me ! I tell you she is at this moment at the Victoria Hotel."

"I know she is," said Tommie, with great simplicity. "I took her there myself. She's my wife now."

Mr. Doughty made no difficulty in the present instance in clutching at Mr. Mills's arm. Indeed, without its timely assistance he would inevitably have fallen. He could not articulate one of the myriad questions with which he seemed bursting. His whole face and figure, his crooked fingers and wavering limbs, gave points of interrogation.

Mr. Mills did not keep him long in suspense. Thrusting him gently on to one of the many benches which faced the seashore, he took a place beside him, and briefly narrated to him the following facts :



MR. MILLS EXPLAINS THE POSITION.

"I knew Evelina Lankaster when I was still a student and walking the hospitals," he began. "We loved each other then, but her mother would not listen to my proposals. The old woman hated me —why, I scarcely know, unless it were on account of my great impecuniosity, and because I cherished anything but an affection for herself. She forbade Evelina to have anything whatsoever to do with me, and although we had sworn to be true to each other, I did not dare come forward till I had something definite to offer in the shape of income and prospects.

"Through your generosity, sir, I was able to escape from my creditors, and by dint of hard work and application I at last scraped together a small but promising practice. After three years I felt myself in a position to come forward and announce my intentions to Mrs. Lankaster, and, as I have subsequently found, chose that moment when my *fiancée* and her mother had just returned from their visit to Swire Vicarage. Mrs. Lankaster was exceedingly angry with me. She vowed she would not hear one word further on the subject of

my suit. She forbade me the house, and her daughter all intercourse with me, and she did her best to ensure her orders being carried out. By dint of some ingenuity I managed at last to elude her, and spent one stolen afternoon with Evelina in the seclusion of a city church. By some means Mrs. Lankaster discovered that we had met, and a few days afterwards she and her daughter entirely disappeared from London. They left neither trace nor clue behind, and seemed to have vanished into thin air.

"From that day forward I could hear nothing of them. I made every possible inquiry, but all with no result. Their house was let to strangers, and the house-agent professed total ignorance of their whereabouts. Three months of useless search and investigation followed, and then I determined to take you into my confidence, and to ask your advice and help. I came down to Swire, and the results of that visit you know. Mrs. Lankaster had not made away either with her daughter or herself. She was merely quietly living at Hupton and pursuing those schemes which should secure a wealthy husband for her daughter, a home for herself, and perdition for me. She had worried Evelina nearly into a brain-fever, and would I believe have finished by driving the poor girl off her head. Excuse me, Richard, but I believe your condition was very similar. When I found the state of mind to which you had been reduced by the conduct of this unprincipled woman, I saw that if you were to be rescued the work would have not only to be carried out for you, but totally irrespective of any assistance from you. You were, in fact, incapable of giving any reasonable assistance.

"I left you, only soliciting your trust and extracting enough money to carry out the plans which I immediately formed. I went into hiding at Hupton, and the rest was easily arranged with Evelina herself. Her mother thought I was safely in town, and had grown over-confident from her success in the interception of the letters which Evelina had tried to send me. My dear girl readily entered into all my plans. I obtained a special licence with your money—you remember that fifty pounds—and this morning we came off here together and were married. When you met me I had just come from the Post Office to see if there was any reply to the telegram I had sent you on arriving here, or to the note I had despatched by a messenger before I left Hupton this morning."

As Mr. Mills finished his recital Mr. Doughty slipped his hand through his companion's arm.

"What a fine, bold fellow you are, Tommie," he said admiringly. Then added with a little hesitation, "I hope you are really quite pleased with your wife?"

For answer Mr. Mills laughed a little.

"And what are we to do now?" Mr. Doughty continued.

"We must act together," Mr. Mills replied decisively. "Our interests and our enemy are common. Probably Mrs. Lankaster will learn where Evelina and I are, and a good deal more about our doings than I care that she should know, from my letter and telegram to you. She is not likely to stick at opening them. But that can't be helped now."

"No, I'm sorry to say it can't," assented Mr. Doughty. "And, as you say, we must act together; our interests are common. I fancy you remarked," he added, with an underlying tone of glee, "that Mrs. Lankaster's principal objection to you was your lack of money. Well, if that is really all she has against you, I think that—always acting together—we may yet be able to tackle the good lady. And in any case we have the whip-hand of her. Now come," and he rose as he spoke, still holding Tommie's arm, "now come and introduce me to your wife."

"Hadn't you better get shaved first?" commented Mr. Mills.

## Of Long Ago.

WITH rose and may the world was fair,
And there was sunshine in the air
When we went courting down the lane
Where we shall never walk again,
A happy, foolish, loving pair.

I talked of home we two would share,
And you pretended not to care:
Now hope and youth no longer reign
With rose and may!

White roses where red roses were!
Few are the flowers that Time will spare;
But Time's the slave of Love: in vain
Come age and tears and loss and pain,
Since still Love crowns your snowy hair
With rose and may!

E. N.

# A WASP'S NEST.

IT was about the size of a cricket-ball, and was made of a somewhat coarse, though thin, light-grey paper. On its upper side it was attached to a branch of gooseberry bush by a mere ribbon of paper, and there was a reddening gooseberry half embedded in its walls. In the centre of its lower surface it was pierced by a small round hole which evidently served as a door for the inhabitants.

It had been built in a gooseberry bush ; and my friend R——, who is always on the look-out for "specimens" for me, had cut it out, at the risk of being badly stung for his pains. By some means he had managed to drive off all the wasps that were within, but by the time the nest reached my office several of the pupæ in the cells had come to maturity, emerged, and dried their wings. During the cutting-out process, the paper walls had got torn on one side, and by carefully turning back the fractured portion I got a capital view of the internal arrangements of the nest.

Right up in the top of the domed roof was a cluster of three paper cups, of a round shape, and inverted. From the centre of this structure there was produced a pillar of grey cardboard, spreading out at its lower end, and rooting, so to speak, in an inverted "comb," made up of about thirty-five six-sided cells. Half an inch or thereabouts below this second tier of cells was a third, depending from that next above it by four or five pillars. All the cells in these combs hung mouth downwards, and each was occupied. In some the tenant was in the egg-stage, and newly deposited ; in others there were larvæ of different sizes—from the tiny maggot recently hatched and clinging to the empty egg-shell, to the burly-looking grub that completely filled its cell with its fat body. Then there were cells which had the opening closed up by a paper —wasp-paper—cover, and looked much like little pots of jam with their parchment covers. These last contained wasps in the chrysalis-stage, and some were breaking through the covers as complete wasps, or standing outside drying their newly acquired wings.

This was very interesting ; but when these recently developed wasps began to leave the nest and fly about the office, it was thought to be the proper time for me to shut the nest up.

On arriving home with my paper city and its hundreds of inhabitants my first concern was so to dispose the nest that "business would be carried on as usual" in spite of the removal of the establishment. In cutting out the nest my friend had been careful not to injure the attachment to the gooseberry bush ; and now, by means of a stout piece of galvanised wire, I fastened this bit of gooseberry branch to a shoot from a wall pear. It seemed an easy matter to accomplish, and yet, try as I would, I could not get it so fixed that the gate of the city would come into its proper position —underneath the nest, as formerly. It would persist in so hanging that the door came half-way up one side. This meant that the combs were all edgewise, and consequently the poor grubs had to undergo the misery of lying on their sides instead of comfortably hanging head downwards. This would never do ! Yet I could not alter the position : the law of gravitation was too strong for me.

Here comes a strange part of my story. I want you to notice this fact, that when the nest came into my possession there was not a single completely developed wasp about it, so that the new wasps could not receive instruction as to their functions and duties from their elders. In spite of this, as soon as the new wasps came out they went round from cell to cell, licking the grubs, and evidently giving them food. They flew away from the nest, and were busy all day, flying in and out, bringing insects they had caught and feeding the grubs with bits.

Then some of them set to work to mend the broken walls, and build new cells. Was not this wonderful ? They never made paper before, had never seen it made, and had no one to teach them ; and yet they knew just where to go for the proper material, how to work it up into a pulp, and how to spread it evenly, and so to repair the breakages in a neat and workmanlike manner.

But this repair of the wall—however desirable from a waspish point of view—was a great disappointment for me, because it shut out my view of the inside ; and henceforth I had to content myself with what I could see through the doorway. This was not much, because these very particular wasps had cut away the old entrance at the side and had constructed a new doorway at the bottom of the nest. Looking in at this aperture a few days later, I found that by some almost incredible feat of industry the wasps had altered the arrangements of the combs, and now, instead of being perpendicular, they were hung horizontally. I believe that in order to effect this they had to build entirely new combs, and demolish the old ones.

By this time the number of winged workers had enormously increased, and some of them were constantly busy laying on fresh strata of paper outside. And so the nest grew in size by this associated labour, until it was six and a half inches across, and the walls (as I afterwards ascertained) were about an inch in thickness. The colony had also increased, until now the mature wasps could be numbered by hundreds.

I always feel annoyed when I hear some disagreeable, short-tempered person dignified by having the adjective *waspish* applied to him. It is an entire misuse of terms, and a gratuitous libel

on the insect. In the sense in which that term is understood *the wasp is not waspish!* Here is a bit of my own experience :—

My wasp's nest was hung on a level with my eyes, to enable me—being somewhat short-sighted—the better to see what was going on ; and I have spent hours standing with my face close to the nest, with wasps flying in and out of the door every second, having in fact to go out of the way to avoid flying in my face. And yet, never was there the slightest attempt made to sting me ; in fact, no notice was taken of me. I confess I should not care to try a similar experiment with bees.

The early history of the nest is by no means without interest, although in this particular case I was unable to watch its foundation ; but what is true of one nest of a particular species—this was the *Vespa sylvestris*, or wood wasp—is true of any other of that species. The colony was founded by a solitary individual—a lady wasp that all the winter through had slept soundly in the inmost recesses of a faggot stack. In spring the genial spirit of rejuvenescence had affected her in common with many other things, and she had felt the necessity of being and doing something in the work of the universe. So she had fixed upon the gooseberry-bush, after a good deal of flying to and fro, and examination of "eligible building sites." Already there were hundreds of tiny black and white caterpillars swarming over the bush, eating up the tender green leaves that were only now smoothing out their crumples. To help the gardener by destroying these would be an object in life—a mission of usefulness.

After some debate in her own mind as to the best part of the bush for her purpose, she finally decided upon a particular branch, and then flying to a decaying post in the fence, she cut out some of the soft fibres of the wood and carried them to the bush. With her sharp mandibles she rapidly tore these to pieces, and mixing them up with her glutinous saliva, she soon had a pellet of wood pulp. Spreading this out smoothly and equally, and fashioning it into a little circular cup, inverted, she lays an egg within, and goes in search of more material. Several little cups are added to its fellow, and in each an egg is deposited. Then a paper roof is made over these cells, and this is gradually increased until it becomes globular in form. But the eggs have hatched, and the resultant larvæ require feeding ; so the mother wasp goes off and kills caterpillars, and flies, and spiders, cutting them up and distributing the portions as so many tid-bits to her progeny, actually placing each morsel in their mouths, for they have no limbs and cannot therefore help themselves.

She is most assiduous in her attentions, and one day she is rewarded by the appearance of a winged worker—a female whose sexual attributes are imperfect. Now a fresh tier of cells is made below the other, and larger in diameter. The nest has to be increased in size to accommodate the new cells and the utmost exertion is required to feed the increased number of grubs. By-and-by there are so many winged workers that the nest increases in size every day, and then cells of a much larger size are made in which true sexual insects are produced, in order to provide for the perpetuation of the species.

The season for ripe plums and peaches comes, and the wasp demands payment for the help she has rendered the gardener by the destruction of the countless swarms of caterpillars, green fly, etc., with which she has fed her progeny.

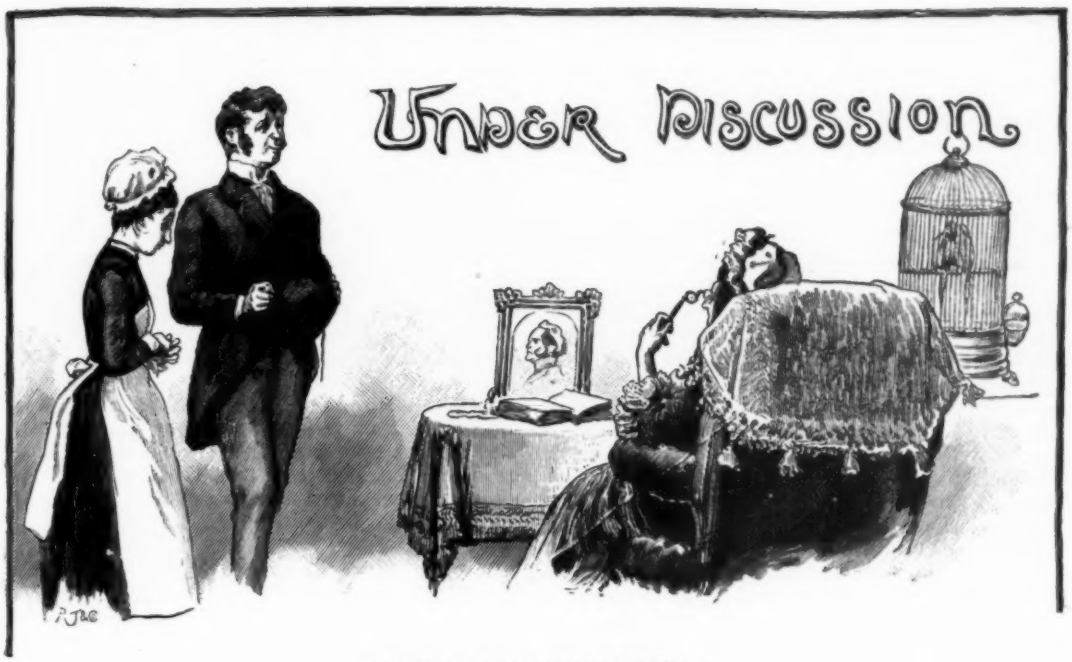
For a short time they revel in dissipation, and then insect life begins to get scarce out of doors, and the nights get frosty. The wasps become in some strange manner aware that ere long their powers will fail, and their helpless grubs in the cells will starve. So the cells are visited, and the grubs are brought forth and mercifully killed. Then by general consent the nest seems to be entirely abandoned, the wasps coming into our houses and walking into jam tarts and pots of preserve. Whilst so engaged many of them come to a violent end at the hands of the indignant housewife. But sometimes their attention is not confined to the jams and fruit jellies—they come also after the flies that are a perfect pest to the jam-makers. This is especially so when the colony is in full vigour and there are hundreds of voracious grubs to be satisfied. Let me tell a little story that was told to me by a friend.

He was staying in a country town, and had occasion to go into the local confectioner's shop for some dainty or other. Once inside he was astonished at the number of wasps that were flying around and walking over the counter and glass dishes, and made some remark upon the subject to the young lady in charge. "Oh, pray don't call them a nuisance," said she, "they are our best friends. Were it not for the wasps, I really do not know what we should do. See, there is Mr. Blade's butcher's shop across the road, and we get swarms of flies from there. They come in the door and swarm in the windows, although we keep muslin over the tarts and sweets. But the wasps are in and out every minute of the day, and every time they take off a fly. Look at that beauty now!"

And following the lady's glance my friend saw a bright yellow wasp swoop down on a vulgar-looking blow-fly, capture it, and then sail triumphantly out at the door with it.

To return to my wasp's nest—and in this matter I am unlike the wasps at the end of the season : they never did return. What became of them I know not, but doubtless a few females got into dry cosy corners somewhere and slept through the winter in safety, each founding a new colony in spring. The males would all die early in life. The old nest hangs up among my other natural curiosities, and I should be pleased to show it to you if you are ever passing my way.

EDWARD STEP.




## "YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS," ETC.

PLEASANCE and I have been often exercised in our minds concerning that "young man" who is, quite naturally, almost sure to be found in the vista of life opening out of a kitchen wherein one or two comely damsels live and work, or out of a factory where scores of such find employment.

I remember the time when this youth's undeniably important existence was often absolutely ignored, so far as domestic life was concerned. Cooks and housemaids were hired with the distinct understanding that there should be "no followers." Such prohibition was even stated in advertisements, which yet, nevertheless, did not then fail to obtain answers. And if the young man was not to put in any appearance in his sweetheart's kitchen, his sweetheart did not enjoy many opportunities of leaving it, for she got her liberty only for about two hours during the week, or perhaps for one day in the month, and for one service on Sunday. It was certainly a false and unnatural state of things in which a girl could be expected to forfeit her natural rights and aspirations simply because she had to earn her bread. And this was, probably not without justice, assigned as one of the causes why girls turned towards other means of gaining a livelihood. True, the domestic servants of those days did often marry, but it seems as if they must have generally married either on very inadequate acquaintance, or else have indulged in an amount of secrecy and subterfuge which would afford but a poor guarantee for subsequent domestic bliss.

"I think the views which pervade society now are rather more just and kind," I said, after retailing some of my remembrances; "but certainly they involve mistresses in difficulties and problems of which the old high-handed dames did not dream. The servant is to be allowed her one lawful lover, whose name her mistress asks and whose occupation she is told, less in her right as an employer, than in her duty as a house-mother. But if that lover falls from his place, what then? Is another to be permitted? It might be rank tyranny to withhold such privilege because a girl had been deserted by a false admirer, or, on her own part, had seen some good reason to withdraw her favour. And yet, at what number in succession is a mistress to draw a line? And is there not a comic element in the picture of a worthy matron gravely enquiring into the antecedents first of the butcher, then of the grocer, next of the postman, and lastly of the guard."

"This sort of difficulty crops up everywhere," said Pleasance.

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Penelope Boughton, who was spending a leisure afternoon with us. "We encounter it in the festivities of our factory girls' clubs and guilds. For a long time we conducted these on a sort of conventual basis, making

them gatherings of 'girls only.' But we felt there was something wrong in this, since God had not put the two sexes apart but together. With great trepidation we made tentative experiments. Girls were permitted to bring their 'young men.' We found we had introduced veritable apples of discord, involving tears, sulks, recriminations, and sometimes almost fisticuffs. Further, we discovered that in many cases, the 'young man' was no sober lover, with matrimonial purposes, but that he was merely the necessary instrument of trivial flirtation, so that every girl might have 'her young man' of the occasion, but the next occasion found a different 'young man.'"

"I think this degrading enjoyment in mere flirtation is sure to exist where there is no scope for the natural associations of home and friendliness among young people," I said. "This is one reason why, for my own part, I would never be too rigid in excluding from my kitchen all male visitors except him who comes in the guise of a declared 'sweetheart.' Certainly I should feel entitled to ask who any such visitor is, precisely as I should expect to know the name and status of any gentleman who called on a young lady in my drawing-room. But I should be satisfied if I was told that he was a brother's fellow-workman, or the gamekeeper on the estate where a father's croft was situated. For I think old acquaintance and simple honest friendliness make the best soil for love, and that its sweet blossom is all the healthier if it is not prematurely opened. Such visits, of course, would be very occasional, and with nothing furtive about them. By the time they grew frequent, it would be necessary to have a definite understanding."

"You know, of course," said Pleasance, "that this freedom might give your servants rather too much opportunity for indulging in that phase of courtship known as 'keeping company,' which among the working classes seems to take the place of the ordinary process of acquaintance and friendship. Such 'keeping company' is sometimes a preliminary to betrothal, but is often indulged in merely as a pastime, and a refuge from loneliness and *ennui*. When we know that this 'keeping company' is generally based on tawdry coquetry and clumsy compliment, and is seldom debarred from those personal caresses and pecuniary favours which should be reserved for the most sacred emotions and the closest ties, don't you think we may well ask ourselves how far we ought to countenance or encourage it?"

"Our old-fashioned friend Miss Barwick," said Penelope, "always asks why we should concede to the servants in our kitchen a greater liberty than is accorded to the lady students at Girton or Newnham, who are not allowed to receive masculine visitors."

"That sounds plausible," I admitted. "But there is a wide distinction between the cases. The young ladies are at those scholastic institutions by their own free will, in order, under specially favourable conditions, to secure advantages which, nevertheless, they might obtain elsewhere, or might be content to forego. Our servants are with us that they may earn their bread by serving us, and we ought not to wish to take any unfair advantage of such a position. Again, the young ladies' stay at college is for a definite object, and for a brief and terminable period. The servants' stay in our house is for an indefinite time, and with an indefinite future. Yet, once more, even during the years of restraint, the young ladies' lives are broken up by holidays of months' duration, when they can enjoy whatever social opportunities exist in their own homes."

Mrs. Yeldham, who is visiting us, and who had been sitting silently in the big arm-chair, here looked up from her knitting, and said quietly, "May not that last clause give us a clue to lead out of the difficulties in servants' cases—at least in some instances? Where a girl has a mother's home, or worthy relations or friends near at hand, might it not be wiser, and indeed safer, to give her more opportunities of spending her leisure with them, rather than much freedom to see friends in her mistress's kitchen? For, with the best efforts and intentions, a mistress cannot know the character and tendencies of those whose lives are necessarily separated from her own in a thousand ways, as these may be known to people of their own class, who can associate with them on terms of intimacy."

"Ay!" said Penelope, "the home will always be the safest place for social intercourse of every kind, and especially that which is likely to lead to matrimonial bonds. But alas! in this respect many of our working girls would find their own parents far less friendly than mistresses frequently are. Among the working classes, nay, I fear, among most classes, the relations of parents and children are very much disturbed, and are in a precarious transitory condition."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Yeldham, "many causes have tended to undermine parental authority everywhere. Filial independence is the order of the day. Half-grown and undeveloped creatures assert the right of entire self-control, with results as disastrous as if young plants attempted to do without their props and screens. Then, as must be always the case, sooner or later, the authority that is disregarded or defied, is forced to withdraw itself from countenance and encouragement, and stands aloof, either in distant disapproval, or in disheartened indifference."

"Well," went on Penelope, "what I find is that working-class parents do not generally care that their daughters' lovers should visit their households. The mother says she cannot have 'him' loafing about, hindering her work. The father says food is scarce and dear enough, without always inviting 'him' to take pot-luck. Besides, they both add, 'What is the good of it all? If it's 'him' to-day, it will be somebody else to-morrow; or if not, then so much the worse!' Working-class parents, unlike the typical 'marrying mothers' of another sphere, are in no haste to part from their daughters. With them, marriage is not what it has been wittily and wickedly described—'an insane desire to provide board and lodging for another man's daughter.' Rather it is regarded as the artful withdrawal of

that other man's daughter from her contribution to his family's food and rent. While she is unmarried, she 'brings in something,' which may make all the difference to the little home, by tiding it over his own strikes, or his wife's illnesses. And though any dutiful service or consideration to be expected from her is, alas! too often scant enough, still she is somebody to turn to at a pinch. At least she claims very little on her part, whereas, once married, she will soon make her mother into a grandmother, whom she will expect to be her gratuitous drudge, while there is always the terror of her falling back on her father's hands, a deserted wife or a widow, with a 'large little family,' who cannot, for shame's sake, be allowed to starve, while outdoor relief will do very little for them."

"Ay," said Mrs. Yeldham, "these are the stern conditions which surround the life of the struggling masses in great cities, where a single misfortune will utterly and speedily destroy the results of years of thrift and industry, since the common nomadic habits of much modern life and labour tend to limit those results to a few poor pounds in a Savings' Bank, rather than to sink them in any solid foundation of character and association."

"I have come across very sad instances of this in my work," resumed Penelope. "The bankruptcy of some reckless employer, the defalcation of some official, or the breaking up of some neighbourhood, will suddenly and without remedy reduce a number of hardworking struggling folk to a state of beggary, costing them all the advantages which they may have gained by the thrift and industry of years. This perpetual uncertainty —the unceasing consciousness of the danger of helplessly slipping into that 'hand of man' which was so justly terrible to King David, is very different from that more picturesque view of 'poorlith's brink,' with whose sight the poet Burns tells us the old-fashioned Scottish peasant was 'so well acquaint' that the view of it gave him 'little fright.' The latter is but a wary walking on narrow paths, and is calculated to make eyes keen and feet sure. The former is more like a seat on a wild see-saw or go-round, from which at any moment there may be a precipitate tumble! I bring all this in at this point, because I feel that under these influences vast masses of our population are becoming mere wanderers, to whom all ideas of home and lasting affections and settled ties are becoming ever more and more mythical. When I think of many of my poor people whose only stake in life is a few poor sticks in one broken room in some shoddy house where they are little likely to remain many weeks, while they work for some master whose face they never saw, I am not at all sure that their lot is any improvement on that of the gipsy camped in his tent on the breezy common, or even on the life of the ancient Briton, airily attired in blue paint and snugly nested in a hollow tree."

"It has sometimes seemed to me," said Pleasance, "that if any young pair of this lowest class should aspire to the constancy of Longfellow's Evangeline and Gabriel, they might well be doomed to share a similar sad and fruitless searching and wandering. How easily and completely can John Jones, jobbing workman, lose sight of Jane Smith, fancy-box-maker, or lodging-house drudge, and how hard it may be to recover touch!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Yeldham, "in one of the saddest books that has appeared during the last quarter of a century,—Mrs. Mulock-Craik's pathetic memorial of a poor lad named Martin—who had possessed considerable culture and some poetic gifts, and who in no sense belonged to what could be called the lowest section of the London poor, nothing struck me more painfully than Mrs. Craik's record that almost immediately after the youth's death, his relatives were forced to wander away, and were soon utterly lost to her knowledge and enquiry."

"It is very sad," remarked Penelope, "and if some of this perpetual change and enduring transitoriness may be attributable to mere whim and restlessness, much of it is undoubtedly compulsory, and even the very whim and restlessness which we justly blame, may yet have been bred by the forcible and reckless uprooting of old ties in the first instance. In general, we find our peasantry and our fisher folk but too immovable even for their own interests. But if a whole district is ruthlessly depopulated to make a deer forest or a huge farm, what wonder if the exiles cannot easily take deep root among hateful new conditions, but presently grow heartless, and cease to value that which had been snatched from them. Mere average human nature will adapt itself to its environment, and discard those sentiments, affections, and tastes which it finds bring it nothing but agony and disappointment."

Said Mrs. Yeldham, thoughtfully, "I have been often painfully struck by the singular selfishness which too many young men and maidens seem to think is the natural corollary of 'falling in love' and forming new ties. This is peculiar to no class. Only among the poorer folk, it comes out palpably, since neglect of aged parents involves their being left in extreme destitution, or even driven upon public charity. Equally cruel and self-considering is the course taken in other complications of life. I came across an instance yesterday. A young servant girl told me of her approaching marriage, and proudly showed me her engagement ring. I entered into her little affairs, and heard the following account. Her future husband and his brother were maintaining an aged and invalid father, and a sister had been obliged to leave service to look after the old man. The young wife that-was-to-be clearly grudged her future husband's filial and fraternal support. 'She should not like to have to do such a thing herself.' She owned that it might be also rather hard on the sister, who could neither be earning anything, nor making a place in the world for herself, and who was thus passing her most valuable years. I could foresee that poor woman's future—an old maid, who after a laborious life would find herself without either work or wages when she was little fit for either, and with none on whom she could establish any 'claim' likely to be recognised. I put it to the prospective bride, did she not think that as she was to marry the son, it

might be her duty to take the old man to their new home, and tend him there, setting his daughter free to fend for herself while some youthful strength remained to her. The girl flounced round indignantly, 'I would not do such a thing,' she said. 'And they wouldn't dare to ask it—they know better!'"

"I find that most of my old women in the workhouse have sons and daughters," testified Pleasance, "but that 'they are married and have children of their own' is accepted by the old ladies as ample excuse not only for their doing nothing to maintain their parents, but even for their never coming near them."

"Under such circumstances, one cannot but understand the watchfulness and zeal with which mothers of the working class will endeavour to ward off the marriage-day of a son," said Penelope. "I have often observed this instinct to be strongest in the most industrious and thrifty women, to whom the thought of destitution and public charity would naturally be particularly hateful! Their dread quite demoralises the poor creatures, and some, who have trained their sons well and strictly up to this perilous period, suddenly spoil them in the most abject fashion, pampering their appetite with dainties, and indulging them in all sorts of licences as to hours, insobriety, and so forth; depriving themselves of necessaries that the lad may go smart and have loose 'money in his pocket.' I have repeatedly heard them say in triumph, 'He won't easy get a wife to do as much for him.' I have even known them encourage a son's inclination for some girl above him in position or adverse to him personally, the reason being, 'She'll never have him, and it keeps him amused.'"

"It is very sad," observed Pleasance, "but not a whit sadder than another kind of selfishness of which I had a curious instance last week, when I heard a wealthy mother confiding to an acquaintance that her son had fallen in love with a person who seemed to favour him, but whom the mother held to be an undesirable match *in futuro* because she was so much the son's senior. 'But never mind,' she added; 'if only it is an incentive to him to work hard at his studies, it will answer its end, for if the girl is still single when Jack is old enough to marry, he will certainly see his mistake.' No thought of the girl's interests or feelings entered into the woman's calculation."

"If you venture to hint that those who have borne the burdens of a man's or woman's youth, surely deserve in their turn to be succoured and cherished in old age," said Penelope, resuming her subject, "I find you are then met by a Scripture quotation. A man, say they, 'is commanded to leave father and mother and cleave to his wife.' It is odd how they manage to translate this insistence on the obligations of married fidelity and forbearance and of mutual bearing of all burdens (obligations which too often they do not carry out!) into an abrogation of all other obligations, though these are equally insisted on in their due proportion, by Holy Writ."

"It seems as if it were so easy to understand how such an injunction was addressed in special terms to people like the Jews, with whom blood-relationships were apt to be but too paramount," remarked Mrs. Yeldham. "And I know there are people who still need it—families into which it is well said that it is 'ill to marry,' since the newcomer is received as an enemy, persistently treated as a stranger, and invariably held to be solely responsible for anything which may happen to go wrong in the affairs or lives of the married couple. I was told lately of a foolish fond mother who kissed her daughter the bride, and said good-bye to her with the remark, 'Well, my love, you know if you are not happy, you've still got your own home to turn to.' As if any house but her husband's could be any wife's 'own home'! Parents and all other older ties of affection must never forget that after a marriage henceforth things are changed. If wise, they will not let even the most specious entreaties mislead them into giving much counsel, since it may be hard to suppress feelings of soreness when what has been begged from them is disregarded after all, as it is very likely to be! And they will do well to insist quietly on such a separation between the old home and the new as shall give each a chance of its own distinct and independent individuality—a right which, if it is often foolishly grudged by the old folks to the young, is quite as often disturbed for the old folks by the younger, who selfishly imagine that the ways, and feelings, and friendships of long lifetimes may be changed or discarded to suit themselves! It is not 'dutiful' but cruel to insist on those living together who have so little unity that any mutual home must become that terrible ruin, 'a house divided against itself.' Yet a son who means some dutifulness after his own inconsiderate fashion, will sometimes do this by making the old mother understand that if she cannot 'get on' with ways utterly different—possibly antagonistic—to her own, then he can take no more heed for her welfare. So the poor old dame, who would sit quite content over a cup of tea among her little household gods in some lonely attic, is doomed to flit about like a ghost in her daughter-in-law's gaudy parlour or noisy kitchen, and to see the frail old treasures round which her own life-history is linked, vanish one after another into the dust-bin or the firewood-box."

"I don't think there are any verses more pathetic than Carleton's 'Over the hill to the poor-house,'" said Penelope. "Do you remember how the old woman says:

> "'Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones:
> I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
> And God He made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray
> I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.'

And how she tells us of the days of her widowhood—that her son

> "'Charlie was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
> Till at last he went a-courtin' and brought a wife from town.
> She was somewhat dressy, and hadn't a pleasant smile,
> She was quite conceity, and carried a heap of style;

But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know,
But she was hard and proud, and I couldn't make it go.
. . . . . .
So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done,
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage for one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two!
An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, and felt it like a blow
When Charlie turned agin me, an' told me I could go!'

And then, after proving her other children equally faithless, she adds:

"'Still, I've borne up pretty well, and wasn't much put down,
Till Charlie went to the poor-master and put me on the town;
Over the hill to the poor-house! my children dear, good-bye!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh,
And God 'll judge between us, but I will always pray

(And here her love bursts out in supremest effort)

That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.'"

"Well," said Pleasance, "it is a strange fact that the very people who hold all old duties and affections as cheap beside their new wife's caprices, are generally the readiest, if she dies, to supply her place with another! The poor little women need not be vain of their temporary supremacy, which is less personal than official." (I think I have said before, that when Pleasance thinks of wrong inflicted, she can speak rather bitterly!)

"My friend Mrs. Bruce, who has recently returned from Canada," said Penelope, "tells me that among the farming population there, the farmer's widow frequently holds the mortgage of the farm her son and his wife occupy. This gives her a position of power and respect, while on the other hand, a daughter-in-law is generally heartily welcome, as relieving the aged mother from some of the household duties which are getting too much for her. Such an arrangement preserves the balance for the weaker among the contracting parties, for it seems to me that wherever there is a husband and wife there will be found the master and mistress of any house, even though they should seem to be but servants, and though the illusion of authority may appear to be in the hands of some bachelor, spinster, or widow! I only mention these facts of Canadian life because, when I heard them, it struck me that thus the shortest road to the idyllic side of things may be by the way, not so much of romantic thinking and theory, as by that of wholesome natural living!"

"I think it is such an advantage when men and women can get to know each other in their daily living and at their work, and so touch at those points of their nature which go deepest and are most sincere," said Mrs. Yeldham. "How else can a youth take the poet's advice, and

"Learn to win a lady's faith,
Nobly,—as the thing is high;
Bravely as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.

It is such a pity that the way of the world just now (or rather our bit of the world) seems rather to keep young people apart at these fit occasions, and to throw them together only under circumstances of frivolity and pleasure; to withhold them from cheerful intimate association in small household circles, and to mingle them in great herds, where the individual characteristics which would attract one or repel another are swamped in a dead level of superficial convention. It is easier for a young man to get opportunities for dancing with a hundred girls than any chance of rational conversation with two or three. I remember a singular instance of this which came under the notice of my husband and myself some years ago, when certain ladies occupying a somewhat official position in an important city were quite shocked and scandalised by the suggestion that some youths, studying in the town, might be permitted to enjoy the benefit of a series of high-class literary lectures then being delivered to the women of that place. Yet the daughters of those very ladies, in tennis-court and ball-room, were allowed to mingle quite freely with the least thoughtful and most dubious of those same youths. In the one case they would have met in sympathy with the greatest works of human genius and wisdom, raising their minds (if they could be raised) above what was petty and personal. In the other, they met with tinsel compliment, vapid sentiment, and trivial frivolity. They might not meet on the higher plane, but they might on the lower. Now if a man is not allowed to know the quality of a woman's mind and heart, what is he to 'fall in love' with, except a bewitching curl (which will soon turn grey), or a stylish dress, whose fashion will change next season?"

"Ah! if we would follow the best ideals of love we must come back to the homes—to the little neighbourly circles, under the eyes of fathers and mothers and old friends," cried Pleasance. "It will be proved that, after all, truest freedom lies within their righteous restraints, and that inside their narrow limits the heart finds its widest scope and its surest rest. I was much struck only the other day by the exclamation of one who, after much yearning and drifting among 'schemes' and 'philanthropies,' suddenly found himself at anchor in a humble little social harbour. Said he, 'It seems so *healthy* to have a firm mutual connection established between one and a family.'"

"But may we not still believe in what is generally understood as 'romance'?" pleaded Penelope. "I mean those marriages which may be said to be made in heaven, because they come about one scarcely knows how, a strong impulse of attraction preceding all knowledge or acquaintance, and seiz-

ing on life like a fate, which may single one man and one woman out, even of a large assembly, and make them aware of bonds between them before they have exchanged a word? I must confess this possibility has always a fascination for my imagination, because it seems to suggest the mystic infinity of love, latent, but ready to start into life, without beginning and therefore without end."

"You are thinking of love at first sight," I answered. "Well, you may hear much said for and against it, but there is one kindly and sensible philosopher who has spoken of it in much the same terms as you do. For Sir Arthur Helps says that 'Love at first sight is the surest love, and for this reason, that it does not depend upon any one merit or quality, but embraces in its view the whole being. That is the love which is likely to last—incomprehensible, indefinable, inarguable about.' And I suppose the poet Longfellow was aiming at the same idea, when he depicted a lady as asking her swain with which of her attributes he was in love, and receiving the answer, 'Confound your attributes, madam.' And I suppose Schopenhauer, the famous German pessimist, is but analysing this matter when he bids us take note of our first impression of any stranger, since it, unbiassed, is likely to prove the truest."

"And yet all this is very dangerous ground," said Pleasance, thoughtfully. (Alas! the melancholy romance of her own blighted love affair had begun with just such a glorious dream.) "It ends well sometimes, I suppose," she went on. "I believe the artist Leech first saw his future wife in the street, followed her to her home, and procured an introduction, and I understand they were a very happy couple. Yet it seems to me but a dangerous adventure, with twenty risks for one prize. Still there must be something ideal about it, or how is it that a few stories of this sort stand so pre-eminent in the annals of Love?"

Mrs. Yeldham looked up, with a bright flashing glance. "I know one such story in real life," she said softly. "But then its hero and heroine were as different as can be from the people who are likely to make shipwreck on this line. Still young, they had, nevertheless, quite passed out of that boy and girl stage which is apt to see an angel behind every pretty face, and a hero in every stalwart figure. Both had borne the yoke in their youth — nay, many yokes—of pain, of care, of bitter toil, and bitterer experience of life, which had served to separate them from much of the ordinary conventions and frivolities of society, and to purge away most of that dross of human nature which is best described as 'the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life.' To the ordinary eye, she was no angel, and he was no hero. Surely such might trust that it meant something when in one look soul seemed to recognise soul, and each to find in the other the answer to the problem of life. 'I felt I had never before seen a woman like her,' said he. 'I knew at once that he would ask me to marry him,' said she. And the strength of the impulse was proved by the determination with which, under very peculiar adverse circumstances, their acquaintance was founded. But that once done, there was no hot-house hastening of love's declaration and consummation. They carried its mystic flower in secret through the quietest paths of friendship till it was fully grown. They could be patient in all things, because they knew that whatever else life might bring or deny, their love in itself was enough."

"Only let those who have not had their probation and have not their patience, beware of plucking at their crown," sighed Pleasance, "for such others might find it but a crown of thorns!"

"And yet—and yet"—said Mrs. Yeldham, "the pain of a sad and incomplete love is better than anything else in life, save the joy of perfect love!

> "So much we miss
> If love is weak—so much we gain
> If love is strong—God thinks no pain
> Too sharp or lasting to ordain
> To teach us this."

"But when you use the word 'love' in this way," said Penelope, "you do not mean only the love which is indicated in the phrase 'love-making'?"

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Yeldham; "it is but a common and vulgar profanation of all love to give its name solely to one department of human affection,—and that the very department into which folly and passion and self are most ready to intrude! In whatever form it may be manifested, Love itself is a great unity. Nay, Love is God! Why do you start? You would not have started if I had said 'God is Love.'"

"In this connection," said I, "a thought has often struck me, which I have noticed does not seem to enter at all into some people's way of thinking. It is this,—that the ties and the deprivations of life are infinitely varied, but that the one right of every living soul is—to love. Every heart should have its dearest—be that dearest called by the name of husband or wife, parent or child, friend or brother. I believe that few lives (if any) miss this benison. Some of those who seem externally the most lonely, are simply the richest in the hidden wealth of those attachments which are founded, not merely on blood or circumstance, but on the immortal bond of union with the will of the Father who is in Heaven."

"It has been observed," remarked Mrs. Yeldham, "that it is by the supreme attachment of our life (be its form what it may) that we 'are put in training for a love that knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality; but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom.' And the simplest boy-and-girl affection which is to be blessed to those who feel it, must start on this track, however unconscious it may be of its high goal, and however far away it may begin."

# INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

THE international questions which are now pending, and the proposal of our own Government to submit those affecting the United States to arbitration, as well as the recent reference of the Newfoundland difficulty, give additional interest to discussions which have hitherto been limited to too narrow a circle.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson) remarked at a meeting of the clergy, held at Lambeth Palace in 1889:

"A man is not a fanatic who looks with misgiving upon the large armaments of Europe. I believe it is admitted on all hands that seven millions of men under arms must be looked upon as a calamity, and that nations which are ready for arbitration may well be encouraged to persevere in their search for it. There does want preaching a principle which shall make military appetite a thing despised, which shall make us feel, for I am sure we want to feel it as much as any nation, that the good of other nations is our good, and that the evil of any nation is a good to no nation."

The Archbishop was followed on the same occasion by the present Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott), who said:

"The question of international relations has not hitherto been considered in the light of the Incarnation, and till this has been done, I do not see that we can look for the establishment of that peace which was heralded at the Nativity. I wish simply to claim that, as Christians, and especially as English Churchmen, we should at length face this question with sincere and resolute hearts, that we should ask ourselves, without reserve and without prepossessions, what the Faith teaches us upon it, at this point in the development of the life of men; that we should accept the responsibility of bringing the results of our inquiry, without fear and without impatience, into the field of public life. If we can ascertain what is the will of God, we shall assuredly not admit that it is impossible to fulfil it. Failure is no more than a lesson of experience, when we are striving towards a Divine end. What, then, does the Christian faith teach us on international duties now?

"When we confess the Incarnation, we place every element of humanity in connection with God. If nations are, as history has proved them to be, factors in human progress, the Incarnation proclaims a brotherhood of nations no less than a brotherhood of men. It follows that every duty which is recognised in our private dealing one with another, every virtue which ennobles the intercourse of man with man, every aim which gives dignity to personal effort, every aspiration which brings enthusiasm to personal sacrifice, all the treasures of tenderness and sympathy which sweeten and illuminate common life, must find an analogous place in international relations."

These impressive words of two great leaders of the Church of England indicate the growing sense of responsibility, individual, national, and Christian, in all that relates to the preservation of peace and the diminution of the burdens and horrors of war.

Eminent men in other nations also have become increasingly interested in this subject, such as, in particular, the late General Grant during his Presidency of the United States of America. Soon after his accession to that high office he spoke very hopefully of the extension of arbitration as a substitute for the sword, and remarked, "the nations are fast becoming so civilised as to feel that there is a better way to settle their difficulties than by fighting." Nor were these mere formal or sentimental expressions on the part of the great soldier, for during his Presidency he united with the British Government in referring to the decision of five arbitrators the vexed question of the injuries alleged to have been inflicted upon American commerce by English complicity with the depredations of the Confederate steamer, the Alabama. These arbitrators held their deliberations in the neutral territory of Switzerland, and made their celebrated award at Geneva in 1871. Although, under the terms of their decision, Great Britain had to pay the sum of three million pounds to the United States, this was a cheap purchase of the incalculable advantages of restored harmony and friendship between the two great kindred nations.

President Grant also agreed to refer to another body of arbitrators, known as "the Mixed Commission," the settlement of a large number of claims raised mainly by British subjects against the United States for losses occasioned to their interests during the American civil war. There were 478 of these British claims, all of which were investigated by the commissioners, who decided that the Government of the United States, in their turn, should pay to the English Government £400,000 in discharge of the said claims. This sum was duly paid by the Americans. Two other disputes between the United States and Great Britain were also peacefully arranged by means of arbitration during the long presidency of General Grant, namely those relating to the Nova Scotia Fisheries and to the island of San Juan off the western shores of North America.

President Grant also introduced into the internal policy of his Government, an habitual recourse to pacific and conciliatory measures in regard to the Indian aborigines of the United States. A remarkable precedent in this direction had indeed been furnished, nearly two centuries previously, by William Penn, the Quaker founder of the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania, whose just and friendly treatment of the Indians won their grateful and abiding allegiance to him in his capacity of colonial governor. But in later years the aboriginal tribes had been treated with systematic unfairness by the successive Presidents of the United States, or at least by agents acting in their name and with their authority. The most disgraceful frauds were thus habitually perpetrated by Government officials. To these injuries were added innumerable acts of insult and violence. The consequences were a series of Indian wars, in the course of which whole tribes disappeared for ever, whilst others left but a comparative remnant of embittered and angry survivors, anxiously vigilant to avail themselves of any practicable opportunities of taking revenge upon the whites. It was in this

condition of affairs that General Grant became President.

He promptly inaugurated a new and peaceful policy towards the 300,000 Indians remaining in the States. He heralded this change with the utterance of the noble words—"I do not believe our Creator ever placed different races on this earth with the view of having the stronger exert all its energies in exterminating the weaker. If any change takes place in the Indian policy of the United States Government, whilst I hold my present office, it will be on the humanitarian side of the question." In accordance with this determination, President Grant requested the Society of Friends in America to select for the superintendence of the various Government agencies amongst the Indians, well-qualified and disinterested members of their own denomination. These new Quaker agents speedily effected a great improvement in the treatment and disposition of the Red Men, as compared with their predecessors, the self-seeking financiers and unscrupulous adventurers who had, in too many instances, managed to get themselves appointed "Indian agents," and whose chief functions had consisted in the supply of adulterated provisions, bad whisky, and shoddy clothing, at the highest prices, together with a general policy of chicanery and oppression. This had been a very dear policy, however, for it led to a succession of costly wars with the aboriginal tribes. It was estimated that every Indian killed during four of these wars cost the United States the lives of twenty white men and several hundred thousand dollars in money. But under the Quaker agencies, and their encouragement of agriculture and self-supporting industry, the Indian crops increased twelvefold in a few years. Further, one of the fiercest and most intractable of the Indian races, that of the Modocs, with whom the United States Government had waged a war which destroyed a considerable proportion of their tribe, now came under the influence of friendly example and peaceable persuasion, and settled down in law-abiding, orderly habits of life. And not only so, but the remnant of the Modocs have actually become Quakers, and have earned the cordial esteem of their fellow members of that sect. They have illustrated the truth of the words of an old white settler in Oregon—"Injuns is jest as civil as any other people in the world, ef you only treat 'em fair. I never had no trouble with 'em. I tell 'ee 'tis jest with them as 'tis with cattle. One sort of man will be real mean and nasty with his cattle, and then they'll toss yer, and kick yer, and break fences and run away. But the cattle of a fair sort of man will come to yer when yer call 'em, and be as quiet as yer like. And never tell Injuns a lie. If yer cheat 'em once they won't ever trust yer again, and then yer can't trust 'em nayther. But be true and square, and they will be all right with yer." All through his double term of office as President, General Grant maintained this conciliatory policy with the Indians, and with remarkable success. During the years which have elapsed since President Grant's retirement from the administration of affairs, the Indian Agencies have again been entrusted to mere political partisans, and to persons unworthy of the office. Consequently the Indians have again been irriated into hostilities, which in December 1890 led to deplorable recriminations, even upon their women and children, by the United States troops. The outbreak of this war has to some extent clouded the previously brightening prospect, and there is reason to believe that it might have been wholly averted by a more thorough adhesion to the policy of brotherhood.

General Grant did not cease to manifest his love for peace and arbitration when he finally retired from the cares of government. One of his biographers, Mr. J. R. Young, states that in a speech delivered after the termination of his official career, General Grant used these memorable words:

> "Though educated as a soldier, and though I have gone through two wars, I have always been a man of peace, preferring to see questions of difference settled by arbitration. It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any European general; but there never was a time during my command when I would not have chosen some settlement by reason rather than the sword. When the Duke of Cambridge asked me to review his troops at Aldershot, I told him that the one thing I never wanted to see again was a military parade. I never went into a battle willingly, or with enthusiasm. I never want to command another army."

On one occasion General Grant himself undertook the office of arbitrator, or at least of mediator, under very interesting circumstances. During his visit to China, in 1879, an embittered quarrel was raging between the Governments of that country and of Japan in reference to the claims of the latter nation upon the Loochoo Islands. Hostilities appeared to be imminent, and the Japanese Government in particular manifested a very angry disposition. At Pekin the two principal statesmen of China, Prince Kung and the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, laid the whole matter before General Grant and invited his mediation with Japan. The latter expressed his good wishes for the interests of both nations, but also evinced some hesitation at entering upon such an important undertaking in his capacity of a private American citizen. However, his Chinese friends urged him not to let slip this opportunity for serving the great cause of peace. Eventually the General allowed himself to be persuaded, and although he had already visited Japan, he now undertook a second journey thither and obtained two long interviews with the chief Ministers of State, with whom he pleaded earnestly on behalf of a conciliatory settlement of the difficulty with China. Nor were these endeavours unsuccessful. The influence of the eminent American had great weight with both Governments, and they were thus enabled to arrive at a final arrangement by which war was averted and peace maintained. It was to the Chinese Prince Kung that General Grant remarked—"An arbitration between two nations may not satisfy either party at the time, but it satisfies the conscience of mankind, and it must commend itself more and more as a means of adjusting disputes."

As a matter of fact, about seventy cases of successful recourse to arbitration and mediation for the settlement of various international disputes have occurred during the present century, since

the close of the great wars which terminated with the battle of Waterloo. Arbitration has taken a prominent place in modern diplomacy. Many, if not most, of the recent Treaties entered into by the principal nations of the civilised world contain clauses stipulating for a resort to this peaceable mode of reference in case of any differences arising out of the terms of these contracts. The late Italian Prime Minister, Signor Mancini, procured the insertion of such an arbitration clause in no fewer than nineteen treaties negotiated under his influence. One of the most recent instances in this direction was furnished by the Anglo-Portuguese treaty or agreement of 1890, entered into between the British Government, under Lord Salisbury, and the Portuguese Plenipotentiary, Baron de Freitas, in reference to certain mutually disputed claims to territories in Africa. Article 9 of this treaty provided that :

"If a difference of opinion shall arise between the two Governments as to the validity of a concession, or as to the equitable character or suitability of the above mentioned regulations, it shall be settled by the arbitration of a jurisconsult of a neutral nationality."

Article 77 of the same treaty stipulated that :

"Differences of opinion between the two Governments as to the execution of their respective obligations shall be referred to the arbitration of two experts, one of whom shall be chosen on behalf of each power, who shall select an umpire, whose decision in case of difference between the arbitrators shall be final. If the two experts cannot agree upon the choice of an umpire, this umpire shall be selected by a neutral power."

The same Anglo-Portuguese treaty definitely committed to the arbitration of three Swiss jurists the settlement of the amount of money to be paid by Portugal in satisfaction of certain British and other claims upon that nation for its arbitrary seizure of the Delagoa Bay Railway. Whilst it is to be noted that the absolute acceptance of this Treaty, in its entirety, has been left in abeyance, owing to subsequent political events in Portugal, the significance of its definite provisions in regard to Arbitration, remains, in spite of the delays in question. The Delagoa Bay dispute, however, was definitely committed to the decision of arbitrators in Switzerland, fully accepted as such both by Portugal and Great Britain.

Some persons have advocated the establishment of an elaborate Code of International Law for the authoritative determination of all and every dispute between the nations. But the more such a scheme is formulated in detail, the more difficult and improbable of attainment, at least under existing circumstances, it will appear to be. Some instructive words bearing upon this point were addressed lately to the large and representative Universal Peace and Arbitration Congress, which assembled in London last year, by the President of that gathering, the Hon. David Dudley Field, an eminent jurist and senior member of the New York Bar. He pointed out the value of simplicity of action on such bases of agreement as might be found attainable on each occasion. And he added that if only a willingness to refer any particular dispute to arbitration exists, the means of carrying this into effect will easily be found, without recourse to complicated arrangements, which may involve further difficulties, if not positive obstacles to a settlement. Mr. Field also alluded to the very successful action, during many years, of the Supreme Court of the United States, which is practically a court of arbitration. It is not unusual for one State of the American Union to sue another State before this Court. And its decisions are always obeyed. For example, in 1890 a suit was instituted by the State of Indiana against Kentucky for the possession of what was once an island in the river Ohio, but which is now absorbed into the northern mainland by a change of the channel. Each of these two States has a population of more than two millions, but they amicably acquiesced in the decision of the Supreme Court in regard to this matter.

The diplomatic Congress of Berlin in 1878 was in some respects, as one of its members, Count Corti, the Italian Plenipotentiary there, remarked at the time, "a sort of court of arbitration." It also furnished an example of a High Court of Nations, more readily constituted and more experienced in practical diplomacy than such a permanent court of jurists as certain writers have proposed would ever be likely to become. A Congress like that of Berlin lays down its own principles of procedure, whereas a court meant to administer what is termed International Law would be exceedingly difficult of realisation, owing to the fact that there is really very little definiteness of authority in what is popularly assumed to be such international law.

For this term is usually applied in a very vague sense to imaginary rather than positive rules of common agreement. And perhaps there are few things about which more solemn nonsense has been spoken and written than this matter. Some enthusiastic people assume that there are in existence a vast number of recognised principles applicable to the mutual relations of States, and which only require to be collected and codified and then made the basis of reference and authority on the part of a few judges or arbitrators, in order to furnish the means for the ready and pacific adjustment of all international differences. Whereas, the number of such principles is exceedingly few.

Hence the resort to arbitration must be expected to continue to be, in the future as in the past, most advantageously conducted when arranged on a simple basis and negotiated by eminent statesmen or jurists selected on the spur of the occasion, and relying mainly on the ordinary rules of sound judgment and fairness of procedure, rather than on an accumulation of disputable maxims and vague precedents. Administered on such a simple basis, arbitration is an excellent expedient for the solution of a considerable proportion, though perhaps not the whole, of those difficulties which from time to time may be expected to arise between one country and another. And every successful resort to it is a material help to the promotion of the Divine kingdom and to the extension of the Christian spirit of love and goodwill amongst all nations.

W. T.

# THE FLOWER AND THE MAIDEN.

## A STORY FOR CHILDREN FROM EIGHT TO EIGHTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DEAD MAN'S DIARY.'

### *Dawn.*

"LITTLE flower, little flower," said the birdie, "why are you so silent and sad?"

"I am not sad, sweet sister," whispered the flower gently; "ah! no, but I have seen an angel. Yestreen, as I slept, my birdie, being all aweary with gazing up into your birdland home among the branches, and watching the merry sunlight come and go, and strike shafts of golden flame among the green, I dreamt of heaven and of the holy angels; and lo! when I awoke, one there was who stood beside me, beautiful even as is the sunlight or the dawn, and her voice, when she spoke, was low and tender, like the restful ripple of the rain. And to the flowers, as you know, my birdie, the hearts of the pure lie ever open and unsealed, and I saw into her heart, that the thought of it was white and spotless as the lily, and I saw that her thought was a prayer, and that she said: 'Dear Lord, I thank Thee for making this little flower so fair and lovely, and I ask Thee that even I may be in heart as pure and holy as she!'"

### *Morning.*

"Wake up, little flower, and hear what I have to tell you," said the bird, gaily, "for I, too, have seen your angel—and angel is she none, but the fairest maiden from the town beyond the hillside."

And to her the flower made low reply, saying:

"Can any one as fair as she be found out of heaven? And, moreover, I looked into her heart, and saw that the thought of it was white, and pure as the morning."

"It is only the flowers that can see into hearts," said the bird, gravely, "but this I know, that your angel is of earth, not heaven," and so saying, she spread her silken wings and flew away.

But the flower said, "Is there, in all heaven, anything more fair than a maiden?"

### *Noon.*

"I would not pluck you to please my idle fancies, dear blossom," said the maiden, gently, "for I cannot bear to see the dear flowers wither and fade! But I know of one who lies ill and dying, and to whom the scent and sight of a wild flower may bring some passing moment of peace. Tell me, then, you who are so pure and lovely, will not you spare a space of your slender life, that so you may make happy the heart of a sorrowing one?"

Then the flower said, "Dear Maiden, I will"; but inasmuch as it spake not the maiden's language, it breathed forth all its perfume, like sweet music, in assent. And, though the maiden knew not that the flower had heard her words, and had answered her, yet at heart she was strangely though sweetly saddened. "Even in heaven I should long for the earth-flowers!" she said, as she drank in the fragrance. "Is there anything, in all heaven, more fair than a flower?"

. . . . . .

Then the maiden plucked the flower, and bore it away from the birds and the sunshine, away from the wind and the trees, to a squalid court in a great city, where a dying woman lay, haggard and wan, upon a bed. And as the flower looked into the soul of the dying woman, its fair leaves seemed to wither and wi!* as though some foul breath had come forth upon it, for therein it could see nothing because of the blackness and sin. And at first the flower shrank into itself, and would fain have gathered up its perfume, but it thought of the prayer in the maiden's heart, and, opening out its snowy petals to their full, it breathed forth a fragrance which filled the foul room as with music and light. And as the dying woman looked upon the flower, she thought of the white lilies which she had gathered and placed upon her dead mother's bosom—many, ah! so many weary years ago; and she thought of the days when she was pure and beautiful, and had knelt at that mother's knee, to whisper, after her, the hallowed words to the Father in heaven.

Then the flower saw that in the woman's heart there was some strange and sudden commotion, as though the light were seeking to win in its way, and to drive out the darkness and sin.

And, folding her wasted hands together, the dying woman turned to the light, and said: "Dear Lord Jesus, make me—even me—white and pure as this lily, and wash away all my sins in thy precious blood. Amen."

And when the dawn came, the flower lay withered and drooping, but ere it died it saw into the woman's heart, that it was white and pure as the snowflake.

And there fled from that room a shining angel, *and lo! on her bosom lay a little flower!*

# THE VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG AND GENERAL GORDON.

## LETTER TO MISS GORDON.

IN the autumn of 1890 a new Hall, named the Gordon Hall after General Gordon, was opened by the Viceroy Li Hung Chang at Tientsin, the great northern port of the province of Chih-li. Of this province, in which is Pekin, the capital of the empire, Li Hung Chang is the governor. When asked to open the Gordon Hall, the Viceroy said it would be an honour and pleasure to be associated with this memorial of his distinguished friend. An account of the ceremony and report of the Viceroy's speech was published at the time. The speech was a warm and generous tribute to "one whose pure and noble career," he said, "I followed with the greatest interest and admiration, and whose premature loss I still deeply deplore. May this Hall, which I now declare open, be a lasting memorial of Gordon's connexion with China." The report of the proceedings and of the Viceroy's speech having been seen by General Gordon's sister, she wrote a brief note expressing her grateful thanks for the words spoken about her brother. The Viceroy sent the following reply, which Miss Gordon allows us to publish:

Viceregal Yamên, Tientsin.
January 2, 1891.

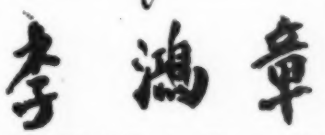
My dear Miss Gordon,—It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your unexpected letter, conveying your thanks for the poor efforts I made in endeavouring to express my great esteem and admiration of the noble qualities of your late deeply lamented brother, on the occasion of the opening of the "Gordon Memorial Hall" at Tientsin. Believe me, dear Miss Gordon, that this esteem and love for the late Major-General Gordon is not held by me alone in China; inasmuch as all who knew or had heard of him revered him for his filial conduct as a son; for his earnest and sincere love towards his fellow-creatures; and, finally, for that noble conception of duty towards his country which the world saw realised by his martyrdom, and which shall ring as a clarion for ages to come. Your brother stood pre-eminent in such noble qualities before all men—a fact testified by all who had the good fortune to have known him personally, or by report. I, who was closely associated with him as a comrade in arms and by ties of friendship, admired and loved to see one alien to my country, and yet, because of his great love for his fellow men, consent to accept from our Gracious Sovereign the *batôn* of command over the "Ever Victorious Army" against the Taiping rebels, in order that by his eminent military talents he might assist in pacifying a country already deluged with the blood of millions.

As a general, he showed himself earnest and careful in the duties of his station. As a superior officer, he exercised justice, characterised by gentle firmness, which won for him the love and devotion of his followers; and, lastly, as an officer of the Crown, his loyalty stinted at no sacrifices so long as by them he could prove himself worthy of the high trust reposed in him. For such qualities of disinterestedness who was there that did not sincerely revere him? For having known, therefore, and associated with such a man I have ever considered myself fortunate indeed.

But alas! the day and sad hour came carrying the lamentable news of the heroic end of your gallant brother. And what death did he die? Just such a death as I have ever pictured to my mind would be the end of this chivalric hero of our unheroic age; fighting and dying for his country. When the sad news came, I felt then, indeed, as if I had lost a brother dear to me—even as it were the loss of my right hand.

The unworthy effort I made in eulogising your brother, Major-General Gordon, at the opening of the "Gordon Memorial Hall" at Tientsin, was but a well-deserved though slight tribute of the love and reverence I bore him, and scarcely worthy the thanks which you have taken the trouble to express. But I thank you sincerely for your kind sympathy for China, and close this letter with every feeling of respect and high esteem.

Believe me,
Yours Very Sincerely



Premier of the Chinese Empire, Viceroy of Chih-li, &c.

We may add that the sentiments of regard and affection between these great men were mutual. A misunderstanding during the early days of the Taiping rebellion had been explained and forgotten, and during Gordon's second visit to China their relations were most cordial, and he then wrote, "In my opinion Li Hung Chang is the best man in the empire, though he has a difficult part to play with the other mandarins." When Gordon was governor of the Soudan in 1879, a letter from Li Hung told how his services in China were remembered, and how "the people bless you for the peace and prosperity they now enjoy. I am striving hard to advance my people to a higher state of development, and to unite both this and all nations under one common brotherhood." Thus Gordon left in China not only the reputation of a great name, but the influence of a good example. Li Hung Chang is now one of the most influential statesmen of the empire, and he is as generous as he is enlightened. It was he who gave to Dr. Mackenzie, of the London Missionary Society, a temple close to the busiest and best part of the city of Tientsin to be fitted up as a dispensary, promising to bear all expenses, and pay for all medicines. There is no man in China more worthy of the sympathy and honour of Englishmen as well as of his own countrymen.

# NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

## EXPERIMENTS WITH MOLECULES: MR. CROOKES AND THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS.

THE recent progress of molecular science has so largely extended the range of the visible world as to have accustomed us to ideas and expectations which, but a short time since, would have seemed eminently rash and unscientific. The invisible and separately-moving free molecules of which a sturdy, solid bar of cold iron is composed were not long since believed, even in scientific circles, to have no more than a conjectural existence, simply serving the functions of an hypothesis for working purposes, such, for instance, as the hypothesis of the ether serves for the purposes of the astronomer. But here, as elsewhere, the veil is being lifted from the invisible things of nature. The feat of seeing the invisible now forms a brilliant chapter in the newer scientific literature of the day.

Some recent and striking demonstrations of this character have lately been given by Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., the eminent chemist and electrician, and the new President of the Society of Electrical Engineers. As the inventor of the radiometer or "light-mill," and as the leader of the experiments in greatly rarefied gases which have led to the commercially successful electric glow-lamp, Mr. Crookes is necessarily a past master in researches which deal with matter in its most tenuous and diffuse condition. The experiments we are about to describe were made not with solids but with gases, in which, by reason of their more discontinuous and diffuse condition, the molecular nature of matter is the more easily demonstrated. Mr. Crookes is able with surprising ingenuity to bring before the eye in various forms the commonly invisible but ever active molecules, and to manipulate them in quite a novel and startling manner. He can marshal them as a huge army before his audience, and tell them off for different kinds of work and service in the field. He can increase or reduce the host before him as he chooses, resolving them, as it were, into brigades, regiments, or companies as occasion requires. He shows them in violent and luminous collision, in crowds or groups; or they are seen bombarding an obstacle placed before them for attack until it is raised into a state of incandescence, whilst in another part of the field a dark space shows where the non-combatants pursue an unmolested path.

These interesting feats are achieved, as already intimated, in closed glass chambers which have been largely exhausted of their atmosphere. They are for the most part experiments in "high vacua." By the aid of the Sprengel air-pump as perfected by himself, Mr. Crookes is able to exhaust the vapour in one of his tubes until its rarefaction amounts to the almost incredible degree of one hundred-millionth of an atmosphere. This corresponds to the density of the air at a height of ninety miles above the earth's surface. The speed of the molecules of atmospheric air is about sixty times that of an express train, while their mean free path is but the $\frac{1}{10000}$ of a millimetre; but by exhausting to the hundred-millionth of an atmosphere, a point now easy to attain, the mean path is increased to thirty feet. The value of experiments made under such conditions, and the important discoveries which have resulted to industrial science from the investigation of objects in high vacua, will be referred to hereafter; at present the purely molecular phenomena will be dealt with.

What really takes place in a vacuum tube under the conditions we have referred to, will best be understood if we quote Mr. Crookes's description of it as recently given in his presidential address.

"The kinetic theory of gases teaches that the constituent molecules dart in every possible direction with great but continually varying velocities, coming almost ceaselessly in mutual collision with each other. The distance each molecule traverses without hitting another molecule is known as its *free path*; the average distance traversed without collision by the whole number of molecules of a gas at any given pressure and temperature is called the *mean free path*. In ordinary gases, the length of the mean free path of the molecules is exceedingly small compared with the dimensions of the vessel, and the properties we then observe are such as constitute the ordinary gaseous state of matter, which depend upon constant collisions. But if we greatly reduce the number of molecules in a given extent of space, the free path of the molecules under electric impulse is so long that the number of their mutual collisions in any given time in comparison with the number of times they fail to collide may be disregarded. Hence, the average molecule can carry out its own motions without interference.

"The mean free path of the molecules of a gas increases so rapidly with progressive exhaustion, that whilst that of the molecules of air at the ordinary pressure is only 1-10,000th of a millimetre, at an exhaustion of a hundred-millionth of an atmosphere—a point which, with present appliances, is easy to attain—the mean free path will be about thirty feet."

The various phenomena presented when an induction current is made to pass through a gas of different degrees of rarefaction point to a modified condition of the matter. At a certain stage of exhaustion, one of the most interesting of molecular phenomena is made visible: the electrified molecules are seen arranged in groups with spaces between; we get, in fact, a "stratification" and discontinuous arrangement of groups of molecules.

Though originally in a state of rampant disorder and in ceaseless mutual collision, the molecules under the influence of the electric rhythm dispose themselves in well defined groups.

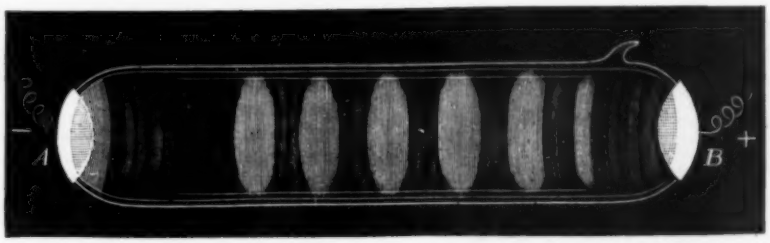



FIG. 1.—THE LUMINOSITIES SHOW THE MOLECULES IN COLLISION; THE DARKER INTERSPACES THEIR FREER PATH.

The luminosities show where arrested motion with concomitant friction occurs; the interspaces indicate where the molecules travel with comparatively few collisions.

The experiment can be varied so as to produce parti-coloured stratifications of blue, pink, and grey. In this case the gas would be hydrogen, prepared from zinc and sulphuric acid, after being passed through various purifying agents, dried, and exhausted with a mercury pump.

After the stratification stage is passed, and the pressure increased so as to secure greater rarefaction of the gas, we come to a very curious phenomenon. It is the so-called "dark space." Studying electrical phenomena in gases in the year 1838, Faraday pointed out a break in the continuity of the luminous discharge, separating the glow of the positive electrode from that of the negative electrode. This gap, or non-luminous hiatus, he called the "dark space." But separating the negative glow from its electrode is another similar space. It is with this second dark space that Mr. Crookes has made a most important and fruitful experiment. He accordingly refers to this as the "dark space" in the demonstration now under notice, meaning always the non-luminous gap in the glow at the negative electrode.

In the former experiment showing stratification, in which the air was but slightly exhausted, numbers of molecules were moving in every direction with velocities of all conceivable magnitudes. By continuing the exhaustion, the dark space round the negative pole becomes visible, and gradually grows larger and larger.

Its radius varies with the degree of exhaustion, with the kind of gas in which it has been produced, with the temperature of the negative pole, and to a less extent with the intensity of the spark. The length of the dark space is a gradually increasing multiple as the exhaustion becomes greater.

Wishing to learn something of the electrical condition of the matter within and without the dark space, Mr. Crookes has constructed a tube with extra intermediate poles which can be moved internally along the diameter of the tube and placed at different degrees of proximity to the dark space. The results are interesting from an electrical point of view, and should be read by all students of the science.[1] Restricting ourselves, however, to the more immediate behaviour of the molecules, we proceed to a diagram which gives a vivid illustration of what happens at the margin of the dark space when an obstacle is interposed between the opposing armies of molecules.

The dark space is occupied by invisible molecules negatively electrified. When a substance that will phosphoresce under electrical excitement is introduced into the tube, the position of greatest luminosity is found to be at the border of the dark space, just where the two opposing armies of negative and positive atoms meet in battle array and re-combine. Fig. 2 shows the phenomena with admirable effect.

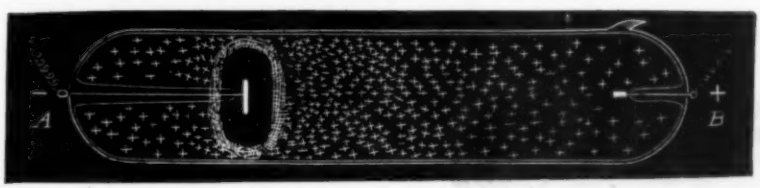



FIG. 2.—OPPOSING ARMIES OF MOLECULES MADE LUMINOUS BY THEIR COLLISION.

When the tube is largely exhausted under the air-pump, and the molecules greatly decreased in number, so that their mean free path is further lengthened and approaches that of the containing vessel, the attributes which constitute gaseity shrink to a minimum. The matter attains the ultra-gaseous or "radiant" state, and we arrive at conditions under which molecular motions can be easily studied in new and important aspects. Accordingly some of the most beautiful and striking of Mr. Crookes's experiments are made upon molecules in the form of "radiant matter."

One of the most characteristic attributes of radiant matter—whence its name—is that it moves in approximately straight lines. Thus the molecules, invisible under ordinary conditions, can in such

[1] *Vide* "Electrician" for January.

circumstances be made to cast a shadow. They can be used to produce mechanical energy, and so to impinge on objects placed in their path as to produce remarkable luminous and phosphorescent effects.

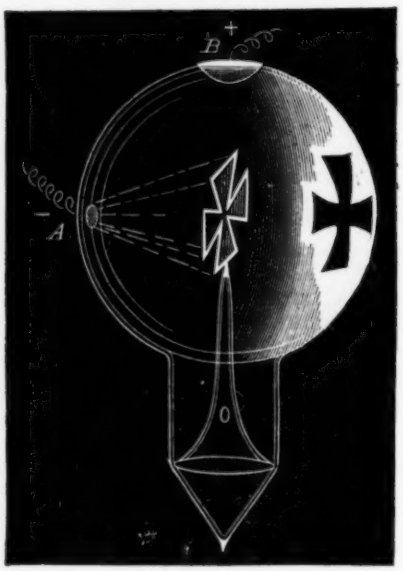



FIG. 3.—MOLECULES CASTING A SHADOW.

A shadow of an object inside a glass bulb can be projected on to the opposite wall of the bulb. A mica cross is supported in the middle of the bulb (Fig. 3), and on connecting a small silvered patch, A, on one side of the bulb with the negative pole of the induction coil, and putting the positive pole to another patch of silver, B, at the top, the opposite side of the bulb glows with a phosphorescent light, on which the black shadow of the cross seems

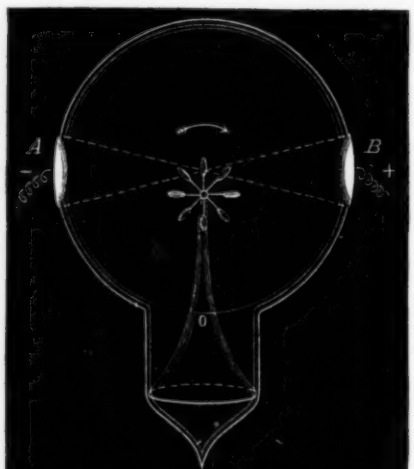



FIG. 4.—MOLECULES TURNING A WHEEL.

sharply cut out. Here the internal pressure is 0·00068 millimetres.

Fig. 4 is an example of the production of mechanical energy by the impact of invisible molecules on the vanes of a "windmill." In this case the glass bulb contains a light wheel of aluminium, carrying vanes of transparent mica. The poles, A, B, are in such a position outside that the molecular focus falls upon the vanes on one side only. Turning in the current the wheel rotates rapidly. The experiment is a favourite one, and has already taken classic rank in the annals of molecular action in high vacua.

Another ingenious piece of mechanism (Fig. 5, on next page) has been devised by Mr. Crookes in order to show how the supply of molecules in these experiments, which is so rapidly expended from the negative pole, is kept up. It enables us to trace the molecule throughout the whole cycle of its journey. If the induction current is kept passing continuously through a vacuum tube in the same direction, we can imagine two ways in which the action proceeds—either the supply of gaseous molecules at the surface of the negative pole must run short, and the phenomena come to an end, or the molecules must find some means of getting back again. The experiment in question reveals the molecules in the very act of returning. "Here" (we quote Mr. Crookes's own words) "is a tube exhausted to a pressure of 0·001 millimetres. In the middle of the tube is a thin glass diaphragm, C, pierced with two holes, D and E. At one part of the tube a concave pole, A, is focussed on the upper hole D, in the diaphragm. Behind the upper hole, in front of the lower one, are movable vanes, F and G, capable of rotation by the slightest current of gas through the holes.

"On passing the current with the concave pole negative, the small vanes rotate in such a manner as to prove that at this high exhaustion a stream of molecules issues from the lower hole in the diaphragm, whilst at the same time a stream of freshly charged molecules is forced by the negative pole through the upper hole. The experiment speaks for itself, showing as forcibly as an experiment can show that so far the theory is right."

Thus far we have seen a few of Mr. Crookes's beautiful and masterly experiments in the field of pure science. It remains to be said that the practical outcome of such researches is already before the world in various forms of great utility and commercial importance. By using the spectroscope upon substances placed in his highly exhausted vacuum tubes, Mr. Crookes has really invented a new method of spectrum analysis. His discovery by this means of the metal thallium is one of the most eventful of his achievements. Of more direct industrial importance in connection with these experiments in high vacua, is the electric incandescence glow-lamp. This invention was an immediate outcome of the fascinating researches already illustrated in this paper. But for these researches very little would have been heard of the subsequent inventions of Swan, Edison, Lane-Fox, and others.

In 1881 Mr. Crookes acted as one of the jurors at the French Exhibition, when his fellow-jurors pronounced the following verdict on the four glow-lamps which received the awards:—"None of them could have succeeded had it not been for those extreme vacua which Professor Crookes has

taught us to manage." At the close of the meeting of the Electrical Engineers in January last, at which was read the paper from which these notes are taken, Sir William Thomson, President of the Royal Society, who proposed the vote of thanks to the author, said that when the scientific history of the nineteenth century came to be written the name of Crookes would rank with the names of Faraday and Joule. No higher eulogium could be pronounced.

In the experiments above described, the high vacua were produced in glass vessels exhausted by means of a complex mercurial or Sprengel pump. The residual pressure ranged from 75 millimetres, or about $\frac{1}{10}$ of an atmosphere (a very slight degree of exhaustion, as was explained), to $\frac{1}{100000}$ of a millimetre, or 0·13 millionth of an atmosphere. The electric energy was derived from a large induction coil having some 60 miles of secondary wire, and giving, with two cells of a storage battery, a spark of four or five inches, which is equivalent to an electro-motive force of about 100,000 volts, sufficient to impart a dangerous shock to any one incautiously touching the uncovered wires.

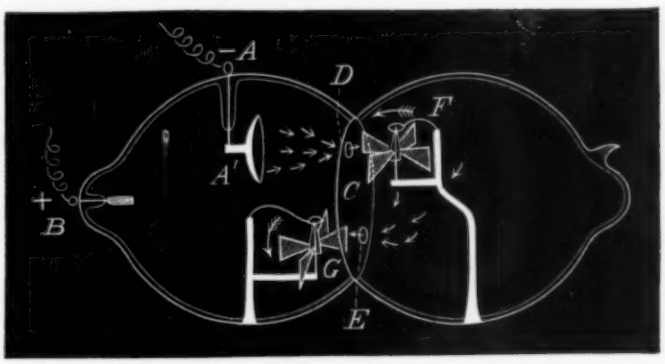



FIG. 5.—"MOLECULE MILLS"; THE SAILS REVOLVING UNDER THE IMPACT OF MOLECULES.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOURS: PROFESSOR LIPMANN'S PROCESS.—THE CHEAPENING OF SENSITIVE PLATES

Photography in natural colours has long been regarded, even in scientific circles, as the Will-o'-the-Wisp of a most useful and beautiful art, wasting the energies and time of those who could be far better employed. It is only a year since Captain Abney, one of our highest authorities on the subject, declared that photography in colours, whether by a printing out or a development process, was an utter impossibility—a statement which he subsequently repeated at the autumn meeting of the British Association. Nevertheless, during the past few weeks it has been claimed that the problem has been successfully attacked by a French scientist of undoubted ability, M. Lipmann, Professor of Physics at the Sorbonne. The professor announces that after many experiments he has discovered a process by which colours throughout the whole range of the spectrum can be reproduced on a sensitive plate, just as accurately as outline or shadow is fixed by the present photographic negatives and prints; and, as the first fruits of his labours, he has succeeded in photographing a stained window in hues as brilliant as the originals. He has also taken photographs of the solar spectrum, in which are reproduced "all the colours of the rainbow," including the infra-red and the ultra-violet, invisible to our eyes. The colours between these two—red, orange, green, blue, &c.—are as vivid as any objects in nature. It appears that during the exposure the plate is pressed against the opening of a trough filled with mercury, which forms a mirror in contact with the plate. The rays of light pass through the sensitive film as in the old process, but on reaching the other side of the plate, instead of being absorbed by a dark background, they are sent back by the even surface of the mercury. In this mirror the whole secret lies; apart from it the entire process is exactly the same as in ordinary photography. Such is a brief *résumé* of M. Lipmann's method, which, as far as it goes, is thoroughly scientific in principle. It is an adoption of the well-known optical laws of "interference" for the production of colour.

M. Lipmann's own explanation of the phenomena (as given in his original paper in the *Comptes Rendu des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences de Paris*, vol. lxii. p. 274) may be added. The incident light which forms the image in the camera interferes with the light reflected by the mercury. There is consequently formed in the interior of the sensitive film a system of fringes, that is, of luminous maxima and dark minima. The maxima alone act upon the plate. At the close of the photographic operation these maxima remain marked by deposits of silver, more or less reflective, which occupy their place. These deposits divide the sensitive film into a series of thin laminæ, the thickness of which is the interval between two maxima; that is to say, half a wave of the incident light. These thin laminæ have, therefore, that thickness which is necessary to produce the incident wave-length by reflection. One who has seen the plates says they strongly remind him of the iridescent colouring which sometimes results with negatives left a considerable time in an ammonia developer. M. Lipmann compares it to the colour in soap bubbles, or

to the effect of dropping coal oils on water, and to other substances whose molecules produce refraction in solar light.

M. Lipmann's discovery (if, indeed, it is any advance upon the coloured films introduced by Becquerel and others during the last few years) is still upon its trial. The colours he has succeeded in fixing are simply the most brilliant parts of the spectrum. It does not appear that he has even tried to reproduce the mixed and composite hues, such as are found in the human complexion or in a landscape, and it seems certain that the moment such an experiment should be made under his method, the special interferences would vanish : parts of the plate would receive in effect wave-lengths of all sizes, and the interference fringes would coalesce into a grey. We have, therefore, to wait new experiments on mixed colours. Veteran photographers are by no means sanguine of any satisfactory result under Lipmann's or any other method. So far the Professor's plan seems to be simply one for producing coloured films of certain selected parts of the spectrum. Further, it throws no light on any process for photographic printing in colours, which the uninitiated seemed to think was the chief feature in the discovery.

In the meantime, should amateurs wish to obtain such results as M. Lipmann has achieved, they may be reminded that great care is necessary in preparing the sensitive plate in order to obtain the essential condition of success—perfect continuity of the film. The best result has hitherto been obtained with gelatino-bromide of silver. M. Lipmann uses the following formula :—Pure gelatin, 10·0 grammes ; bromide of potassium, 0·5 grammes ; distilled water, 100·0 grammes. The bromide of potassium and the gelatin are dissolved in the water, then filtered, and the solution spread upon the glass to the required thickness. When the plates are quite dry, they are sensitised for at least five minutes (a longer time is better) in a solution of silver nitrate, containing 20 per cent. of this salt and a little acetic acid ; after they are washed thoroughly and carefully dried. They are then ready for use.

In another direction photography has undoubtedly made a really important advance for popular purposes in a remarkable cheapening of the cost of the chemical materials employed. At the Society of Arts last month Professor Meldola, F.R.S., announced that Mr. Varley had so far succeeded in exalting the sensitiveness of iron salts that they may now take rank with silver emulsions. An experiment made before the audience showed a piece of paper coated with the new preparation ; this was exposed for a second or two to the light of a gas flame, and the image subsequently developed and shown to the audience. No silver whatever had been employed. Mr. Varley stated that the preparation was one hundred times cheaper than that of silver hitherto employed for taking the image.

### THE LONDON-PARIS TELEPHONE CABLE

The proposed telephone cable across the Straits of Dover has been successfully laid, and placed in connection with London and Paris. On March 16 the first words ever spoken beneath the Channel were flashed along the sea-bed from shore to shore. Such is the delicacy of the instrument in its perfected form, that currents of vibration probably millions of times feebler than ordinary telegraphic currents now reach the human ear in the form of articulate speech after travelling hundreds of miles from their source. The results may not have come upon the scientific world as a surprise, owing to the success of experiments made through similar or longer distances on land-lines for some time past ; but under the circumstances, and the fact that there are always great difficulties and risks in laying submarine cables, the interest and importance of the event has by no means been overrated. Moreover, this is the first telephone cable ever made for the open sea.

The scheme involved the construction of a trunk telephone line between two cities. It was decided to have two separate circuits, so that if one should fail at any time, the other might be in use. The route for the English land-line runs along the South Eastern Railway to a point near Sidcup, and thence by road and rail through Swanley, Maidstone, and Ashford to the cable-house on the beach at St. Margaret's Bay, between Dover and Deal. The wire is of copper, the best material for the purpose, and weighs 400 lbs. to the mile. It is supported on creosoted wooden poles, seventy yards apart, by means of double-shed porcelain insulators about twenty-five feet above the ground. The going and returning wires of each circuit are twisted spirally round each other all the way, so as to exchange their places, and, by cancelling the induction, to prevent the overhearing of messages on other lines. The connection between the last pole on the chalk cliff of St. Margaret's Bay and the cable-hut on the beach is effected by lengths of the cable core enclosed in an iron pipe and buried in a trench down the face of the cliff.

The English land-line is eighty-five miles long, and its excellence is proved, not only by the electrical tests, but by the wonderfully clear and loud speaking through it between Paris and the General Post Office. The voice of the speaker in London can be recognised at the hut in St. Margaret's Bay, and the ticking of a watch distinctly heard. The chattering effect of induction has been reduced to a minimum. A Wheatstone automatic transmitter, working at fast speed on one of the circuits, can just be heard in the telephone upon the other circuit like the feeble purring of a cat between the pauses of the conversation.

The French land-line follows the direct route of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, through Montdidier and Calais to the cable-house at Sangatte, between Calais and Boulogne. It is similar in construction to the English line, except that only one circuit is run at present, and the copper wire weighs about 600 lbs. a mile. Its length is about 204 miles, and the speaking with the D'Arsonval apparatus employed in France is also excellent. The total length of the wire is 297 miles.

The connecting cable, which is the joint property of the two Governments, was designed by Mr. Preece, and contains four separate conductors, two

for each circuit. Each conductor is a strand of seven very pure copper wires, weighing 160 lbs. per nautical mile or knot. For insulating and protective purposes it is covered with three alternate layers of Chatterton's compound and gutta-percha, weighing 300 lbs. per knot. The total weight of each core is, therefore, 460 lbs. to the knot. This insulating jacket prevents the current in the wire from escaping to the sea-water. The capacity for induction between the wire and the water outside, which is so harmful in blurring the delicate ripples of the telephonic currents and thickening the speech, does not exceed 0·3045 microfarads per knot. The cores are twisted spirally round each other in a strand, so as to change places like the land wires; and to silence the cross-talk as much as possible. The cable was manufactured by Messrs. Siemens Brothers, of Charlton, the well-known firm of electrical engineers.

The cable was laid in somewhat dangerous March weather, and not without casualties, by the screw-steamship Monarch, a vessel whose business it is to cruise in British waters and lay or repair the sea and river-cables of the Post Office. The Monarch has also a number of shore-ends to keep in order, inasmuch as, lying frequently on rocky beds, they are often chafed through. Her tanks are capable of storing seventy miles of cable, weighing seven tons per mile—that is to say, heavily armoured cable for shallow and rocky seas like that along our own coasts. Of the light armoured cable intended for the deep sea they hold from 300 to 400 miles. The engineer-in-chief of the Monarch is Mr. Lumsden, a well-known electrician, who took part in the laying of some of the earliest cables thirty years ago. The commander is Captain James Eardley Thompson, an expert navigator of much experience in cable work of every kind, both at home and abroad.

The Monarch put out to sea for the purpose on Monday, March 9, and during the process of "paying out" from the ship's hold a blizzard came on, followed by a sea so rough that the captain was eventually compelled to cut the cable, leave it buoyed in the open sea, and take his vessel into the Downs for anchorage. The bad weather lasted from Monday to Saturday, some ten miles' length of the cable still being buoyed in the Channel. On Saturday morning, in tolerably fair weather, the buoyed end was taken up and successfully spliced with the cable on board ship. The weather still brightened, and eventually connection was successfully made at the Sangatte end. A similar feat was then achieved at St. Margaret's Bay at the South Foreland, where the end was hauled ashore by the sailors at 10 minutes past 6 p.m., and twelve minutes later brought into the cable-hut. Lieutenant O'Meara called up St. Martin's-le-Grand and announced the good news. Three cheers were given at the Post Office and in the hut through the land-line, and those from London sounded so lustily that the lieutenant declared they had split the drum of his telephone. The end of the cable was then stripped and the sheathing filed off, the rasping of the file being plainly heard in London.[1]

Experiments have been made to find the best kind of telephonic apparatus to employ, and the best system of simultaneous telegraphy and telephony over the line. The line is now opened to the public at a tariff of 8*s.* for a conversation lasting three minutes. If the venture proves successful another cable will doubtless be laid, but most likely from Folkestone, a longer distance. We may also see a line established between Glasgow and Belfast, with a cable between Portpatrick and Donaghadee.

Another chapter has thus been added to the history of perhaps the most delicate and sensitive instrument which has ever been popularised for commercial purposes. Indeed, the extreme sensitiveness of the telephone has been one of the great difficulties in the way of its use. The wires were never free from sound, and every change of temperature or of the electric conditions of the atmosphere was recorded in this delicate apparatus. Lord Rayleigh has made experiments from which it appears that with the telephone the note of a whistle is audible at a distance at which the amplitude of the vibrating particles of air is less than a millionth of a millimetre (a millimetre being about the $\frac{1}{25}$ of an inch). This suggests that, after all, perhaps the human ear is the most wonderful apparatus concerned in the process, so extremely sensitive is it to movements however small which recur periodically, as do the vibrations set up by the voice in the disc of the telephone.

Microphones are of course used as transmitters at either end of the line. Pine-wood is the best resonant material we possess, and it preserves its structure and quality when converted into charcoal. The Gower-Bell form of the microphone, which is used at the London end, is a small wheel or octagon of carbon, having loose spokes, on which the speaker's voice impinges with marvellous molecular effect. Since the tramp of a fly and the cry of an insect were first heard through the microphone some fifteen years since, more sensitive forms of the instrument have still further opened up to us unknown worlds of sound.

[1] A few days later the "Times" reported an experiment which must be regarded as perhaps the greatest triumph achieved up to that date by telephony: "About 8 P.M. five telephone receivers were connected to the new line in room 90 of the General Post Office, and the electrician there distinctly heard the music of the Grand Opéra in Paris. The orchestra sounded so clearly that the piccolo could be plainly heard joining in. The voices of the singers were also wonderfully well rendered, the gradations in tone being very faithful. In a duet the two voices could be separated by the ear. Indeed there was no confusion of voices even in the chorus. The applause of the audience, and the cries of 'Bis!' were also heard by the listeners, who could almost fancy themselves comfortably seated in a box or fauteuil, and were loth to relinquish their instruments. The transmitters were, of course microphones, placed on the floor of the Opera-house."

# Varieties.

## The Country of John Halifax.



ROSE COTTAGE.

In our article in the March number on "The Country of John Halifax," we were content to leave Enderley, "eight miles off" from Norton Bury, that is Tewkesbury, "on a hilly cross-country road," the "highest table-land in England," with its hills and valley and beechwoods, in the Cotswolds generally, little thinking of the interest that would be taken in the matter; but quite a number of correspondents—to whom we beg to tender our thanks and acknowledgments—have pointed out to us that the identification of those places is easy enough, and that the two sides to the question are the two which a large number of questions have, namely, a right one and a wrong one.

It is true that for the eight miles which John Halifax rode in and out to business, we must read five and twenty; and for the seven miles to S—, for which he rode for the doctor, we must read three, but with that trifling emendation—allowable enough on the elastic map of the novelist—the ground is localised unmistakably.

S— is Stroud; Enderley, where John devoted himself to Phineas and fell in love with Ursula, is Amberley; Nunnely, across that "dear, smiling, English valley, holding many a little nest of an English home," is Selsley Hill; Rose Cottage, where Ursula showed John the scar on her wrist, is still under the brow of the common—and here is its portrait.

When the authoress of "John Halifax" last went to Tewkesbury, she and her husband also paid a visit to this cottage, and presented the landlady with a silver teapot, out of which they drank the first cup of tea to the memory of John Halifax. Surely that evidence is conclusive? Here are the roses still hanging "in clusters, a dozen in a group, pressing their pinky cheeks together in a mass of family fragrance"; here are the "two entrances each distinct," although the two gates have gone and been replaced by one; here is the kitchen in which Ursula "came and stood by the fire." Below is the "little town"—Nailsworth—and beyond is Luxmore Hall, otherwise Gatcombe Park, the property, then, not of Lord Luxmore, but, of all people in the world, of Rent-and-wages Ricardo!

And here is the cloth mill, Dunkirk Mill, into which John Halifax—in imagination—put the steam engine that upset his lordship's plans; the part owner of which mill, Mr. Playne, to whom we are most indebted for our information, told Miss Mulock of his "Flemish forefathers," and tells us how "she wrote much of the book whilst seated by the side of the stream, Mr. Dobell being engaged in fishing close by."

Here is the wood with the beeches and firs, "the Adam and Eve in this forest of Eden;" and here is the well, altered somewhat, and bearing the name of Spriggs—a detail judiciously omitted in the history. And here is the church, or rather a church—Amberley church—built as Miss Mulock saw it two years after Ursula had ceased to be a widow.

The golfers now play on Enderley Flat, and their "hazards" are the ruined tumuli among which Phineas fell, and that Roman or British or other encampment which he and John discussed, and which proved too much for Ulfa the Dane, who has left his memory in Woeful Dane Bottom. Minchinhampton Common is still "a perfect sheet of greenest, softest turf, sowed with minute and rare flowers," and is 600 feet above the sea, bathed by the Atlantic breezes, though not quite the highest point of the Cotswolds. And the "minchin" is no other than "monachyn," the nun, whence, perhaps, the "nunnely."

Here, then, and not at Bredon, or Cleeve, or Langley, is Nunnely Hill, otherwise Selsley Hill, the description of the road being exact, barring the poplars,—"three together, and one apart"—which have since fallen, and have not been replaced owing to the landowner, so Miss White informs us, "not caring for 'John Halifax,'" Here is Beechwood, otherwise Amberley Court; and at almost due distance is the Beare, another Beare, vouched for as the real original, with the sign still in want of oiling.

And finally, if you find yourself on these breezy uplands, or in this pleasing valley, on golfing or Halifaxing thoughts intent, the natives can take you among "the pearly network of dewy gossamer"—at the proper time of year—to the very spot from which "you may espy" the "twenty-three churches with the glass and the eye," and convince yourself that the scenery of the fiction is even inferior to the scenery of the fact.

**The Approaching Transit of Mercury over the Sun.**—A transit of the planet Mercury over the Sun's disc will occur on the 10th of the present month, but only a small portion of it will be visible in this country, as the Sun will not rise at Greenwich until about half an hour before the end of the phenomenon, which will take place a little before 5 o'clock in the morning. The transit will be best seen in the western part of North America. It is a phenomenon of the same kind as the passage of Venus over the sun's disc, but, though of more frequent occurrence, is not of the same use in determining the Sun's disc, on account of the much greater distance of Mercury than Venus from us when those planets are in inferior conjunction with the Sun. Nevertheless the phenomenon is of interest to astronomers in several ways, and will be carefully observed in places where it is visible. The first time a transit of Mercury was witnessed was by Gassendi, at Paris, on November 7, 1631; the second was by a countryman of our own, Jeremy Shakerley, in 1651, who made a journey to India on purpose to see it. One which took place on November 7, 1677, was well observed by Halley (afterwards the second Astronomer Royal) at St. Helena, to which island he had gone to form a catalogue, the first ever made, of southern stars. The observation led him to suggest those of transits of Venus when they should occur, as the best means of determining the distance of the Sun from us, by making that of Venus a stepping-stone towards it, the proportion being well known by Kepler's third law. The last transit of Mercury took place in 1881; the next, after that of the present month, will occur in 1894.

W. T. LYNN.

**William K. Parker, F.R.S.**—Among the obituary notices of the "Proceedings of the Royal Society," during last year, is a brief memoir of Professor William Kitchen Parker, whose works are valued by men of science, although his name has been little before the general public. Born on his father's farm near Peterborough, in 1823, he was from earliest years accustomed to outdoor life, and a true lover and observer of nature; and he gradually became an ardent student of many branches of natural history. The Flora and the Fauna of that region of England were familiar to him when still a lad. In 1844 he went to London, and entered Charing Cross Hospital as a medical student. In 1849 he commenced to practise in Pimlico, and was much occupied with professional duties. He found time, however, to be busily engaged in natural history pursuits. During his student days he had the advantage of working in the physiological laboratory at King's College, and for a time was prosector at the lectures of Dr. Todd, who had very warmly encouraged his biological studies. In the year 1856 he was induced by his friends Professor T. Rupert Jones and W. Crawford Williamson to devote special attention to the Polyzoa and Foraminifera. From that time a succession of papers and memoirs, giving the results of his researches, appeared in the Transactions of the Linnean, Zoological, and Microscopical Societies. But he did not confine his studies to minute forms of life, for he produced monographs on a vast number of subjects in every department of natural history. For instance, the Royal Society's Transactions include illustrated papers on "The Skull of the Batrachia," on "The Common Snake," on "The Sturgeon," on Edentata, Insectivora, and an elaborate memoir on the "Development of the Wing of the Common Fowl." The mere list of his scientific papers occupies large space. In 1865 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in the following year received a Royal Medal for his researches in the "Osteology of Vertebrate Animals." Of many learned societies at home and abroad he was elected an honorary Fellow. In all his studies and labours he was a devout observer of the wonders of nature, and worked in the spirit expressed in one of his ablest treatises. "The study of animal morphology leads to continually grander and more reverent views of creation and the Creator." One of his sons is Professor of Zoology in the University of Otago, New Zealand, and another in the University College at Cardiff.

**First Voyage by Steam from England to Australia.**—The journal of this first voyage, by the Australian Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company's ship Australia, was published in 1853. There was no Suez Canal in those days, and the route was by St. Vincent, Cape of Good Hope, King George's Sound, Adelaide, Port Philip, and Sydney; to each of which destinations the fare being given. The fare to Sydney was £80 1st class, £40 2nd class, £25 3rd class. The journal, as given by the writer, H. Lucas, contains many points that will be read with curiosity now, both as to the regulations for passengers and the events of the voyage. The ship was advertised to depart on May 28, but the day was twice altered, the final start being on June 1. The Australia anchored in Melbourne Harbour on August 31. Mr. Lucas did not proceed to Sydney. Among the incidents of the voyage was a strike of the firemen or stokers and various acts of violent insubordination. The freight charges were also justly complained of. The whole journal is a record worthy of being preserved.

**Popular Entertainment.**—In the preface to the People's edition of "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," Dean Ramsay says: "So far as my experience of life goes, I have never found that the cause of morality and religion was promoted by sternly checking the natural tendencies of our nature to relaxation and amusement. If mankind be too ready to enter upon pleasures which are dangerous or questionable, it is the part of wisdom and of prudence to supply them with sources of interest the enjoyment of which is innocent and permissible."

**The English Language.**—It is estimated that in the year 2000 no less than 1,700,000,000 people will be speaking the English language, while only 500,000,000 will be speaking other European tongues. English is thus indisputably the language of the future.

**Parthenon Sculptures and the Frieze on the Athenæum Club.**—The amusing discussion raised by Mr. Harrison's farcical proposal to send back the Elgin marbles to Athens, recalls to memory an incident in the early history of the Athenæum Club. The Right Hon. J. Wilson Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty, was one of the twelve who attended the preliminary meeting for the formation of the club. Among others present were Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Francis Chantrey, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Dover, and Mr. Faraday. Wilson Croker soon became the leader of the affair, and chairman of the committee. He was absent when the committee proposed to have an ice-well, at considerable cost. Croker professed to be indignant at the luxurious outlay for wine-cooling, and he put a stop to the proposal, suggesting that the money would be used with greater propriety by obtaining a copy of the famous frieze from the Parthenon for their building in Pall Mall. Mr. Herring was sent to Athens to secure accurate moulds and drawings. This was the occasion of a clever *jeu d'esprit*, left by an unknown wit on the club library table:

I am John Wilson Croker,
I do what I please;
You asked for an ice-well,
And I give a frieze.

**"Mountain Whites" in America—Can this be true?**—It is stated in the "New York Observer" that in the mountain region running through the western part of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia, there exists a population, numbering from two to three millions, in a state of deplorable deterioration, known as "Mountain Whites," a portion of the "poor whites" of the Southern States. Many of them are descendants of emigrants from Sweden, Holland, France, and Scotland, and other early settlers. Surrounded by the boasted civilisation of this nineteenth century, they have (owing to extreme poverty, the system of slavery, and the adverse habits and customs of the surrounding country) fallen fifty years behind the march of progress from which but a few miles separate them. Living from generation to generation in the log cabins occupied by their fathers, containing often but one room, seldom more than two, life has become a mere struggle for existence, and their poor attempts at education are unworthy the name.

Some benevolent persons in Philadelphia and New York propose that efforts should be made to send teachers and ministers to these regions; but, if this account is true, larger attempts at civilisation are needed.

**Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform.**—This Association has lately enlarged its scope, taking in subjects of reform in many matters besides the original object of burial in more perishable coffins, and advocating less expensive burials. One very simple and desirable reform might be considered—the perils to the living from attending funerals in inclement weather. Many aged and infirm people get fatal illness from the exposure. It is so far good to wear a silk or velvet skull-cap; but why not have a portable tent or canopy for shelter at the grave? We commend the idea to the Secretary, the Rev. F. Lawrence, who, being himself young and strong, may not think of this reform.

**The Queen at Grasse.**—Among the French visitors who inscribed their names in Her Majesty's book soon after her arrival was the Count de Bernstoff, who wrote under his name the interesting fact that he was present at the coronation ceremony of the Queen, as First Secretary at that time of the Prussian Embassy in London,

**A Swedish Lady Professor.**—Among the recent deaths of eminent persons is that of Dr. Sophie Kovalevsky, Professor of Mathematics in the High School (Högskola) of Stockholm. She was the daughter of a Russian general, and at the time of her death was barely thirty-eight. At the age of sixteen she married Kovalevsky, the Moscow palæontologist, who died in 1883, though this fact did not cause any intermission in her studies at St. Petersburg, Heidelberg, Berlin, and Göttingen, where at the age of twenty-one she received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and was called to the chair of the Higher Mathematical Analysis in Stockholm, being permitted during the first year of her incumbency to lecture in German. She received the Baudin Prize from the French Academy, and though her political views rendered St. Petersburg no place for her, the Academy of that city elected her a member. She was author of various scientific works.

**Jewish Charitable Gifts.**—In the last annual report of the Board of Guardians for relief of the Jewish poor it is stated that during last year £10,776 1*s.* 8*d.* had been paid out in gifts to the poor, £15,097 11*s.* 2*d.* in relief, and £2,935 1*s.* 5*d.* in specified cases on behalf of private philanthropists. As many as 21,648 persons applied for relief, which was granted in 3,351 cases. In regard to emigration and immigration, 742 persons were assisted to leave the country, and 404 immigrants were helped to gain a livelihood on settling in this country. The statements as to the immigration of pauper Jews from the Continent have been much exaggerated. The larger number came to this country from Russia and Poland, where they are oppressed; but many were quickly helped to emigrate to America, and not a few of the refugees had means of their own, and did not apply for relief.

**Little Sisters of the Poor.**—The Countess of Meath has given a very interesting account of a visit paid by her when at Marseilles to one of the *Asiles*, or refuges for the aged, established by that remarkable pilgrim community, the Little Sisters of the Poor (Petites Sœurs des Pauvres). There are, we are told, no fewer than 262 of these Asylums. It must be remembered that in France there are no State Poor Laws, and no workhouses, such as we have in England by legal enactment. What aid is given to the poor, the infirm, and the aged is the work of various *Sociétés de Bienfaisans*, not necessarily ecclesiastical, nor religious in their arrangements. The community of the Sisters of the Poor only dates from the year 1840, when two seamstresses and a former domestic servant put themselves under the guidance of a kind Abbé at Saint-Servan, a little town in Brittany. The Abbé Le Pailleur directed them to care for the aged poor of the town, and the alms of the charitable furnished the means for this good work. The good Abbé is still alive, and one of the sisters, Marie Jamet, who is the Supérieure Générale of the community, which now is found in almost every country of Europe, as well as in Great Britain and America, and even in Africa and Australia. Each *Asile* is presided over by a Mother Superior (*Mère Supérieure*). The arrangements and occupation of the inmates in the *Asile* at Marseilles are very fully described by Lady Meath. There was an air of cheerfulness and of kindliness throughout the establishment. Attendance at the chapel was not compulsory, but the privileges of the place of worship and prayer were evidently appreciated. Most of the Sisters are young or middle-aged, and there are at present about 4,500 devoted women who give themselves freely and voluntarily to the care of about 35,000 aged men and women. For the sick and infirm there is special provision made, and a well-ordered *Asile* combines all the best advantages of a model "Poor House," and a Home for Invalids and Incurables. The Sisters are skilful beggars, and they obtain all sorts of furniture and appliances for the disabled, as well as food and necessary supplies for the ordinary workers among the old people. Lady Meath asks why we cannot have Protestant Sisters to look after the aged and infirm in similar asylums in our own country; and "might it not be possible to have Little Sisters of the Poor connected with the English Church, true-hearted women, filled with the spirit of charity?"

**Zeal without Knowledge.**—Professor Huxley tells this personal anecdote: "When I was attending the meeting of the British Association in Belfast nearly forty years ago, I had promised to breakfast with the eminent scholar Dr. Hincks. Having been up very late the previous night I was behind time; so hailing an outside car I said to the driver as I jumped on, 'Now drive fast, I am in a hurry.' Whereupon he whipped up his horse and set off at a hand gallop. Nearly jerked off my seat, I shouted, 'My good friend, do you know where I want to go?' 'No, yer honner,' said the driver, 'but anyway I am driving fast.'"

**Bishop Creighton.**—An anecdote is told of the new Bishop of Peterborough which reminds us of a similar kindly act of George Herbert, when he helped a peasant to get his cart out of a rut near Salisbury. In a poor street in Worcester Canon Creighton saw an old woman vainly striving to wheel a heavy barrow filled with coal up an alley. Canon Creighton deposited his umbrella in a doorway, and, taking the place of the poor old woman, trundled the load briskly up the alley, and was off before the astonished dame could thank him for the kindly help.

**Belgian Electors.**—In Belgium the parliamentary franchise is granted only to male adults paying 42 francs a year of direct taxes; and, in consequence, the country, although having about 6,000,000 inhabitants, has only about 115,000 voters. Some such limitation of electors would be desirable in other countries; in Ireland, for instance, where illiterate and poverty-stricken labourers are led to the poll by priests or agitators.

**Cost of a Storm on the British Coasts.**—There is never a storm on our coasts that does not involve great loss of property as well as of life. It is possible to obtain only rough estimates of these losses. The lives of many fishermen as well as of mariners are sacrificed on the occurrence of every gale. About ten or twelve years since, it was stated by Mr. Chamberlain that at least 1 in 56 of those engaged in maritime industry perished each year. The system of signalling from the Meteorological Office to the coasts, and the benevolent and vigilant efforts of Mr. Plimsoll and his associates, may have reduced this ratio somewhat, but it is still lamentably great. As to the loss of property, the loss must be felt somewhere, even when the owners of ships fraudulently shift it to the shoulders of underwriters and marine insurance companies. But part of the annual loss, both of life and property, is borne by the beneficent and unselfish agencies seeking to save from loss. For instance, there are frequent casualties to those who attempt to rescue shipwrecked crews; and it was stated by Sir Edward Birkbeck, at the annual meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, that the gale of November 6th and 7th, 1890, when twenty-six of their boats saved 118 lives, involved an expenditure, for life-saving, of £773, apart from the damage done to some of the boats.

**Lifeboat Institution.**—At the annual meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, held on March 21, the Marquis of Hartington in the chair, the report read by Mr. Charles Dibden, the Secretary, gave many interesting details, showing the great benefits of the service, and the need for increased support. There are now 300 lifeboats on our coasts. The first steam lifeboat, stationed at Harwich, has been out several times, with gratifying results. During the year above 550 lives have been saved by the boats of the Institution, and 27 vessels assisted to escape wreck. The total expenditure for the year has been nearly £76,000, while the annual revenue (apart from legacies) only amounted to between £42,000 and £43,000, from subscriptions, donations, and dividends. It is necessary that larger funds should be obtained to carry on the service efficiently. Mr. W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury, formerly First Lord of the Admiralty, warmly advocated the claims of the Institution to the support of the public. It seems that the Government can give no grant, though the Coast Guard Service is always ready to co-operate. Lord Hartington made the happy remark that, besides the gratifying and beneficent results referred to in the Report, this was a National institution having an object of even higher aim, for it was a grand school of heroism; not rash and reckless daring, but the cool and unselfish heroism of duty. For this reason, as well as for the merciful object of saving life, it deserved wider support.

**Sprats and Herrings.**—It has long been disputed whether sprats are the young of herrings, or a separate fish. The matter has been definitely settled at the Brighton Aquarium, where a number of sprats put into one of the tanks in due time grew to be herrings. The fact of sprats never having been seen with the development of mature fish, neither roe nor milt, ought to have satisfied naturalists. In the middle of February of this year, 1891, prodigious shoals of sprats were taken at Brighton. For several successive days the boats discharged loads on the beach. They were sold to the fish dealers and fishmongers, vast quantities being consumed in the town, and sent for sale in London and elsewhere. At last they could be only carted away for manuring the fields, and were sold for this purpose at a penny the bushel. The sprat is as delicate and beautiful a fish as the pilchard, and as tasty as the anchovy when cured. Thousands of sprats are now sold in the form of anchovy paste. In Frank Buckland's "Natural History of British Fishes," the mode of preparation is given. A most important industry could be established on our coasts if these young herrings could be preserved in the same way as sardines, of which the sale is enormous in this country. The fish are of the same size, and sprats are more tempting in look as well as taste than many sardines sent to the English market. The fecundity of the herring is so great that there can be no objection to using the young in any quantity. Mr. Buckland records a shoal of herrings fallen in with by Captain McDonald of the cruiser Vigilant in 1877, which was four miles long and two broad, containing more fish in almost solid mass than are caught in a whole year throughout Scotland. There is no need of a close season or any restriction as to sprat catching.

**Fear God and work hard.**—When Dr. Livingstone revisited Scotland for the last time, he addressed the school where his son Oswald was then being educated. The closing words of his speech were, "Fear God and work hard"—words which embody the spirit of his own noble life, and which form an admirable motto for workers of all ages, and in every sphere.

**Close of the 51st American Congress.**—The close of the session was a scene of great excitement. The members of both chambers were wearied with the protracted and keen discussion on the McKinley Tariff, the silver question, the Copyright question, and other troublesome subjects. The final hour came, and the last Appropriation Bill was not yet passed. But, according to custom in recent times, the Senate clock had been turned back ten minutes, so as to enable business to be transacted during the period of legal life. The Senate adjourned at "noon by the marble clock." The House of Representatives had also to adjourn at noon, but the hour really was 12·15. When the Speaker's gavel struck the desk, a wild "Hurrah" came from the floor and the galleries. The Republicans broke into the song "Marching through Georgia," the tune always played when Sherman appeared, after his famous march to the sea. The Democrats then took up "Dixie," the favourite march of the Confederates, and recognised as the most representative song of the Southern States.

# Household Queries.

**Linoleum Curling.**—*A reader would be glad to know of a remedy for the Linoleum covering the floor of a large upstairs bath-room, which since the departure of the late severe frost, has broken away from the nails which fastened it down, and risen up like small wavelets. It has been down for three years, and until recently been most satisfactory?*—It must be entirely taken up and relaid. There is no other remedy, but this has frequently to be done after such weather. It shrinks with the cold, and that stretches it and tears it away; and then when it expands again it is rather too large.

**Pampas Grass.**—*Could you tell me how to clean pampas grass?*—It can be washed with soap and water, using a sponge or soft brush, moved the "right" way only. Of course it won't last for ever.

**Violets and Ferns.**—1. *Should violets be moved yearly to flower well?* 2. *Also, is it good to give maidenhair ferns cold tea?*—(1.) Violets should be taken up every spring, about the end of March being the best time, and the best and strongest pieces only selected for replanting. In smoky and foggy neighbourhoods it promotes flowers a great deal to remove a portion of the leaves, when very abundant, shortly before the flowering season. (2.) Personally we don't know, but a good authority we have asked says that it is.

**Piano Cover.**—*Kindly assist me as to the best mode of making a cover for a cottage piano.*—If you mean a loose cover for removal, or during holiday absence (no one ever puts a cover on in an inhabited house), you cannot do better than shape it out of brown holland or unbleached linen, binding all the edges well with strong broad tape. If you mean an artistic cover for the back of the piano facing the room, embroidery is the general favourite, choosing bold and simple rather than complicated designs. A piece of *appliqué* work also looks well. Some ladies make a living by *painting* decorative designs for pianos. In the meantime, and for cheapness, a plain square of many patterns of Japanese paper looks tolerably well.

**Swiss Rolls.**—*Will you please give a recipe for making Swiss rolls?*—It is difficult with such names to know exactly what are meant. The following is one for what we have known as Geneva rolls:—Rub two ounces of butter into one pound of flour till it grains like oatmeal; then add a pinch of salt, a dessert-spoonful of strong yeast, and about half-a-pint more or less of milk, as much as will make a stiff dough. Let this rise for an hour, then work into it two eggs which have been beaten up with enough hot milk to make the milk new-milk warm. Knead the dough again till it is soft and light, let it rise half an hour again, then form into small rolls and bake in a quick oven till done, probably about twenty minutes.

**Kidgeree.**—*Can you give me a good recipe for Kidgeree?*—This Indian breakfast dish may be made from any firm fish, such as salmon, soles, turbot, brill, or whiting, or from shrimps. Boil ¾ lb. of rice same as for a curry, soft but dry: put the rice in a saucepan with 2 oz. of butter, and when this is mixed ½ lb. of the fish free from all skin and bone, and cut into small pieces. Season to taste with cayenne, salt, and pepper. Stir over the fire till quite hot, then add two well-beaten eggs, mix well, and serve.

**Varnishing.**—*Can you tell me how to varnish paint properly? I have tried but failed. I put on size first, and then what was sold as best varnish, but it sank into the wood and looked streaky in a day or two. It was a dark brown painted door. Must the old varnish be removed before re-varnishing, and how?*—You were wrong to size the work. Size is only used on new unpainted wood, after which the best varnish for amateurs is pale oak or furniture varnish. Painted surfaces are carefully cleansed with plain soap and water, and then dried, after which the varnish is applied direct, the oil varnish of the shops being most useful for common work. As long as the paint is good enough it need not be removed; when worn or defaced, of course it must be before being re-done. Your sizing and application of varnish we know nothing of has so complicated matters, that we can only advise now calling in a painter, who will recognise the actual varnish and know what to do.

**Hasty Pudding.**—1. *Teggy would be much obliged for a recipe for the Kentish dish called "hasty pudding." 2. Also to know if oranges are good for people suffering from rheumatism.*—(1.) We suppose you to mean the "lumpy" form of hasty pudding which is hardly ever described, while the smooth kinds are in all the cookery books. Boil sufficient milk with a pinch of salt up in a saucepan, and as soon as it boils, but *not before* (else the pudding will taste like paste), sprinkle in dry flour with the left hand while you stir with the right, moderately, so as to let lumps form. Go on till thick enough, which with a pint and a half of milk will be somewhere about half a pound of flour. Either pour out in a heap on a dish, and eat with butter and brown sugar, or treacle, or jam, to taste; or it may be put into a mould, and after a little further cooking in the oven will turn out. (2.) They are generally beneficial, but a doctor should be consulted in case of peculiarities in the constitution.

**Violins.**—*Could you tell me whether cold is bad for a violin? During the winter I have been in the habit of wrapping shawls etc. round my violin, as I thought that might keep out the cold; but perhaps the heat of the shawls would melt the varnish?*—All great extremes are bad for the instrument, but the worst of all is damp. Wrappings are, however, no use in really winter temperature, as there is no vital heat to keep in, as with us. But there is really no cause to worry at all. It is quite enough to keep the violin in an ordinary case in a sitting-room which is used. Unless of really good quality, even dry cold need not be feared.

**Patent Leather.**—*Would you tell me how to prevent the gloss coming off patent leather shoes?*—The first time or two milk applied with a soft cloth is sufficient; but when they begin to get dull, they are polished with a soft cloth and a little sweet oil.

**Bread-crumbing Fish.**—*Please inform me the best method to prevent the bread-crumbs falling off fish and sticking to the pan during frying?*—By the form of your question we think you have forgotten the egg. You first dry the fish; then rub it with flour to dry it still more; then either dip it in raw egg well beaten up, or brush the beaten egg all over it, drain any excess off, and then lay it on the bread crumbs well spread out, and sprinkle more on the top side. They stick on the egg. Don't pat the crumbs down at all, but leave the fish on the crumbs till ready to dip into the hot oil or fat, which must cover it all over. It should be done a little time before frying, and the bread-crumbs should be fine, stale, and dry.

**Grates.**—*Kindly inform me a substitute for black lead for grates, as it is very laborious work for people who have been accustomed to a servant. We have tried Brunswick black, but find that it burns off.*—There is really no effectual substitute for leading. You will, however, find that a very thorough performance now and then is very lasting, and really will fairly dispense with a great deal in between.

**Corns.**—*What is the best remedy for corns?*—There is no absolute "remedy." The first thing is to have boots or shoes made so as to avoid all pressure. No permanent good can be effected without this. Then get from your chemist the following, which he will know at sight, as it is sold by lots under the most extraordinary names as their own:—Salicylic acid 30 parts, Extr. Cannabis Sativa 5 parts, Collodion 100 parts, mix. Apply this with a camel-hair brush every night, and in four to eight days the corn will fall off; then take a warm foot-bath, wear shoes that don't make corns, and be thankful. In reply to your other query, we decline medical advice.

**Cocoa-nut Biscuits.**—*Can you give me a recipe for cocoa-nut biscuits?*—The following is as good as we know of for home-made. Rasp a good nut with care to let no rind fall in the raspings. Spread 1 lb. of this on a dish and let stand in a cool dry place two days to dry. Mix with it 2 lbs. of sifted loaf sugar, the whites of six eggs whisked to a stiff froth, and two teacupfuls of flour. Drop the mixture like rocks from a spoon on tins, or into drop-cake tins. Bake in a gentle oven for about twenty minutes, take out of the tins while warm, and when cold store in a canister.

**The Hair.**—1. *Is once a fortnight too often for the washing of hair? 2. Does soft-soap harm the hair?*—(1.) Not for young people. For elderly people much washing is not advisable, and as the natural oil diminishes is seldom necessary. (2.) Yes, only mild soap should be used, best of all with rain-water in which some bran has been boiled.

**Grey Hair.**—*Can you tell me anything to prevent my hair from going grey? I saw a recipe which you gave, a very good one as far as keeping it clean and from falling off.*—Nothing will really prevent this, except that so far as it may be owing to deficiency of natural oil; this may be palliated by rubbing in occasionally a little lanolin, which is a natural sheep's wool fat obtainable at any chemist's, and the best for any such purpose.

**Oil Paintings.**—*Kindly tell me what is the best thing to clean oil paintings with?*—See a reply on p. 494, vol. for 1890.

**Soiled Wall-paper.**—*Be good enough to advise me how to remove soiled marks from a wall-paper, caused by contact with dresses (at the entrance of room); the paper is light, but of serviceable pattern, and is otherwise quite clean.*—Up to a certain point they may be removed by judicious rubbing with the crumb side of crusts of bread two days old. Beyond that, there is no remedy for the paper itself; but a common plan is to have a piece of different and darker pattern laid over it, which can be generally done so as to harmonise with the rest of the room. Often such a guard-piece is varnished, or a varnished dado put round the room.

**Ants.**—Several correspondents write us on this subject; and here we again express our thanks for, and appreciation of, the willingness of our readers to assist us in giving practical aid in this column. Two inform us that the best remedy they have found is to soak bits of rag in paraffin oil, and press these into the holes or crevices from which the ants issue. Another has in two different kitchens conquered the enemy by taking a lighted "taper" and moving it amongst them whenever seen, which soon drives them away; of course, care must be taken to set nothing on fire. Another reply has misunderstood the query, which did not refer to the insects in the garden, but in the house.

## Astronomical Almanack for May.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | F | ☽ 3 Quarter 1.51 P.M. | 17 | ☋ | Whit Sunday |
| 2 | S | ☉ rises 4.32 A.M. | | | [☽ greatest dist. from ♁ |
| 3 | ☋ | Rogation Sunday | 18 | M | Bank and Genl. Holiday |
| 4 | M | ☉ sets 7.25 P.M. | 19 | T | Daybreak 0.35 A.M. |
| 5 | T | ☽ least distance from ⊕ | 20 | W | Twilight ends 11.22 P.M. |
| 6 | W | Clock after ☉ 3m. 31s. | 21 | T | Jupiter a morning star |
| 7 | T | Ascension Day | 22 | F | Saturn an evening star |
| 8 | F | New ☽ 6.16 A.M. | 23 | S | Full ☽ 6.26 P.M. |
| 9 | S | Half-Quarter Day | | | [Partial ecl. of ☽ 8 P.M. |
| 10 | ☋ | Sun. after Ascension | 24 | ☋ | Trinity Sunday |
| | | [Mercury on ☉ sunrise | 25 | M | Draco in zenith 2.0 A.M. |
| 11 | M | Venus a morning star | 26 | T | Trinity Law Sitt. begin |
| 12 | T | Mars sets 9.51 P.M. | 27 | W | Clock after ☉ 3m. 8s. |
| 13 | W | ☿ rises 4.13 A.M. | 28 | T | ☿ rises 3.54 A.M. |
| 14 | T | ☿ sets 7.40 P.M. | 29 | F | ☿ sets 8.1 P.M. |
| 15 | F | ☽ 1 Quarter 7.4 P.M. | 30 | S | ☽ 3 Quarter 6.55 P.M. |
| | | [Easter Law Sitt. end | 31 | ☋ | 1 Sun. after Trinity |
| 16 | S | Saturn near ☽ | | | [☽ least dist. from ⊕ |




POPPIES.

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC.

## CHAPTER XV.—BEFORE THE COURT.



"YOUR HONOUR, FOOL? DIE LIKE THE BRAINLESS BRUTE YOU ARE! DIE AND BE FORGOTTEN!"

I HAD not seen the first moon-beams pierce the broken casement of the tower-room, but I was there to watch the last tiny patch of silver glide aslant from wall to sill, and sill to frame, and so pass out. Near the fire, which had been made up, and now glowed and crackled bravely on the hearth-stone at my elbow, my three gaolers had set a mattress for me; and on this I sat, my back to the wall and my face to the window. The guards lounged on the other side of the hearth round a lanthorn, playing at dice and drinking. They were rough, hard men, whose features, as they leaned over the table and the light played strongly on their faces, blazoning them against a wall of shadow, were stern and rugged enough. But they had not shown themselves unkindly. They had given me a share of their wine, and had pointed to the window and shrugged their shoulders, as much

as to say that it was my own fault if I suffered from the draught. Nay, from time to time, one of them would turn from his game and look at me—in pity, I think—and utter a curse that was meant for encouragement.

Even when the first excitement had passed away, I felt none of the stupefaction which I have heard that men feel in such a position. My brain was painfully active. In vain I longed to sleep, if it were only that I might not be thought to fear death. But the fact that I was to be tried first, though the sentence was a certainty, distracted and troubled me. My thoughts paced from thing to thing: now dwelling on the Duchess and her husband, now flitting to Petronilla and Sir Anthony, to the old place at home and the servants; to strange petty things, long familiar—a tree in the chase at Coton, a herb I had planted. Once a great lump rose in my throat, and I had to turn away to hide the hot tears that would rise at the thought that I must die in this mean German town, in this unknown corner, and be buried and forgotten! And once, too, to torment me, there rose a doubt in my mind whether Master Bertie would recover; whether, indeed, I had not thrown my life away for nothing. But it was too late to think of that! And the doubt, which the evil one himself must have suggested, so terrible was it, passed away quickly.

My thoughts raced, but the night crawled. We had surrendered about ten, and the magistrates, less pitiful than the gaolers, had forbidden my friends to stay with me. An hour or more after midnight, two of the men lay down, and the other sat humming a drinking-song, or at intervals rose to yawn and stretch himself and look out of the window. From time to time, the cry of the watchman going his rounds came drearily to my ears, recalling to me the night I had spent behind the hoarding in Moorgate Street, when the adventure which was to end to-morrow—nay, to-day—in a few hours—had lured me away. To-day? Was I to die to-day? To perish with all my plans, hopes, love? It seemed impossible. As I gazed at the window, whose shape began to be printed on my brain, it seemed impossible. My soul so rose in rebellion against it, that the perspiration stood on my brow, and I had to clasp my hands about my knees, and strain every muscle to keep in the cry I would have uttered!—a cry not of fear, but of rage and remonstrance and revolt.

I was glad to see the first streaks of dawn, to hear the first cock-crowings, and, a few minutes later, the voices of men in the street and on the stairs. The sounds of day and life acted magically upon me. The horror of the night passed off as does the horror of a dream. When a man, heavily cloaked and with his head covered, came in, the door being shut behind him by another hand, I looked up at him bravely. The worst was past.

He replied by looking down at me for a few moments without disclosing himself, the collar of his cloak being raised so high that I could see nothing of his features. My first notion that he must be Master Lindstrom passed away; and, displeased by his silent scrutiny, and thinking him a stranger, I said sharply, "I hope you are satisfied, sir."

"Satisfied?" he replied, in a voice which made me start, so that the irons clanked on my feet, "Well, I think I should be—seeing you so, my friend!"



GAOLERS.

It was Clarence! Of all men, Clarence! I knew his voice, and he, seeing himself recognised, lowered his cloak. I stared at him in stupefied silence, and he at me in a grim curiosity. I was not prepared for the blunt abruptness with which he continued—using almost the very words he had used when face to face with me in the flood—"Now tell me who you are, and what brought you into this company?"

I gave him no answer. I still stared at him in silence.

"Come!" he continued, his hawk's eyes bent on my face, "make a clean breast of it, and perhaps—who knows?—I may help you yet, lad. You have puzzled and foiled me and I want to understand you. Where did my lady pick you up just when she wanted you? I had arranged for every chequer on the board except you. Who are you?"

This time I did answer him—by a question. "How many times have we met?" I asked.

"Three," he said readily, "and the last time you nearly rid the world of me. Now the luck is against you. It generally is in the end against those who thwart me, my friend." He chuckled at the conceit, and I read in his face at once his love of intrigue and his vanity. "I come uppermost, as always."

I only nodded.

"What do you want?" I asked. I felt a certain expectation. He wanted something.

"First, to know who you are."

"I shall not tell you!" I answered.

He smiled drily, sitting opposite to me. He had drawn up a stool, and made himself comfortable. He was not an uncomely man as he sat there playing with his dagger, a dubious smile on his lean dark face. Unwarned, I might have been attracted by the masterful audacity, the intellect as well as the force which I saw stamped on his features. Being warned, I read cunning in his bold eyes, and cruelty in the curl of his lip. "What do you want next?" I asked.

"I want to save your life," he replied lightly.

At that I started—I could not help it.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, "I thought the stoicism did not go quite down to the bottom, my lad. But there, it is true enough I have come to help you. I have come to save your life if you will let me."

I strove in vain to keep entire mastery over myself. The feelings to which he appealed were too strong for me. My voice sounded strange even in my own ears as I said hoarsely, "It is impossible! What can you do?"

"What can I do?" he answered with a stern smile. "Much! I have, boy, a dozen strings in my hands, and a neck—a life at the end of each!"

He raised his hand, and extending the fingers, moved them to and fro.

"See! see! A life, a death!" he exclaimed. "And for you, I can and will save your life—on one condition."

"On one condition?" I murmured.

"Ay, on one condition; but it is a very easy one. I will save your life on my part; and you, on yours, must give me a little assistance. Do you see? Then we shall be quits."

"I do not understand," I said dully. I did not. His words had set my heart fluttering so that I could for the moment take in only one idea—that here was a new hope of life.

"It is very simple," he resumed, speaking slowly. "Certain plans of mine require that I should get your friend the Duchess conveyed back to England. But for you I should have succeeded before this. In what you have hindered me, you can now help me. You have their confidence, and great influence with them. All I ask is that you will use that influence so that they may be at a certain place at a certain hour. I will contrive the rest. It shall never be known, I promise you, that you——"

"Betrayed them!"

"Well, gave me some information," he said lightly, puffing away my phrase.

"No. Betrayed them!" I persisted.

"Put it so, if you please," he replied, shrugging his shoulders and raising his eyebrows. "What is in a word?"

"You are the tempter himself, I think!" I cried in bitter rage—for it *was* bitter—bitter, indeed, to feel that new-born hope die out. "But you come to me in vain. I defy you!"

"Softly! softly!" he answered with calmness.

Yet I saw a little pulse beating in his cheek that seemed to tell of some emotion kept in subjection.

"It frightens you at first," he said. "But listen. You will do them no harm, and yourself good. I shall get them any way, both the Duchess and her husband; though, without your aid, it will be more difficult. Why, help of that kind is given every day. They need never know it. Even now there is one of whom you little dream who has——"

"Silence!" I cried fiercely. "I care not. I defy you!"

I could think of only one thing. I was wild with rage and disappointment. His words had aggravated the pain of every regret, every clinging to life I felt.

"Go!" I cried. "Go and leave me, you villain!"

"If I do leave you," he said, fixing his eyes on me, "it will be, my friend—to death."

"Then so be it!" I answered wildly. "So be it! I will keep my honour."

"Your honour!" The mask dropped from his face and he sneered as he rose from his seat. A darker scowl changed and disfigured his brow, as he lost hope of gaining me. "Your honour? Where will it be by to-night?" he hissed, his eyes glowering down at me. "Where a week hence, when you will be cast into a pit and forgotten? Your honour, fool? What is the honour of a dead man? Pah! But die then, if you will have it so! Die, like the brainless brute you are! And rot, and be forgotten!" he concluded passionately.

They were terrible words; more terrible I know now than either he or I understood then. They so shook me that when he was gone I crouched trembling on my pallet, hiding my face in a fit of horror—taking no heed of my gaolers or of appearances. "Die and be forgotten! Die and be forgotten!" The doom rang in my ears.

Something which seemed to me angelic roused me from this misery. It was the sound of a kindly familiar voice speaking English. I looked up and found the Dutchman bending over me with a face of infinite distress. With him, but rather behind him, stood Van Tree, pale and vicious-eyed, tugging his scanty chin-beard and gazing about him like a dog seeking some one to fasten upon. "Poor lad! poor lad!" the old man said, his voice shaking as he looked at me.

I sprang to my feet, the irons rattling as I dashed my hand across my eyes.

"It is all right!" I said hurriedly. "I had a—but never mind that. It was like a dream. Only tell the Duchess to look to herself," I continued, still rather vehemently. "Clarence is here. He is in Santon. I have seen him."

"You have seen him?" both the Dutchmen cried at once.

"Ay!" I said, with a laugh that was three parts

hysterical—indeed, I was still tingling all over with excitement. "He has been here to offer me my life if I would help him in his schemes. I told him he was the tempter, and defied him. And he—he said I should die and be forgotten!" I added trembling, yet laughing wildly at the same time.

"I think he *is* the tempter!" said Master Lindstrom solemnly, his face very grim. "And therefore a liar and the father of lies! You may die, lad, to-day; perhaps you must. But forgotten you shall not be, while we live, or one of us lives, or one of the children who shall come after us. He is a liar!"

I got my hands, with a struggle, from the old man, and turning my back upon him, went and looked out of the window. The sun was rising. The tower of the great minster, seen now for the first time, rose in stately brightness above the red roofs and quaint gables and the rows of dormer windows. Down in the streets the greyness and chill yet lingered. But above was a very glory of light and warmth and colour—the rising of the May sun. When I turned round I was myself again. The calm beauty of that sight had stolen into my soul. "Is it time?" I said cheerfully. For the crowd was gathering below, and there were voices and feet on the stairs.

"I think it is," Master Lindstrom answered. "We have obtained leave to go with you. You need fear no violence in the streets, for the man who was hurt is still alive and may recover. I have been with the magistrates this morning," he continued, "and found them better disposed to you; but the Sub-dean has joint jurisdiction with them, as the deputy of the Bishop of Arras, who is dean of the minster; and he is, for some reason, very bitter against you."

"The Bishop of Arras? Granvelle, do you mean?" I asked. I knew the name of the Emperor's shrewd and powerful minister, by whose advice the Netherlands were at this time ruled.

"The same. He, of course, is not here, but his deputy is. Were it not for him— But there, it is no good talking of that!" the Dutchman said, breaking off and rubbing his head in his chagrin.

One of the guards who had spent the night with me brought me at this moment a bowl of broth with a piece of bread in it. I could not eat the bread, but I drank the broth and felt the better for it. Having in my pocket a little money with which the Duchess had furnished me, I put a silver piece in the bowl and handed it back to him. The man seemed astonished, and muttered something in German as he turned away.

"What did he say?" I asked the Dutchman.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he answered.

"But what was it? It was something," I persisted, seeing him confused.

"He—well, he said he would have a mass said for you!" Lindstrom answered in despair. "It will do no harm."

"No, why should it?" I replied mechanically.

We were in the street by this time, Master Lindstrom and Van Tree walking beside me in the middle of a score of soldiers who seemed to my eyes fantastically dressed. I remarked, as we passed out, a tall man clothed in red and black, who was standing by the door as if waiting to fall in behind me. He carried on his shoulder a long broad-bladed sword, and I guessed who he was, seeing how Master Lindstrom strove to intercept my view of him. But I was not afraid of *that*. I had heard long ago—perhaps six months in time, but it seemed long ago—how bravely Queen Jane had died. And if a girl had not trembled, surely a man should not. So I looked steadfastly at him and took great courage, and after that was able to gaze calmly on the people, who pressed to stare at me, peeping over the soldiers' shoulders, and clustering in every doorway and window to see me go past. They were all silent, and it even seemed to me that some—but this may have been my fancy—pitied me.

I saw nothing of the Duchess, and might have wondered, had not Master Lindstrom explained that he had contrived to keep her in ignorance of the hour fixed for the proceedings. Her husband was better, he said, and conscious; but, for fear of exciting him, they were keeping the news from him also. I remember I felt for a moment very sore at this, and then I tried to persuade myself that it was right.

The distance through the streets was short, and almost before I was aware of it I was in the court-house, the guard had fallen back, and I was standing before three persons who were seated behind a long table. Two of them were grave, portly men wearing flat black caps and scarlet robes, with gold chains about their necks. The third, dressed as an ecclesiastic, wore a huge gem ring upon his thumb. Behind them stood three attendants holding a sword, a crosier, and a ducal cap upon a cushion; and above and behind all was a lofty stained window, whose rich hues, the sun being low as yet, shot athwart the corbels of the roof. At the end of the table sat a black-robed man with an inkhorn and spectacles, a grave, still, down-looking man; and the crowd being behind me, and preserving a dead silence, and the attendants standing like statues, I seemed indeed to be alone with these four at the table, and the great stained window and the solemn hush. They talked to one another in low tones for a minute, gazing at me the while. And I fancied they were astonished to find me so young.

At length they all fell back into their chairs. "Do you speak German?" the eldest burgher said, addressing me gravely. He sat in the middle, with the Sub-dean on his right.

"No; but I speak and understand Spanish," I answered in that language, feeling chilled already by the stern formality which like an iron hand was laying its grip upon me.

"Good! Your name?" replied the president.

"I am commonly called Francis Carey, and I am an Englishman." The Sub-dean—he was a pale, stout man, with gloomy eyes—had hitherto been looking at me in evident doubt. But at this he nodded assent, and, averting his eyes from me, gazed meditatively at the roof of the hall, considering apparently what he should have for breakfast.

"You are charged," said the president slowly, consulting a document, "with having assaulted and wounded in the highway last night one Heinrich Schröder, a citizen of this town, acting at the time

as Lieutenant of the Night Guard. Do you admit this, prisoner, or do you require proof?"

"He was wounded," I answered steadily, "but by mistake, and in error. I supposed him to be one of three persons who had unlawfully waylaid me and my party on the previous night between Emmerich and Wesel."

The Sub-dean, still gazing at the roof, shook his head with a faint smile. The other magistrates looked doubtfully at me, but made no comment, and my words seemed to be wasted on the silence. The president consulted his document again, and continued, "You are also charged with having by force of arms, in time of peace, seized a gate of this town, and maintained it, and declined to surrender it when called upon so to do. What do you say to that?"

"It is true in part," I answered firmly. "I seized not the gate, but part of the tower, in order to preserve my life and to protect certain ladies travelling with me from the violence of a crowd which, under a misapprehension, was threatening to do us a mischief."

The priest again shook his head, and smiled faintly at the carved roof. His colleagues were perhaps somewhat moved in my favour, for a few words passed between them. However, in the end they shook their heads, and the president mechanically asked me if I had anything further to say.

"Nothing!" I replied bitterly. The ecclesiastic's cynical heedlessness, his air of one whose mind is made up, seemed so cruel to me whose life was at stake, that I lost patience. "Except what I have said," I continued—"that for the wounding, it was done in error; and for the gate-seizing, I would do it again to save the lives of those with me. Only that and this: that I am a foreigner ignorant of your language and customs, desiring only to pass peacefully through your country."

"That is all?" the president asked impassively.

"All," I answered, yet with a strange tightening at my throat. Was it all? All I could say for my life.

I was waiting, sore and angry and desperate, to hear the sentence, when there came an interruption. Master Lindstrom, whose presence at my side I had forgotten, broke suddenly into a torrent of impassioned words, and his urgent voice ringing through the court seemed in a moment to change its aspect—to infuse into it some degree of life and sympathy. More than one guttural exclamation which seemed to mark approval burst from the throng at the back of the hall. In another moment, indeed, the Dutchman's courage might have saved me. But there was one who marked the danger. The Sub-dean, who had at first only glowered at the speaker in rude astonishment, now cut him short with a harsh question.

"One moment, Master Dutchman!" he cried. "Are you one of the heretics who call themselves Protestants?"

"I am. But I understand that there is here liberty of conscience," our friend answered manfully, nothing daunted in his fervour at finding the attack turned upon himself.

"That depends upon the conscience," the priest answered with a scowl. "We will have no Anabaptists here, nor foreign praters to bring us into feud with our neighbours. It is enough that such men as you are allowed to live. We will not be bearded by you, so take warning! Take heed, I say, Master Dutchman, and be silent!" he repeated, leaning forward and slapping his hand upon the table.

I touched Master Lindstrom's sleeve—who would of himself have persisted—and stayed him. "It is of no use," I muttered. "That dog in a rochet has condemned me. He will have his way!"

There was a short debate between the three judges, while in the court you might have heard a pin drop. Master Lindstrom had fallen back once more. I was alone again, and the stained window seemed to be putting forth its mystic influence to enfold me, when, looking up, I saw a tiny shadow flit across the soft many-hued rays which streamed from it athwart the roof. It passed again, once, twice, thrice. I peered upwards intently. It was a swallow flying to and fro amid the carved work.

Yes, a swallow. And straightway I forgot the judges, forgot the crowd. The scene vanished and I was at Coton End again, giving Martin Luther the nest for Petronilla—a sign, as I meant it then, that I should return. I should never return now. Yet my heart was on a sudden so softened, that, instead of this reflection giving me pain, as one would have expected, it only filled me with a great anxiety to provide for the event. She must not wait and watch for me day after day, perhaps year after year. I must see to it somehow; and I was thinking with such intentness of this, that it was only vaguely I heard the sentence pronounced. It might have been some other person who was to be beheaded at the east gate an hour before noon. And so God save the Duke!

### CHAPTER XVI.—IN THE DUKE'S NAME.

THEY took me back to the room in the tower, it being now nearly ten o'clock. Master Lindstrom would fain have stayed with me constantly to the end, but having the matter I have mentioned much in my mind, I begged him to go and get me writing materials. When he returned Van Tree was with him. With a particularity very curious at that moment, I remarked that the latter was carrying something.

"Where did you get that?" I said sharply and at once.

"It is your haversack," he answered, setting it down quietly. "I found the man who had taken possession of your horse, and got it from him. I thought there might be something in it you might like."

"It is my haversack," I assented. "But it was not on my horse. I have not seen it since I left it in Master Lindstrom's house by the river. I left it on the pallet in my room there, and it was forgotten. I searched for it at Emmerich, you remember."

"I only know," he replied, "that I discovered it behind the saddle of the horse you were riding yesterday."

He thought that I had become confused and was a little wrong-headed from excitement. Master Lindstrom also felt troubled, as he told me afterwards, at seeing me taken up with a trifle at such a time.

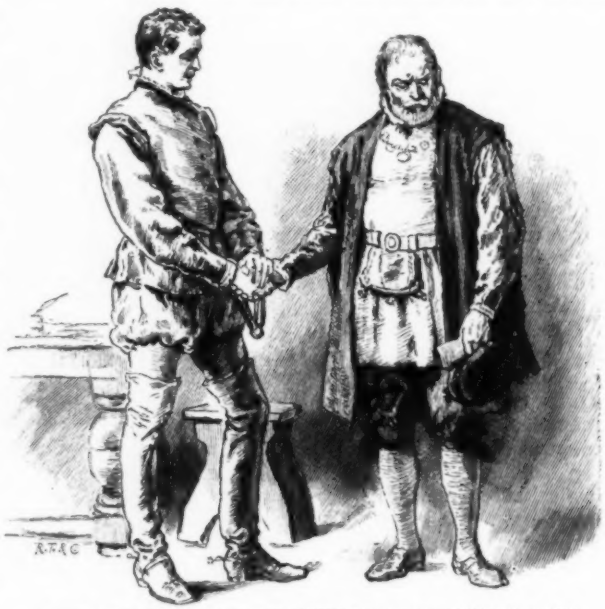
But there was nothing wrong with my wits, as I promptly showed them.

"The horse I was riding yesterday?" I continued. "Ah! then I understand. I was riding the horse which I took from the Spanish trooper. The Spaniard must have annexed the haversack when he and his companions searched the house after our departure."

"That is it, no doubt," Master Lindstrom said. "And in the hurry of yesterday's ride you failed to notice it."

It was a strange way of recovering one's property—strange that the enemy should have helped one to it. But there are times—and this to me was one—when the strange seems the ordinary and commonplace. I took the sack and slipped my hand through a well-known slit in the lining. Yes, the letter I had left there was there still—the letter to Mistress Clarence. I drew it out. The corners of the little packet were frayed, and the parchment was stained and discoloured, no doubt by the damp which had penetrated to it. But the seal was whole. I placed it, as it was, in Master Lindstrom's hands.

"Give it," I said, "to the Duchess afterwards. It concerns her. You have heard us talk about it. Bid her make what use she pleases of it."



I GAVE THE LETTER TO MASTER LINDSTROM, WITH MESSAGES IN WHICH DYMPHNA AND ANNE WERE NOT FORGOTTEN.

I turned away then and sat down, feeling a little flurried and excited, as one about to start upon a journey might feel; not afraid nor exceedingly depressed, but braced up to make a brave show and hide what sadness I did feel by the knowledge that many eyes were upon me, and that more would be watching me presently. At the far end of the room a number of people had now gathered, and were conversing together. Among them were not only my gaolers of the night, but two or three officers, a priest who had come to offer me his services, and some inquisitive gazers who had obtained admission. Their curiosity, however, did not distress me. On the contrary, I was glad to hear the stir and murmur of life about me to the last.

I will not set down the letter I wrote to the Duchess, though it were easy for me to do so, seeing that her son has it now. It contains some things very proper to be said by a dying man, of which I am not ashamed—God forbid!—but which it would not be meet for me to repeat here. Enough that I told her in a few words who I was, and entreated her in the name of whatever services I had rendered her, to let Petronilla and Sir Anthony know how I had died. And I added something which would, I thought, comfort her and her husband—namely, that I was not afraid, or in any suffering of mind or body.

The writing of this shook my composure a little. But as I laid down the pen and looked up and found that the time was come, I took courage in a marvellous manner. The captain of the guard—I think that out of a compassionate desire not to interrupt me they had allowed me some minutes of grace—came to me, leaving the group at the other end, and told me gravely that I was waited for. I rose at once and gave the letter to Master Lindstrom with some messages in which Dymphna and Anne were not forgotten. And then with a smile—for I felt under all those eyes as if I were going into battle—I said, "Gentlemen, I am ready if you are. It is a fine day to die. You know," I added gaily, "in England we have a proverb, 'The better the day, the better the deed!' So it is well to have a good day to have a good death, Sir Captain."

"A soldier's death, sir, is a good death," he answered gravely, speaking in Spanish and bowing.

Then he pointed to the door.

As I walked towards it, I paused momentarily by the window, and looked out on the crowd below. It filled the sunlit street—save where a little raised platform strewn with rushes protruded itself—with heads from wall to wall, with faces all turned one way—towards me. It was a silent crowd standing in hushed awe and expectation, the consciousness of which for an instant sent a sudden chill to my heart, blanching my cheek, and making my blood run slow for a moment. The next I moved on to the door, and bowing to the spectators as they stood aside, began to descend the narrow staircase.

There were guards going down before me, and behind me were Master Lindstrom and more guards. The Dutchman reached forward in the gloom, and clasped my hand, holding it as we went down in a firm, strong grip.

"Never fear," I said to him cheerily, looking back. "It is all right."

He answered in words which I will not write

here; not wishing, as I have said, to make certain things common.

I suppose the doorway at the bottom was accidentally blocked, for a few steps short of it we came to a standstill; and almost at the same moment I started, despite myself, on hearing a sudden clamour and a roar of many voices outside.

"What is it?" I asked the Dutchman.

"It is the Duke of Cleves arriving, I expect," he whispered. "He comes in by the other gate."

A moment later we moved on and passed out into the light, the soldiers before me stepping on either side to give me place. The sunshine for an instant dazzled me, and I lowered my eyes. As I gradually raised them again I saw before me a short lane formed by two rows of spectators kept back by guards; and at the end of this, two or three rough wooden steps leading to a platform on which were standing a number of people. And above and beyond all only the bright blue sky, the roofs and gables of the nearer houses showing dark against it.

I advanced steadily along the path left for me, and would have ascended the steps. But at the foot of them I came to a standstill, and looked round for guidance. The persons on the scaffold all had their backs turned to me, and did not make way, while the shouting and uproar hindered them from hearing that we had come out. Then it struck me, seeing that the people at the windows were also gazing away, and taking no heed of me, that the Duke was passing the farther end of the street, and a sharp pang of angry pain shot through me. I had come out to die, but that which was all to me was so little to these people that they turned away to see a fellow-mortal ride by!

Presently, as we stood there, in a pit, as it were, getting no view, I felt Master Lindstrom's hand, which still clasped mine, begin to shake; and turning to him, I found that his face had changed to a deep red, and that his eyes were protruding with a kind of convulsive eagerness which instantly infected me.

"What is it?" I stammered. I began to tremble also. The air rang, as it seemed to me, with one word, which a thousand tongues took up and reiterated. But it was a German word, and I did not understand it.

"Wait! wait!" Master Lindstrom exclaimed. "Pray God it be true!"

He seized my other hand and held it as though he would protect me from something. At the same moment Van Tree pushed past me, and, bounding up the steps, thrust his way through the officials on the scaffold, causing more than one fur-robed citizen near the edge to lose his balance and come down as best he could on the shoulders of the guards.

"What is it?" I cried. "What is it?" I cried in impatient wonder.

"Oh! my lad, my lad!" Master Lindstrom answered, his face close to mine, and the tears running down his cheeks. "It is cruel if it be not true! Cruel! They cry a pardon!"

"A pardon?" I echoed.

"Ay, lad, a pardon. But it may not be true," he said, putting his arm about my shoulder. "Do not make too sure of it. It is only the mob cry it out."

My heart made a great bound and seemed to stand still. There was a loud surging in my brain, and a mist rose before my eyes and hid everything. The clamour and shouting of the street passed away, and sounded vague and distant. The next instant, it is true, I was myself again, but my knees were trembling under me, and I stood flaccid and unnerved, leaning on my friend.

"Well?" I said faintly.

"Patience! patience awhile, lad!" he answered.

But thank heaven I had not long to wait. The words were scarcely off his tongue, when another hand sought mine and shook it wildly; and I saw Van Tree before me, his face radiant with joy, while a man whom he had knocked down in his hasty leap from the scaffold was rising beside me with a good-natured smile. As if at a signal, every face now turned towards me. A dozen friendly hands passed me up the steps amid a fresh outburst of cheering. The throng on the scaffold opened somehow, and I found myself in a second, as it seemed, face to face with the president of the court. He smiled on me gravely and kindly—what smiles there seemed to be on all those faces!—and held out a paper.

"In the name of the Duke!" he said, speaking in Spanish in a clear loud voice. "A pardon!"

I muttered something, I know not what; nor did it matter, for it was lost in a burst of cheering. When this was over and silence obtained, the magistrate continued, "You are required, however, to attend the Duke at the court-house. Whither we had better proceed at once."

"I am ready, sir," I muttered.

A road was made for us to descend, and walking in a kind of beautiful dream, I passed slowly up the street by the side of the magistrate, the crowd everywhere willingly standing aside for us. I do not know whether all those thousands of faces really looked joyfully and kindly on me as I passed, or whether the deep thankfulness which choked me and brought the tears continually to my eyes, transfigured them and gave them a generous charm not their own. But this I do know: that the sunshine seemed brighter and the air softer than ever before; that the clouds trailing across the blue expanse were things of beauty such as I had never met before; that to draw breath was a joy, and to move, delight; and that only when the dark valley was left behind did I comprehend its full gloom—by heaven's mercy. So may it be with all!

At the door of the court-house, whither numbers of the people had already run, the press was so great that we came to a standstill, and were much buffeted about, though in all good humour, before, even with the aid of the soldiers, we could be got through the throng. When I at last emerged, I found myself again before the table, and saw—but only dimly, for the light now fell through the stained window directly on my head—a commanding figure standing behind it. Then a strange thing happened. A woman passed swiftly round

the table, and came to me and flung her arms round my neck and kissed me. It was the Duchess, and for a moment she hung upon me, weeping before them all.

"Madam," I said softly, "then it is you who have done this!"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, holding me off from her and looking at me with eyes which glowed through her tears, "and it was you who did that!"

She drew back from me then, and took me by the hand, and turned impetuously to the Duke of Cleves, who stood behind smiling at her in frank amusement. "This," she said, "is the man who gave his life for my husband, and to whom your highness has given it back."

"Let him tell his tale," the Duke answered gravely. "And do you, my cousin, sit here beside me."

She left me and walked round the table, and he came forward and placed her in his own chair amid a great hush of wonder, for she was still meanly clad, and showed in a hundred places the marks and stains of travel. Then he stood by her with his



THE DUKE PLACED HER IN HIS OWN CHAIR, AND STOOD BY HER SIDE.

hand on the back of the seat. He was a tall, burly man, with bold, quick-glancing eyes, a flushed face, and a loud manner: a fierce, blusterous prince, as I have heard. He was plainly dressed in a leather hunting-suit, and wore huge gauntlets and brown boots, with a broad-leaved hat pinned up on one side. Yet he looked a prince.

Somehow I stammered out the tale of the surrender.

"But why? why? why, man?" he asked when I had finished—"why did you let them think it was you who wounded the burgher, if it was not?"

"Your highness," I answered, "I had received nothing but good from her grace, I had eaten her bread and been received into her service. Besides, it was through my persuasion that we came by the road which led to this misfortune instead of by another way. Therefore it seemed to me right that I should suffer, who stood alone and could be spared—and not her husband."

"It was a great deed!" cried the prince loudly. "I would I had such a servant. Are you noble, lad?"

I coloured high, but not in pain or mortification. The old wound might reopen, but amid events such as those of this morning it was a slight matter. "I come of a noble family, may it please your highness," I answered modestly; "but circumstances prevent me claiming kinship with it."

He was about, I think, to question me further, when the Duchess looked up, and said something to him and he something to her. She spoke again and he answered. Then he nodded assent. "You would fain stand on your own feet?" he cried to me. "Is that so?"

"It is, sire," I answered.

"Then so be it!" he replied loudly, looking round on the throng with a frown. "I will ennoble you. You would have died for your lord and friend, and therefore I give you a rood of land in the common graveyard of Santon to hold of me, and I name you Von Santonkirch. And I, William Duke of Cleves, Julich and Guelders, prince of the Empire, declare you noble, and give you for your arms three swords of justice; and the motto you may buy of a clerk! Further, let this decree be enrolled in my Chancery. Are you satisfied?"

As I dropped on my knees, my eyes sparkling, there was a momentary disturbance behind me. It was caused by the abrupt entrance of the Sub-dean. He took in part of the situation at a glance; that is, he saw me kneeling before the Duke. But he could not see the Duchess of Suffolk, the Duke's figure being interposed. As he came forward, the crowd making way for him, he cast an angry glance at me, and scarcely smoothed his brow even to address the prince. "I am glad that your highness has not done what was reported to me," he said hastily, his obeisance brief and perfunctory. "I heard an uproar in the town, and was told that this man was pardoned."

"It is so!" said the Duke, curtly, eyeing the ecclesiastic with no great favour. "He is pardoned."

"Only in part, I presume," the priest rejoined urgently. "Or, if otherwise, I am sure that your highness has not received certain information with which I can furnish you."

"Furnish away, sir," quoth the Duke, yawning.

"I have had letters from my Lord Bishop of Arras respecting him."

"Respecting him!" exclaimed the prince, starting and bending his brows in surprise.

"Respecting those in whose company he travels," the priest answered hastily. "They are represented to me as dangerous persons, pestilent refugees from England, and obnoxious alike to the Emperor, the Prince of Spain, and the Queen of England."

"I wonder you do not add also to the King of France and the Soldan of Turkey!" growled the Duke. "Pish! I am not going to be dictated to by Master Granvelle—no, nor by his master, be he ten times Emperor! Go to! Go to! Master Sub-dean! You forget yourself, and so does your master the Bishop. I will have you know that

these people are not what you think them. Call you my cousin, the widow of the consort of the late Queen of France, an obnoxious person? Fie! Fie! You forget yourself!"

He moved as he stopped speaking, so that the astonished churchman found himself confronted on a sudden by the smiling, defiant Duchess. The Sub-dean started and his face fell, for, seeing her seated in the Duke's presence, he discerned at once that the game was played out. Yet he rallied himself, bethinking him, I fancy, that there were many spectators. He made a last effort. "The Bishop of Arras——" he began,

"Pish!" scoffed the Duke, interrupting him.

"The Bishop of Arras——" the priest repeated firmly.

"I would he were hung with his own tapestry!" retorted the Duke, with a brutal laugh.

"Heaven forbid!" replied the ecclesiastic, his pale face reddening and his eyes darting baleful glances at me. But he took the hint, and henceforth said no more of the Bishop. Instead, he continued smoothly, "Your highness has, of course, considered the danger—the danger, I mean, of provoking neighbours so powerful by shielding this lady and making her cause your own. You will remember, sir,——"

"I will remember Innspruck!" roared the Duke in a rage, "where the Emperor, ay, and your everlasting Bishop too, fled before a handful of Protestants, like sheep before wolves. A fig for your Emperor! I never feared him young, and I fear him less now that he is old and decrepit and, as men say, mad. Let him get to his watches, and you to your prayers. If there were not this table between us, I would pull your ears, Master Churchman!"

. . . . .

"But tell me," I asked Master Bertie as I stood beside his couch an hour later. "How did the Duchess manage it? I gathered from something you or she said a short time back, that you had no influence with the Duke of Cleves."

"Not quite that," he answered. "My wife and the late Duke of Suffolk had much to do with wedding the Prince's sister to King Henry, thirteen—fourteen years back, is it? And so far we might have felt confident of his protection. But the marriage turned out ill, or turned out short, and Queen Anne of Cleves was divorced. And—well we felt a little less confident on that account, particularly as he has the name of a headstrong, passionate man."

"Heaven keep him in it," I said, smiling. "But you have not told me yet what happened."

"The Duchess was still asleep this morning, fairly worn out, as you may suppose, when a great noise awoke her. She got up and went to Dymphna, and learned it was the Duke's trumpets. Then she went to the window, and seeing few people in the street to welcome him, inquired why this was. Dymphna broke down at that, and told her what was happening to you, and that you were to die at that very hour. She went out straightway, without covering her head—you know how impetuous she is—and flung herself on her knees in the mud before the Duke's horse as he entered. He knew her, and the rest you can guess."

Can guess? Ah, what happiness it was! Outside, the sun fell hotly on the steep red roofs with their rows of casements, and on the sleepy square, in which knots of people still lingered, talking of the morning's events. I could see below me the guard which Duke William, shrewdly mistrusting the Subdean, had posted in front of the house, nominally to do the Duchess honour. I could hear in the next room the cheerful voices of my friends. What happiness it was to live! What happiness to be loved! How very, very good and beautiful and glorious a world, seemed the world to me on that old May morning in that quaint German town which we had entered so oddly!

As I turned from the window full of thankfulness, my eyes met those of Mistress Anne, who was sitting on the far side of the sick man's couch, the baby in a cradle beside her. The risks and exposure of the last week had made a deeper mark upon her than upon any of us. She was paler, graver, older, more of a woman and less, much less, of a girl. And she looked very ill. Her eyes in particular seemed to have grown larger, and as they dwelt on me now there was a strange and solemn light in them under which I grew uneasy.

"You have been wonderfully preserved," she said presently, speaking dreamily, and as much to herself as to me.

"I have, indeed," I answered, thinking she referred only to my escape of the morning.

But she did not.

"There was, firstly, the time on the river when you were hurt with the oar," she continued, gazing absently at me, her hands in her lap; "and then the night when you saw Clarence with Dymphna."

"Or, rather, saw him without her," I interposed, smiling. It was strange that she should mention it as a fact, when at the time she had so scolded me for making the statement.

"And then," she continued, disregarding my interruption, "there was the time when you were stabbed in the passage; and again when you had the skirmish by the river; and then to-day you were within a minute of death. You have been wonderfully preserved!"

"I have," I assented thoughtfully. "The more as I suspect that I have to thank Master Clarence for all these little adventures."

"Strange—very strange!" she muttered, removing her eyes from me that she might fix them on the floor.

"What is strange?"

The abrupt questioner was the Duchess, who came bustling in at the moment. "What is strange?" she repeated with a heightened colour and dancing eyes. "Shall I tell you?" She paused and looked brightly at me, holding something concealed behind her. I guessed in a moment from the aspect of her face what it was: the letter which I had given to Master Lindstrom in the morning, and which, with a pardonable forgetfulness, I had failed to reclaim.

I turned very red. "It was not intended for you now," I said shyly. For in the letter I had told her my story.

"Pooh! pooh!" she cried. "It is just as I

thought. A pretty piece of folly! No," she continued as I opened my mouth, "I am not going to keep your secret, sir. You may go down on your knees. It will be of no use. Richard, you remember Sir Anthony Cludde of Coton End in Warwickshire?"

"Oh yes," her husband said, rising on his elbow, while his face lit up, and I stood bashfully, shifting my feet.

"I have danced with him a dozen times, years ago!" she continued, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well, sir, this gentleman, Master Francis Carey, otherwise Von Santonkirch, is Francis Cludde, his nephew?"

"Sir Anthony's nephew?"

"Yes, and the son of Ferdinand Cludde, whom you also have heard of, of whom the less——"

She stopped, and turned quickly, interrupted by a half-stifled scream. It was a scream full of sudden horror and amazement and fear; and it came from Mistress Anne. The girl had risen, and was gazing at me with distended eyes and blanched cheeks, and hands stretched out to keep me off—gazing, indeed, as if she saw in me some awful portent or some dreadful threat. She did not speak, but she began, without taking her eyes from me, to retreat towards the door.

"Hoity toity!" cried my lady, stamping her foot in anger. "What has happened to the girl? What——"

What, indeed? The Duchess stopped, still more astonished. For, without uttering a word of explanation or apology, Mistress Anne had reached the door, groped blindly for the latch, found it, and gone out, her eyes with the same haunted look of horror in them, fixed on me to the last.

## STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

### AUSTRIA.



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, VIENNA.

PART I.

THAT curious dual empire, the Austro-Hungarian, furnishes the most interesting political study which contemporary Europe has to show. Until 1848 and 1866, Austria was known as an absolute monarchy, the oppressor of nationalities, the suppressor of free institutions, and of nearly every form of liberty among its people, the upholder of harassing restrictions against trade, commerce, and industry—in short, so conservative of everything old and established, and so little given to change, as to merit the designation of the "China of Europe." After the loss of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, and of the hegemony in Germany consequent on the battle of Sadowa, the Emperor saw himself obliged to grant his country a constitutional form of government, and the separation of the kingdom of Hungary from the empire of Austria.

After 1867, the old Austrian monarchy gave place to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, supposed to consist of two States, each having its own constitutional laws, but united under one ruler

and for certain common purposes. Thus they act together in all matters affecting their interest with foreign countries, in what concerns the Army and Navy, commercial treaties with foreign countries, coinage, and so forth. It was as complete a change in the internal government of a country as it is possible to imagine; instead of the former despotic and bureaucratic or so-called paternal government, Austria was able to enjoy a free constitutional and conservative rule. And from the time that this constitution was granted until 1878, the country made great progress.

The German party, who represented the intellect of the kingdom, and held the power in their hands, made a sturdy effort to modernise the land, and actually succeeded in changing the outward appearance of a good many things. But their task was gigantic and fraught with difficulties.

It is often contended that there is no such thing as an Austrian, that Austria is a political idea, and indeed the polyglot monarchy of the Hapsburgs is no homogeneous one. It consists of a number of different peoples, a number of smaller and larger nations collected under one name and one sceptre. Austria is a link between the East and the West; its ethics are Oriental, its customs and government European, that is, European somewhat after the fashion of a hundred years ago. Such a country is obviously not easy to govern; dissensions among themselves and with the diverging nationalities that make up the Austro-Hungarian Empire robbed the German party of their strength for completing their task; and a thorough reaction intervened from the moment Count Taaffe came into office, and clubbed Clericalism and Nationalism together for resistance to German ideas. Consequently Austria to-day may be said to be the only European civilised country (for we do not rank Russia among civilised countries) which is calmly backing up-stream, while all the other nations are pulling down. What the result may be is the secret of the future; the fact remains that under the combined influence of triumphant clericalism and retrograde nationalism all the sprouting liberties planted twenty-six years ago have been quietly plucked up by the root.

The Reichsrath, or imperial Council of Parliament of Austria, consists of a House of Lords and a House of Deputies. The House of Deputies is composed of 353 members, elected to represent different classes of the inhabitants of the several provinces. Of these 85 are chosen by the large landed proprietors, 21 by the chambers of trade and manufactures, 116 by electors in the cities, towns, and places of industry directly, and 131 by electors in country districts, not directly, but through representatives chosen for that purpose every six years. Each province or electoral district has its provincial diet which deals with such matters affecting it as do not come before the Reichsrath. Each diet is composed of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic Churches, the rectors of the Universities, representatives chosen by the great landed proprietors, representatives of the chambers of trade and manufacture, and representatives of the rural districts. The Government therefore cannot be called a popular one. Whether in consequence of this mode of electing their representatives, or for other causes that may have their root in the idiosyncrasies of the people who compose the Austrian Empire, it is certain that that country shows none of those incessant mutations of government of which France for the last ten years has been the theatre. It has been said, and repeated, that the Austrian Government is not a parliamentary one, and this to a certain extent is true. Between the various constituents of the Austrian Monarchy there must be a certain amount of give and take. To Austria may be applied the old saying that the Parliament reigns, but does not govern.

Although the youngest in Europe, the Austrian Parliament presents a dignified air. The English House of Commons may sometimes envy its sober deportment, the German Reichsrath its elegance of speech, and the French Chamber its cool deliberation. Discussions are carried on in German, which is the official language, but it is by no means unusual to hear Czech, Ruthenian, and Slav discourses. Scandals are not frequent, and Austrian political men are rarely occupied in fighting duels. It was inevitable that the strife of parties should become more accentuated when Taaffe came to power. Until then the German party had ruled supreme, now the actual majority is held by the Clericals, the Feudalists, the Poles, the Czechs, the Slovacks, who perhaps more correctly represent the constituent elements of that great conglomeration, a veritable mosaic of peoples, which is named Austria. The German party had hoped to Germanise the Empire; the task proved impossible. The non-German peoples of the monarchy are of too vigorous and imperious a race, exuberant in vitality, civilised but yesterday, of quick intelligence, keen national aspirations, and scant political experience.

The different parties or nationalities represented in the Chamber correspond to a certain set of extra-parliamentary clubs. Thus there is a German Liberal club, the Liechtenstein or Clerical club, the club of the Poles, the club of the Czechs, the Hohenwart or Feudal club. In each of these clubs the parties discuss the various projects which the Government lays before the Chambers, and it is here that they resolve upon the conduct they mean to maintain in Parliament. And the peculiarity of these clubs is that they always vote solid. A club, though it may consist both of Liberals and Conservatives, can be relied on to vote either as a body or not at all. It is in this way that the various parties have preserved their influence; this it is, too, that causes Austrian politicians to be divided into an infinity of groups, so that party government, as it is understood in England, is there an impossibility. Austria, in the nature of things, can never be free from perils; clear as the sky may appear, a storm is sure to be blowing up from one quarter or another. Much reciprocal forbearance is the only security for averting difficulties and for maintaining the necessary strength against foreign attacks. Consequently all

these parties may wrangle as they will, nevertheless they are not insensible to their essential need of one another. The great problem which Austria will have to solve in the future is, whether its various peoples can free their minds from narrow racial conceptions, and be able to survey the interests of the empire from an imperial standpoint. At present that moment seems further off than ever.

It was in 1879 that the Emperor invited Count Taaffe, then Governor of the Tyrol, to take the portfolio of Minister of the Interior. It must be understood that Count Taaffe is not a Premier like those who in other countries are chosen as representatives of a Parliamentary majority. The Austrian Premier is directly called to act by the Emperor, and when Francis Joseph placed him at the head of his Government eleven years ago, it was with the express wish and understanding that



COUNT TAAFE.
(*From a photograph by Adèle.*)

he should bring about an improved state of feeling between the conflicting nationalities, and put a stop to the contests which caused an incessant warfare in Bohemia. The Emperor, who cannot bear to see any portion of his subjects suppressed, desired that a satisfactory arrangement for all parties should be made. The reasons for choosing Count Taaffe were various. For one thing he was an old comrade of the Emperor's, they had known each other as children, and to this day the Prime Minister addresses his sovereign with the familiar "Thou." Further, as Governor of the Tyrol, that arch-Catholic and fanatical country, Count Taaffe had evinced remarkable tact and conciliatory genius. And he had done this in so good-humoured a manner that his enemies were usually converted into friends.

When the law was passed that children of all creeds should be allowed to attend the primary school, it was held by the ignorant Tyrolese that the abomination of desolation was at hand, and various local mayors refused to carry the law into execution. Count Taaffe invited them all to come and see him at the castle of Innsbruck. He gave them a copious breakfast, spoke genially to every one of them, calling each man by his Christian name and patting him familiarly on the shoulder. At last stopping in front of one of the most obstinate and headstrong of the clerical party, he said to him good-humouredly, "Tell me, father, is it true what I have heard, that you are no longer the master in your Commune?" The mountaineer closed his two fists in anger. "Who said that, Excellency?" he replied; "I will strangle him with my own hands." "You will strangle him? Very good, but then what ought I to do to you who want to hinder the Emperor from being master of his own country?" He then explained to the mayors that the Emperor having sanctioned the educational laws, it was a crime of *lèse-majesté* to oppose them. The Tyrolese, ardent patriots as they are, and devoted to their ruling house, went away touched at the thought that they of all people should have seemed to be unfaithful to the family of Hapsburg. They all promised to conform to the orders of his Majesty, and from that day forth there was no further trouble.

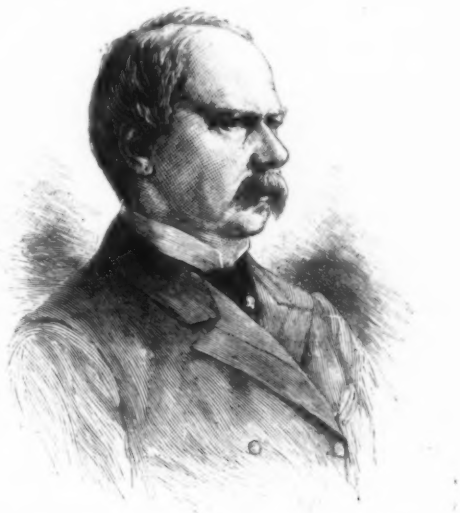
Count Edward Taaffe was born on February 24, 1833, at Prague, a descendant of an old Irish family. In 1852 he entered the service of the State and made a rapid career, which was no doubt largely due to the Emperor's personal friendship. When he took up the reins of power everything seemed going well for Austria. The last vestige of the "Krach" of 1873 had vanished, Europe was at peace, and Austrian finances had been improved by the creation of the "Laenderbank." The chief difficulties were the international ones, the want of harmony between the different nationalities; it was especially the Czechs who were causing trouble, and they for sixteen years had kept away from the Reichsrath. Count Taaffe's wish was to stand above all parties—that is to say, to govern in constitutional form without following the constitutional principle. He thought this might be an expedient method of dealing with the current confusions; and his conciliatory policy was at first crowned with apparent success. He fulfilled every wish and demand of the Slav nationalities, the conservative aristocracy, and the clerical party; but he did so at the expense of the State, the constitution, and liberal progress. He satisfied the desires of these three factions and thus kept them quiet for the time being; but this line of policy in the course of time increased the conflict between the Germans, whose rights were infringed, and the Bohemian Czechs. The Count had said in his opening speech that his aim was to bring about an Austrian majority, not a national majority, and he begged the Parliament to remember that Austria consisted of most diverse nationalities, the rights of each of which must be respected. His idea was that by granting to each nationality a measure of autonomy, and giving to the States the satisfactions they asked for, he might create a strong and united Austria, bound together voluntarily in common solidarity, whose every instinct of national and mutual independence would make the several parts feel more strongly the need of the dynastic chain which links them together.

These hopes of seeing an Austrian, as opposed to a nationalist, majority soon proved futile. The

Germans, repelled and disgusted, retired like Achilles sulkily into their tents, and refused to work in the Parliament; and Count Taaffe found himself obliged to work with that heterogeneous amalgam of Slavs and Ultramontanes which forms the not very dignified bodyguard surrounding him. Hence it has proved impossible to find a satisfactory solution for some of the most pressing questions. The Ministry sows its seeds in the unfruitful ground of general indifference. It has to admit that it belongs to no party, and yet to demand sacrifices from all. In this wise the dreams of Count Taaffe of standing above all parties vanished, and together with these dreams the conciliation programme was shipwrecked. Its execution and realisation were actively hindered by all those various nations and statelets who held that up to the present their historical rights had been oppressed. They each, seeing that the Minister desired to be fair to them as well as to their brethren, showed themselves very eager and very anxious to realise for themselves immediately every advantage that could be derived from a ruler so well disposed to them.

In order to keep his inorganic majority in a good temper, Count Taaffe had to accord to its larger and smaller members certain concessions in the matters of language and education, which brought about in time more serious consequences than had been anticipated. Thus under his government the German language has been in danger of losing its characteristic as the State tongue; and the late Imperial Minister of War, Count Bylandt Rheydt, was himself obliged, in the interest of the army, to defend it against Taaffe. He issued a proclamation to the effect that the voluntaries might not become officers unless they were able to use the German language, and that the theoretical examination of the officers of the Reserve must be conducted in German, which he pronounced to be the official language of the army. How much the educational *niveau* of the Slav youth had suffered under the present system of government is shown by the circumstance that a very considerable percentage of these were not able to pass their examination in German, and in consequence, and as a punishment, had to serve for two years instead of one. Nor can the Minister of War be blamed for his action; after all, the army must have a common language, and German has always been the official speech of Austria.

Count Taaffe is now reaping what he has sown; he has nourished a number of young Czechs, young Slavs, and clerical Hotspurs in his breast, and these are now turning upon him and rending him, placing him in the greatest embarrassments by demanding concessions for their various parties, which are in absolute contradiction to all Austrian traditions and endanger the very unity of the monarchy. Thus the Czechs demand that Bohemia should have autonomy such as Hungary enjoys, and that Moravia and Austrian Silesia should be incorporated within its borders, and they claim to see the Emperor crowned King of Bohemia on the Hradschin. They demand further that the Czech tongue shall be used as the legal language in all Government offices and Courts of Justice—in short, they wish to found a perfect Czech State in the Empire. This, their opponents allege, would be to give back the education of youth into those hands which led Austria to Solferino and Sadowa. Count Taaffe's position became somewhat critical in January 1890, but he once more succeeded by the intervention of the Bohemian conservative aristocracy in bringing about in outward form a reconciliation, and he has since held the post of Premier more firmly than ever. His troubles, however, are by no means ended, nor is the reconciliation aught but hollow. For these Czechs are divided into two parties, the Old and the New, the one being conservative, the other radical. The old Czechs showed themselves willing to come to a compromise with the Germans, because they desired a political union of all the moderate parties of the Empire against the extreme factions. The young Czechs opposed the



COUNT KALNOKY, THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
(*From a photograph by Braatz.*)

compromise, because politically there was nothing in common between them and the great Bohemian landowners and clergy who formed the bulk of the old Czech party. The motto of the latter is, "Bohemia for the Bohemians;" of the former, "Bohemia for the Czech democracy." In the matter of nationalism they stand on the same footing.

The hot, impetuous leader of the young Czech party, Edward Gregr, never ceases to protest against what he stigmatises as the incessant insults and humiliations to which the Czech nation is subjected by the Germans, and he keeps alive in the country an agitation which the old Czech party who vote in favour of peace are unable to quell. Thus the apostle of Reconciliation sees himself surrounded with nothing but discontented people, who after a conciliatory policy of eleven years still await reconciliation. He is further off from his goal to-day than when he came into office.

The result of the late elections has been that the young Czechs have been returned in greater numbers than ever, while the old Czech party

must be considered as almost annihilated. A gale of national Chauvinism is blowing over Bohemia at this moment, which raises apprehensions as to the future of Count Taaffe's government. The task which he has in hand appears to be that of reconciling irreconcilable elements. Certainly the victories of the young Czechs are but another proof that the doctrines of the German Liberals are further off than ever from making any progress in the land.

For social questions, those burning questions of the day in all other States, Count Taaffe has no interest or comprehension. They may be said also to be in a backward state in Austria, torn as it is by all these national dissensions, and hampered by antiquated Ultramontane theories. Nevertheless it is a remarkable and significant fact that in no European country have the doctrines of the Socialists made such rapid progress as in Austria.

Count Taaffe is never absent from the Chamber. His hale face and bright eyes present a cheerful aspect. He speaks rarely, and more often in the lobbies and at committee meetings than in the Chamber itself, but when he does get upon his feet he talks with the racy humour which he has inherited from his Irish ancestors. In the Ring Strasse and the Prater he is a familiar figure, with his grey overcoat and grey felt hat, which he wears very much on the back of his head. His coachman is as well-known as his master; he has much the same figure, and wears his old clothes, even pushing his hat back in the same manner as the Count, so much so that a witty Viennese once said: "This Taaffe, one never knows when one meets him whether he or his coachman is driving. The German party would never be able to upset him; if they were to throw him out of his carriage he would get up on to the box."

Near Count Taaffe in the Chamber sat until quite recently a tall, blonde man, with refined and delicate features. This was Herr von Dunajewski, Minister of Finance. Julian von Dunajewski was born at Neu-sandec, and for many years was Professor of Political Economy at the Jagellonscki University of Cracow, where he lectured in Polish. He was chosen into the Cabinet of Count Taaffe as a concession to the Polish faction, of which he had for many years been the leader in the Galician Diet. He was the chief orator of the Ministry and an ardent supporter of the Federalistic idea, representing the views of the Extreme Right. A man of warfare, he does not seek to win over the Opposition, but endeavours to destroy it. Beyond question he is largely responsible for the misunderstanding that has arisen between the Opposition and the Government, offending them by rash speeches and disrespect. His venomous words have greatly increased the difficulties of an understanding between the parties. He encourages the Feudalists and the Czechs in their resistance by continually repeating that by means of patience everything can be attained. He even went so far, in 1881, as to permit the acceptance of Czech bank notes at the State Bank, in order to please the Bohemians, but he was obliged to withdraw this measure. It is he who made the famous statement that the Government had shown that they could govern without the Germans, and could satisfy the demands of the



HERR VON DUNAJEWSKI.

State without them; and he has remained true to his utterances, for he did not take part in the recent conciliatory conference. He speaks with remarkable facility, and possesses in a high degree the art of grouping figures so as to render the most arid subjects interesting in discussion. But his figures are not always trustworthy, and the wish is frequently father to the thought, so that he is apt to discount probabilities. Thus for example, when he presented the budget of 1889 he entered the Chamber radiant, bidding the deputies congratulate each other, for he was able to present them with a surplus of 900,000 gulden. To his amazement this announcement called forth no applause, but rather mute dismay. What! only 900,000 gulden after the taxes had been raised 50 millions, after the people had made most heroic sacrifices without parallel in the history of Austrian finances. And a closer examination of the figures proved that even this slender surplus was rather the result of accident than of good management on the part of the Finance Minister. In that very year the returns from the Income Tax had been lower than usual; Galicia, Silesia, Moravia, and Bohemia had been visited with flood and disasters of various kinds; money was required to help them in their misfortunes, and yet at that very moment the Minister of Finances asked the deputies to congratulate themselves on the state of the Austrian budget.

# A PUBLISHER AND HIS FRIENDS.[1]

JOHN MURRAY THE SECOND.

THE life-story of a man who, from moderate position as a bookseller, rose to be the "Anak of publishers," as Byron called him, and "the Mæcenas of the age," could not fail to be deeply interesting. In every period of English literature there have been booksellers and publishers of distinguished eminence, worthy of remembrance for their own merits, as well as from their relations with great authors. Such was Jacob Tonson in the age of Addison, and Edward Dilly in that of Johnson. The names of many others at once will be recalled which not only appear on title-pages but figure in many pages of famous volumes. Yet, even if there were a series of such biographies, the "Lives of the Publishers" (like the "Lives of the Engineers" or the "Lives of the Chancellors"), that of John Murray would be unique in its way. It deals not only with a man of remarkable personal character, but with a condition of the Republic of Letters that was then new, and can never be repeated. The sudden and rapid increase of education and the multiplication of readers opened new fields of ambition to authors and publishers. Only a generation previously, Edmund Burke estimated the number of readers in Great Britain at eighty thousand, or about one per cent. of its inhabitants. Already, in the second decade of the nineteenth century, the number of readers could be reckoned by hundreds of thousands instead of thousands, and in the diffusion of knowledge through the press the name of John Murray deserves to rank with those of Charles Knight and Henry Brougham.

Important as was the influence of Mr. Murray in this way, and gratifying as is the record of the progress of the House during his reign, the popularity of Mr. Smiles's book is mainly owing to the notices and the correspondence of the publisher's friends. Some of these friendships were inherited from his father, such as with Sharon Turner and Isaac D'Israeli. But the greater number were of his own making. The relations with distinguished persons, which commenced with business transactions, almost always led to mutual esteem and warm friendship. As Mr. Smiles says:

> "He was the intimate friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Canning, Southey, the Disraelis, Campbell, Crabbe, Hallam, Croker, Milman, Washington Irving, Madame de Staël; as well as with the early editors of the 'Quarterly,' Gifford, Coleridge, and Lockhart; and many original letters from these authors are given in these pages. It was observed by Southey that a man's character may be judged of even more surely by the letters which his friends addressed to him, than by those which he himself penned. Guided by this standard, the readers of these volumes will have little difficulty in forming an opinion as to the estimation in which Mr. Murray was held by his friends and contemporaries."

Many others might have been added, one of the last and almost the only now surviving author being Mr. Gladstone, whose first works, "Church and State" (1838) and "Church Principles" (1840), were published by Mr. Murray.

As the originator and the proprietor of the "Quarterly Review," Mr. Murray secured an advantageous position early in his career. He had for some years been the London agent for the "Edinburgh Review," but when the dissatisfaction with the critical flippancy as well as the political principles of the Whig organ increased, Mr. Murray saw the opportunity for establishing a rival in the Tory interest. The secession of Sir Walter Scott from the "Edinburgh," after its attack on "Marmion," led Mr. Murray to seek his support, which was heartily given, for he had helped the Scottish publication mainly from patriotic sympathy. This, with other circumstances connected with the establishment of the "Quarterly," Mr. Smiles duly records, but with little addition to what has already often been told.

Of John Murray the First, the founder of the House, an account is given in the opening chapter. To many this will appear one of the most interesting chapters in the whole book, inasmuch as it deals with subjects and with times with which we are less familiar. He was born at Edinburgh in 1745. His uncle, Colonel Murray, a Murray of Athol, was "out in 1715," and fought at Sheriffmuir. After the suppression of the rebellion he retired to France, where he served under the exiled Duke of Ormonde, attached to the Stuart Court. His brother Robert, remaining in Scotland, adopted the law as his profession, and, to disguise his Jacobite connection, prefixed a Mac to his name. He had two sons, one of whom entered the Church, and the other served in the Royal Marines, his commission as lieutenant bearing date 1762. This was just before the close of the Seven Years' War, when Pitt, with Anson at the Admiralty, raised England to the first place among the European Powers. When the Treaty of Paris was signed, in 1763, the English navy had little to do; the ships were laid up in ordinary, the seamen discharged, and the marines quartered in their barracks. For six years Lieutenant Macmurray remained at Chatham on full pay, but in enforced idleness, and with no prospect of promotion or of active service. Having fallen in love and become engaged to the daughter of a Captain Wemyss, he resolved to retire on half-pay at the age of twenty-three, and to start as a bookseller in London.

[1] "A Publisher and his Friends. Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray, with an Account of the Origin and Progress of the House," 1768–1843. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. 2 vols., with portraits. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

What led to the choice of this calling is not stated; but it was probably due to his intimacy with William Falconer, the sailor-poet, a former schoolmate at Edinburgh, and then resident at Chatham. Falconer had been in the merchant service, but through the patronage of the Duke of York, to whom he dedicated his poem "The Shipwreck," he got a commission in the Royal Navy. His ship being laid up at Chatham, and for him also no prospect of active service appearing, he occupied his time in compiling the "Marine Dictionary," a book which is still in request for its excellent glossary of nautical terms. While thus employed he was offered the post of purser to the Aurora frigate, which was lost at sea during the voyage. The ship was still at Dover, waiting for a fair wind to go down the Channel, when Falconer received a letter from Macmurray, announcing his purpose of purchasing the business of a bookseller, and inviting him to join in the venture. "Many blockheads in the trade," he said, "are making fortunes; and did we not succeed as well as they, I think it must be imputed to ourselves."

It was too late for Falconer to consider the proposal, and Macmurray went into the business alone, "after deliberate reflection," as he says, and under good advice. His father sent from Edinburgh the necessary purchase money, and in 1768 he began the bookselling business. Dropping the "Mac," and resuming the ancestral name, he put a ship at the head of his invoices, and issued the following announcement—

"John Murray (successor to Mr. Sandby), bookseller and stationer, at No. 32, over against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, London, sells all new books and publications, fits up public or private libraries in the neatest manner with books of the choicest editions, the best print, and the richest bindings. Also executes East India or foreign commissions by an assortment of books and stationery suited to the market or purpose for which it is destined; all at the most reasonable rates."

From not a few of his early friends and his brother officers he received the warmest support, and consignments of books and periodicals were sent to some of them in all parts of the world, the choice of what was sent being often left to his discretion. Of his early ventures in publishing, the memoir gives details, but there is not much in this way worthy of record. More interesting in its bearing on the future of the House is the account of his efforts to form relations with the trade in Ireland and Scotland. Ireland was then a country with laws and usages of its own, and pirating English books was usual; but it was not a place for much extension of business. With Scotland Murray had more satisfactory relations. In 1770 he made the acquaintance of Professor Millar, of Glasgow, to whom he was introduced by Dr. Moore, the author of "Zeluco," and of other works, literary as well as medical. He was father of the famous Sir John Moore, of the Peninsular War and Corunna. Through Professor Millar, who had among his pupils Lord Jeffrey, Lord Adair, and the Earl of Lauderdale, Murray got good introductions in Edinburgh, leading to business transactions with publishers, among whom were Creech, and Elliot, the latter of whom became one of the principal correspondents of the Fleet Street House. Large parcels of medical and other books were sent for sale in London; and it is a curious illustration of the times, that they were sent in armed ships, the fleet escorted by men-of-war, for protection against hostile cruisers or privateers. Elliot's shop was in Parliament Close, and Creech's in the Luckenbooth, both near the Parliament House, then the centre of all literary as well as legal activity. The families of Elliot and Murray were afterward more intimately connected, the son of one marrying the daughter of the other. But as yet the Edinburgh relationship was only in business.

His first wife, *née* Wemyss, having died childless, John Murray the First had married again, and the only surviving son of the second marriage, John Murray the Second, was born in 1778. The business was continued in Fleet Street with varying but not brilliant success, till his death in 1793. The chief events of his career are given in Mr. Smiles's book. One of the most touching incidents is his having seen the funeral of Dr. Johnson, on December 20, 1784. "His remains passed my door for interment this afternoon. They were accompanied by thirteen mourning coaches with four horses each; and after these, a cavalcade of the carriages of his friends. He was about to be buried in Westminster Abbey."

John Murray the First began his publishing career when only twenty-three. He was twenty-five years in business, and died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. With all his industry and energy, he did not, we are informed, double his capital. His last enterprise was most unfortunate, publishing Lavater's work on Physiognomy. The engraving of the numerous plates was a costly affair, and nearly £4,000 had to be paid out of the estate by the executors.

By the will of the elder Murray, the business was to be carried on during the minority of his son by Samuel Highley, his "faithful shopman," for the benefit of the widow and family. John Murray the son was only fifteen at his father's death. He remained at school two years longer, and in the autumn of 1795 returned to No. 32 Fleet Street to take part in the business, his mother having then made a second marriage, and gone to live at Bridgenorth with her husband and her two daughters, receiving from time to time the money necessary for their education. A partnership was concluded between Murray and Highley, although Murray was still a minor. Some of the Indian friends of the first Murray—among them Warren Hastings and Joseph Hume—were regular customers of the new firm. The son came of age on November 27, 1799. He was prudent enough to maintain his connection with Highley for a few years longer, though with ever-increasing dissatisfaction. His father's "faithful shopman" had no enterprise, as the younger partner thought, and was content to sell the books of other publishers. Chafing under the restraint put on his own more active spirit, he proposed, in November 1802, to have the partnership dissolved. The terms were soon arranged, and on lots being drawn for the house, Murray had the

good fortune to remain at No. 32 Fleet Street, while Mr. Highley removed to No. 24, taking with him, by agreement, the principal part of the medical works of the firm.

As soon as he was his own master he resolved to launch into publication. Having, shortly before the dissolution of partnership, seen the first representation of Mr. Colman's comedy of "John Bull," and being fascinated by its "union of wit, sentiment, and humour," the young publisher offered Colman £300 for the copyright. Mr. Colman was pleased with the young man's proposal, and with the tone of the letter in which it was made, but in a pleasant reply explained that it was the custom to offer the copyright of a successful play to the manager of the theatre where it was produced.

Though disappointed in this first venture, the affair is worth mentioning as showing the ambition of the young publisher. He did not, however, neglect the ordinary routine of the bookselling business. One of the letters of this period is to Mr. Joseph Hume, who was not very prompt in settling his accounts; and in sending a new consignment, of the value of nearly £100, the young bookseller begged that an arrangement should be made for "payment by some house in London within six months after the goods are shipped." He added that he had no apprehension of not being paid, but his circumstances did not permit him to give a large amount of credit.

In 1803, when Napoleon's threatened invasion of England aroused the national spirit, volunteers were enrolled to the number of 300,000, and in London the force was 12,500 strong, when the metropolis contained less than half the number of its present population. John Murray was in the famous review by King George III that summer in Hyde Park, as an ensign in the 3rd Royal London Volunteers. He gave much time to drill and his "military duties," as he called them in a letter to his business correspondents in Edinburgh, excusing himself for being unable to accomplish an intended visit to Scotland.

This patriotic activity did not interfere with his attention to his business, for in the year 1803 he published an important medical work, the "Pharmacopœia of Dr. Graves," and lighter books such as the "Revolutionary Plutarch," being memoirs of Bonaparte and of the French leaders. In the following year the "Memoirs of Talleyrand" and "The Female Plutarch" were published by him in conjunction with Messrs. Longman & Co. But these publications were soon withdrawn, strong representations being made as to their immoral tendency. He soon after published the journals of the celebrated African traveller, Mungo Park, the first venture in books of travel, a department for which the House of Murray, both under the second and third of the dynasty, has been specially celebrated.

It was in 1812 that Mr. Murray, who had already meditated migration to the West End, and had almost fixed to settle in Pall Mall, heard of the intention of William Miller, of 50 Albemarle Street, to retire from business. Miller, who had first been in Bond Street, removed to Albemarle Street in 1804. An arrangement was soon effected by which Murray purchased the lease, together with copyrights and stock. The removal proved of much advantage, both as to business and influence. The Albemarle Street drawing-room became a favourite centre of literary as well as social reunion. Until the establishment of the Athenæum Club, this was the place where men distinguished in science and art, as well as literature, most did congregate. In fact it was by Croker, Davy, Chantrey, and other regular frequenters of Murray's house that the Athenæum was started some years later. For the contributors and supporters of the "Quarterly," as well as Gifford the editor, this was a much more convenient locality than the old shop in Fleet Street. In the dining-room of Albemarle Street the host displayed most generous hospitality, and here distinguished strangers from the Continent and America were entertained, as well as the intimate friends of the publisher. In a letter to a relative Murray himself says:

> "My house is excellent; and I transact all the departments of my business in an elegant library, which my drawing-room becomes during the morning; and then I am in the habit of seeing persons of the highest rank in literature and talent, such as Canning, Frere, Mackintosh, Southey, Campbell, Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, Gifford, Croker, Barrow, Lord Byron, and others; thus leading the most delightful life, with means of prosecuting my business with the highest honour and emolument."

This was written as early as in the winter of 1813. Every year added new celebrities to the roll of guests and visitors. In due time the dining-room was adorned with portraits of the notables who met at his table, including, besides those already mentioned, Coleridge, Washington Irving, Crabbe, Mrs. Somerville, Hallam, Moore, and Lockhart, forming a most interesting gallery of celebrities. From these, and others famous in the annals of that period, among them distinguished voyagers and explorers, letters are published in the present volumes. The publications embraced a succession of travellers of wonderful variety, from Parry and Basil Hall to Belzoni and George Borrow. Nor were military works less conspicuous, the most notable being Napier's "Peninsular War," and the "Wellington Despatches" edited by Colonel Gurwood. Every chapter of the book presents so great a number and variety of topics, and references to eminent people, that the reader is brought in touch with the life of the early half of the nineteenth century, much in the same way that he is carried by Boswell's Johnson into the latter half of the eighteenth century.

In the "Family Library," the first volume of which appeared in 1829, a new departure was made in literary production. Mr. Murray had long contemplated the serial publication of copyright works in a form and at a price which would render them accessible to a wider circle of readers than they had hitherto been. The great and rapid increase of education, at the time of Lord Brougham's famous saying, "The schoolmaster is abroad," determined the carrying out of this scheme. It was the beginning of an epoch in the publishing world, the "Family Library" being the parent of the innumerable "libraries," and series of "books for the million," which increase and mul-

tiply in our own day. It is true that the series known as "Constable's Miscellany" had already commenced, but he took the idea from Murray, who had in 1825 actually set in type a pocket edition of Parry's Arctic Voyages, a copy of which was shown to Constable by Captain Basil Hall. In the "Miscellany," Basil Hall's own voyages were published, and then Constable had the coolness to ask Murray to allow him the right of printing a cheap edition of "Southey's Life of Nelson." This was too much to grant even to his old friend and correspondent, and it hastened the starting of the "Family Library," a plan of issuing a "National Library" suggested by Mr. Charles Knight having been first considered.

Charles Knight was soon afterwards busily engaged with other schemes. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, with Henry Brougham as president, was established in 1828. The publishing of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" was offered to Murray, but he declined the undertaking, and he reverted to his own plan of issuing cheap copyright works. The first volume of the "Family Library" appeared in April 1829. A copy was sent to Charles Knight, who sent in return the first volume of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," with a letter in which he said :

"We each launch our vessels on the same day, and I most earnestly hope that both will succeed, for good must come of that success. We have plenty of sea-room, and need never run foul of each other. My belief is that, in a very few years, scarcely any other description of books will be published."

While "library editions" of books are in demand, the notion of having scarcely any other than cheap volumes is for this country chimerical, but the proportion of such publications has become so large that it seemed right to dwell on the fact of John Murray being one of the chief originators of cheap and popular literature.

One of Mr. Murray's few unsuccessful enterprises was the attempt to establish a new daily morning newspaper. The "Representative," as it was called, in its projection and planning occupied much time, and caused immense anxiety and trouble, and in the brief period of its existence involved Mr. Murray in a loss of not less than £26,000. It ceased on July 29, 1826, after a career of only six months. In a letter to Mr. Sharon Turner, the historian, and the solicitor both of Murray and the elder D'Israeli, reference is made to the loss he had sustained by yielding to Benjamin's "unrelenting excitement and importunity." This letter is given in the memoir, with other documents relating to the year 1826. Returning to the previous year, a memorandum, dated August 3, 1825, is now published, containing the agreement to establish a morning paper, the property in which was to be in the following proportions—Mr. Murray one half, Mr. Powles one quarter, Mr. Disraeli one quarter ; each party contributing to the expense, capital, and risk in these proportions ; the paper to be published by, and to be under the management of Mr. Murray.

Mr. Disraeli undertook to find an editor, and went to Scotland for this purpose.

We can imagine the surprise, if not amusement, of both Scott and Lockhart, when, instead of Isaac D'Israeli whom they expected, there appeared a young man such as pictures of the period and descriptions by Lady Morgan and other contemporaries have made familiar to us.

Disraeli left under sanguine belief that his mission had been successful. On returning to London, he helped to make the arrangements for starting the paper. But not long afterwards a letter came from Sir Walter Scott, saying that he could not conceive it possible that his son-in-law should "leave Scotland on the speculation of becoming editor of a newspaper." Lockhart himself wrote, "Every hour that has elapsed since the idea was first started has only served to deepen the feeling with which I at the first moment regarded it." In short the offered post was declined, and the eager negotiator had deceived both himself and his patron. Worse was to follow. After a short season of bustling activity, Mr. Disraeli disappeared from the scene. There has always been a gap in the record of this period of his career. The truth is now for the first time given by Mr. Smiles from the Murray papers :

"The emancipation of the Spanish Colonies in South America gave rise to much speculation in the money market, and shares, stocks, and loans were issued to an unlimited extent. Mr. Benjamin Disraeli seems to have thrown himself into the vortex, for he became connected with at least one financing firm in the City, that of Messrs. Powles, and employed his abilities in writing several pamphlets on the subject. This led to his inducing Powles to embark with him in the scheme of a daily paper."

But when the time came, neither Mr. Disraeli nor "his friend in the City" came forward, and Mr. Murray was left to bear the burden of care and cost alone. He was too far committed with the public, as well as with helpers, to suppress the scheme. His health broke down under the strain. The usual publishing business was neglected, letters remained unanswered, and manuscripts unread. Even the "Quarterly" might be endangered. It was a mighty relief when the ill-starred paper stopped. It was doomed to failure from the beginning. Mr. S. C. Hall, who had been engaged as one of the reporters, says in his "Retrospect of a Long Life" :—"The day before the issue of the first number Mr. Murray might have obtained a very large sum for a share of the copyright, of which he was the sole proprietor. The day after the issue the copyright was worth comparatively nothing. . . Editor there was literally none from the beginning to the end. The first number supplied conclusive evidence of the utter absence of editorial tact."

The very name of the paper was a blunder. There have been many abortive attempts since that time to start new daily papers, and there may be other efforts in the same direction, so that the frank revelations about the "Representative" may be of practical use.

At no period in John Murray's life did the nobility of his character shine with greater lustre than when this temporary eclipse of judgment passed away. His pecuniary loss he bore with much equanimity. Health of body and peace of mind were soon restored to him. In a letter to Washington Irving,

excusing himself for delay in replying to a communication, he said:

"The cause of my not writing to you during one whole year was my entanglement with a newspaper, which absorbed my money, and distracted and depressed my mind; but I have cut the knot of evil, which I could not untie, and am now, by the blessing of God, again returned to reason and the shop."

And to his friend Sharon Turner he wrote:

"I am disposed to consider this apparent misfortune as one of that chastening class which, if borne wisely, may be productive of great good; and I feel confidently that, as it has rekindled my ancient ardour in business, a very few months will enable me to replace the temporary loss, and make me infinitely the gainer, if I profit by the prudential lesson which this whole affair is calculated to teach."

He was generous enough to give a soft answer to an angry threat from Isaac D'Israeli, and magnanimous enough to forgive the son whom he said "he had loved not wisely, but too well." Benjamin Disraeli, though he published his first novel, "Vivian Grey," through Colburn, returned to Albemarle Street, and Mr. Murray published his "Contarini Fleming" at the urgent solicitation of the author, on most favourable terms.

It is only fair to add that Mr. Disraeli, as soon as he had the means, paid to Mr. Murray £150 for printing the Powles pamphlets and prospectuses; and in his subsequent career as a statesman more than justified the anticipations of his early friend.

Fortunately the other business of the House was not much affected by the newspaper speculation. The "Quarterly Review" had been increasingly prosperous under the editorship of Mr. Gifford, and his successor Mr. John Taylor Coleridge, who resigned after four years on account of his absorbing professional engagements, eventually to become one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. Mr. Lockhart was offered the appointment, and he accepted the office very soon after refusing the editorship of the "Representative." Neither he nor Sir Walter Scott had the slightest hesitancy this time, and though some doubts as to his taste and judgment were muttered, on account of his connection with the less sedate staff of "Blackwood" in its early years, he soon showed his fitness for the higher work which he had now to undertake. Though only thirty years of age on his appointment in 1825, he commanded the respect of almost all the veterans of literature, and, what was of more consequence, he had the complete confidence of the publisher, and he continued to edit the "Quarterly" till his own death in 1854.

Another successful series of publications were the "Handbooks" of Continental Travel, the predecessors of the more familiar "Guides" of our own day. It was John Murray the Second who gave the name, and also the red binding, familiar to all tourists. In the preparation of the Handbooks the publisher took great personal interest, and much pleasure and advantage he obtained from his Continental expeditions.

Occasionally the publications of Mr. Murray were not successful from a financial point of view, as with Crabbe's Poems, for which he gave three thousand guineas. But he had no regret for this loss, having the highest esteem for the worthy poet and his writings.

A very large portion of Mr. Smiles's book is occupied with matters pertaining to Lord Byron, but there is little that is new, with the exception of letters not before published. In Moore's "Life and Letters of Byron," Lord John Russell's "Life of Moore," in J. Cordy Jeaffreson's "The Real Lord Byron," also in memoirs and magazine articles innumerable, the details of the poet's life, and comments on his works, have been given with almost wearisome repetition. It was of course necessary to bring together in this biography all that concerned his dealings with Mr. Murray, who from the beginning, while yet in Fleet Street, to the last sad end, was as true a friend as Byron ever had. The letters now published show how intimate were the relations between the poet and the publisher, and the whole intercourse and correspondence are to the honour of both of them. From Murray the poet accepted rebukes and protests that he would not have brooked from any other adviser, though he unfortunately did not always follow the advice faithfully given.

In the famous scene of the burning of Byron's private journals, for which the publisher had paid two thousand guineas to Moore, Mr. Murray had regard not merely to the appeals of the relatives, but also to his own desire to save his friend's reputation from further disgrace. The sum paid to Moore was a slight sacrifice compared with the loss of profits from issuing what the scandal-loving public would have eagerly purchased. The account in the present work is brief. After much preliminary negotiation—

"The meeting at length took place in Murray's drawing-room, on May 17, 1824. There were present Mr. Murray, Mr. Moore, Mr. J. Cam Hobhouse, Colonel Doyle representing Lady Byron, Mr. Wilmot Horton representing Mrs. Leigh, and Mr. Luttrell, a friend of Moore. Young Mr. Murray—then sixteen, the only person of those assembled now living—was also in the room. The discussion was long and stormy before the meeting broke up, and nearly led to a challenge between Moore and Hobhouse. A reference to the agreement between Moore and Murray being necessary, for a long period that document could not be found; it was at length discovered, but only after the decision to commit the manuscript to the flames had been made and carried out, and the party remained until the last sheet of Lord Byron's Memoirs had vanished in smoke up the Albemarle Street chimney."

When the agreement was inspected it was seen that Murray had the complete control of the property, and could dispose of it as he pleased, so that "he behaved most handsomely upon the occasion," as Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, said. The money was not repaid by the Byron family, as was expected. Moore got the 2,000 guineas advanced by the Longmans, and he handed to Mr. Murray the amount, together with interest, before he left the room.

As John Murray the son, the present Mr. Murray, has just been referred to, we may here give another interesting recollection of his early days. It was in April 1815, when he was scarcely ten years old, that Byron and Scott met for the first time, and were introduced to each other by Mr. Murray. The son says:

"I can recollect seeing Lord Byron in Albemarle Street. So far as I can remember, he appeared to me rather a short man, with a handsome countenance, remarkable for the fine blue veins which ran over his pale marble temples. He wore many rings on his fingers, and a brooch in his shirt-front, which was embroidered. When he called, he used to be dressed in a black dress-coat (as we should now call it), with grey, and sometimes nankeen-trousers, his shirt open at the neck. Lord Byron's deformity in his foot was very evident, especially as he walked downstairs. He carried a stick. After Scott and he had ended their conversation in the drawing-room, it was a curious sight to see the two greatest poets of the age—both lame—stumping downstairs side by side. They continued to meet in Albemarle Street nearly every day, and remained together for two or three hours at a time."

Young Murray, as he then was, has another remarkable incident of his early days to remember. When a student at the University of Edinburgh he was taken by Mr. Allan, the painter, to the Theatrical Fund dinner, in 1827, when Sir Walter Scott, on his health being proposed by Lord Meadowbank, one of the Scottish judges, for the first time made public confession of his being "the author of Waverley." The whole scene is most graphically described in a letter to his father. The secret of the "Great Unknown" had been maintained till then before the general public, although it was known to not a few personal friends. The revelations in the law courts, after the disclosure of the affairs of the Ballantynes and Constables, rendered any longer concealment useless.

Murray's first introduction to Byron was under amusing circumstances. The poet's friend Dallas was entrusted with the negotiation for publishing the first two cantos of "Childe Harold." The manuscript was offered to Miller, who declined it, and accepted a poem by Rosa Matilda Temple, which Murray had refused to take. Miller's purchase was sold the year after as waste-paper. The copyright was purchased from Dallas for a large price, Byron being, or affecting to be, totally indifferent as to money transactions. After the arrangement was concluded, Byron came to Fleet Street.

"The first time Mr. Murray saw him was when he called one day with Mr. Hobhouse. He afterwards looked in from time to time, while the sheets were passing through the press, fresh from the fencing-rooms of Angelo and Jackson, and used to amuse himself by renewing his practice of 'Carte and Tierce,' with his walking-cane directed against the book-shelves, while Murray was reading passages from the poem, with occasional ejaculations of admiration, on which Byron would say, 'You think that a good idea, do you, Murray?' Then he would fence and lunge with his walking-stick at some special book which he had picked out on the shelves before him. As Murray afterwards said, 'I was often very glad to get rid of him!'"

Of the success of the poem Byron was himself very dubious, and he was with difficulty persuaded to allow his name to appear as the author. This was partly from fear of the critics, the chief of whom he had satirised in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." But in a few days after publication the whole edition was disposed of, and the critics had only to echo the universal outburst of admiration. "I awoke one morning and found myself famous," was the poet's own word in his note-book. Edition after edition went off in rapid succession, and the reputation of that early poem is as great now as when it first appeared. We may add that none of his subsequent poems raised him to a loftier position in the temple of fame. Of "Childe Harold," it may be said, as Byron himself said of an earlier poet:

"Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory."

The conclusion of the Byron-Moore transaction may just be mentioned. Moore, as usual, being pressed for money, sought reconciliation with Murray, through the intercession of Hobhouse. The Longmans generously released Moore from the engagement to write a life of Byron, for which Murray agreed to give £2,000, besides repaying the two thousand guineas advanced for the burned memoirs, an offer which Moore, in his diary, justly describes as most liberal. The Messrs. Longman said, "Do not let us stand in the way; it is our wish to see you free from debt, and it would be only for this work that we would be separated." So ended the affair, in a way honourable and satisfactory to all concerned.

With not a few of the most distinguished literary ladies of his time John Murray had business relations, and to them also he was the friend as well as the publisher. The greatest was Mrs. Somerville, whose first book, "The Mechanism of the Heavens," founded on the great work of Laplace, was prepared for the Society of Useful Knowledge at the instance of Brougham, but being too large for that series of publications was sent to Albemarle Street. A letter was enclosed with Herschel's opinion of the book. Brougham was so sanguine of success that he said he could ensure the sale of 1,500; but Mrs. Somerville agreed with the more cautious proposal of the publisher that an edition of 750 would be more prudent. The author had no risk, and the profit was handed over to her, Mr. Murray saying to Dr. Somerville, "I am overpaid by the honour of being the publisher of the work of so extraordinary a person." His liberality had its reward in the success of her subsequent works, especially "On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences." Her portrait, painted by Phillips, R.A., adorns the Albemarle Street gallery.

About the same time as Mrs. Somerville's introduction, Frances Ann Kemble, better known as Fanny Kemble, daughter of Charles Kemble, became one of Mr. Murray's regular correspondents. When only seventeen years of age she wrote an historical drama, "Francis the First," for the copyright of which Mr. Murray, after submitting the manuscript to the Rev. H. H. Milman, offered 400 guineas. The youthful authoress was astonished at the great liberality of the publisher, and she was the more thankful that it enabled her to purchase a commission in the army for one of her brothers. Before the book was issued she appeared for the first time on the stage as Juliet, when she was only eighteen years old. On the publication of "Francis the First," it was at once received with much favour, and at least ten editions appeared within a few years. A copy was sent to Joanna Baillie, at Hampstead, who wrote to Mr. Murray her warmest thanks for the pleasure she had received. It was

probably through Fanny Kemble's introduction that her brother, John Kemble, the learned Anglo-Saxon scholar, had the advantage of Mr. Murray being publisher of his works.

Fanny Kemble, after appearing at the principal theatres in England, went to America, and was there married to Mr. Pierce Butler, a Southern planter and proprietor. She soon after quitted the stage, but continued her literary activity, and her books were published by Mr. Murray, and also in America in order to secure the copyright there.

Our space precludes us from more than the mere mention of some of the other literary ladies corresponding with Mr. Murray, and they form certainly a most miscellaneous list, including the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Jane Austen, Miss Berry (editing Horace Walpole's Reminiscences), Lady Eastlake, and Mrs. Rundell, whose "Domestic Cookery" was one of the most profitable of all the publications of the House.

This notice has been rather discursive, but so is the book itself. Mr. Smiles must have found it no easy task to reduce his mass of materials to any kind of biographical order. Nor has he attempted to do so. Often he has, after finishing one subject, to hark back some years to take up another. But the general effect of the memoir is excellent. We see how great a heritage devolved upon Mr. Murray's successors, while to other publishing firms an example is left of enterprise, liberality, and honour.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

# Three Voices.[1]

ONE night three Voices on my dreaming ear
Smote thro' the silence of a sleep profound.
Pure and serene the first; in reverent fear
I heard the still, sweet sound.

"From day to day I cry in every street,
My messengers in fruitless toil are seen,
Few hail as King, with adoration meet,
The thorn-crowned NAZARENE.

"Of 'faiths outworn' men speak; nor own my sway,
Nor pause to hear the story of the Cross;
Naught recking, as they heedless turn away,
Of an unmeasured loss.

"Yet mine the power to soothe all human ill,
To bring the captive thralls of sin release,
To grant, each bitter cry of earth to still,
My guerdon, heavenly Peace."

She ceased, and sighed. Then came a strange soft tone
Which stirred my being with remembered thrills,
With visions of fair faces, all unknown,
And sunlight on the hills.

Echoes of music, too, divinely sweet,
Stole with that Voice upon the listening air;
Such music as th' enraptured soul might greet
Down all Heaven's golden stair.

"How should men heed, in these impassioned days?
*I* love not one so cold, and swift to blame;
My servants worship Beauty, and my Praise,
And know no higher aim.

"Afar from strife for gold, or clash of creeds,
They seek to win the fair Ideal's shrine.
What inspiration to immortal deeds
So strong, so pure, as mine?"

She paused; and now a voice austerely sweet
In clearest, coldest tones took up the strain:
"Though I draw many from Religion's feet,
Why should she thus complain?

"I give them but the Truth's impartial light,
Tell no fond fables to the simple ear:
I pierce the Past with keen unerring sight,
I make the Present clear.

"For what were man without me?—helpless, blind,
Or like a wanderer on an unknown shore
Emerged in briefest daylight—night behind,
And deeper night before."

Again the Voice that erst had struck mine ear,
With chastened fervour: "O you do me wrong!
The tie between us should be close and dear,
We have been foes too long.

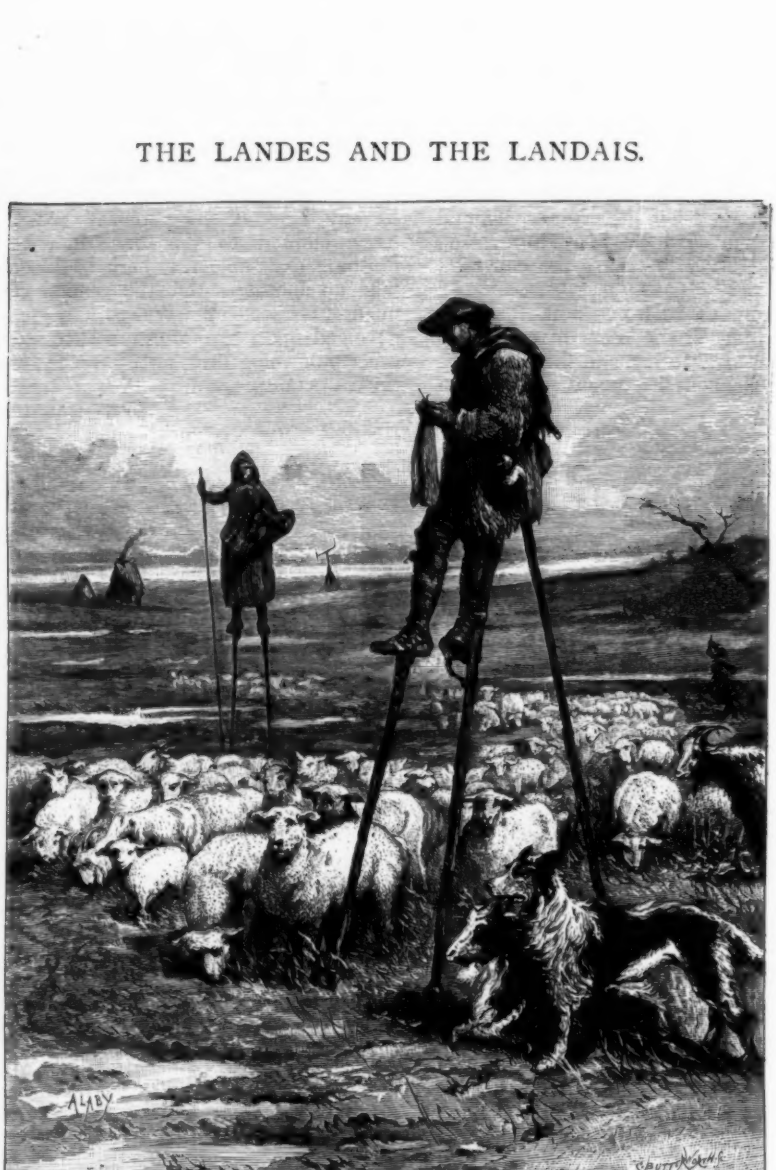
"For what are Truth and Beauty?—streams that flow
But from one Source; rays from the self-same Sun;
If higher be my service, yours more low,
He who inspires is ONE.

"Sisters, I fain would call you! O reply,
And lend your aid to raise the world with me!"
A sudden silence—and I woke to cry—
What shall the answer be?

LILY WATSON.

[1] Suggested by reading some remarks on the supposed rivalry of Religion, Art, and Science.

# THE LANDES AND THE LANDAIS.



THE SHEPHERD'S DINNER-TIME.

IN all the varied land of France, so remarkable for its contrasts of scenery and manners, there is no district wherein the traveller is more likely to be impressed by the solemn wildness of nature, and astonished by the strange habits and primitive simplicity of the people who dwell there, than in that portion of our old English province of Aquitaine, which now forms the department of the Landes. It was thus named because at the Revolutionary period, when the French provinces were broken up into departments, nearly the whole of this region was composed of *landes*—a term for waste land, and generally implying that it is covered with heather, broom or gorse. It is a maritime department, its coast line being that of the Bay of Biscay from a point a little below the now fashionable bathing place, Arcachon, to another nearly as far south as Bayonne.

Before describing the customs and other peculiarities of the present inhabitants of the Landes, and the natural features of their country which render it so exceptional, it may be well to take a rapid glance at the history of this remote corner of France which was English territory for three centuries. Its most ancient inhabitants of whom we have any record were Celts and Iberians, and it is probable that the blending of these two peoples formed the parent stock of the existing Landais. In the time of Cæsar, the most powerful tribe there were the *Tarbelli*, who held the country about Dax.

They and other tribes combining, formed an army of 80,000 men, which was cut to pieces by Cæsar's lieutenant, Crassus. Throughout the Roman domination, the Landes composed the greater part of that region called Novempopulania. Christianity was preached there in the third century by St. Honestus, and there was a bishop of Dax in 250. The break up of the Empire was a dire calamity to the inhabitants of this country, who would seem to have been always lovers of industry and peace. Each successive horde of barbarians who came from the north and the east, and who subsequently passed into Spain, slaughtered and pillaged the Novempopulanians. In the fifth century they fell under the domination of the Visigoths, who were comparatively mild rulers, but were disliked on account of their Arianism. After Charlemagne, the history of the Landes was identified with the struggle for supremacy between the North and South of France, or between the southern nobles who were so frequently at war with one another.

Passing over this very dark period of mediæval strife and horrors of every kind which men bring upon one another, we come to the marriage of the divorced Eleanor of Aquitaine with Henry II. of England, whereby the Plantagenet became in 1137 the feudal lord of one of the largest and richest provinces of France, which included the sandy Landes. The new state of things was not accepted without an appeal to the sword; even the peaceable Landais did not settle down quietly to English rule until they had been severely punished by Richard Cœur de Lion. But the English soon succeeded in overcoming old animosities by treating the people with justice and mildness and granting them rights and privileges such as they had never enjoyed under any other feudal masters. French historians acknowledge this, but better testimony is to be found in the traditions of the inhabitants at the present day. How completely the Landais were reconciled to the English and came to look upon themselves as belonging to the same nation is proved by the fidelity with which they and most of the Gascons fought under the same flag with the British yeomen until the close of the Hundred Years' War. Even when the British power was finally broken in Aquitaine, there was a rising of the Landais against the French king—a popular movement that was repressed with horrible cruelty. These events bring us down to the close of the Middle Ages, at which stage we may very well leave the history of the Landes.

Interesting as the Landes are to the student of nature and primitive manners, it is safe to predict that there will never be a rush of tourists thither; the country is too mournful, too desolate to attract those who travel with the expectation of finding the comforts of civilisation and facilities for locomotion combined with the charm of varied scenery. In his recently published volume, "Wayfaring in France," Mr. Edward Harrison Barker,[1] who walked through the Landes from north to south, says:

"The cause of this supreme desolation is the dunes or sandhills, which in the last century threatened to transform the whole of the Western Landes with their towns and villages into a French Sahara. The maritime pine was the salvation of the region. By undaunted perseverance the seed was made to take root in the shifting sand, and thus dune after dune was fixed. It was one of those battles with the forces of nature in which human purpose, often discouraged, but never turned aside from its object, triumphs at last over seemingly insurmountable obstacles. Before the dunes were covered with pines, they were constantly changing their shape and place, ebbing and flowing like the sea; but always gaining in the sum of years upon the mainland; and fatally, irresistibly drinking up the springs of fertility—the life-blood of civilisation. The ancient port of Mimizan lies under the dune of Udos, and Mimizan of to-day is cut off from the sea by a hill of sand. Although the high dunes did not travel much beyond the chain of lakes, their devastating influence was felt many a league eastward. The sand caught up from them by the storms rushing inland from the Bay of Biscay fell upon the whole region like showers of volcanic ashes. Thus were formed the Grandes Landes, in the midst of which lies the town of Sabres, where the land is flat and in winter marshy, and where the use of stilts by the inhabitants is still very general."

Some notion of what these sand storms are may be gathered from the following picture of one by the same writer, who saw what he here describes when in a train on the outskirts of the Landes:

"All at once I perceive that the sky is no longer a clear blue; that it is not blue at all, but of a soapy grey colour. The sun that shines through it is so dimmed that the eye can bear its light. Flocks of fleecy clouds are rushing up to the zenith like vapoury coursers lashed and spurred by spirit-riders. Lower down and to windward is a motionless mass of slaty vapour tinged here and there with copper, and underneath it, white and smoky, are well-defined patches of cloud hovering with gilded edges or scudding, all froth and fury, towards the sun. . . . We can hear a low wail coming up through the pines, growing louder and louder, until it is almost a shriek when the wind strikes the nearmost crests. Then the forest disappears or shows like the spars of shipping through a fog: boughs crack, cones rattle to the ground, twigs and branches fly through the air; up go all the carriage windows and the panes sound as though they were struck by volley after volley of fine shot. . . . The storm has lifted the sand from the earth and is hurling it back towards the sea from which it came."

The Landes must have been a weird country indeed before the forests changed the aspect of things, and chained, as it were, one of the forces of nature. A sandhill would suddenly rise out of the plain, and the next storm might lift it to another spot leagues away, or scatter it broadcast. The sand was drifted just like fine snow in a north-east gale, and as the wind blew from different directions the landscape was being constantly changed. Nothing could have been more strange and fantastic. Fortunately the sand always showed a tendency to form permanent dunes, to collect in certain places, otherwise the country would have been rendered uninhabitable. In the Middle Ages this region could not have been the melancholy desert that it afterwards became; the villages and towns which then arose indicated no mean measure of prosperity. In Gallo-Roman days an important

[1] Mr. Barker's name will be recognised by many of our readers. His recent volume (published by Bentley) may be commended to them, as containing some of the most vivid sketches of French provincial life and scenery which have appeared for a long time. His manner of travel, on foot, with knapsack as sole companion, brings him into contact with scenes and people in sequestered corners, and he shows them as they are without any disguises. The districts he describes are, "In the Landes," "In Dauphiné," "In Lower Languedoc," "In Lower Brittany," "In Alsace."

industry of the people was the manufacture of pitch, which was a proof of the existence of pine forests. These forests extended in all likelihood, where they do now, along the coast, nature unaided having provided the protection which in modern times was obtained artificially at an enormous cost of labour and ingenuity. The original forests must have been destroyed either by being set on fire during the long wars which devastated the South of France, or through the improvidence of the people, who used the timber for present necessities without thinking of the future. There being no longer any barrier to keep back the sand, which is always being thrown up by the sea in vast quantities, the country for many miles inland became a veritable desert. The greatest benefactor of the people was Brémontier, a civil engineer, who in 1787 wrote a pamphlet showing how this barrier might be restored and the shifting dunes fixed by sowing pines. The difficulty was to make the young plants take root in such a soil, but it was overcome by Brémontier's method. Since then the pine forests have not only covered the chains of dunes which run parallel to the coast, but have spread far inland, over immense tracts of level land called the *landes rases*, where great flocks of sheep were formerly tended by roaming shepherds on stilts.

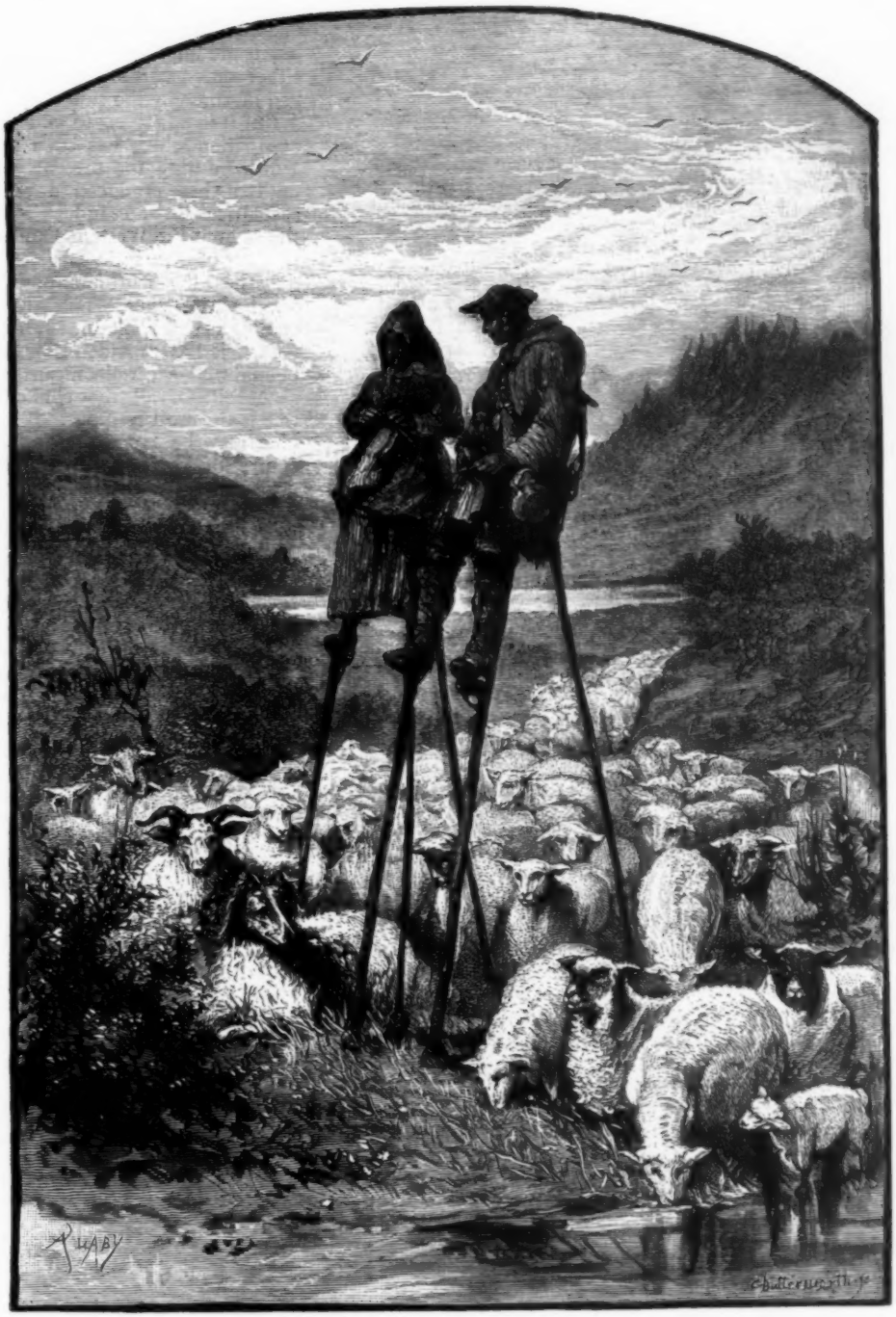
The same mode of life continues, but in a much more restricted sense, for it is the exception now to find an open plain where sheep are browsing knee-deep in heather, the Landais shepherd, perched upon his high stilts, watching his flock as he knits, and looking like a fantastic giant against the horizon. Any wanderer in the Landes may, however, if he takes the trouble, still see this curious picture of pastoral life.

The use of stilts by the Landais peasants is the direct consequence of natural conditions, and as these conditions change, stilts must gradually disappear. There are several reasons why it has been always difficult to move about in the Landes on the soles of the feet, and these combined difficulties suggested the artificial lengthening of the legs. In the first place there is the sand, which is often loose and quite free from vegetation. The feet sink into it up to the ankles. Stilts also sink into it, although they end in round knobs or have hoofs of animals fastened to them to prevent this; but a man so mounted has great power over his artificial legs. Then the marshes have to be reckoned with. These used to be very extensive and were the cause of much malaria. It may seem strange that such a sandy soil should become marshy, but the explanation is simple. The sand, which is chiefly composed of quartz broken into minute particles, has conglomerated in the course of ages at a variable distance below the surface and formed a tuff impervious to water. Thus, nearly the whole effort of draining from the winter rains is thrown upon the process of evaporation, which does not suffice for the purpose. Hence the permanent lakes filling the deep hollows between the dunes and the wide marshes of the *landes rases*, which are, however, mostly covered with herbage in summer. Thither the shepherd takes his flock, stepping with his stilts from tuft to tuft of firmly fixed heather, and leading his sheep where the ground is safest and the herbage most abundant. Large tracts of this wild region are completely overgrown with furze, and here the use of stilts comes in again, for one would have to be encased in leather in order to walk through such a prickly wilderness.

Moreover, these long wooden legs which lift a man four or five feet above the ground, make long distances short to the Landais peasant, for while he is leisurely stepping, another person with only his natural legs to rely upon would have to run in order to keep up with him. Let the stiltman quicken his movement and the other would soon be left far behind. The rural postmen—there is a postal service even in the Landes—often go on stilts, especially in winter when so much of the flat country is under water. Stepping though the water in this way, the Landais, covered with his sheep's or goat's skin, when seen from a distance looks exceedingly like a giant flamingo. The resemblance would be quite startling if his legs were red. The flamingo, by-the-bye, is a bird not unknown in this desert. It is needless to say that the ease with which the Landais travels upon stilts, and dances upon them when in a festive mood, can only be gained by long practice. He learnt the art in childhood, almost as soon as he felt quite firm upon the legs that nature gave him. The shepherds, who have used stilts all their lives, would feel like fish out of water if they were to follow their sheep on foot. Even in the wooded districts from which sheep have nearly disappeared, giving place to cattle, the herdsman is frequently mounted on stilts as he accompanies his roaming animals while they crop the undergrowth of the forest. Perhaps the brutes themselves would no longer respect him if they had not to look up to him.

When the Landais shepherd or herdsman starts off for the day, or, as it sometimes happens in summer, for two or three days, he carries a wallet containing food, chiefly bread—very dark from the quantity of rye that is in it—and a gourd filled with water. These are slung at his side. A gun is often strapped to his back, or in rainy weather a great blue cotton umbrella such as most people have seen in the rural districts of England. When he has mounted his stilts by the side of his hut and has strapped them to his legs, his wife hands him the wallet and gourd, and, if the weather be very wintry, a long brown cloak of homespun, like the *limousine* worn by the shepherds upon the highlands of Central France. Then he is prepared for a long run, if necessary.

Many of these peasants are very handsome men, with well-shaped, energetic features, but the women rarely show traces of beauty after their early youth. They are a dark-skinned people of a distinctly Southern type, but now and then red hair appears, which goes to strengthen the theory of their half-Celtic origin. The men are generally rather undersized, but very sinewy and agile. The development of their leg-muscles is remarkable—probably the result of living so much upon stilts for generations. The Landais youth who is ambitious to shine at that form of bull-baiting, or rather cow-baiting, known as *courses landaises*, will leap into the air just as the charging animal lowers its horns, and drop lightly upon his feet in the rear.

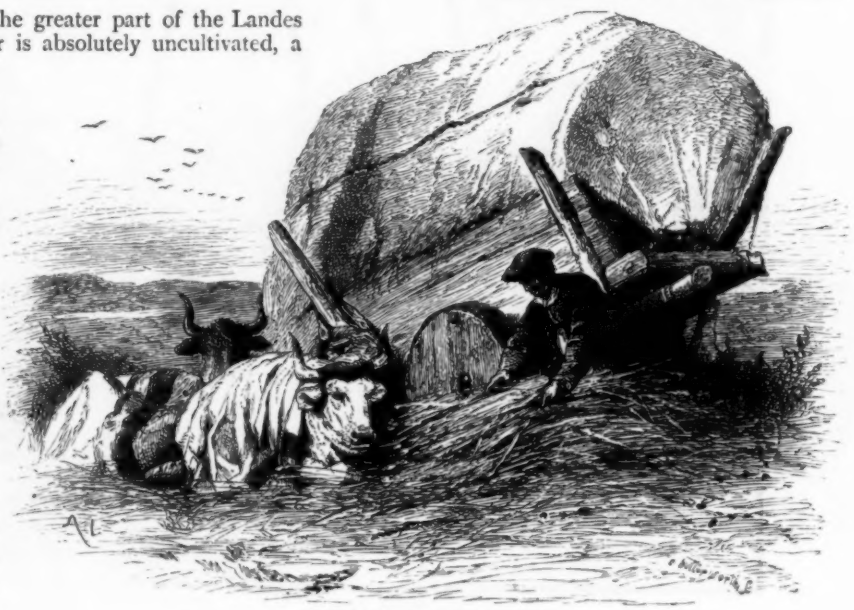


A PASTORAL IN THE LANDES.



MAKING READY FOR A LONG RUN.

Although by far the greater part of the Landes north of the Adour is absolutely uncultivated, a certain amount of agriculture goes on, especially in the neighbourhood of villages. The principal crops are maize, rye, and millet. There are few peasant proprietors. Most of the owners of the soil live elsewhere, and the land is leased upon the *métayer* or *colon* system. The *colon* or *métayer* is a tenant-farmer who pays no rent, but who divides all his produce with the owner. The latter has the best of the bargain, and the *colon* is as a rule so wretchedly poor that the landlord has not unfrequently to provide him with the means of subsistence in winter, when the crops have failed through drought or some other cause. The *colon* has sometimes to travel for days across the sandy or marshy country to a market where he can sell his produce. This is heaped in a very primitive bullock-wagon. When night comes on the beasts are unyoked, and the peasant either sleeps in the cart or makes a bed of straw by the side of it.



COLON LANDAIS MAKING HIS BED.

But it is now time to consider an occupation which has been steadily growing during the present century, until it has produced a complete revolution in an industrial sense throughout the Western Landes. It is that of the resin-gatherer. Not only has the maritime pine saved hundreds of square miles from becoming as uninhabitable as an African desert, it has provided thousands of people with a certain means of subsistence. Of all the conifers, this tree is the most resinous. The same pine may be tapped during a long course of years without apparently losing any of its vigour or productiveness. The work of collecting the resin is carried on upon the *métayer* system. The man who follows this occupation is called a *résinier* or a *gemnier*, and he divides with the proprietor the money which his hoard of resin sells for at the end of the season. Each man has usually about a thousand trees in his charge, and he lives almost entirely in the forest, often ten miles from any village or hamlet. The following description of the resin-gatherer at work is taken from "Wayfaring in France":

"Presently I caught a glimpse of a man's body flattened like a squirrel's against the trunk of a tree. He was standing about ten feet from the ground upon a notched piece of timber that he had planted against a pine. This piece of wood was the *résinier's* ladder. The man was barefooted like all his



GEMNIER, OR RESIN EXTRACTOR, AT WORK.

class when at work, and he was knocking off with his axe the sugar-like lumps of resin from the yellow stream where the bark had been lately stripped. Near the foot of the tree was affixed a little earthen pot to catch the more fluid resin, on which greater value is set."

Sometimes there are two pots affixed to the same pine, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The *résinier* has generally a comfortably built hut of pinewood, which includes a store-room for the resin. It is not uncommon to see three or four of these huts clustered together in the depths of the forest, for the love of companionship is deep-seated in the human heart. These men can earn about 50*l.* a year, but most of the money goes to the support of the family in some village. They live with the utmost frugality, their habitual drink being water, and rye bread their principal food. When they are near a lake they often catch fish, and when they get a chance of shooting a hare, a turtle-dove, or a young boar that has roamed from the watchful eye of its mother, they are not the men to miss the opportunity. But the old boars they discreetly leave alone. This suggests the subject of the fauna of the Landes, which is singularly comprehensive, including, as it does, quadrupeds like the wild-cat, and birds like the bustard and the wild swan, which have become rare in Western Europe; but this is a field that must be left to the naturalist. He will need, however, some endurance and perseverance to prosecute his studies in certain parts of these vast forests, which even the resin-gatherer considers impenetrable, so dense is the undergrowth of holly, juniper, furze, and hawthorn. Here the wild-cat and the boar incur little risk of being disturbed. Formerly these forests were infested with wolves, which caused great havoc to the flocks, but very few, if any, are to be found there now. In the south of the Department bordering the Basses Pyrénées, there are cork forests, and the work of stripping the bark from the *quercus suber* is an important industry in that district.

The Landes have in different ages, commencing with the third century, produced men of note, the most celebrated of all being Vincent of Paul, who was born in 1567, at the miserable hamlet of Ranquines, near Dax. This eminent philanthropist, the protector of abandoned children in France and the founder of the order of the Sisters of Charity, was the son of Landais peasants, and in his childhood he tended his father's sheep. His vocation for a higher life than that of a shepherd was so marked that his parents placed him with the Cordeliers of Dax, who for a little more than 2*l.* a year educated him and took charge of him.

No peasantry are freer from vice than those of the Landes. They really seem to live in the simplicity and peace of the patriarchal age. Every man trusts his neighbour and respects his rights. Among them the gendarme and the magistrate have practically nothing to do. The horror of theft and violence is so strong in the people that the machinery of justice might be almost dispensed with throughout their sandy, solemn country. Music is their chief pastime, and nothing in real life conveys a deeper feeling of idyllic charm than to listen to the Landais peasants singing in chorus at nightfall, in some village or hamlet, when the flocks and herds have been brought home.



BIRTHPLACE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL—NOW A CHAPEL.

# LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

THERE is no charge against a great author easier to make than the charge of plagiarism; there is none more difficult to prove. There have, no doubt, been unblushing plagiarists, thieves whose ill-gotten gains deceive no competent reader. But no work worthy the reading, and which retains a place in literature, has gained its reputation by false pretences. Every man of genius owes, no doubt, much to his predecessors; and the greater his power, the more able is he to make fruitful use of earlier writers. A poet, for example, is moved to sing himself by listening to other singers.

Cowley relates that by reading Spenser he became irrecoverably a poet, and there is scarcely an English poet since Spenser's time who has not acknowledged the largeness of his debt to the author of "The Faerie Queene." Not only did he stimulate the imagination as few poets have done, but he invented a new measure; and to the Spenserian stanza we are indebted for Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," and Byron's "Childe Harold." Yet this "poet of poets," as he has been truly called, gathered freely from every poetical field in the composition of his immortal Allegory. He translated from Lucretius, he borrowed from Chaucer, as Chaucer borrowed from Boccaccio, he used with royal freedom the famous poem of Ariosto, he took his machinery from the popular legends about King Arthur; and yet "The Faerie Queene" is as remarkable for its originality as for its exhaustless beauty.

Shakespeare, too, in spite of his boundless imagination, rarely trusts to that alone, and puts historians as well as poets under contribution. In his "Julius Cæsar," for instance, it is remarkable with what scrupulous exactness he follows the main facts of Cæsar's history as it is told by Plutarch. Where the matter lies ready to his hand he never cares to invent, and his marvellous power is seen in the way in which commonplace incidents or prosaic narratives are changed by his magic into the splendour of poetry.

Literary parallels abound in Shakespeare, and that they are also common in Milton is known to every reader who has taken up an annotated edition of that poet. Open Todd's "Milton," or the exhaustive edition of Dr. Masson, and you will find that for illustration as well as for expression Milton resorts without scruple to the masters of Greek and Roman literature, to the Italian poets, to the "sage and serious" Spenser, and even—as Mr. Pattison has pointed out—to an obscure Dutch poet. Indeed, Milton's adaptations, if we may use that term, are frequent, but what he uses he assimilates and makes his own. It is Milton's majestic voice we hear throughout, never a mere echo.

In searching, then, for literary coincidences—and they are practically numberless—it is well to remember that they are always to be found even in the noblest literature, and that a man of genius, however original, is constantly and rightly indebted to those who have gone before him. It is possible, no doubt, to carry the search for coincidences too far, and to discover them where they do not exist; but there is ample scope for the critical reader without venturing even for a moment upon uncertain ground. All we can attempt to do here is to give some illustrations, chiefly from the poets and taken without any formal arrangement, of a subject that is as wide as literature itself.

Sir John Denham's "Cooper's Hill," once a popular poem, lives now, if it lives at all, on the reputation of four noble lines addressed to the Thames:

> "O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme!
> Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

There can be no question, as Dr. Johnson points out, that this poem, which won the high praise of Dryden, was the source of Pope's "Windsor Forest," in which, by the way, it is praised; and Mr. Gosse observes that the French poet Maynard, in his poem "Alcippe," has precisely the same order of reflections as Denham in his "Cooper's Hill." "It would be exceedingly rash," he says, "to take for granted that Maynard ever heard of Denham, or *vice versâ*; such a supposition, indeed, is extremely improbable, but the same ideas were common to both." Pope, too, modelled his "Dunciad" on Dryden's "MacFlecknoe," but it would be unjust on that account to accuse Pope of literary theft. The suggestion was due to Dryden, and so are some passages in the poem; but yet Pope's great satire cannot be said to add to its serious faults that of servile imitation.

Gray, Pope's most distinguished immediate successor in the kingly line of poets, has written what is probably the most popular poem in the language. The "Elegy" has been frequently imitated, but the copies are dead already, while the original is as full of life as it was a century ago. For the suggestion of this poem Gray, one of the most learned of poets, had not to turn to books. A walk on a summer evening through a rural village, and in a churchyard, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," might suggest all the imagery of that beautiful poem. But if Gray did not take his idea of the Elegy from any foreign source, it is evident that his choice of metre was in some degree determined by Sir John Davies's poem "Nosce Teipsum," from which copious notes are still preserved in Gray's handwriting. The heroic quatrain borrowed

from the Latin elegiac had been also used by Dryden and Davenant, but Gray was the first to employ this impressive metre with a musical touch that is quite inimitable.

While we are among the eighteenth-century authors, it may be observed that although Swift is a thoroughly original writer, the critics have discovered several works to which, in their judgment, he is indebted. This, however, may not be the case. There is a living French novelist who, in some of his works, seems beyond question an imitator of Dickens. He had even invented a dolls' dressmaker, being unaware that for many a long year, indeed since 1864, Miss Jenny Wren has been busily using her little fingers in making dolls' clothes. In literature, as in the discoveries of science and of mechanical inventions, it sometimes happens that an idea is suggested or a discovery made by two persons, each of whom has an equal claim to originality. Of this, from the standpoint of literature, there is a striking illustration in Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas," which he wrote in one week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral and some small debts which she had left. This rapidity of composition is remarkable; but we may be certain that the story would not have been written in its present form if, more than twenty years before, Johnson had not translated Father Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia," a narrative which made a strong impression upon him. But the most curious fact about "Rasselas" is its similarity in some respects to Voltaire's "Candide," a work composed with a very different purpose. Writing of the two books, Boswell states: "I have heard Johnson say that if they had not been published so closely one after the other that there was not time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other."

Look where we will in literature we see how the suggestions afforded by one work form the foundation upon which another is built. A writer, however independent, cannot walk without the help of his fellows. Cowper is a poet who, like his contemporary Crabbe, deserves the highest praise for originality, but Cowper's use of the heroic couplet is based upon that of Churchill, and his blank verse is founded upon the model of Milton. There are few books in the language more original than Charles Lamb's "Essays," and yet it may be confidently said that they would have been written in a different vein had he not been so familiar with the works of Sir Thomas Browne, and with such writers as Fuller, Cowley, and Donne. Cowley himself, by the way, to return for a moment to the seventeenth century, was the father of more than one poet who, without his genius, pursued the eccentric paths on which his Muse delighted to wander; and Cowley is largely indebted to Donne, whom, as Dr. Johnson says, it appears to have been his purpose to emulate. A really great writer conscious of his strength is never afraid to own his obligations. Sir Walter Scott nursed his genius among the Border minstrels, caught the lilt of his verse in the Lay from the more exquisite music of Coleridge's "Christabel," and acknowledged that his character of Fenella was suggested by Goethe's Mignon in "Wilhelm Meister." And though there is no literary parallel in the case, it may not be amiss to mention here—for it exemplifies the interdependency of imaginative writers—that Goethe acknowledges his own obligations to Oliver Goldsmith, whose "Vicar of Wakefield," at a critical moment of mental development, proved, he said, his best education.

Perhaps enough has been said in illustration of a subject that is well-nigh inexhaustible. There is one lesson to be learnt from it useful alike to critic and to reader—namely, that it is unreasonable to attribute plagiarism to great writers because their works are not wholly unlike the mass of earlier literature. It is far more reasonable to suppose that they should have points of resemblance. Literature, like nature, has a thousand different aspects; but just as in nature, with its infinite variety of charm, the same sky bends over all, and the same earth is under our feet, so poets and men of letters look, though with different eyes indeed, on the same world, and study the same humanity. They must work in accordance with the limitations of which every writer is conscious; and it is not surprising, the soil of the literary field being what it is, that the fruit produced by two independent labourers should be occasionally alike. What, then, it may be asked, is plagiarism? We answer that it is the appropriation of literary property, without the ability to use it. There are scores of versifiers who have in this way appropriated Lord Tennyson's style, or Mr. Browning's, or Mr. Swinburne's, and the result has been a feeble musical echo in the first case, a contempt of metre and grammar in the second, and an overflowing verbiage in the third. The plagiarist is the man who has nothing to say on his own account. The man of genius, on the contrary, when he borrows turns what he touches into gold, and gives a new beauty to what is beautiful already. He is content to use whatever materials he can gain access to, but he stamps upon them the impression of his own genius. And so it is that the poet, looking upon the objects that are common to us all, is able by the light of imagination to "flatter the mountain-tops," and to "gild pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

JOHN DENNIS.

# Under Discussion



## ARE WE GOING BACKWARDS OR FORWARDS?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS," ETC.

"I BEGIN to feel weary in my very soul," said Penelope Boughton. "For all the work that is done for the good of the world, I ask does the world really grow better? One gets interested in somebody's case, and one grows to care so much and to have such good hopes. Yet, sooner or later, disappointment seems sure to come! I have grown to expect it! And when one feels sure what the end will be, one goes disheartened all along the line—so that, after all, one cannot help feeling when some sad end does come, that it may be due to one's own lukewarmness. I know I don't give myself so enthusiastically to the people I encounter to-day as I did to those who came across me at the beginning of my work. And I hate myself for the change, but I cannot help it."

I was glad that Penelope Boughton thus opened her heart to us, for both Pleasance and I had noticed that of late she had not been quite herself. And yet I was sorry that she spoke when she did, for we were not alone, or only companioned by our dear friends Mrs. Yeldham and Horace Penrith. We had some other guests — one a literary man, by name Claud Alton; another a middle-aged matron, Mrs. Baraclough, the wife of the wealthiest man in our district; while a third was a quaint little spinster, a Miss Bright, a remote connection of Mrs. Yeldham's dead husband. I was not quite sure but that any of these might grievously misunderstand Penelope. Mr. Alton is one who holds himself rather apart from ordinary humanity, and is apt to despise it as "common and unclean." Mrs. Baraclough had always seemed to me one of those people who are far more likely to suffer under the inflictions of an ill-served dinner, or the torture of an ill-fitting dress, than from any unsatisfied yearnings of the spirit. Yet it was she who hastened to answer Penelope.

"My dear," she said, "I rather think you are simply learning wisdom. By-and-by you will cease to waste yourself as, I maintain, you are doing. You will no longer expect from life what it never gives, but will take people as you find them, and be content to evade disappointment by giving up expectation. We all come to that in time. I too have had my ideals and enthusiasms, but now I know such things always end in smoke."

Yet she sighed. And she did look so affluent and comfortable! I could not help wondering in what direction these blasted enthusiasms of hers had been turned.

"Aristotle himself lays down the axiom that 'not pleasure, but freedom from pain, is what the wise man will aim at,'" said Mr. Alton.

"I thought," murmured Pleasance,

> "'Not enjoyment and not sorrow
> Is our destined end and way,
> But to act that each to-morrow
> Finds us further than to-day.'"

Mr. Alton looked at her with a sort of pitying superiority. He despises Longfellow because simple and unlearned people enjoy him. Besides, I think he would have liked to say, "Further from what?—further on the way towards what?" For though he has a profound belief in physical evolution, yet he is always singularly incredulous of moral development!

"It is only when we learn that pleasures are the direct sources of pain, that we can begin to know how to avoid the latter," he went on serenely. "The game is not worth the candle, since, as Voltaire remarked, 'Happiness is but a dream and only sorrow is real.'"

"But Voltaire was an atheist!" chirped Miss Bright.

"I beg pardon, ma'am; he was only a deist," said Mr. Alton, suavely. "But whether deist or atheist, he belonged to humanity, and has a right to record his experiences as a man."

"And looking at him entirely as a man," observed Pleasance, "surveying his life without theological prepossessions, I should be inclined to say that he was right as regarded anything he would have called happiness. In his sorrows he possibly made his nearest approach to some of that genuine depth of feeling in which alone joy can germinate."

"Yet I maintain my point," said Mr. Alton. "Where do you see your happy people? Among the successful? How often do they find their success to be what they have expected? Or, if it is, is not their own point of view changed? Is any rich man rich enough? Is any famous man famous enough? Is he not keenly alive to the presence of some Mordecai at his gate, whose supreme reserve annoys him more than the plaudits of the nation can please? Have we not heard of the great statesman who said he would gladly exchange all his fame and all his power for the youth and health of the ploughboy working on his fields—blessings which the ploughboy, in his turn, was probably content to waste in ignorance and beer-drinking? Have we not been told that the old millionaire Rothschild pronounced himself the most miserable of men? Are not any of the great good fortunes of life usually balanced by some calamity on an equally magnificent scale? Or, if good fortune of any kind persists for a while, it serves only to add pathos and terror to the end that must come at last. Love lends his arrows to Death, and the sweetest companionship entails the saddest loneliness. I remember, when I was a boy, being struck by the singular happiness of a family who had lived for nearly forty years in ever-growing prosperity, without any intrusion of Death within the circle, or any parting except for pleasant marriages in the immediate neighbourhood. Well, what happened? Within three years, Death was the constant visitor in that family—Death in his most terrible forms of the slow tortures of disease and the sudden terror of madness. There was misfortune, too—ruin, even shame. The record of household comfort and prosperity closed in something like antique tragedy!"

"Well," said Penelope, "what strikes me is, how often the worthiest and most promising members of a family die first, while the ne'er-do-wells live on for ever!"

"Yes," said Mr. Alton, "and evil heredity seems to flourish broadcast, but the genius and the saint usually leave no descendants. It has been said that the happiest nation is that which has no history—and I maintain that the happiest individual is he whose life flows on most evenly—that, as it has been well put, the happiest lot is not to have experienced the keenest delights or the greatest pleasures, but to have brought life to a close without any very great pain, bodily or mental."

"Oh, I dare say it is all true," cried Penelope with a sudden vehemence, like one startled and stung. "I feel as if it is. Only, if so, then it seems a great pity that life was allowed to rise beyond the jelly-fish stage, which was just admirably adapted for such an environment as you would desire. For under such an ideal, our powers of feeling and aspiring are no longer privileges, but penalties, cruelly imposed on us for no purpose!"

"Now here is one of the difficulties," I remarked. "Does not anybody reasoning thus find himself on the horns of a dilemma? One cannot lose faith in a loving Father-God, knowing His own goodwill, and powerful to carry it out, without finding oneself at once driven to a horrible realisation of a supreme Satan, mocking the purposeless tortures which he inflicts. If we reject an overruling Providence, leading all things to a worthy goal, we feel, in the words of a great modern thinker, 'that life is a foolish and wicked joke, played upon us by we know not whom.' Surely the latter possibility is not more credible than the former! And an ingrained sanity of our reason revolts against it, protesting, even in the moment of deepest gloom,' that life and nature are full of touches of sweetness and beauty, incompatible with such a frightful scheme of the universe!"

"I don't know," observed Mr. Alton, cynically. "It would be quite consistent with what we know of the deepest malignity, to grant just such ameliorations as would serve to prolong torture. Mind, I am only answering your argument. Of course, I hold no such creed. I repudiate the alternative to which you fancy I am driven. To me, Nature is self-sufficing, going on her way, fulfilling her own ends, and dealing with man precisely in his relation to her, without any particular reference to his individual self."

"That only seems to me that you vest the supreme power of the Universe in a politely passive, selfish Being, instead of an active Tormentor—Mephistopheles instead of Moloch; and I am not sure which idea I like least!" said Pleasance.

"But I cannot agree with Mr. Alton's premise—about the best of life consisting in immunity from suffering," remarked Mrs. Yeldham, quietly. "I think the best of life is got in realisation of the fulness of life, and its infinite reserves of power. And this we get only in great joy or great sorrow—and I rather think we may get it the most in the latter."

Nobody can turn upon Mrs. Yeldham, saying that she talks thus, not knowing what anguish is. Even strangers can see its stamp on every feature. Yet not in sadness, certainly not in gloom; rather in a strange brightness which suggests that in her case the fires of affliction have been so searching that only a very strong and pure nature could have passed safely through them. Even Mr. Alton's cool, sarcastic eye softened a little as he looked at her and replied:

"And yet who will deny that the storm of life often buffets the soul into longing for that peace of the grave! 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest'? And however we may choose to call this soul-sickness 'a mere disease of modern life,' we cannot forget that Job cried out, 'Let the day perish wherein I

was born!' and Solomon himself declared 'the day of death to be better than the day of birth.'"

"Still," said Mrs. Yeldham, calmly, "I maintain that what we call the longing for 'rest' is at its root rather a longing for renewed strength. It is like the weary labourer's watching for set of sun, that he may go home to sleep. Though his thoughts may not go forward consciously to to-morrow, yet in the background of his mind remains the knowledge that at dawn he will rise refreshed!"

"But think of the suicides," urged Mr. Alton. "They, at least, in the moment of their rush to doom, can scarcely look beyond the mere hope to escape from something unbearable. And remember many of them—and some think an increasing number—are not profligates or gamblers, or men of otherwise lost character or useless life. Think of Hugh Miller, and of numberless others, of the purest and most admirable record, who have yet found something in life that made life unbearable, so that at last the tortured soul broke down the barriers of self-control and rushed out into the darkness. One can scarcely dare say that it can be 'the best of all possible worlds' in which such men as these find it impossible to live! For either they are worn-out in grinding toil for those means of physical existence which they see squandered on every hand by the idle and the vicious, or they are worried out by constant friction with supercilious incapacity or spiteful antagonism, or they find their efforts stultified by the 'insolence of office' and the power that seems always 'with the oppressor.' And when it is too late, and they are gone, how many friends they have who 'would have done anything for them.' But before it was too late there was none to give one considerate thought to the burden they were bearing!"

Mr. Alton spoke with a keen bitterness which he rarely permits to ruffle the calm indifference which is his chosen standpoint in life. I knew the reason for this. One of his earliest friends had 'gone out into the darkness' under such circumstances as those he had recapitulated.

Mrs. Yeldham spoke very gently. "I think," she said, "that if, under any of the unavoidable pressures of life, sleep fails and nerves are strained until reason totter, then suicide becomes a form of disease, the effect of certain causes, as pneumonia might be of exposure to cold, or fever of an accidental infection. Then the only moral side of the matter is how far were these pressures themselves unavoidable—an inquiry which you see might appertain equally to a death from pneumonia, since even that might be contracted either in facing a tempest to aid a sick person, or from spending a night in a ditch in a state of intoxication."

"Yes," said Pleasance, "I often think there is more grinding care and overstrain undergone to secure the unnecessaries of life than its necessaries! I think many a sad 'breakdown' might be truly attributed to a new carpet, a carriage, or an extra servant. I mean that these luxuries may have led insensibly to an enlarged way of life, in which burdens at last grow too heavy to be borne."

"I know," said Horace Penrith, "that a great many of the health failures and even deaths among students, though attributed to 'overwork,' are really due to the endeavour to combine things incompatible,—for example, studious distinction with social dissipation. Of course, the sheer idler, or 'waster' who does not trouble work at all, does not suffer. But he who sets himself high academic aims, and yet for their sake cannot even for a while forego late and exciting parties and a host of trivial engagements and acquaintances, is simply burning the candle of life at both ends. Yet if his light goes out untimely, then the tragedy is all attributed to 'the severe mental strain rendered necessary by the terrible pressure of modern life,' or to his indulgence in gloomy and morbid ideas which were symptoms of his nervous malady, and not its cause."

"Yes," went on Mrs. Yeldham, "so even in those cases where to human eyes the pressure may seem to have been more on the will and the mental powers of endurance than the mere physical faculties, still I think our consideration should be given rather to the way than to the end. For the whole truth must remain hidden between God and the individual soul."

"I am inclined to doubt," said I, "if such despair often believes itself rushing forward to annihilation. I think rather it has a desperate longing to be 'away from men'—to take, even by storm, some Divine refuge from 'the strife of tongues,' the insanity of its method being made manifest by its loss of the consciousness that if God is there, then He is here, and if He may be trusted to have a home ready there, may be equally trusted to remember His soldiers while they remain in their places here."

"So, as our friend Pleasance says," added Mrs. Yeldham, "our tenderest sympathy with these poor sufferers must not hurry us into the conclusion that they always are the helpless victims of some established Law of the Universe. Possibly the reverse. Has not a great thinker of our own day declared that 'the majority of men are martyrs to the doctrine of the world. . . . For each Christian martyr there have been a thousand martyrs to the doctrine of the world, and the sufferings of each of them have been a hundred times more cruel than those endured by the others.'"

"You see, Mr. Alton," said Pleasance, "we do not say with smug contentment that this is 'the best of all possible worlds,' because we do not consider it is quite finished yet! There may have been a Sabbath-like pause of completion in Nature, ere Human Nature took possession of the scene, but then a new cycle began, all creation groaning together waiting for the manifestation of the Sons of God! Some people when they discuss evolution theories will ask, What do we see being evolved to-day? We are not now discussing such theories, but I am inclined to answer, Man himself. Contrast the lowest specimens of savage humanity with some nobly organised individual of the higher races, and reflect how each race is destined to hold its own only by its power of adapting itself to ever new, developing conditions, and by its ready adhesion to whatever of superior quality is presented for its choice. You have human degeneration too,—not only seen in those slums where civilisation sinks below savagery, but also in effeminate luxury, such

as made the antique classical nations the ready prey of a more manly and vigorous barbarism. And what is true of physical things seems to me to be also true of things spiritual. Contrast the character and life and aims of some soul of saintly unselfishness with those of the average man of the world or woman of society, and we see again the dawn and the gradual development of another new order of life."

"And because we catch a glimpse of this new order—and even the more we catch glimpses of it," said I, "we are often apt to be impatient because it does not at once overflow the earth. Yet it is not likely that social wrongs and moral evils will vanish more swiftly than did the hideous and unwieldy animals of earth's primitive ages. And though the mastodon and the pterodactyl went long ago, the dodo has only vanished within historical memory, and the hippopotamus is still with us. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' We are warned by very ancient wisdom 'not to forget this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.'"

"Ah," said Mr. Alton, "but I can't take comfort from these grand views. The cry of 'a good time coming' has been over and over again proved fallacious, and merely to postpone its advent for a few thousands of years may indeed postpone the disappointment which would promptly befal us if we expected it to-morrow; but we cannot take solid comfort wherever we once suspect delusion. Let us grant there is a 'future life.' I am quite ready to do so. Nature is so thrifty that I cannot imagine her wasting those results of individuality which are among her costliest products. Still, how little do we know of it; and from what we may predicate, why should we regard it as likely to be a universal "compensation"? Rather we may regret that a quiet and complete annihilation—the Nirvana of Buddhism—seems but to be the vain dream of a helpless humanity which is only too firmly caught in the toils of a Nature so sternly conservative of all her energies! For as what you call 'spiritual life' develops on this earth, does the possibility of suffering diminish? Is not

> 'The sign of rank in Nature capacity for pain'?

Do not the very characteristics which fit a soul for 'heaven' tend to destroy personal peace and pleasure while others remain under woe and wrong? Increase of wisdom and width of view means increase of sorrow by the knowledge of connection of cause and effect, and the almost prophetic powers which grow thereout. What is to be the outcome of all this? One can catch some idea of a lengthened vista of struggle and weariness; but what is at the end? Or is there any end? Can anything be worth all this pain and woe? Therefore it still seems to me that the only wisdom left us is to snatch as much ease as possible for each passing moment. Every quiet hour is at least so much saved from the general storm, which for aught we know may grow still more strenuous. That is all my philosophy."

"It is unutterably dreary," sighed Penelope. "But I only wish I could totally deny truth in what you say."

"May there not gradually come some change in ourselves which shall convert at least some pains into pleasures—nay, into exquisite joys," asked Mrs. Yeldham. "We know that children often cry when they are learning to walk, yet active exercise is one of the greatest delights of matured strength. No art, even one for which the learner has great gifts and inclination, can be mastered without struggle and sacrifice on many sides; yet after a certain point, its practice will become nothing but the most wholesome and enduring of joys. The time for learning may still go on, but the days of crying over lessons come to an end, and even new difficulties only bring new delight in the exercise of conscious power. I think there is a charm and an elevation in those growing ideas which suggest to us that, after all, the true bliss of the higher life may even be made out of the very materials of effort and yearning which we call toil and sorrow here. Are not the books our age delights in, made of the same alphabet over which we mourned and fretted in childhood? I think our Poet Laureate has written nothing grander than the lines:—

> "'The wages of sin is death: if the wages of virtue be dust,
> Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
> She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
> To rest in a golden grove or to bask in a summer sky:
> Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.'"

"But before one can accept these theories, one wants to see some promise of them in the tangible present," urged Mr. Alton. "And I must own I don't take kindly to most of the new ideas and ways by which the world is to be presently set to rights. I don't want to be at the mercy of a 'majority,' even for my good! I would rather be miserable, as the 'majority' would think, after my own fashion, with a book in an attic, than 'happy' after its mode, drinking beer in a public garden to the music of a brass band! (And the worst of it is, the brass band will disturb me in my attic!) I'd rather (like Mr. Ruskin) have my sugar (of all kinds, physical, mental, and moral) in different sized lumps, so that I could suit my own taste, than cut out in even squares to be administered in a regulation number! I think I am rather sorry that everybody has learned to read, since it really seems hard nowadays to get a new book, except of the kind which 'everybody' has the wits to enjoy! The whole world is getting deadly monotonous. You can't travel except in railway carriages and through first-class hotels all so alike that you don't know which country you are in! I suppose, though, that for my time at least there will remain a few quiet corners in the South Sea Islands and districts of Central Africa, where one can escape from decorative drawing-rooms, and society strictly regulated by etiquette, and where one need not make believe to appreciate high art,

or classical music, whether one does or not. Still, one cannot say. Fiji and the Great Dark Forest may be soon infected. Things go so fast nowadays."

"But then, Mr. Alton," said Horace Penrith, "are you fighting against the present-day tendencies, which you think so mischievous?"

"Well—no," admitted Mr. Alton. "From my point of view it is not worth while. One submits to the spirit of the age. I am not made for conflict. Peace is my pleasure, and I pursue it."

"Well," said Pleasance, "I must say that the happiest people I know are those who have quite left off pursuing pleasure—and to whom much that most think pleasurable has become matter of absolute indifference."

Sighed Penelope, "In a general way I have been able to say that nothing made me so happy as my work. All sorts of effort and struggle became delightful when they achieve their results. But somehow, of late, my work has lost its savour, and its results all seem miserably inadequate. One is thankful to undergo any vigils, any trouble, to get drunkards changed into sober men; but how does one feel when at the end of six months they lapse back into habits as bad as before? Or, worse still, if the sinners seem only to change their sins for some more 'respectable' and selfish form, like a young woman we rescued from the streets two years ago. We started her in business, in which she is thriving abundantly by virtue of the most cruel 'sweating' of those whom she employs! And the arguments which she uses when we try to convince her of the sin of this process, prove that all she has ever really recognised as 'sin' in her former courses was their pains and penalties!"

"You feel this of the individual," broke in Horace Penrith, "and I must confess that I feel it more and more every day concerning onward movements on a larger scale. I see that we have not abolished slaves because we have abolished slavery—and I doubt if the blood feuds and civil wars which we seem to have got rid of destroyed more life or caused more misery than the terrible competitions and trade struggles and heartless adulterations rampant among us still. It does often seem as if the noblest of mankind had offered themselves up in willing sacrifice or worn themselves out in heroic struggle to achieve so very little progress! One would not think of oneself one whit—if giving up oneself only secured something better for those who come after. But if only the names of evils are changed, and posterity is to have the same struggle and the same disappointment, what is the use of it all?"

"But what if the sacrifice and the struggle are themselves at once the best evidence and the very crown of progress?" pleaded Mrs. Yeldham. "Think! some wrong has been privileged from the beginning of the world, never recognised as a wrong, but quietly accepted as part of the necessary constitution of things. Suddenly it stands revealed to the conscience of some pure soul. Think of the advance which humanity has made before this purer soul, with its quickened intuitions, has become possible! And when such an one rises resolved to put his new sense of right to active use, at any cost to himself, then I think the true point of progress lies not as much in what he achieves or conquers, as in his own nature. In his person the tide of humanity is leaving a higher mark than before."

"Don't you think," said I, "that one origin of a sense of gloom and disappointment, and utter 'nothingness,' is found when the mental faculties—or call it 'conscience'—recognise as evil something which there is not moral strength to throw aside, or sees a good which there is not moral courage to struggle for and carry out? I think it is true in a very deep sense that we 'live by faith,' and since we know that faith without works is dead, so every separation between faith and works involves a stage of spiritual decay. A state of intellectual confusion is incompatible with those deeds of 'high strife and glorious hazard,' in which alone the human soul finds its healthy element. So when society becomes composed largely of individuals in this divided and inharmonious state, then society itself feels the pressure of a cloud of hopelessness and heartlessness, and pleasure takes the form of excitement which bewilders or of luxury which narcotises. Possibly such a cloud is passing over what is called the highest civilisation at the present time. And certainly we may notice that while purer and grander ideas on many subjects are gaining intellectual ascendency, such ideas, along with ethical questions of all sorts, are favourably discussed by too many whose lives, nevertheless, they are not allowed to influence. Those who laugh most at the 'gospel of getting on' are often found to be its most active disciples. Millionaires decry the wealth they nevertheless heap up. The 'dignity of labour' is upheld by those who never did a useful thing in their lives, while 'conventionality' is made a laughing-stock by some whose own constant consideration is not 'what is right?' but 'what is proper?' And all the while there is an undercurrent of wailing that there is nothing to live for, that the world is hollow, that the present times are commonplace, and that a hero can find no occasion to manifest himself!"

"Well," said Penelope, "I thought you wanted to cheer us, but I consider that you yourself have drawn as gloomy a picture as possible of the present state of things. And as it also seems to me a true one, I feel worse than ever!"

"What nonsense, child!" I cried. "Did I not qualify my words by speaking of this cloud as passing over what is called the highest civilisation? What is called the highest civilisation is rather those infinitesimal sections of humanity which on certain small spots of the earth's surface have managed to separate themselves from all the solid interests and functions of humanity in general—who have lost the wholesome interest of bread-winning, because their bread is already won for them, who enjoy nothing because they have nothing to do but amuse themselves, who defend themselves on every side from pain and shock—and whose souls therefore are likely to be as healthy as bodies would be which were rolled up in cotton-wool and never exercised! I am not saying these people are necessarily the rich: you

will notice that my description applies to those who prey like fungi on the body corporate—the world's paupers, that fateful class who may belong to any rank. But because these may be very evident to ourselves—even though they be the special incubi of our own lives, we must not exaggerate their importance, nor allow them to darken the face of the world for us."

"No, indeed," cried Mrs. Yeldham. "The world goes on, by virtue of the people who are not as these, the countless people who toil and dare and endure and suffer, and manage at once to live happily and to be quite ready to die when their time comes."

"The importance and the number of the other sort are magnified because they are generally so audible!" observed Pleasance. "It is your melancholy Jacques and your irresolute Hamlet who make the long soliloquies. And the worst of it is they infect others with their melancholy who would never have generated the malady of themselves, and they also provide a terminology for those merely transient fits of physical depression (due sometimes only to the weather) which would otherwise have passed by unrecorded."

"Well," said Mrs. Baraclough, "you have all been saying a great many fine things. And young Mr. Penrith—and, for that matter, Miss Penelope too—have both got the best part of their lives before them, and are entitled to hope as much as they can—and well they may—for, according to my experience, they will soon find that the anticipation of any blessing is the best part of it! But for the rest of us, we have had our day, such as it is, and have now just got to make the best of the remainder. Was it not Byron who said, 'Youth a blunder, middle-life a struggle, age a regret'?"

"I must say his own youth was rather a blunder, poor fellow," assented Horace Penrith.

"What did he know about age?" asked Pleasance—"he was only thirty-three when he died."

"I am the oldest among you," observed Mrs. Yeldham, "and I wish to bear this testimony of my experience. I have never met any old acquaintances—after the lapse of many years—without being struck with a genuine improvement in them! Sometimes certain appearances are against this, but I never fail to find the real improvement, if one only looks deep enough! Possibly even 'regret' may often be a feature in this advancement."

"There is always something pathetic about old age," remarked Mr. Alton, shaking his head.

"There is something pathetic about all life," I said. "But surely there is more pathos about youth than age? Is there not more pathos about a ship just starting on its voyage to unknown seas than about that which is coming safely into harbour?—ay, even though with rent cordage and torn sails. For, if we do believe what certainly most of us profess to believe, age is not the ending of life, but the completion of a perilous stage thereof."

"Ah," sighed Mr. Alton, thoughtfully, "I admit that, as you say, the wide discrepancy existing between the faith most of us profess and the faith we realise, doubtless accounts for much of our discouragement! I don't profess much myself."

"Well," observed Mrs. Yeldham, "I think that everybody who feels the world is not all they would like it to be, will do well to consider the words of a great modern writer, who after looking at life from every side, declares himself thus: 'Let all the world practise the doctrine of Jesus, and the reign of God will come upon Earth'—and he hastens to meet the ready objection of those who will rejoin, 'What am I among so many?' by adding, 'And if I alone practise it, I shall do what I can to better my own condition and the condition of those about me.'"

"I fear," said Pleasance, "that we are not making the most of our Christianity whenever we cannot say with the modern poet:

> 'That soul hath done with sadness which knows Christ aright.'"

But the cloud did not lift from Penelope's sweet face, and when Mr. Alton and Mrs. Baraclough had taken their departure, she turned to Mrs. Yeldham, who took Penelope's hand, saying:

"I have tried to learn of Jesus, and to follow in the ways He sets before us, and yet——"

The gentle voice broke down, the soft eyes were full of tears.



# THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

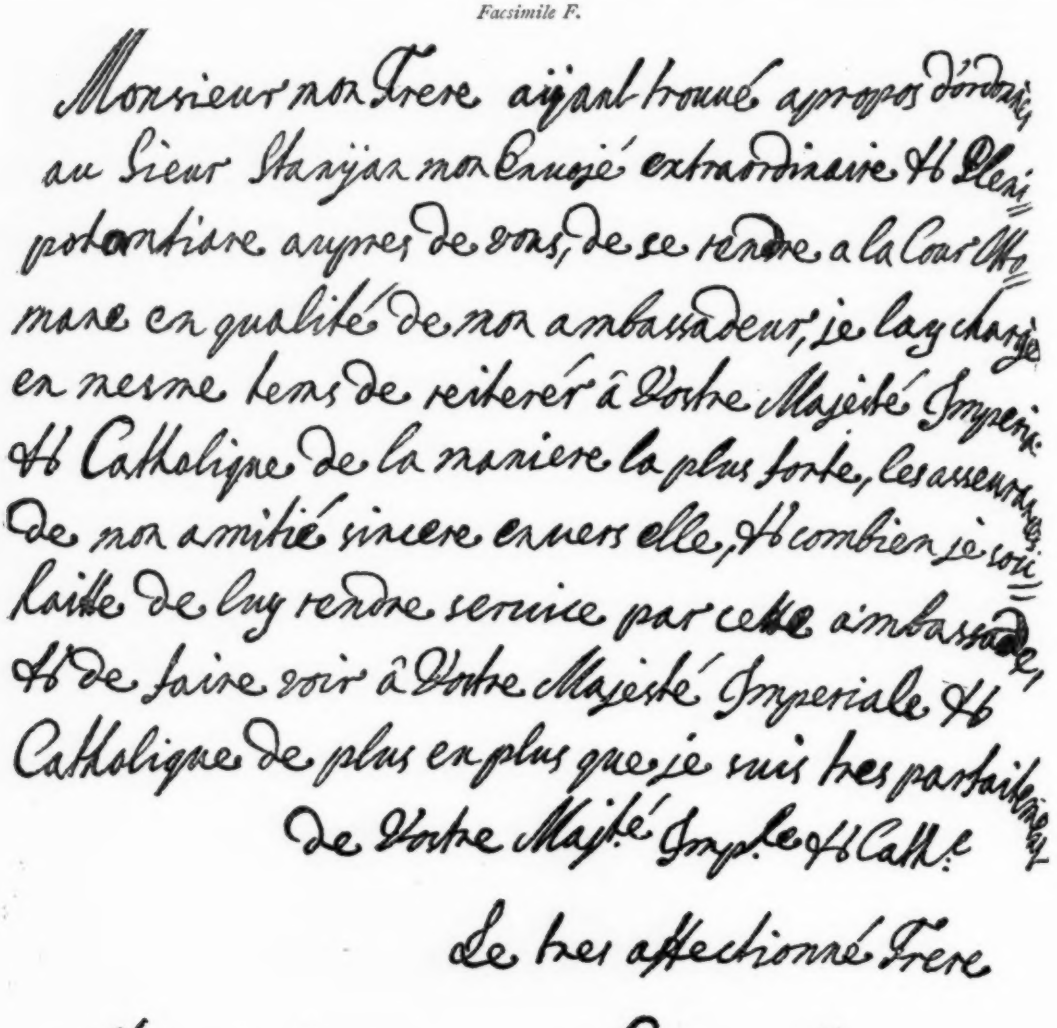
## GEORGE I

To find an interesting letter of such a thoroughly uninteresting character as George I, is, on the face of it, so hopeless that I have not attempted the task. The following is a fair type of his compositions preserved to us. It is addressed to the Emperor Charles V, and was to be carried to him by Abraham Stanian, who was being sent as English Ambassador to Constantinople.

*Holograph. Translation. Original in French. British Museum. Additional MSS.* 22,046, *folio* 48. *See facsimile F.*

"My Brother! Having found it convenient to order Mr. Stanyan, my envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary, near you, to return to the Ottoman court as my Ambassador, I have

*Facsimile F.*


Monsieur mon Frere ayant trouvé a propos d'ordonner
au Sieur Stanjan mon Envoyé extraordinaire & Plenipo-
tentiaire auprés de vous, de se rendre a la Cour Ot-
mane en qualité de mon ambassadeur, je lay chargé
en mesme tems de reiterer à Votre Majesté Imperiale
& Catholique de la maniere la plus forte, les assurances
de mon amitié sincere envers elle, & combien je serois
faitte de luy rendre service par cette ambassade,
& de faire voir à Votre Majesté Imperiale & Ca-
tholique de plus en plus que je suis tres parfaitement
de Votre Majté Imple & Catle
le tres affectionné Frere
George R
à Hampton Court
le 12 d'Octobre 1717

charged him at the same time to reiterate to your Imperial and Catholic Majesty, in the strongest manner, the assurance of my sincere friendship towards you, and how I wish him to render service by that embassy and to make known to Your Imperial and Catholic Majesty more and more that I am most perfectly

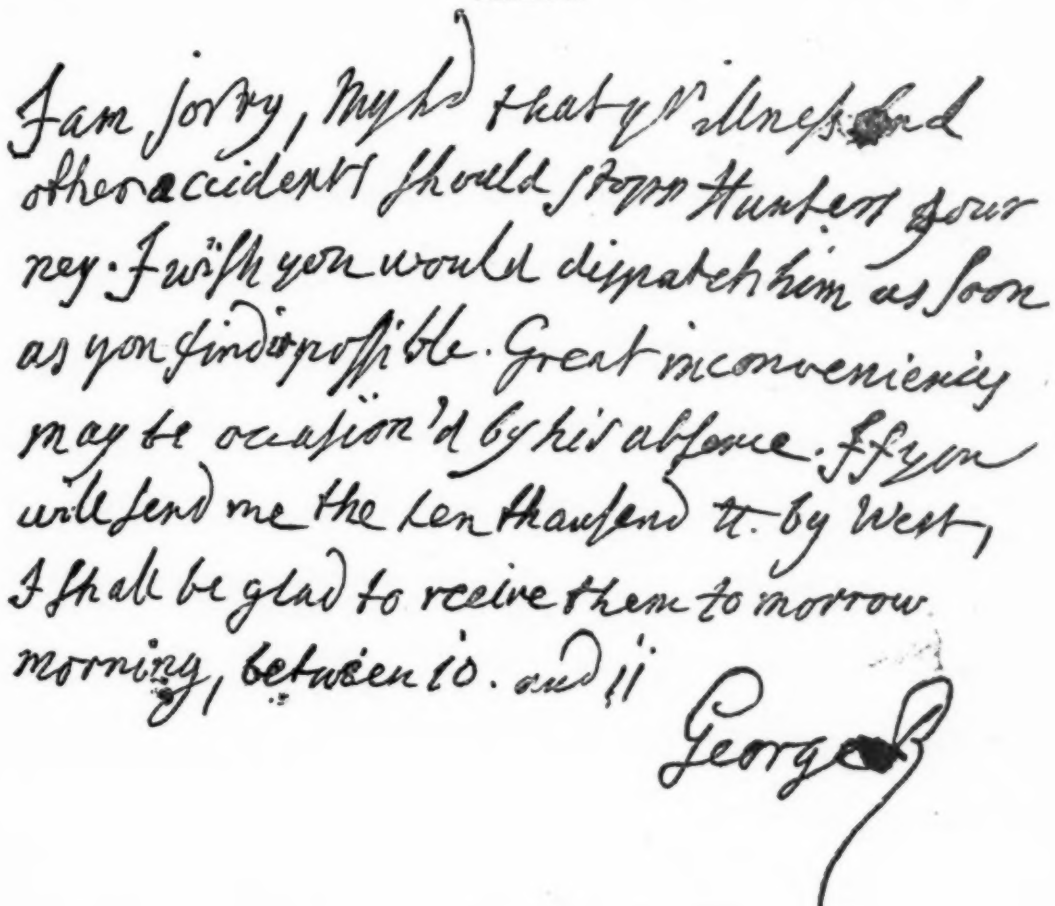
"Your Imperial and Catholic Majesty's most affectionate brother

GEORGE R.

At Hampton Court
the 17th of October 1717."

I have not met with a specimen of the handwriting of George I's Queen, Sophy Dorothy of Zelle. That below was written in 1759, about a twelvemonth before his death, and is addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, the minister whom he had been forced two years previously to recall to office. The letter itself refers to the despatch of a messenger, probably to Germany; but the King's monetary dealings with Newcastle, which the letter mentions, may not be without significance when we remember it was that minister who dispensed the money which during George II's reign was so lavishly expended in Parliamentary and other corruption.

*Facsimile G.*




GEORGE II AND WILHELMINA CAROLINA, HIS WIFE.

Though George I occasionally spoke English, his accent was atrocious. He seldom trusted himself to write the language of the people he had been called to reign over, whom to the last he regarded as foreigners, and with whose sentiments he was never in touch. George II came to England as a younger man, and entered more into English ways. He spoke and wrote English fairly well; but as he was only a little more interesting a personage than his father, it is almost as useless to seek for an interesting example of his composition.

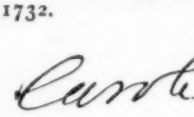
*Holograph. British Museum. Amongst the Newcastle Papers presented by the Earl of Chichester in* 1886. *See facsimile G.*

I am sorry My Ld that yr illness and other accidents should stopp Hunter's journey. I wish you would dispatch him as soon as you find it possible. Great inconveniences may be occasion'd by his absence. If you will send me the ten thousand £. by West, I shall be glad to receive them to morrow morning, between 10 and 11.

GEORGE R.

George II's Queen, Caroline Wilhelmina of Anspach, was a marked contrast to her husband. Cultured, witty, and fascinating, her death in 1737 was a real loss to the English people and to the

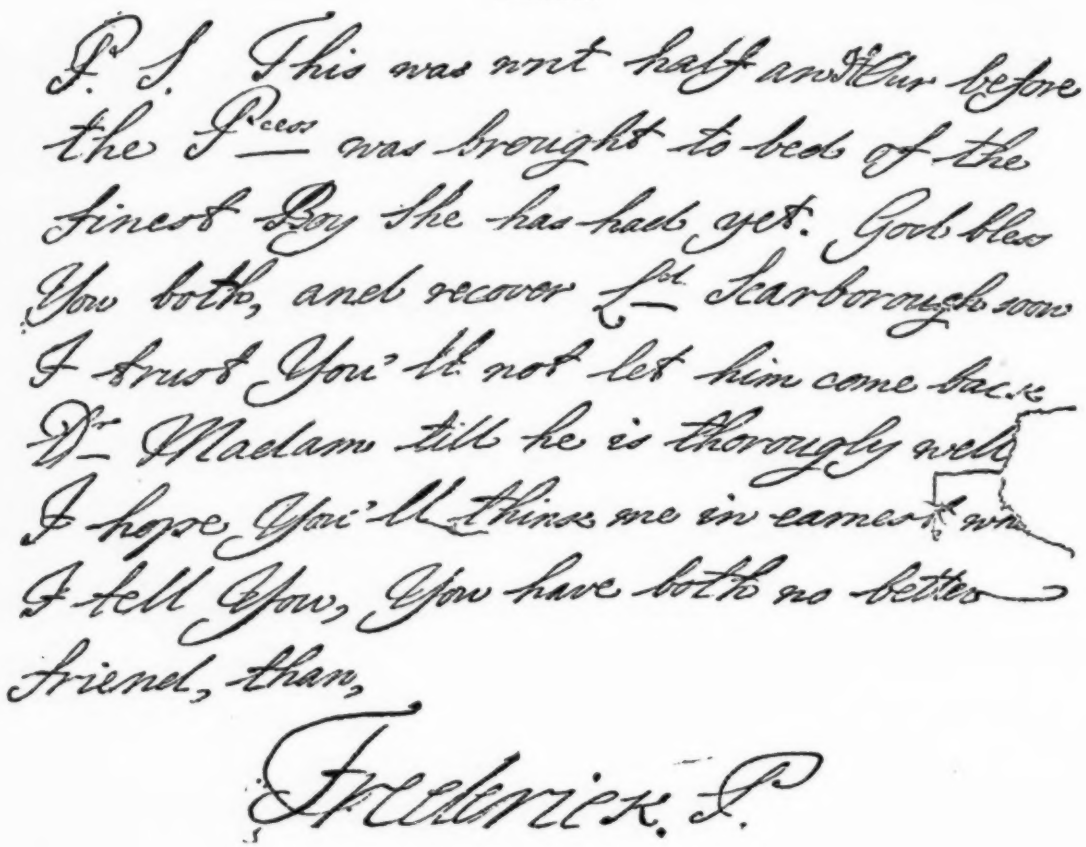
King. A story, told in a contemporary letter, of her fondness for making a witty speech is worthy of relation. During her last illness, when her physician, who was seeking a divorce from his wife, came to bleed her, she bade him raise his head towards her before he began, saying, "Let me have a look at your comical face!" and as he commenced the bleeding, added, "What would you give now that you were cutting your wife?" The signature below is appended to a letter written by her in 1732.



*British Museum. Additional MSS.* 32,684, *folio* 1.

his mother the Prince seems to have entertained a lively regard. Contemporary letters speak of the affectionate relations existing between them, and of their constant meetings whilst the King was away on the Continent. When, however, George II was in England all this was changed; at the Court balls the Prince had his own room, danced with those of his own set, and entertained them at a separate table. In 1737, only a little before the death of the Queen, the rupture between the Prince and his father became so open that the latter was forced to retire altogether from the Court. In May 1736 Frederick married the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. Lady Strafford gives her husband the following account of the lady and of the wedding, which, we see, took place in the evening: "The Princess is neithere handsom nor ugly, tall nor

*Facsimile H.*



### THE CHILDREN OF GEORGE II.

Just as George II hated his father, Frederick Prince of Wales, as he grew up, hated George II and his chief Minister, Walpole. Frederick had come to England much earlier in life than had his father or grandfather, was more conversant with the language and the people, and possessed more English personal friends; amongst them some of the bitterest political foes of Walpole. But for short, but has a lively pritty countenance enough The Duke of Grafton told me we ware to meet in the Great Drawing-room, and the Peers and Peeresses to either goe down into the chaple after the Queen, or sitt, during the cerrimony, above in the King's closset (which he said, as a friend, he thought wou'd be the best place). Then We were to see them supp, and then see them abed." The Prince's home was now at Leicester House: here George III was born in 1738; and here. with the

"patriots," as Walpole's opponents styled themselves, plenty of uncomplimentary language was spoken about the King and his advisers. Lord Scarborough was one of the nobility who attached himself to the Prince's party, though he did not wholly sever himself from the King's, and he and Lady Scarborough—to whom the letter, the postscript to which appears in the facsimile on the previous page (H), is addressed—seem to have been frequent visitors at Leicester House. The boy here referred to was christened Henry Frederick, and became Duke of Cumberland.

In Facsimile I, we have the signature of Frederick's wife, the Princess Augusta; and following that, specimens are given of the handwriting of other children of George II.

*Facsimile I.*

Believe me allways Dr Madam

Yours very affationate

Augusta

OTHER CHILDREN OF GEORGE II.

I remain your very affectionate

friend

William

(*a*) WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND: born 1721; died, unmarried, 1765.

St James's June 31
1728/9

I was still happy to find dear L^d^ Portland that you

(*b*) PRINCESS ELIZABETH: died, unmarried, 1758.

Anne

(*c*) PRINCESS ANNE: died, 1759; married the Prince of Orange.

Mary

(*d*) PRINCESS MARY: married the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel; died in 1771.

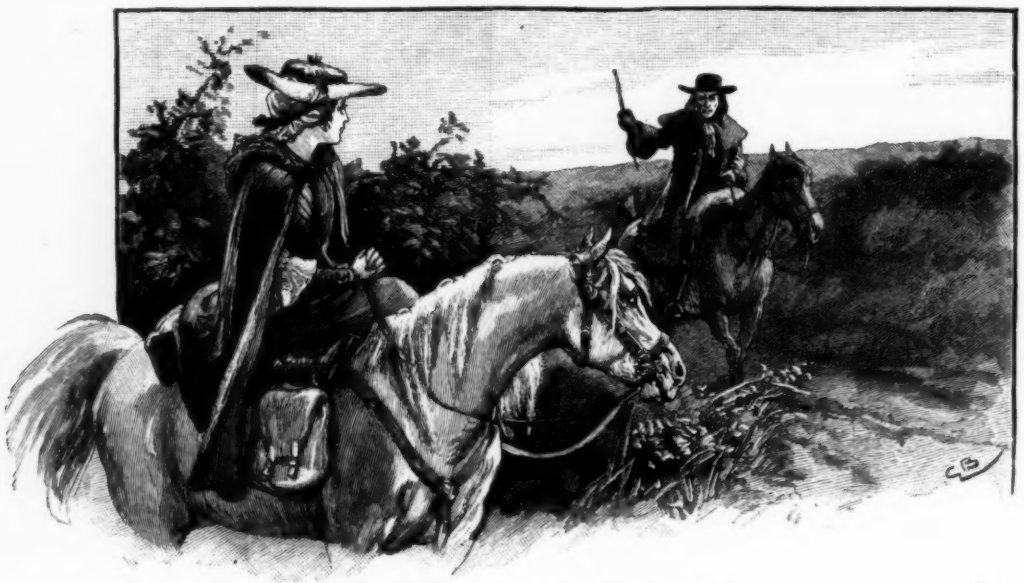
Louisa

(*e*) PRINCESS LOUISA: married Frederick V., King of Denmark; died, 1751.

# THE TRIAL OF MARY BROOM.

BY MRS. COGHILL.

## CHAPTER I.—THE KILN AT THE OLD "BANK."



THE OLD MAN'S VOICE STARTED HER FROM HER ABSTRACTION

IT was not quite an ordinary farm that George Broom cultivated. It had been a famous place for pasturage in his father's time, though the climate was somewhat cold and windy. But the pastures had been to a great extent spoiled by the fumes from neighbouring potteries; after losing a good deal of the family capital—a thing that went to his very heart—George had had a happy idea, and removing his stock to the other side of the hill, had started a small "Pot Bank" himself. Thus it came about that besides the cow-houses and stables in close neighbourhood to the house there were rough workshops; and a hideous kiln occupied the centre of what had once been the farmyard.

The family of Broom was one of the most substantial and respected in the district. All the week they worked at their different occupations: George himself, one of his sons, and two or three workmen at the "Bank;" Mrs. Broom, another son, and the only daughter Mary, about the business of the farm. On Sundays Mrs. Broom and Mary, and at long intervals the young men, went to church, making a laborious journey for the purpose. George himself, and generally his sons and workmen, went off in search of pleasure; usually coming back more or less drunk, and not unfrequently severely battered in fighting. It happened occasionally that there was a bull-baiting, or perhaps only a premeditated and arranged fight, coming off at Burslem or Newcastle, and when that was the case the men of the family invariably attended, not only for the pleasure, but because they would meet "all the world" and talk over business as well as sport.

Next to Sunday the most marked day in the week was Saturday. On Friday evening the coarse yellow or red ware made at the "Bank" was packed carefully into the ovens, and on Saturday morning the air was darkened with fumes from the salt glaze that melted and fused in the hot fires. From the hill on which Burslem stood, through the valley that separated it from Seton's Green, and far away in various directions now covered with populous towns, these same stifling, blinding fumes were going about, filling the atmosphere and blotting out the sky.

On Saturdays, Mrs. Broom and Mary used to shut all their windows and occupy themselves as much as they could indoors. They were used to the suffocating dismalness of these times, and never thought it possible that earthenware could be produced without it; but sometimes Mary went away on a visit, and she always tried to include a Saturday and Sunday in the limits of her absence. A sister of Mrs. Broom's lived a mile or two from Congleton, and when Mary could persuade her father to spare a horse, she was delighted to ride off the ten or twelve miles to her aunt's house, though to do so took her nearly the whole length of a winter day.

Roads in those days there were none in the neighbourhood of Seton's Green. Such household supplies as they could not produce for themselves were brought to the family on horseback by travelling traders, and the "pots" made at the "Bank," except such as were bought by the neighbouring farmers of Staffordshire and Cheshire, went away to Liverpool or elsewhere in crates carried by strings of packhorses who with their owners represented the yet unthought-of railway. Even waggons, such as were already used in many other parts of England, could not traverse those narrow and miry ways—the packhorses themselves sometimes came to grief in a quagmire as they struggled from one hill to another of the beautiful but uncared-for district.

To Mary Broom, however, a journey on horseback, with her luggage in a bundle strapped to the saddle, was no hardship, but one of the ordinary events of life. And one fine autumn morning she started back from her aunt's house in so pleasant a frame of mind, and was so occupied with certain new ideas that were dancing a perfect May-day revel in her brain, that she never noticed how much of the road she had passed, or that she was about entering the Pottery district, till a voice behind her calling out, "Good-day to you, Mistress Mary," started her from her abstraction. She looked round with a smile, for she knew the voice well enough, and drew up her old grey horse to wait for a traveller, who was approaching by a byepath, and apparently intending to join her.

"Good-day, Master Harper," she said, as an old man jogged to her side. "Are you going my way to-day?"

"Yes, my dear, I be," he answered in a quavering old voice; "and good company, thou knowest, mends a bad road."

"To be sure it does. And then you've always a tale of something or other, haven't you?" she asked, rather mischievously.

"Well, I do hear a bit, thou seest. It's here a day's work and there a day's work, now the good wife's winter cloak and now the good man's riding hose, and sometimes a new cushion for the settle. And I keep my eyes open, and my ears, my dear, as well as e'er a young one."

"And what is the last news?" Mary asked, to keep the old man talking.

"Sure enough thou'st been gadding off to Mistress Leader's again, and hast not heard the last, I warrant. Well, thou know'st the old 'Bank' down yonder at Bradwell—that where John Clegg died in the spring?"

"Surely I do. It was there our man Richard used to work."

"Well, it's going again; began a week or two ago, it seems. And they say the men that bought it be Dutchmen or some outlandish folk, and mean to bring in new ways among us. There was talk on Sunday of thrashing them and bidding them be gone; but thy father he says, 'Bide a while and see what harm they do.'"

"What harm should they do?" Mary asked. "And why did they come here?"

"Thou never knows what harm outlandish folks may do," Master Harper answered sagely. "They are going to make pots, and there's enough of ourselves, I warrant, in that trade. Why they came here who knows, unless for mischief."

"What sort of men are they?" Mary asked. "To look at, I mean. I suppose you have seen them."

"Ay, I've seen them. Two brothers they are; and one may be thirty years old, and the other four-and-twenty, as I can guess. They can talk well enough for a plain Englishman to understand, but they're not for us, them nor their ways, that thy father will find."

Jogging along together the two travellers had by this time reached the track that led to Seton's Green; and Mary bid the old travelling tailor "Good-bye" and turned up the steep and muddy way. Her pleasant visions had been put to flight by the interruption, and she was thinking as she went of the strange event of two foreigners coming to settle in this inland place, and why they should have done it. So it happened that when she had arrived at home, and given her mother all the news of their friends in Cheshire, she began to ask what old Harper's story meant.

It was quite true, Mrs. Broom told her, that the pottery formerly occupied by John Clegg had been bought by a Mr. Elers who came from "somewhere over the sea," but who could speak English, and was a Protestant, and moreover certainly a potter.

"Your father has stood by him," she added, "and he seems a friendly man and civil. He was at church on Sunday, and Will spoke to him and asked him why he came here, and he just said, 'Because it is a good place for making earthenware.'"

Mary was not, after all, eager enough for more particulars about the new comers to go on with her questions. Her thoughts went back to her recent visit, and the object which had been occupying them before her encounter with the tailor.

That object—as was not very unnatural with the thoughts of a young and comely maiden—was a good-looking young man. She had found at her Aunt Leader's, on her just concluded visit, a member of the family hitherto unknown to her, except by name—a certain Ralph Leader, her uncle's nephew, and a townbred personage, who had managed to entertain himself and her by much talk of distant places and exciting incidents. They had been several days under the same roof, and by the end of the third day the talk of adventures had somehow drifted into talk of Mary. She had been made love to before now, being, as has been said, comely, and the daughter of a well-to-do family; but that previous love-making had not pleased her, either because the makers of it were too rough and homespun, or because they had shown too plainly that they esteemed her fortune more than her face. But Ralph had known how to make her feel herself an object of admiration after she had already begun to admire him, so that she had left Mrs. Leader's house in a mood to think very kindly of any suit he might make to her; and when he had walked by the side of her horse for more than a mile of her way they had parted very nearly, if not quite, lovers.

This was what she was thinking of—and whether Ralph would come to see her as he had proposed to do, and what her father and mother would say to such a visit. And with these questions filling her mind and leaving no room for any visions of "outlandish men" or other curiosities, she fell asleep on the night of her homecoming.

It was not likely, however, that John and Francis Elers should be dropped as a subject of discussion among the slow wits and gossips of the neighbourhood. A train of packhorses happened to be due at Seton's Green shortly after Mary's return, and when the man who conducted them came into the house for a glass of Mrs. Broom's small ale, he had much to say on the subject. Mr. Elers was already at work, he said, and had engaged him to carry a load of pots to market the very next week. The old "Bank" was going to do a stirring trade, it appeared; and people in Burslem were saying that the brothers knew more about the clays than men born in the parish. "It was queer, everybody thought, that Germans should come here and know the trade of the place as well as any Englishman."

George Broom said, "Wait and see; there's room for the old 'Bank' pots, and I reckon they'll be no better than they were in John Clegg's time. I'm not frighted;" and he laughed a great roaring laugh, which the packman echoed out of civility.

It came to be known that the new establishment consisted of the two brothers, three foreign workmen who had come with them, and a few Englishmen engaged directly on their arrival. The elder brother managed the whole business, bought the materials, and sold the produce. The younger brother worked as a "thrower"—that is to say, formed the pieces of earthenware on the potter's wheel, at which, though so young, he was a highly skilled workman. The other foreigners were employed in mixing the clays, and other processes requiring knowledge. The Englishmen did such work as involved no acquaintance whatever with the processes of manufacture. All worked long hours and with little intermission—the brothers, apparently, because they chose; the men because they were paid good wages and were closely watched to see that they earned them.

One Saturday afternoon, when the whole district was wrapped in grey, suffocating mist from the ovens, old tailor Harper paid a visit to Seton's Green. He came about some matter of his craft,



OLD TAILOR HARPER BRINGS MYSTERIOUS NEWS.

but it was not long before he began to discourse about the strangers.

"I came by the old 'Bank' at Bradwell," he remarked to Mrs. Broom, "and 'tis a pity to see it."

"Why, what ails it?" asked the mistress.

"What day of the week callest thou this, goodwife?" was the next mysterious utterance.

"Saturday, to be sure. Where be your eyes, Master Harper, or your nose either, to ask such a question?'

"Why, there's the point, mistress. Saturday it is, and they're firing—the Dutchmen are—and looks to me they mean to fire the country along of their pots."

"Make too big a smoke, do they?" asked Mrs. Broom.

"Smoke? It's Sodom and Gomorrah, as the parson talks about. There's a flame as tall as a church spire."

"Nay, now; that would spoil all their ware."

"Well, then, they've spoiled it—and no great harm if they have. I wish 'em no better."

"But I do," said Mary. "And I'm sure they know their business better than that. Father saw Mr. Francis Elers this morning, and he said they would have a full load for the horses on Wednesday. They had engaged Tom Wade, and father wanted him."

"Well, mistress," the old man repeated, "all I can say is this. The kiln at the old 'Bank' smokes, and flames, and roars, as never I saw a kiln do afore—and I'm past sixty and a pottery man born. Why, if all your chimneys were afire at once, 'twould be nothing to it."

"What's that, Master Harper?" said George Broome, who happened to come into the house at that moment. "Are you teaching the goodwife to heat her oven?"

"Not I, master; I know better," quoth Harper. "I was but saying the Dutchman's would be a queer batch this week."

"Nay, no fear of that. The wonder is how they do their work so well, and them strangers. Why should you say it was a queer batch?"

"Go down yourself, master, and look at their ovens. They're ablaze like a smelting furnace, and the biggest ever you see."

"Well, happen they'm overheated."

"Maybe, maybe. I'm no potter, to be sure. And now, mistress, if thou'lt make up thy mind about the shaping of that collar, I'll to work."

George Broom, having got what he wanted, went thoughtfully out of the house again, and stopped on the doorstep to glance across the valley towards the old "Bank." He might have spared himself the trouble, for the air was impenetrably thick; and he said to himself that even if Harper had passed quite near, he would still have been unable to tell what "the Dutchmen" were doing in that ashen-tinted cloud. He felt himself in a fashion the friend and advocate of these strangers; for had he not opposed the hospitable suggestion of his neighbours that they should be thrashed and banished? He had no desire that their enterprise should fail, feeling, as he had said, that there was plenty of room for them, as there had been for their predecessors.

But later in the day he was surprised to have confirmation of old Harper's tale. His own man, Richard, who had formerly worked at the old "Bank," had some errand to the town, and came back charged with gossip.

"There's something queer about them Dutchmen, master," he remarked, as soon as he had sat down with the family to supper. "It's likely they fire their ware in some new way—seems to me."

"Why, Dick, what do you mean?"

"I wanted to see Mat Cowler, that works for them, this afternoon, and I went into the yard to find him. The oven was blazing away, just clean flames, as it might be your big bonfire on Guy Fawkes' night."

"They'll be new to the work, and made some blunder," said Mrs. Broom.

"Not they, mistress," answered Richard. "Mat told me Master Francis, as they call him, is the best thrower ever he saw. And you may ask the master if Master Elers does not know his business."

"It is no affair of ours, anyhow," said Broom, but he knitted his brows over the matter, thinking these violent flames had a suspicious look.

Sunday came, and nobody's curiosity had been satisfied. There *was* curiosity abroad, arising from the undoubted fact that though "the Dutchmen" had done their firing on Saturday morning—thereby conforming to the custom of the district—no one could yet tell whether their flaming kiln would turn out good ware or bad, or whether they had added unduly to the fumes that made the day hideous. And Mary, who shared the curiosity, had not yet caught sight of either of the brothers, though the elder had spent half an hour at Seton's Green one day on a visit to her father.

The women went to church alone that day. It was fine and frosty, and the walk, though long, was pleasant. They were a little late, however, and the bloom which exercise had brought to Mary's cheeks was not lessened as she made her way through the congregation to her accustomed seat. She took her place on the heavy oaken bench, gave her mother her prayer-book, with the place ready found, and was opening her own, before she perceived that beyond her, on the same bench, were two strangers. She glanced at the one nearest to her, and guessed at once that these were "the Dutchmen." "So," she thought, "at last I shall see for myself what they are like."

She could not see much at present, nor was she a girl to whom the vicinity of a stranger would be a reason for letting her thoughts desert the proper business of the moment. They might wander now and then naturally enough, and the first temptation they had to do so was when she could not help but see that her neighbour was not very well acquainted with the order of the service. To find the Psalms for the day so puzzled him that Mary's good nature was forced to come to the rescue, and she handed him her book, turning round to share her mother's. At the end of the Psalms her book was restored, and things went on smoothly till the first hymn, or rather metrical Psalm, was given out. Then, to her surprise, her neighbour produced a book containing music, and the name of the tune being announced, as well as the number of the Psalm, found it in his book, and offered to share the advantage with her. She shook her head, and as the choir began the well-known air, she took it up with a pure soprano which the Vicar had long desired to enlist in his band of men and maidens. Part singing has always been, and still is, much cultivated in the Pottery districts. In Mary Broom's time, many who could not get any great pleasure from an ordinary book, could readily and delightfully take their parts in a glee or catch—not to speak of a hymn or carol. So she was conscious of being decidedly pleased when a full and sweet voice beside her began to sing the bass part of the tune, evidently reading it from the book, and making occasionally a mispronunciation of the

words, which, far from being offensive, seemed to give a quaint attractiveness to the singing. "Father must invite him to supper," she thought, "and we'll have some glees. Jack must take the tenor, and mother can sing the seconds if there's nobody else. It is just a bass we always want."

Being in this frame of mind, she was glad that Mr. Elers and his brother closely followed them out of church and joined them at the gate. For some distance their way home lay together, and by-and-by it happened that Franz Elers and Mrs. Broom got into talk, while Mary was left to the companionship of John.

"I am glad, Mistress Mary," he said at once, "to be able to thank you for your courtesy to a stranger. Yours is, I think, the kindest family in the neighbourhood."

"Perhaps," she answered smiling, "you have not found the neighbours very kind? We are rough folks, Mr. Elers, but strangers see the worst of us."

"Don't say of '*us*,'" he replied. "Do you know that but for your father we might have had a fight to establish ourselves?"

"Would you have fought?" Mary asked again. She was thinking how very little use it would have been for these two brothers and their three workmen to have tried to defend themselves against that threatened expulsion.

"We should have fought, certainly," he said. "How, I do not know—but I suppose there is law—there are what you call justices, are there not?"

"Justices? oh yes. There is old Squire Sparrow—and there are two constables in Burslem. But I should not like to trust much to them. Better keep friends with our people, Mr. Elers—it is the safest way."

"That I will, if I can. And why not? We harm nobody—we do our business well and honestly, and pay good wages. Why should people not be friends with us?"

"Perhaps," Mary began, "because they think you——"

"Mary!" called Mrs. Broom at this moment, "which day is your father going to Stone?"

"Wednesday, mother."

"I have been asking your brother, Mr. Elers," Mrs. Broom said, "to come and taste my home-brewed ale, and we'll bid a neighbour or two beside. Will Tuesday do? And we'll have a bit of supper at seven."

"And some singing, Mr. Elers," Mary put in eagerly. "You must help us to sing some glees."

John Elers hesitated. He was not much tempted by the kind of boisterous hospitality he anticipated, but common sense told him to do all in his power to make and keep friends; and then Mary's bright face, and her talk, which was somewhat different from what he expected, these were not without their charm.

"Yes," he answered, after a moment's hesitation. "Thank you, Mrs. Broom; we will come."

They parted immediately after, and as the two brothers walked down the hill at a good pace they began to discuss, in their own language, the women they had just left.

"What a pretty girl!" said Franz, enthusiastically. "They may well talk of the beauty of Englishwomen. What a complexion: and how she walks! Look round now, John. You can only see her back, but look at her movement. Was ever any woman more graceful?"

"Well, well, Franz, I never heard you rave in this way before, that is certain. If you are going to fall in love, my boy, we may as well hire a thrower at once, for your cups and mugs will be all crooked."

"No fear. I believe I have not got it in me to fall in love, but the sight of a tall, slender, graceful woman makes me think of graceful shapes for my cups and vases, and that's more good than harm you'll allow?"

"Oh yes; and you might model a beer-jug on the lines of good Mrs. Broom, round, and capacious, and comfortable."

"So I will—so I will—first thing to-morrow. And a very nice beer-jug it will be."

Meantime Mrs. Broom and Mary had reached home, and opening the house door had been greeted to their astonishment by peals of laughter proceeding from the seats about the huge hearth. A high-backed settle hindered them from seeing the laughers, but they recognised the voices of Jack and Wat Broom. As the roar subsided, another voice, going on apparently with some narrative, made Mary start and blush, though it was quite unknown to her mother.

"It is Ralph Leader," the girl whispered, and Mrs. Broom smiled and nodded as she went round the settle to welcome her not altogether unexpected guest.

There had never perhaps been so merry a Sunday dinner at Seton's Green as on that Sunday. A great piece of salt beef with plenty of greens formed the substantial part of it, and big brown jugs of home-brewed ale were the accompaniment; there were custards and cakes and cheese also, all good and plentiful, to suit the healthy appetites of hard-working country folks. But all this excellent fare might have been eaten without a single jest or laugh to season it (as, indeed, had often happened), but for Ralph Leader, who having found his way into the good-will of the young men by the stories he had been telling them before dinner, now applied himself to pleasing the elders by a perpetual fire of merry sayings. To Mary he had managed to speak two or three words in a different manner, and while she too laughed heartily at his jests, she had a delightful feeling at the bottom of her heart that he was doing all this for her sake, not to please her, but to win her.

And as the day passed she began to say to herself that perhaps she was won. Before, even when she allowed herself to think of him as a man who loved her and whom she might possibly come to love, she had also thought that her father would certainly object to him as a poor man, and her brothers as a strange man, an alien to their place and ways. But somehow—not altogether because he made them laugh—she saw that he had made them forget these drawbacks. He had not only dazzled their slow wits, but he had conquered their prejudices. And

it was finally altogether without surprise that she heard her father, after the extraordinary experience of a Sunday spent at home, declare that Ralph's company was as good as a bull-baiting, and that he must stay and see if he could not settle down among the potters.

### CHAPTER II.—RIVALS.

PROBABLY the romance of a girl's first love was much the same in all essential points two hundred years ago as it is now. Even in our days it has its glamour and a marvellous skill to make the worse appear the better reason. So it is no wonder if Mary Broom, bright-spirited and clear-headed young woman as she was, yielded to the influence, and began to glide swiftly down the descent that should make her fathoms deep in love with Ralph Leader. He was very good-looking—which spoils nothing. Nature had made him in a more slender and shapely mould than was common in North Staffordshire, and she had at the same time given him an extraordinary faculty of imitation. In these days he would assuredly have become an actor; in those he cultivated his powers chiefly as a means of gaining influence with such persons as could be of use to him. Mary had, from almost the beginning of their acquaintance, a consciousness that with her he was a different person from the one he appeared to her father and brothers, but this at present was not an idea likely to repel her; it seemed but the natural effect of his feelings towards her. And so, indeed, it was; for she was not wrong in thinking that he loved her. Her beauty, her frank nature, her clear rectitude of character, all charmed him; and he said to himself, with a far deeper knowledge of his inclinations and antecedents than she could have, that if once he married her there should be no more crooked paths for him, but upright dealing and true speech such as she could share in all things.

He remained a guest at Seton's Green until Tuesday morning, and he left then only that he might the sooner come back. He had been for some time "a rolling stone"; sometimes working at his own trade, which was that of a wood-carver, sometimes at metal-working, sometimes at any odd piece of employment that might offer itself. He could do most things, and in his two days' stay at Seton's Green he convinced George Broom that he could bring "slip" to the proper consistence, and mix the various coloured clays to the right colours, better than either of his two present assistants. So he was engaged to spend the rest of the winter at the farmhouse, being treated in his capacity of connection of the family as a natural member of the household, and made free of Mary's company in consequence. Mary would have liked him to stay for the Tuesday evening when the brothers from Bradwell and some other neighbours were to be entertained, but Ralph, among all his accomplishments, was no musician; and as he liked to be chief entertainer on all occasions, he thought it more for his interest to make the needful return to his uncle's house coincide with the party at the Broom's. He departed, therefore, about midday on Tuesday, and Mary and her mother devoted themselves undisturbed to preparations for the festival.

Round Mrs. Broom's big kitchen table there assembled that evening about ten or twelve persons, of whom beyond comparison the two brothers were the most interesting. No one would have thought of setting up any rivalry between them and Ralph. They were neither of them much given to jest or laughter, though Francis was of a sociable and cheerful humour, and by no means a dullard in the art of pleasing women. Mrs. Broom looked very kindly on the slight fair young man with his foreign accent and winning civility; but Mary liked the more serious elder brother best. They sat side by side at table and had much talk of his country and of hers, and then of the music proper to each. He asked her about the glees of which she had spoken on Sunday; and when she had described them, and the carols that everybody sang at Christmas, he told her in turn of folksongs and chorales; and all this in the intervals of eating and drinking and being pressed to eat and drink, and of talk more local and professional from the other men of the party.

Supper ended, and fresh supplies of ale brought in great jugs of the master's own making, music-books were produced; and, some by note and some without, nearly everybody sang. It was in a pause of this amusement that, for the first time, a word was said of the question which so puzzled the neighbourhood.

"They tell me, friend," said Broom, "that you fired a good oven full of ware last week?"

"We did not do badly for newcomers," answered Elers; "but we hope to have more ready this week."

"And send it off to market on Wednesday?" Broom asked again.

"Yes. I am sorry if we inconvenienced you. I engaged Wade and his horses to carry the crates."

"Ay, ay; that's all right. But how did it happen that all the neighbours thought your kiln had gone wrong?"

"Did they? If they had asked me or Franz we would have told them it had gone right."

"But, man, seems they could see nought but a big flame. That's not our way."

"There was plenty of fire, you'll allow?"

"Ay, but we make a deal beside fire when we have a good kiln of well-glazed ware, and we don't make a blaze."

"You do make plenty of vapour, Mr. Broom, that's true enough. I like plenty of flame."

"Well, without the vapour you won't sell much of your ware to our people, I'm afeard," said Broom.

"I must sell as much as I can," Elers answered, smiling; "we shall see."

No more was said. All the potters present felt that this was not a man to fear as a rival, and were civil accordingly, as to a simple ignoramus. But some of the women were shrewder. John Elers had no look of an ignoramus; and the way he had spoken of the suffocating vapour made

them think that perhaps he knew how to do without it.

Mary spent a decidedly pleasant evening, though she had expected that the absence of Ralph would make it seem dull to her. She liked both the brothers; but for John, hardly knowing why, she felt the beginning of sympathy. Her father and mother might be friendly to the stranger, but the rest of the neighbourhood, even those who had been most civil, were, she knew, hostile to the bottom of their souls; and while, being herself of an active and somewhat enterprising nature, she wished success to these two who had adventured in a strange country friendless, she also felt that it might be well for them not to succeed too decidedly or too quickly. They would never be forgiven, she felt, if they did; and she had looked at John Elers' broad forehead and firm mouth and known in her heart that he was not a man to fail.

On Thursday evening Ralph returned, and he stepped into so eager and excited a family group that only Mary was at first aware of his entrance. Wat Broom had arrived but ten minutes before from Newcastle and had brought with him an object round which all the others were now gathered. George Broom held it in his hands, and, with big horn-rimmed spectacles on nose, was examining it by the smoky light of a candle. Mrs. Broom, a hand on either hip, stood opposite to him waiting for the oracle; Wat and Jack were talking loudly; and Richard, the thrower, was looking on, like Mary, from a distance.

"Hey!" cried Ralph. "What is in the wind now? Have you found a purse of gold, Master Broom?"

"A purse of gold for the Dutchman," answered Wat, "if it is for anybody. Come and look, Ralph."

It was simply a mug or drinking cup, and, moreover, it was broken. Anybody might have wondered what there was in this piece of useless pottery ware to rouse such extraordinary interest.

"Ay," said George Broom, as he handed the mysterious article to Ralph, "it is the Dutchman's, sure enough," and he sat down heavily in his great wooden arm-chair, with a frown on his face.

Ralph took the broken cup and examined it closely. Enough of it remained to show that the shape and colour were good; but it was not these that George Broom had been examining so closely, or that Ralph's quick apprehension had taught him to look at. The broken surface showed good and well worked substance—this would be no porous, easily broken ware, but one of singularly fine and firm kind; and, more important still from the potter's point of view, the unbroken surface was covered with a delicate ornamentation and a fine glaze, smooth, pleasant to the touch, and lustrous—a glaze such as no Staffordshire potter had yet compassed the making of.

Ralph gave a low whistle as he put down the cup on the table.

"And where did you get this?" he asked.

"I got it," answered Wat. "I went to Newcastle to-day to meet old Mr. Strange and get the money for the last half-dozen crates. I thought I should have an order for as many more, and I went into the Lamb, where the old man always puts up, feeling right down cheerful and inclined for a mug of ale. He paid the money all right, and I asked him when he would want the next load. 'I don't know,' says he, 'you'll have to look to your ware, Wat,' he says, 'if I am to go on buying it.' 'Why, what ails the ware, master?' I says, quite dumb-foundered. 'What ails it,' he says, 'is that I can get better.' 'Not in Staffordshire,' I says. 'We make no fancy pots, as you know, but for good, sound brown and yellow, there's no better.' 'There *wasn't*,' he says, 'I'll allow that—Broom's has been always goodish stuff—but there *is*, and not so far off. Look at that,' he says, and he pushes this piece of pot across the table. I took it up and I says, 'You're trying to play me a trick, master; that was never made in Staffordshire, nor I can't tell where it comes from,' for of course I saw it was none of our glaze. 'But it was made in Staffordshire, I tell you,' he says, 'and close to your place, and the man that can turn out ware like that is the man that will get my custom—that's all.' And he turns away and begins to talk to somebody else. Well, I brought the pot away with me, and at first I could not guess who made it, nor I couldn't see a mark. But there is one; it's partly broken through, but father says it is Elers'."

"Ay, it's Elers'," growled the old man. "And now you clever ones may tell me how he got that glaze when we were all thinking he was a softy that didn't know his trade."

"We'll soon put a stop to it, anyhow," said Jack Broom; "there are plenty of us to do as we said before, give him and the rest a sound thrashing and cart them out of the county."

"And what good will that do you, Jack?" asked Ralph, quickly. "Unless you kill him you can't stop him making good ware. You would only drive him to another place, and if the dealers know where to get the best pots they won't come here for worse ones. No, that plan is no good. What you've got to do is to find out how he makes his stuff—you can do it then as well as he can."

"No great harm if he did get a knock that settled him," said Jack, savagely.

"You could not settle them all. One might get the worse in a fight, and nobody to blame, but there are the others. And they would go off with the secret—if it is one."

"Ay," said George Broom; "it's a secret. He means to keep it, too. Dost not remember, wife, how he answered me on Tuesday?"

"Then," said Ralph, "we must find out the secret," and he glanced round to where Mary was sitting.

Why did she feel herself shiver as she met the look? His eyes grew too close together, the pupils contracted; and swiftly her mind seemed to shrink from contact with his. Just one second of this, and then he looked away and went on talking.

There was much more discussion of the Elers during supper and afterwards, but nothing was decided upon. George Broom, in his first anger at finding his ware surpassed, had been more than half-inclined to adopt the very measures he had

formerly disapproved. A good thumping of anybody's bones, even with the risk of breaking a few of them, seemed after all such a natural and proper way of showing offence. But, perhaps because age really had begun to exercise some calming influence over him, he soon decided that Ralph was right—that what was to be done was to force Elers to give up his secrets for the benefit of the community—or, better still, if it could be managed, for the benefit of the Broom family.

Matters were in this state when the household went to bed, and so vexed was the master, that instead of sleeping straight through the hours as usual he woke two or three times, and each time turned the affair over in his mind with a glimmer of fresh ideas about it.

The consequence of these cogitations was a resolution which he kept entirely to himself, acting upon it, for the present, only so far as to issue commands, which he knew would be obeyed, that not one of his family should speak word to mortal that day about what was disturbing all their minds.

The oven at Seton's Green, and all those within sight of it, were throwing out their accustomed clouds of stifling vapour when Mr. Broom, taking his oaken staff in hand, started alone to walk down to Bradwell. He found that the pottery had been improved in various ways even in the very short time during which it had been occupied by the brothers. A strong and very high wooden fence had been put all around it, and there was now no way of admission except through a door in this fence, which was fastened on the inside. Broom knocked loudly with his stick on the door, and in a minute or so it was opened by one of the English workmen.

"Is the master in?" Broom asked, and was at once invited into the yard. He looked round hastily, and saw that a second fence, or rather wall, had been run across the lower end. Outside of this were sheds where the first processes of potting were apparently carried on, and also the packing, but the only door leading into the inner sanctuary of the manufacture opened straight into an office, and thither Mr. Broom was led.

John Elers was at work at a desk, deep in papers; through a second door standing open in the background a glimpse was to be had of Francis at his wheel, attended by a boy, and far too much absorbed to be disturbed by any one coming into his brother's room.

"Good morning, Master Elers," said Broom, with a civility not altogether friendly. "So you are getting on, I hear? Hard at work, eh?"

"Hard at work—yes—and getting on, I hope," Elers answered, as he moved a chair for his visitor. "We have not done badly yet, at any rate."

"You have done badly for me," Broom said rather savagely. "This is your making, is not it?" and he drew the broken cup from his pocket.

"Yes, it is ours. How did it get broken?"

"I don't know—nor care. What I do care about is that the man who gave it to my son told him he meant to buy from you instead of from us. One of my oldest customers!"

Elers looked gravely at the cup and then at the man who had certainly befriended him.

"Mr. Broom," he said, "I am sorry. I think I know who had that cup; he is a large dealer, and I thought myself lucky that, through a friend in Liverpool, I had an order from him. I am very sorry; but if he prefers my ware to yours, what can I do?"

"Do?" cried Broom, utterly exasperated by the reasonableness of this speech. "Do? Take yourself and your secrets back to the place you came from. That is what you have to do."

Elers looked thunderstruck.

"Would not it be more to the purpose," he said, after a second's pause, "if you tried to make your ware as good as mine? My ware *is* good. I have no unrighteous secret; but I have, perhaps, methods that are better than yours, and by those I hope to make my living—or even a little more. England, I am told, is the freest country in the world. I have no intention of leaving it."

"You will have to leave it, young man, either for your own place or a worse, and that speedily—unless you can find some way to mend matters. Do you think we Staffordshire potters are going to sit by and let the bread be taken out of our mouths?"

"I should suppose not," Elers answered, with a quiet smile. "But put yourself in my place, Mr. Broom, and judge whether you would give up at any man's orders."

Broom grunted—he could think of no other answer at once truthful and appropriate.

"But wait, Mr. Broom," Elers went on. "Why not give us time? You are known and we are strangers; your ware is good, and perhaps you can make it cheaper than we can. How do you know that in six months' time we shall be doing you any harm? Let us be friends for a while, at any rate."

"Yes, Mr. Broom," said the voice of Francis Elers, who had, unperceived, been for the last minute or two close at hand. "I can promise you my brother wants to be friends, and so do I. If it were Broom and Elers, don't you think we could manage to live in England?"

"Franz!" cried his brother; "what are you talking about?"

"About what concerns me," answered Franz, laughing. "Mr. Broom, you have been friendly to us. I am sorry, as my brother is, to seem to do you any harm; but I have a plan. Only I must tell him what it is before I speak to anybody else about it. Will you wait a week before you get that big stick of yours ready for our shoulders?"

"What is the use of my promising to wait a week? Will you stop working?"

"No; and if my plan comes out right, you would be sorry that we should. But you can keep your friends and neighbours quiet if you will, and the others will not molest us."

It was difficult for Broom—who was not by nature a surly man, and who, moreover, had begun by taking the part of these brothers—to resist entirely the frank speech and pleasant smile of the young man.

"I can't see what difference a week will make," he said at last; "but if you're clever enough to turn out your ware like that without the help of witch-

craft, you may be clever enough to do it without robbing your neighbours. I'll see to it that you're not harmed for a week—one week, mind—and then you either go or make the rest of us as wise as yourselves."

He got up from his chair, and with an ominous flourish of his stick, walked towards the door.

"Mr. Broom," John Elers said gravely, "I do not know what my brother's scheme is, and I do not bind myself to accept it. If I cannot do so, I will let you know in less than a week. We are only strangers, and, therefore, perhaps easily banished—we are poor men, certainly, and easily ruined. But I hope you are not one either to banish or ruin us."

"I must look to myself," said Broom, and marched out.

"What do you mean, Franz?" said John Elers when the two were alone. "These men have neither reason nor charity. How do you think to get over them with fair words?"

"By the one way, brother, that can generally be gained by fair words—by the way of a woman."

"And what woman, pray, and how?"

"Oh, John, you are very clever at keeping your thoughts to yourself; but a woman has been getting a large share of them lately, and you know best who she is."

John Elers did not look entirely at his ease under his brother's assault.

"This is no joking matter," he said. "She asked me if we should fight, and I said yes; and fight we must—for our property and perhaps for our lives."

"'She' may prove the best weapon, though," Franz answered seriously. "John, if Mary Broom were your wife and my sister, we should have all her relations and friends on our side. You would have to bribe the old man at first; but that could be managed—and Mary—come, John, own that she is the handsomest girl you ever saw, and the most honest and sweetest."

"Franz, you are mad; I have seen Mistress Mary three times—or four, if you count five minutes for anything—and she would never think of me."

"Perhaps not. But if she *would* think of you it would be the making of us; and how do you know she would not? Have you asked her?"

"I tell you again, Franz, you are mad. Cannot you see that the more fair and sweet a maiden is, the less likely she is to take the first wooer?"

"The first, indeed! Do you suppose Mary Broom has not been wooed?"

"Most likely—and most likely won. It is useless, Franz, I tell you."

But Franz, noting that the supposed difficulties were to be all on Mary's side, smiled knowingly to himself. He loved his brother too well not to have guessed at the recent change in his mood, and he knew very well now that the grave man who had never before thrilled at a woman's name found his heart beating wildly at a suggestion he had not dared to make to himself—the suggestion that Mary might some day be his wife.

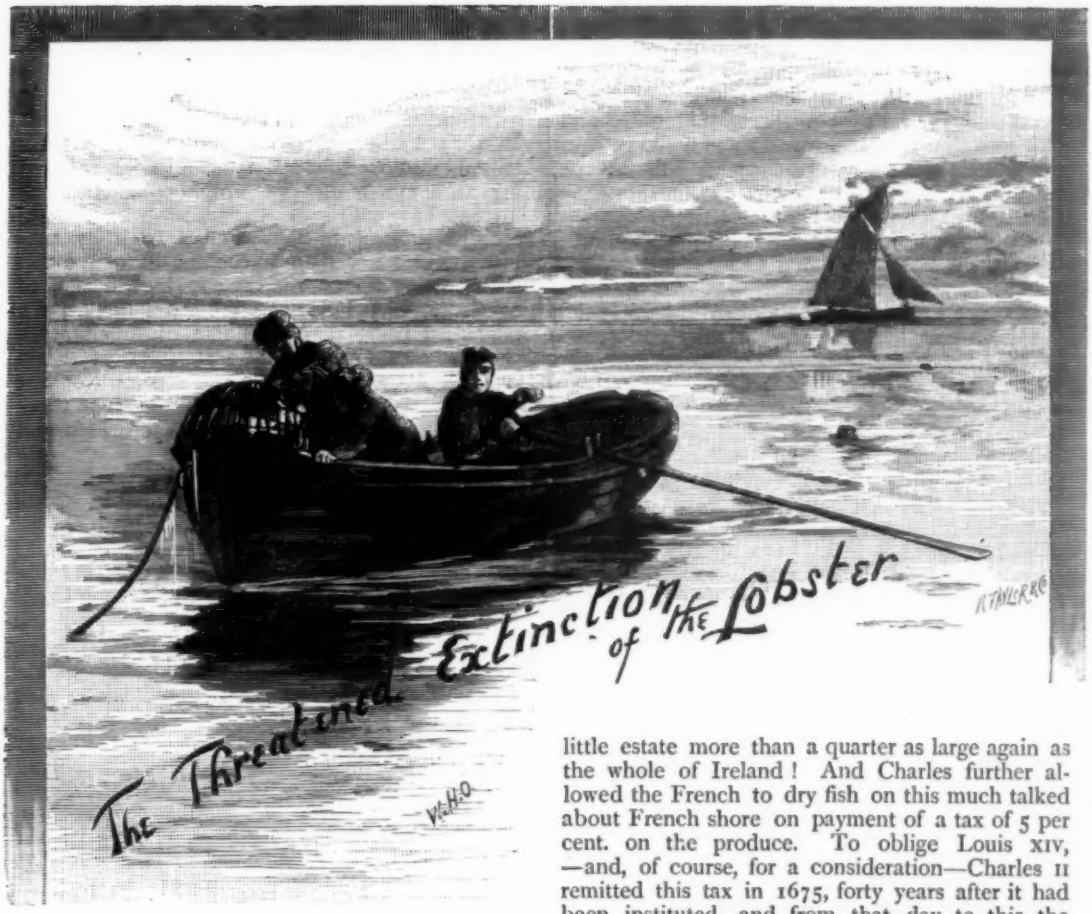
"And so she shall," said Franz to himself—all unwitting of Ralph Leader.

The brothers went back to their different occupations. Each thought enough had been said for the moment, and there was the day's work to get through.

Broom meantime trudged sturdily homewards. He almost turned into an alehouse on the way, but reflected that if he did so, he would meet with acquaintances and get talking of the Elers—a thing he had made up his mind to avoid for the present. He was extremely angry with them, and very likely would have given his vote at once for their punishment as intruders but for two considerations. First of all, having declared that there was room enough for the strangers, it would be unpleasant to have to eat his words. Secondly, his wife and Mary liked the two young men, and though there was a good deal of "awful rule and right supremacy" in the Broom household, there were times when George Broom preferred to have his womenkind on his side by their own will.

So he went home sulky, and buried himself for the rest of the day in the pottery, keeping that broken piece of Elers' ware always at hand, and returning over and over again to the problem—how to produce something as good or better. But no—the problem was beyond him—he knew of no process but the one in use in all the other "Banks." One man might have better "body"—another better "slip"—another more quaint and curious shapes and devices for ornamenting his "tygs" and "puzzle-jugs;" but all these were nothing. They had never interfered with the modest but steady trade carried on at Seton's Green. This new ware would interfere with everybody; and no doubt the whole neighbourhood would band together against it. Franz Elers had told him it might be for his profit that they should succeed—had said, "If it were Broom and Elers"—yes, but that must be only empty talk. They were not likely to give their secret to him, nor was he, as he said to himself, a man to "buy a pig in a poke." Yet—if it could be done—it was a thing not to be endured that outlandish people should come and take the trade from Englishmen; but that an Englishman should get a bit of an advantage, *that* was but fair and right, and the way of all trades.

It was an uncomfortable day, and the one that followed it equally so. On Saturday Broom made the whole of his establishment so fully aware of his annoyance that the young men thought they should spend a pleasanter evening at the Blue Lion than at home; and Mrs. Broom, feeling that her husband ought not to be too much indulged in the pleasure of swearing at her, retired to her bedroom. As only Ralph and Mary were left, and they were neither of them sufficiently resistent to be comfortable to his quarrelsome humour, he finally departed himself, and finished the day with a bout of cock-fighting in Burslem




THE lobster has appeared in politics on the Newfoundland shore, and the rights and wrongs of his catchers and canners are making considerable noise in the world ; but the progress of diplomacy is a leisurely one, and it would seem as though the diplomatising would go on until the lobster is extinct, which is anything but a distant eventuality.

The Britisher has little cause to be proud of his dealings with Newfoundland. It is our oldest colony, and has been ours for about 400 years, and for most of the time it was looked upon as a sort of pontoon to which fishing-boats could moor for a month or two. "No settlement allowed within six miles of the coast!"—which is about 2,000 miles round ; at one time even "no buildings permitted" ; for a long time "the master of the first fishing vessel to arrive will take the command of the island"—such can hardly be called enactments encouraging colonisation.

When David Kirke captured Quebec, Charles I gave back the French possessions, and rewarded Kirke with the gift of Newfoundland—a nice little estate more than a quarter as large again as the whole of Ireland! And Charles further allowed the French to dry fish on this much talked about French shore on payment of a tax of 5 per cent. on the produce. To oblige Louis XIV, —and, of course, for a consideration—Charles II remitted this tax in 1675, forty years after it had been instituted, and from that day to this the French have been encroaching and pressing in the thin end of the wedge with a view to possession. These encroachments have always been a possible cause of war. Dutch William cited them in his declaration as one of the reasons of his appealing to arms ; and although the Treaty of Ryswick confirmed the French in possession of Placentia and their fish-drying privileges, that of Utrecht turned them out of the island, and left them only the privilege of fishing for and drying cod concurrently with the Britishers.

When Wolfe captured Quebec, the Newfoundlanders thought they had settled this question once for all, particularly after De Ternay's miserable fiasco at St. John's ; but they were mistaken. The Great Commoner's policy was to clear the French out of North America at all costs, but his Cabinet would not follow him on the costs question, and asked why the taxpayer should be burdened with the continuation of the war, for the sake of a few dried cod-fish. "If you let the French back, there will be trouble," said Pitt. "Think of the expense!" said the Cabinet. So out went Pitt, who had won North America ; and in came Bute, to give some of

it away. By Bute's Treaty of Paris the French were again allowed to share in the fishing and fish-drying on a certain part of the shore—the best part, and that commanding the entrance to the St. Lawrence—and were even put into possession of the two small islands adjacent, on condition that they kept them unfortified, and only garrisoned them with a police guard of fifty men. The consequences were foreseen, not only by Pitt, but by Fox and Townshend and the rest. For the sake of peace and quietness the Britishers were warned not to go near the French, and were kept away until the French began to look upon that part of the shore as their own, and resume a policy of aggression which has given employment to many a subsequent Cabinet, although it has been thought wise to say as little about it as possible.

Now the French have abandoned the homely cod for the momentarily more profitable lobster, and have built "canneries" where they are only by treaty allowed to erect "stages for drying fish," and the Newfoundlanders, seeing this attempt at permanent establishment, are naturally aggrieved. They talk, as did the great Chatham, of the "exclusive fishery of Newfoundland," and would bring "pressure on the French"; but the French may soon have pressure to bear of the more acute and monetary order, for they have already found the cod-drying profitless, and soon may find their offending factories closed, for want of lobsters to "can."

### DIMINUTION AND DETERIORATION.

This question of the threatened extinction of the lobster is of such domestic interest that we may profitably leave the political for the industrial, and devote a few minutes to its consideration. The cry is rising from all the northern hemisphere. Already the British inshore grounds are becoming fished out, and the fishermen have to go farther afield, dividing the profits once accruing to the few among the many, to meet the demands of the market. Formerly a boat would have taken on an average about twelve lobsters a day, now it will take but three. As the supply diminishes, the prices necessarily increase, and a time must come when the profit of the fisherman on his catch will no longer repay the labour involved in its pursuit.

The diminution in actual numbers, however, does not fully represent the deterioration. The lobster is likewise declining in average size. Not that the lobster itself grows less rapidly at present, or is becoming in any way dwarfed, but the fishery has been carried on with more vigour than foresight, and we have practically cleared out the larger and more mature individuals, and have now to fall back upon the young fish to keep up the supplies. At many parts of the coast the lobsters caught rarely exceed the legal minimum size, whereas a few years ago they were, as a rule, some four or five inches longer. Those who pack them for market have good evidence of this falling off. A box which four years ago would have contained only three dozen "fish" will now easily hold four dozen, and five dozen then weighed a stone heavier than now.

It is difficult to ascertain the exact amount of lobsters imported, for Board of Trade returns give no particulars about the matter. But by examining the statistics of the countries from which we receive the largest quantities, we can form a fair idea of the extent of the trade and the degree to which our markets have to depend upon it.

Since the year 1860 the annual take of lobsters in Norway may be estimated at about a million, and of this the largest proportion is exported to us, representing a money value of about £22,500. In 1887 France introduced 60,000 lb. of fresh lobsters into our country, valued at £2,451, showing an increase of £503 over 1886, and that increase has continued. Canada's lobster fisheries are the greatest in the world. In 1887 they furnished no less than 30,000,000 lb. of the fish (representing above 100,000,000 individuals), of which 12,224,991 lb. were preserved in tins, the remainder being used for home consumption or exported alive to the United States. Great Britain is the chief market for the canned lobsters, the value of the importation being nearly four times the value of the fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland combined.

It is doubtless foolish of us to permit our markets to be flooded with foreign goods, many of which, did we but turn our attention to the subject, we could very well produce ourselves. But we do this over and over again, knowing that the matter should be attended to, and yet shirking to take it in hand. Probably we should have been equally apathetic in the case of the lobster but for a startling fact which has aroused us to a consciousness of our own misdeeds—the fact that the diminution in the lobster fishery is by no means confined to our own country, but is being similarly experienced in every country where the fishery is largely prosecuted.

In the United States, for instance, the deterioration is most marked. There, many of the once noted fishing-grounds which yielded a large and remunerative supply are now totally depleted, while others are showing symptoms of rapid exhaustion. The once famous fisheries about Cape Cod, which formerly furnished nearly all the lobsters consumed in the city of New York, are no longer profitable, even to the few men who still set their traps there. Maine is now the principal source of home supply, but here, as elsewhere, the evidences of decrease are exceedingly strong, though they have been made less apparent by the rapid extension of the fishing grounds into comparatively deep water. The decrease of the entire coast within the last seventy years has been no less than from 50 to 75 per cent. As in England, the decline in numbers has been accompanied by a diminution in size of the individuals caught. Few lobsters are now to be seen in the markets much over the minimum prescribed by law, and the weight is, of course, diminishing. As a result, the larger markets of the country are gradually becoming more and more dependent for their supplies on the British Provinces.

But the lobster fishing of Canada, vast though it be, is beginning to show signs that it can no longer endure the enormous drain which the increasing poverty, principally of England and the United States, causes to be made upon it. This fishery is

almost entirely limited to the gulf and ocean coasts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, and lately of Newfoundland. Here, even more than in the other countries of the world where the lobster abounds, the number of those employed in the pursuit and the effectiveness of the apparatus used have increased of late since the development of the canning industry and of the perfected methods for the transportation of live fish, and yet the quantity and quality of the lobsters obtained have diminished with proportionate rapidity. In 1875, 1,800 traps would catch fish enough to pack 4,000 cases; now, no fewer than 2,500 traps are required to catch sufficient for only 1,500 cases—in other words, each trap now catches but about a fourth of what it did in 1875. As to decrease in size, eight or ten years ago three or four lobsters filled a can, now it takes six or seven or more.

From Norway comes the same tale, decrease in size and number of lobsters, in spite of an increased number of fishermen and improved traps. And serious as is the condition of this fishery in foreign countries, in our own it is far worse, for while Norway and Canada are still able to export large quantities, we are incapable of supplying our own markets.

## THE LIFE OF THE LOBSTER.

As a food-fish the lobster occupies a high position. Its intrinsic value, weight for weight, is little inferior to that of salmon, while its nutritive and restorative properties are superior. It contains a large amount of phosphorus, so necessary to the brain-worker, and there is probably no substance which conveys that element so readily and in such an agreeable form into the human system, and which the system so quickly assimilates.

A little consideration will make it evident that the lobster occupies a very different position to the products of most of our other fisheries. Though not rooted and fixed in particular areas, as the oyster and mussel, its powers of locomotion are limited and its range is restricted to a zone of varying width around the coast. Not only this, but it is practically absent from the shores of certain districts. Nor is the lobster general to many countries. In Europe its central point of location appears to be the south-western coast of Norway, but it extends as far northwards as Finmarken; it is rare in Iceland, does not go into the Baltic, and is not common in the Mediterranean. It seems to prefer rocky and broken grounds, in shoal waters, especially those more or less covered with growths of the larger seaweeds; but these are not essential to its well being, since it occurs on barren sands and on gravelly and rocky bottoms quite destitute of vegetation.

It must on the whole be considered as restricted to an ambulatory existence. It certainly is capable of executing an exceedingly swift sort of swimming movement through the water in a backward direction, through the flapping action of its spreading tail; but this power is exercised only in emergency, such as to escape from an enemy, and it quickly sinks to the bottom again. Yet it cannot strictly be regarded as an animal entirely stationary. Doubtless the accounts of the large bodies of lobsters, or "schools" as they are called, seen moving rapidly through the sea-surface are much exaggerated, still there can be no question that lobsters do congregate together to undertake certain migratory movements.

They regularly pass into deeper water in late autumn or early winter, and approach the shore again in the spring-time. The object of the summer movement is probably to obtain a better supply of food, the winter movement for additional warmth. Where lobsters are kept in shallow, enclosed natural basins, when the cold weather comes on they bury themselves in the mud, leaving only their antennæ, eyes, the tips of the claws, and a tiny portion of the carapace visible. In such positions they presumably lie all winter, unless disturbed. Whether this takes place under natural conditions in deep water is not known; of course, the temperature there would remain more favourable than in shallow water, but many lobsters caught in winter are more or less covered with mud.

Lobsters grow by means of shedding their shells. When the body attains such an increase in volume that the shell can no longer contain it, the latter is thrown off to give place to a larger and looser one. In this way the carapace—generally, but by no means always—splits lengthwise along the middle of the back with a clean cut to the rostrum, or the carapace merely separates widely from the abdomen on the upper side; and in either case, with much violent struggling and pulling, the lobster at last succeeds in withdrawing itself from its now useless outer coat, and comes forth soft and considerably enlarged.

Shedding forms a crisis in a lobster's life. Not only is the process in itself tedious and painful, but it leaves the lobster so weak and ailing that it is unable to escape or defend itself from the attacks of enemies. Fish, such as cod, greedily devour it, as do even hard-shelled individuals of its own species. It, however, hides under stones, and keeps as far as possible out of harm's way while in this state, and there is every probability that it does not feed, the soft-shelled lobsters found in traps having most likely been attracted there by the smell of the bait, without the possibility of eating it. During the younger stages of the lobster, shedding goes on rapidly; as it increases in age the periods probably become less and less frequent, and in old age may cease altogether. Of this, however, we cannot speak with certainty, but large lobsters are taken with thick and heavy shells so scarred and worn as to indicate prolonged service. We are equally ignorant as to the precise amount of growth at each moult. A lobster eight inches long has been known to increase two inches in the process, one of ten inches to increase to twelve, another of ten and a half to eleven and three quarters. These measurements seem to indicate that the rate of growth differs in different individuals of about the same size. Not knowing the frequency of the moulting, nor the amount of expansion at each moult, we are of course unable to determine the period required by a lobster to attain to a given

length. Some fishermen contend they are of marketable size at the age of two or three years, others say not till they are eight or ten.

### THE EGGS AND THE YOUNG.

But of all the phenomena concerning the lobster, those relating to its reproduction and development are perhaps of the highest importance in considering the practical questions connected with the fishery. The nature of its spawning differs essentially from that of a true fish. The eggs as they extrude from the body are coated with a substance of viscid consistency which quickly hardens into short, tough, and very flexible thread, by means of which they are attached in bunches or clusters of varying sizes to the long slender hairs which project from along the sides of the swimmerets of the abdomen, or so-called tail, and constitute what is popularly named the "berry." The amount of eggs extruded number from about 12,000 to 30,000. Thus attached to the parent in the form of berry, the eggs remain until they are hatched. The length of time required for development is not known, but experiments have proved that this period is prolonged, lobsters being known to carry their ova for a whole year. The relationship which exists between the parent and its egg-clusters is not nutritive but purely mechanical, and the sum total of the attention the latter receive consists in the passing of the lobster's small brush-like claws among them, to free them of any extraneously derived substance, and in the occasional swaying motion of its swimmerets, to increase the flow of oxygenated water.

The egg, when first emitted, is entirely opaque, and of a dark green colour, sometimes almost black. Its internal structure, when well advanced, which can be readily seen with a low power objective, is very interesting. It is then not perfectly round, and a trifle more than $\frac{1}{12}$ of an inch in its longest diameter. One side is still very dark, due to the unabsorbed yelk-mass; while the other, which is more or less transparent, shows the eyes as two large black spots, and the red pigment spots on the carapace and bases of the legs etc. as irregular lines of pink markings. The little heart is readily detected by its regular pulsations, and the intestine appears as a transparent tube in which float little granular masses which oscillate ceaselessly so long as the embryo is alive.

The fact is well established that lobsters with spawn attached, in different stages of development, are found in every month of the year; indeed, from the testimony of those engaged in the fishery, no fewer than 30 per cent. of the lobsters captured throughout the year are ripe females bearing spawn. This would lead us to infer that there is no definite time for spawning; nor can we tell, even approximately, how long the eggs are carried before hatching. But there is a general consensus of opinion among fishermen that "berried hens," as such lobsters are called, are most numerous in spring and early summer. The men employed in the smack trade in lobsters on the coast of south New England say that eggs hatch in the wells of their smacks in the greatest abundance in the months of May, June, and July, but that at other seasons they scarcely ever see a lobster embryo, although the trade is continued the entire year. This evidence is tolerably conclusive as to the duration of the principal hatching season. And the hatching known to take place at other times of the year is probably only an accidental or occasional occurrence. The hardy character of the eggs favours the idea of a long development, and they appear to be well adapted to endure the hardships of winter.

The young animals that issue from the eggs are distinct in every way, in appearance, structure, habits, and mode of locomotion, from the adult. If they were born in all respects like their parent, there would be no means for their distribution, but they would at once sink to the bottom in the immediate neighbourhood of their birthplace, and there live and breed in their turn, and the consequence of such close interbreeding would be the deterioration of the species. Nature, however, here, as in the case of the majority of marine invertebrates, provides against such a contingency. Not only is the body of the little lobster so constructed that its specific gravity is little greater than that of the medium which it inhabits, thus causing it to rise to the surface or subsurface waters of the sea, where it is at the mercy of tides and currents, but it is in addition equipped with long feather-like appendages, which enable it to swim. As an essentially free-swimming, pelagic animal then, the lobster passes the greater portion of its larval existence. During this interval it passes through a series of changes, by which it gradually arrives at the ambulatory condition, and acquires the features and form of the parent. These changes resemble the growth of the adult in so far as they are all effected by means of successive skin-castings, and the skin at each time differs in many structural points from its predecessor.

When liberated from the egg the little lobster is in length about the third of an inch. It possesses no abdominal appendages whatever, and swims by means of its thoracic limbs, the external branchlets of each of which being developed into a powerful swimming organ. In this respect, as also in its structure and appearance, it resembles a low group of shrimps, the so-called Schizopoda. Its eyes are bright blue, and the body and limbs are marked with an orange colour, which varies in its intensity from pale to brilliantly reddish. With the second changing of the skin the lobster increases somewhat in size, and the rudiments of the abdominal appendages put in an appearance, while the segments of the abdomen itself show signs of decrease.

When the third change occurs the little creature is about half an inch long, the abdominal appendages or swimmerets are developing, and the thoracic swimming organs are becoming simultaneously reduced, and the integuments are of much firmer consistency than before. When the fourth stage is reached, it has lost all the characteristics in which it resembled the Schizopods, and has assumed the more important features of the adult lobster. It, however still differs from the

adult in so many respects, that, were it in reality an adult form, it would be regarded as a distinct genus. The abdominal swimmerets are almost matured and the thoracic "exopodi" of the larva have become reduced to a mere process, but it is still a free and active swimmer, active indeed in all its movements, frequently jumping out of the water like a small prawn. It is at or about the sixth skin-cast that the thoracic swimming organs entirely disappear, and the little animal swims through the water with the aid only of its abdominal swimmerets. Meanwhile the internal elements of the thoracic limbs have developed into true legs, so that, like the prawn, it can now walk on the ground as well as swim. With the next cast it falls to the bottom as a typical lobster. The entire metamorphoses occupy about two months; but from this moment until the time the animal attains the length of five or six inches, the life of the lobster is entirely unknown.

### THE METHOD OF CAPTURE.

For the past thirty years or so, the method of capture has consisted in the use of creels or pots, usually formed of wickerwork or of a wicker frame covered with netting. These "pots" are baited, generally with fish such as flounder, skate, eel, and sunk in from three to forty-five fathoms of water. The lobsters enter the creel through a hole or pipe 4½ to 5 inches in diameter, and once within, can effect no escape. The creel is therefore essentially a trap, and comes into the category of a fixed, though, of course, a simple engine. Being so, unlike the old ring, it requires only periodic examination, thus the owner is enabled to work many more traps than he could before, and with much less labour. The number of creels carried by a single boat varies from 20 or 30 to 100 in different localities and at different times.

From our knowledge of the distribution of the lobster, it is not difficult to understand how such a mode of capture should have contributed towards the deterioration of this fishery. Whenever the drain upon any species or group of animals exceeds their power of natural fertility to make good the loss, that species diminishes, and if the cause of destruction be continued, becomes extirpated, and the diminution is the more rapid the more circumscribed the area of distribution. We have, in fact, overfished the lobster, which, in an economic sense, simply means that nature unaided cannot supply the demand. We have, likewise, foolishly destroyed undersized fish, of comparatively little present value, and ere they had reached their period of active reproduction. But our acquaintance with the peculiarity of the lobster's spawning will enable us to comprehend how easy it has been for us to lend ourselves to the destruction in yet another way.

A most irrational custom prevails of consuming largely the lobster's eggs or spawn for culinary purposes. Professed cooks must and will have it in the making of sauce and salads, and as a garnish for white fish, such as turbot, solely as a colouring matter and not as a flavouring agent. As a natural consequence of this pernicious practice, female lobsters bearing spawn are objects of great commercial demand and fetch the highest prices in the market. Cases are even known in which considerable quantities of spawn alone have been sold for such purposes. Mr. Buckland mentions the instance of a single dealer who in order to supply the cooks with material for sauce collected in this manner, within the short period of about two months, no less than from 14 to 18 lbs. of lobster spawn, a mass which Mr. Buckland estimates as containing, at the very least, 1,720,320 eggs, each egg a potential lobster. And this figure, it must be borne in mind, represents but a fraction of the sum total of eggs thus wastefully consumed in this country year after year.

And it is in these eggs that the future of the lobster lies. We need never hope to succour our dwindling lobster fisheries by remedies restrictive in character. If the natural fertility is increased sufficiently, the number of adults would be largely increased. We must then so increase the natural fertility that it may be able to make good the loss occasioned by the destruction of adults, however great.

### ARTIFICIAL HATCHING.

Increase the natural fertility, some one may say, impossible! Granted, actually it is impossible. But can we not in practice effect it by a systematic artificial cultivation of the eggs of those spawning lobsters we destroy, and by rearing the young so hatched through their helpless larval stages of existence, thus protecting them from their natural enemies until as ambulatory lobsters, however small, they are able to shift for themselves? By such operations carried out on a large scale millions of young lobsters might be transferred to the sea every year. That such a process is feasible has for some time been shown in the United States and in Norway.

In the latter country experiments in this direction were commenced as early as 1873, and reported upon two years later. At this time all that was done was to keep berried lobsters in live boxes until the young hatched out, the boxes being constructed so as to retain the embryos after hatching, to afford opportunity for study as to their habits and causes of destruction. But in 1885 Mr. F. M. Dannevig was the first to make the attempt of detaching the spawn from the parent, with the view of hatching it artificially in a specially constructed apparatus. In a letter dated the 29th of June of that year, Mr. Dannevig communicated the success of his experiment to the late Professor Spencer Baird, at Washington, and gave it as his opinion that doubtless this method could be carried out on a large scale.

But until the autumn of 1885, owing to the want of sufficient accommodation, the United States Fish Commission, although they had long had it in view, had been unable to carry on any practical experiments, according to the most improved methods of fish culture, with respect to salt-water species of fish. Various members of the Commission, however, interested in biological studies, had from time to time succeeded in hatching small

quantities of lobster eggs, and the possibility of doing this on a small scale, and of carrying the young thus hatched through the various early stages of growth, needed no further proof.

The completion of the now well-known marine laboratory at Wood's Holl, Massachusetts, in August 1885, with every facility for artificial culture, permitted the Commission to inaugurate such experiments as alone could solve the question how to care for large masses of eggs and young after hatching, and whether these operations could ever be accomplished on a scale great enough to influence the supply of lobsters in the markets.

In this country one of the first to deal successfully with the artificial cultivation of the lobster was Mr. Saville Kent. The idea suggested itself to him in 1875, when, in the Manchester Aquarium, he observed of a newly hatched brood, brought forth in one of the tanks (an event of frequent occurrence), that they assembled like a crowd of gnats, and fed freely upon the smaller particles of food introduced into the tank for its ordinary occupants. The usual fate of young so hatched, in this gentleman's experience, is to perish from want of suitable food or to be eaten up by the other fish. It at once occurred to Mr. Kent to isolate this particular brood, and to feed them upon the food for which they had displayed a partiality, and the upshot was that a considerable number of them were reared through the stages of their metamorphoses. They were simply placed in glass jars, each capable of holding about a quart of sea-water, which was changed every morning. Surely, argued Mr. Kent, since such crude efforts are rewarded with success, with the aid of all those perfected appliances which have been brought to bear upon other fishes, systematic and practical cultivation of the lobster is within measurable distance of accomplishment. It will be observed that Mr. Kent did not attempt the artificial cultivation of the eggs. But at one of the conferences held in connection with the London Fisheries Exhibition of 1883 he expressed his opinion that all the conditions of natural incubation could be as efficiently secured by an artificial system of culture. He suggested that the eggs might be spread out on trays or grids allowing the free percolation of well-oxygenated water, a method which has proved pre-eminently successful with the eggs of the salmon and trout ; or, better still, to imitate nature more nearly by bodily removing the bunches of eggs as attached to the swimmerets of the parent, and, by some simple device, to suspend the grape-like clusters in the midst of the circulating currents.

The latter was somewhat the method adopted by the United States Fish Commission. The particular hatching-apparatus selected for the first experiments was that known as the McDonald automatic hatching-jar. The water enters the jar through a long glass tube which reaches nearly to the bottom of the jar, causing an upward current of water through the jar, the force of which is regulated by the amount of inflow. The outlet is by means of a short tube passing only a little way into the upper part of the jar. The inlet tube is of course connected with a supply pipe by rubber tubing, the outlet tube with a waste pipe. The current of water also depends upon the longer tube, which, by being raised or lowered at pleasure, changes its force and character to a certain extent. The flow is continuous and regular, and the jars need be examined but twice a day, to remove the accumulation of sediment. It is wonderful what a strong current must be introduced to raise the eggs above the bottom of the jar, the average amount allowed being nearly a gallon a minute for each, which is so regulated as to give the larger bunches a gentle rotatory motion, thus the tiny bunches often rise high in the jar and are strongly agitated. But this does them no harm, as might be supposed ; rather the reverse, for without it they die, though it has been found impracticable to keep the eggs of more than one lobster in each jar, since the eggs of different individuals vary much in specific gravity, thus rendering it impossible to regulate the flow so as to give all the required motion.

Once reared through to the ambulatory condition the little lobsters, though barely an inch in length, may with safety be liberated in their native element. On being consigned to the sea, they invariably make for the bottom, there to hide beneath stones or other shelter for protection against their natural enemies and as a home to which they may return after search for food.

It is still a matter for consideration whether or not the entire process of hatching the eggs should be carried on artificially in actual practice. Berried females could of course be kept in storage basins attached to the laboratory, and as their eggs reached the last stage of development could be transferred to the jars. This plan, though of course a simple one, entails the feeding of the adult fish during the months that their eggs are ripening.

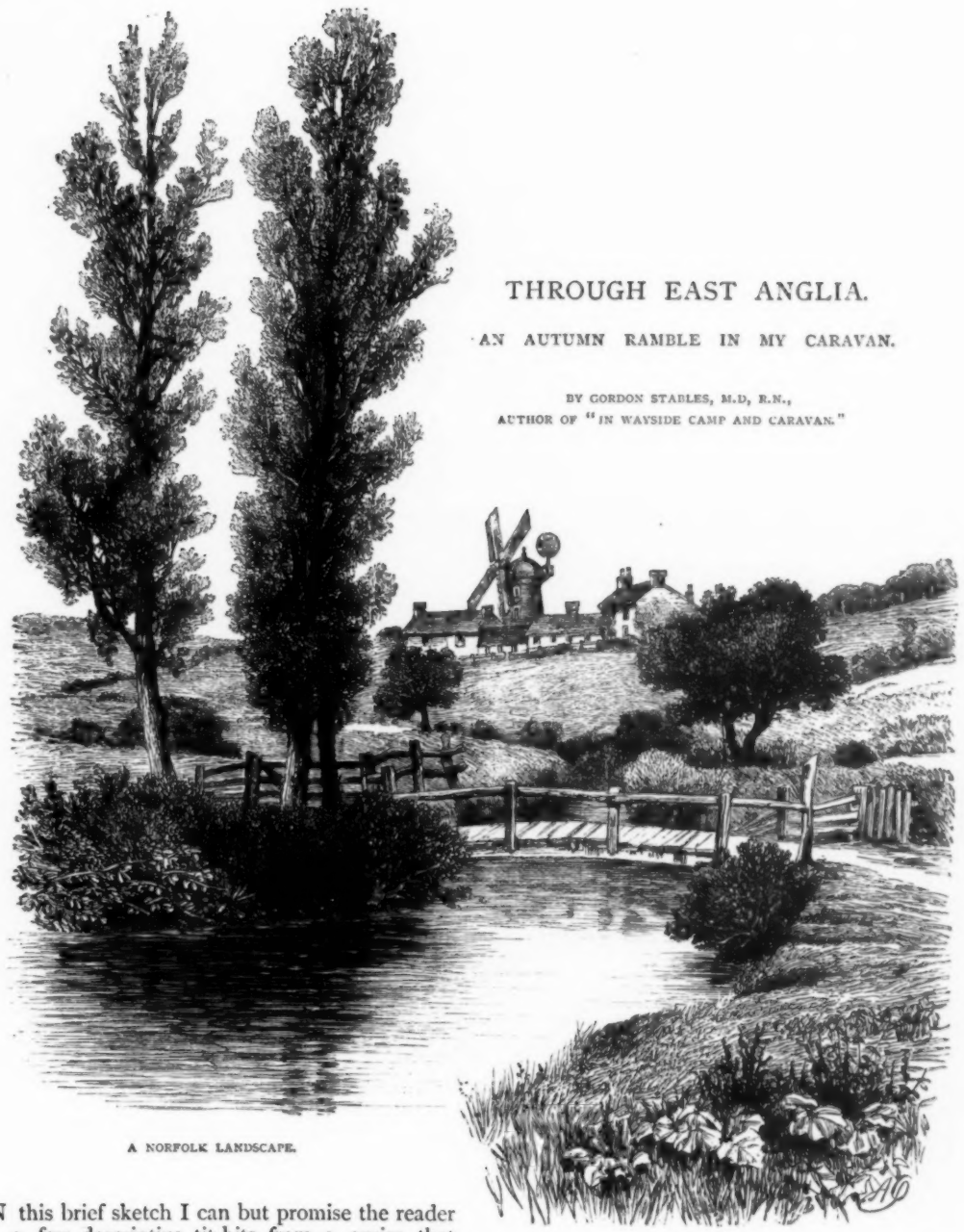
Lobster-culture has been tried with fair success at Picton, in Nova Scotia, and in Newfoundland ; and not the least of the Newfoundlanders' grievances is that the lobsters they have cultivated the Frenchmen catch and can. At Roscoff, on the coast of Brittany, there is a well-known "lobster park," the stock for which was obtained from Norway, and there are several other parks amid the European and American coasts. In the parking system many of the young lobsters are caught in the open sea and then transferred to enclosed natural basins to grow up to market size ; and some of the parks are used merely as reservoirs in which to keep the surplus catch alive until the state of the market makes it profitable to dispose of them. It is one of the parks in addition to a hatchery that it is now proposed to establish on the Irish coast.

Should the artificial culture of the eggs and young of the lobster be developed into a practical industry, it may be anticipated that it would put a stop to the consumption of the lobster's spawn for culinary purposes. At present no doubt the feeling prevails that we may as well consume the spawn as waste it. But a use once found for it, and a use having such a practical end in view as the restocking of the home fisheries, surely the expression of public opinion would divert the stream now flowing only to the saucepans of the cooks, to the hatcheries of the cultivators

# THROUGH EAST ANGLIA.

## AN AUTUMN RAMBLE IN MY CARAVAN.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D, R.N.,
AUTHOR OF "IN WAYSIDE CAMP AND CARAVAN."



A NORFOLK LANDSCAPE.

IN this brief sketch I can but promise the reader a few descriptive tit-bits from a cruise that occupied months. I trust, however, they will be interesting in showing how delightful a country East Anglia is.

My caravan was the "Wanderer," my coachman John, who, as on many a previous tour, slept wherever the horses—two bonnie black mares—were stabled at night; and my valet, tricyclist, cook, chief musician and secretary all in one, was Mr. Harmer, a gentleman; while our guard at night was my beautiful black Newfoundland, Queen Bolina. Poor Hurricane Bob has passed away—faithful to the end.

We left Epping Forest Hotel early in August, after rambling about in the southern counties, and sailed away for the north.

Down the Ranger's Road we went, and past the pretty artificial lake, then along the road that leads through the very centre of the forest, and on past

Ambresbury Banks to Epping itself. We often stopped, however, not only to breathe the horses, but that I might explore many a bushy dell and many a ferny sylvan glade, in which, so soft and silent was the scene, I half expected to find fairies still at their revels even in the sunshine.

I found wild flowers round me in some of these retreats, with patches of ferns and brackens, and heather in bloom. Sometimes I came upon lonely quiet ponds surrounded by wind-tossed rushes and sedges, and covered with water lilies in leaf and flower. In some places the dwarf oaks and other trees were a study in the grotesque. It seemed as if they had broken their hearts, because ages ago they had been pollardised, and so had grown crabbed, twisted, knotted, gnarled, and weird.

The entrance to Epping is both pretty and picturesque—especially near the common and the pond—with its quaint old-fashioned slate-roof cottages. Epping itself is but a small town, and very quiet, its principal street is very wide, and the whole place looks clean and healthy. It ought to be healthy, for here we are on ground 350 feet above the sea level.

High Ongar we found to be a mere hamlet, or at least a very tiny village. We saw one church and three public-houses, and the patrons of these latter are only allowed "to be drunk on the premises;" and we saw many children, whose principal occupation appeared to be making mud-castles or filling their caps with dust, and tossing them high in the air, then laughing and shrieking to see them explode. High Ongar has doubtless its points of interest, but we paused not to enquire, and rattled on to Writtle.

There may be people in the world who never heard of this primitive village. It exists nevertheless, and here we were, after a somewhat hard afternoon's drive over indifferent roads. We found the place *en gala*, a cricket match proceeding on the spacious green, tents erected, bits of bunting flying, the men in white flannels, the girls in light dresses, and plenty of clapping of hands and shouting going on intermittently.

The "Wanderer" got a pitch in a nice meadow, where we hoped to lie happy over Sunday. To my horror, however, young horses were turned in during the evening. My representations to the innkeeper concerning the undesirability of such meadow-mates were met with a flat refusal to take them out. So figuratively speaking I had to do what babies do, suck my thumb for consolation. The attentions of those colts, however, were wearisome in the extreme; they wouldn't take a hint to go, not even an Irish hint, they *would* nibble the back steps, and they *would* scratch their necks on the coupé. At nightfall we proceeded to barricade our carriage with pole and ladder. My secretary was ungracious enough to hope the colts would break their heads over our obstructions. In spite of our barricades, the beasts woke us up at 4. A.M., and so on at intervals till 6 o'clock, when we turned out.

Writtle seemed to me a typical village, one of a class met with all over the eastern counties. When an Irishman was asked if he could make a cask, "Shure, it is aisy enough," he replied, "you've only to possess yourself of a bung-hole, and build the barrel round it."

Well, in the building of these villages, the aborigines first possessed themselves of a triangular green, and then built the village round its three sides, leaving space for a road at each corner, and there we have it to this day.

The village children here were amusing, even in their very loutishness. They bunched themselves all round the gate like bees, and rode on the walls, and everything we did sent them into fits of laughter. Queen, rolling on the grass, was indescribably funny, and Harman washing the plates was better than a bonfire; to see me squatting on a rug, book in hand, was as good as a christening; but whenever any of us walked towards the gate there was a general shout of "He's coming!" and the juvenile crowd melted and fled in all directions.

Now I hate children to run from me, I hate to be taken for a bogie man, and in going towards the gate I tried to look pleasant so as not to scare these little rag-tags. I even sang to myself and smiled, in the hopes of proving to them my inoffensiveness. The result was the same, they fled indiscriminately; while one urchin, bolder than the rest, shouted "Hah! ye ain't cotched oi yet, measter."

The thunder and rain of the morning gave place to a clear afternoon, but as the sun sank lower, the gloom of the evening began to settle on my soul.

"Harman," I said, "I am going to write. No chance of visitors in a place like this, I suppose?'

"Shouldn't think so, doctor."

"Why," he added, immediately after; "there's a party of ladies and gentlemen coming now!"

And so there was, and the next minute I was shaking hands with an old acquaintance of mine, a lady who was a guest in Writtle. Her friends were with her. No, I wouldn't go to dinner, having dined already, but would call. And a very delightful evening I did spend with them. Our host, when he heard the story of our horse-broken rest of the night before, soon had the nags turned out, so the next night we slept soundly.

Our stay in Chelmsford was a very brief one. So quickly, indeed, did we get away, that reporters who were sent to interview us, only caught us up on the top of a hill where we were resting, some distance out of the town.

After several pleasant bivouacs in lonely places, and many a little adventure, with interesting incidents cropping up at almost every turn of the road, we found ourselves in the vicinity of Ipswich.

The first peep we got at this town—which I had always admired as I passed in the train—was from between the lofty elm trees that line the steep hill-road down which we came slowly, cautiously, with the break hard on.

The view expands as we near the middle of this brae, till all the town lies before us bathed in bright sunshine; it spreads over the valley; it ascends the hill, roofs, tower-stalks and steeples, clustering to the very top, where it is backed by a cloudlike bank of waving woods.

The Ipswich people had heard of our coming, and when we stayed for letters and to do shopping, the square was crowded. But there is little comfort in a crowd, so we got clear away at last, stopping for lunch in a quieter place, though even here we were, as usual, boarded by reporters.



A SUFFOLK MOATED HALL.

"John," I said to my Jehu, "what do you think of Ipswich?" John's eyes shone, and he smiled.

"Never tasted a better drop of beer in my life, sir."

"John," I said, trying to look severe, "do you know we are now not only in a sweetly romantic old town, but in a famous one. And do you know that Cardinal Wolsey was born here?"

"If you are going to call on the old gent," said John; "hadn't we better put the nose bags on?"

John is not so impressionable as I should like him to be, and in the matter of history he is somewhat behind the times.

We got on to a breezy moor land soon after leaving Ipswich, entirely covered with gorse. It was green then, but what must it be in spring, when all is scented bloom?

We seem to have struck a bit of wild country here, for a mile farther on is another moor of furze and fern, with clumps of larch and fir; and this heather-land continues off and on for miles, with now and then patches of oak and birch trees.

The country all round here is vastly interesting, and though the villages are mostly primitive and poor, except, of course, such places as Wickham Market—so numerous are the halls and mansions and other signs of ancestral wealth, such as splendid woods and parks, that we might easily have fancied ourselves back again in old feudal times.

We had stopped at a little wayside inn, to give the horses oatmeal-and-water, and, as night was coming on, and we were still a long way off our pitch, the outlook with our jaded nags was dreary enough. But I think there must be a sweet little cherub that sits aloft among the elm trees to look after gipsy wanderers, for just then a tall, handsome, and good-natured-looking gentleman passed us. From his dress he evidently had not come far, nor could he be going far.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked a man to whom he had said "Good evening."

"That, sir," he replied, "is young Mr. D——, of Glenham Hall."

"Harmer," I cried; "mount the cycle and ride on after him and tell him the plight we're in. I'll wager the leg of the gauger he'll fix us."

Harmer, my secretary and general factotum, has a pleasant way with him, and talks good English. In half an hour he had returned. He was smiling all over.

"We are to draw the caravan into a field opposite the lodge gates, and take the horses down to the Hall."



A SUFFOLK VILLAGE.

Here was luck.

So sudden, too.

Half an hour afterwards Harmer was cooking our dinner, and the horses were down at the Hall eating theirs.

Later on Mr. D—— called with Lord E. P——,

young Lord G——, and the Hon. M. N——. We enjoyed a nice long talk, and I was asked to the Hall.

What a fine old mansion it is—of no great architectural beauty, but massive, and square, and antique.

Charles II had once graced the Hall with his presence.

"I wonder," I said to Harmer, as we were mounting for the start next morning, "where we shall be to-night." Harmer looked wistfully at the beautiful pitch in which we had been all night, with the soft, green grass beneath, and swaying songful elms above, and I think he heaved a sigh.

"I wonder, too," he said.

But road-hardened gipsies like myself are apt to take things much as they come, and whether the bivouac be in a tree-shaded park or on a lonesome moor, it is very much the same.

The country we now drove through was beautiful in the extreme, and grandly wooded. The roads in many places were avenues or lovers' lanes, and the day, too, was glorious, sun and shade—cloud-shade, tree-shade—with breeze enough to temper the heat.

We passed many a noble mansion, ay, and many a sweet wee cottage also, embordered in autumn foliage and autumn flowers, out from the doors of which the children ran, sometimes only half-dressed, one stocking off, another stocking on, but never failing to give us a cheer as we went trotting past.

"John," I said enthusiastically:

> "Where's the coward that would not dare
> To fight for such a land?"

There was a cosy bit of a roadside inn, about fifty yards ahead, with lofty elms hanging over it, and cocks and hens and a pig in the middle of the road, and I do believe John saw more poetry about that little "Pub" than he did about any of the fine parks we passed through.

John's face brightened, anyhow, when I said:

"We'll give them a quart of water and a handful of oatmeal in it here, I think."

John went into the house to ask where the well was, and he was wiping his mouth with the back of his hand as he came out. So, as soon as we got fairly on the road again, I fired off a verse or two from Mrs. Hemans at him.

"John," I said, "you have, of course, heard of Mrs. Hemans, haven't you?"

"Oh yes, sir; she kept the 'Bell and Bottle' at Brierton; used to froth your cup up so; didn't like her for that, sir."

I was silent for a time after that.

I have often heard it said that genuine hospitality is, as far as England is concerned, a thing of the past, yet no one could be on the road for even six weeks in East Anglia without finding out how erroneous this idea is. I am not thinking so much about towns as about villages and country places, especially those far removed from the low level of railway stations.

Nor is the hospitality I meet with confined to any particular class. If, for example, my caravan is lying in some small meadow adjoining the wee roadside "Pub" where my horses are stabled, not only shall the squire and his party look me up and invite me out, or ask what they can do for me, or do things without being asked, but the village children, girls at all events, will call and bring me wild flowers.

"Expectant of a penny," sneers the city cynic.

"No, indeed, sir," I thunder in reply; "for it is the almost invariable custom with these shy wee totties to place their little floral offerings on the coupé when I am not looking, then run away."

Again, a working man, miner, farm servant, or otherwise, will often, during my absence, bring a handkerchief full of gooseberries, peas, or beans, with perhaps a new laid egg or two, and a bunch of flowers from the "missus;" and these are given without the slightest expectation of even thanks. Perhaps my valet may be previously appealed to in this fashion:

"The gentleman wouldn't be offended, would he, if I bring round a few nice new potatoes? Mere nothing to us; good crop, you know, and garden full of them."

I value these little gifts quite as much as the brace of grouse or partridges from the big house among the trees. Wouldn't you, reader?

But how, I have often wondered, do people know I am fond of flowers. Or is it that hospitality in England is most easily and charmingly expressed in this way.

I have known, often known, ladies run out from garden gateways to hand up baskets of choice flowers as we went trotting through some village early in the morning, near which we had been encamped all night. Of course they had been watching for us.

"Don't stop, never mind the basket."

And they would disappear before I had time to thank them. Have not actions like these the ring of genuine hospitality?

Here is an afternoon tea-by-the-wayside. We have stopped by a wood and near a large gateway. There is a charming view from this hill-head, and the sound of a purling brook close by makes the horses prick up their ears. They have a bucket of water and oatmeal between them; then the nose-bags are put on. The coachman asks leave to smoke, and lies down on the grass to enjoy his pipe.

The Rippingille cooking range is placed beneath the caravan because I don't like the temperature of the after cabin to mount up to 110°.

I am reading a book on the back steps when the big gate is opened and half a dozen prettily dressed children stand there laughing and wondering.

"They are gipsy folk, and are going to have tea," I hear them say.

Half a dozen fresh faces come instantly to peep, and with them a clergyman. But he does more than peep. He advances, raising his hat.

"You needn't bother making tea," he says, smiling. "It is all ready on the lawn here."

"And may my secretary come too?"

"Certainly, and we'll send some out to your coachman."

It is a children's party that is being held on the lawn here, and I enjoy a right merry hour. Meanwhile the dog is making the best of it, rolling on the grass with the children and being stuffed with cakes and buns.

Well, those youngsters were invited to inspect the caravan four at a time, and much enjoyed it. They had a treat they had not expected—so had we.

The "Wanderer's" pitch at Yarmouth was a very pleasant one, behind the Aquarium, close to the sea, but in private grounds, or rather gardens. The only nights the sanctity of our privacy was really invaded were those of the Regatta, set apart to the display of fireworks. On the second evening the mob around us was computed to be about 20,000 strong; but we partially barricaded ourselves, and with the assistance of one or two policemen, Queen Bolina, and my servants, the crowd was civilly, but determinedly, kept at bay.

Our only neighbours in these grounds were those who lived in the partially built terrace, and these vied with each other in showing us hospitality.

Of course the inevitable Scotchman turned up at Yarmouth. There were several, but the Scot of Scots was an Officer of Customs. He found me out on the very day after my arrival. And very kind and homelike I found this gentleman himself, his wife, and charming children. When I told him at first my rule was never to dine nor sleep out of my caravan, his reply was, "Oh, yes, richt eno' too; but that doesna hold good wi' your ain country folks, you ken."

That settled it.

The first night I supped with him there were grouse on the board. Strangely enough, they had come from the north of Aberdeenshire, sent by one who had been class-mate of mine at the Grammar School of Aberdeen—Sandy Geddes, to wit. His brother was in those days Rector of the Grammar School—quite a classical institute, by the way—and is at present Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen. But while packing those grouse in bonnie Hielan heather, little could Sandy have thought that an old school-fellow was to help to eat them.

The night before we left Yarmouth 'twas arranged that my friend's three lassies should go with us on a little pic-nic as far as one of the Broads, and very delighted were they with the prospect.

We were all as fresh as daisies covered with dew. Our road led through the meadows first, and past the Denes for some miles to the old village of Caistor. A little way out of the village we struck off to the left past the church.

There is a curious little mound on the top of this church, in which—so the story runs—lie the mortal remains of a young lady. She had fallen in love with a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and had betaken herself to the tower to wave her lover an adieu as the ship sailed by. It was a last farewell, for she shortly afterwards fell sick and died, and at her own wish was buried in the tower.

We were all children that day, and what fun we did have, gathering flowers in the green lanes and by the silent and beautiful Broad. And how we enjoyed our luncheon on the grass! The girls were to have left me at the mid-day halt, but we could not make up our minds to part, so on we went till eventide, and I got a delightful pitch in a green level meadow, tree-begirt, behind the Globe Inn at a small village. Here we had tea, gipsy fashion, then adjourned to the roof to see the sunset. When the stars came out, but not before, I found a train, a prosy train, at sight of which romance fled all away, and the girls went back to Yarmouth.

. . . . . .

Not before we were some distance past Thorpe was there evidence that a great city was but two miles ahead of us. I thought I was quite through this "lovely village of the plain," when lo! I found myself at the prettiest end of it. Here the cottages and villas seemed to vie with each other in quaintness of architecture, gayness of gardens, and wealth of climbing foliage. We halted opposite the post-office, where the broad green bank goes sweeping down to the dark gliding river, where splendid trees grow: lordly poplars, magnificent sycamores, and spreading elms. A pensive donkey stood here, watching a boat that held a pair of lovers; some merry children gambolled on the grass, but otherwise all was peace. We were an object of interest to some school-children, the butcher's boy, and the doctor's man, but apparently to no one else. Having washed our wheels and arranged our flowers we rolled briskly on.

No one can help admiring the suburbs of Norwich from this side of the river, the green fields, the cloudlands of trees, and the gardens and villas. It is all as pretty and pleasant as artist or romancist could desire.

But we were soon in the city itself. At the post-office I was met by a young friend, who became my guide to Chapel-field Road, where I had meant to feed my horses and cook my dinner. I had visions of a delightful, semi-rural, peaceful retreat, with verdant grass and shady trees. But lo! my pitch was but a gravel causeway off the street; I myself had been verdant for such vain imaginings. All the way along the street we were followed by about a hundred boys and girls, their lungs speaking volumes for the salubrity of Norwich; and when we drew up so did they.

The crowd kept increasing every minute, and the cry was, Still they come! Had I been a democratic orator I should have felt proud; had I desired a chance to fulminate against the crying evils of my benighted country, what a chance was before me! Had I wished to hold forth as an evangelist, time and place were all in my favour. Curiously enough these good folks did expect me to spout, as they phrased it.

What should I do? How should I inform this kindly-faced multitude that I was no stump orator, that the arrival of the gentleman gipsy in Norwich had no political significance, that I did not cut corns, take photos, nor tell fortunes, that I was possessed of no infallible remedy for the gout, no cure for consumption, no specific for whooping-cough, no ointment warranted to make hair grow wherever it touches; that, in fact, I was but a peace-

ful wanderer, wishing to cook my modest chop, feed my nags, and jog on?

I remember being thus received on the snows of Greenland by a polar bear. He received me with open arms in fact; but I turned and fled. Should I now fly? Should I trip my anchor, put up the back steps, and be off and away to some more pacific ocean?

That seemed the only way out of the difficulty, so, bidding some friends who were with me a hurried adieu, I cleared a passage in the crowd and sailed away, and in less than half an hour we were lying near the pretty wee river end called the Gate. Not a soul was here to crowd us.

But Norwich is a lovely town, and I do feel truly sorry I did not see more of it.

Just another leaf or two from the "Log of the people are invariably civil. But it is not always nice to lie close alongside an inn, because you can hear all that goes on inside. When I turned in about ten o'clock there was a beery kind of argument going on among the harvesters in the parlour. They had got as far as, "But the main point of the argument is this, Jack."

I awoke at two o'clock, just four hours after. The beery kind of argument was still going on. They had got as far as, "Well, Jim, I think the main point of the argument is this——"

I fell asleep again.

Hockering is a very primitive kind of place. It has one doctor, one church, one bell, one parson, and one policeman. The policeman had been to London once. "But you see, sir, that were in the old coaching, etc. etc.," he told me.



OLD INN AT HEIGHAM, NORFOLK.

'Wanderer,'" then I must lay down my pen. I may say here, however, that all throughout this delightful tour, almost in every town and village, I met with readers of the "Leisure Hour," and I need hardly add they were glad to see my caravan.

About six miles from Dereham we reach the very old-fashioned but snug wee village of Hockering, and bivouac for the night on the causeway in front of the Cock Inn.

It must have been a rare thing indeed for a carriage like ours to draw up at the Cock. Such an event had not happened since the old coaching days, and I think people were duly impressed. The hostelry was all but deficient in stabling, but the landlord's neighbour came to the rescue.

"Send the nags across to me," he said. "I've stalls, bedding, hay, and everything they want."

In a homely little village like Hockering the

Hockering is of no particular style of arcnitecture, or rather it is a comminglement of every known English style, and the houses stand just anyhow, some wearing tiles, others thatch.

Hockering has one naughty boy. "The heart," says St. Paul, "is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." I never felt the full force of that quotation until I encountered that urchin at Hockering.

Not a bad-looking child by any means. About seven or eight years old perhaps, bare feet and legs, and a straw hat on his head. The hat could have had nothing to do with it. It was not the hat, but the head that was in it—a head of tow; a face brimful of impudence, eyes that sparkled with merriment and mischief.

Queen could frighten other children away from the caravan. Queen had no effect on him. He was here, there, and everywhere at the same time

apparently: at the back, at the front, and underneath.

"Boy, do go and play somewhere else," I pleaded.

"I likes here best, mister."

"Be off, I tell you."

"I'll see you furder first."

"What's your name?"

"Haint got one. Have you?"

"I've got a whip, and you shall feel it."

"No you haint neither—saw your coachee take it away. Ha! ha!"

"I'll send for the policeman then."

"I can run faster nor he. Ha! ha!"

Here he threw his straw hat in the air, then a handful of gravel at Queen, and I retired defeated. At gloaming I thought I was rid of him; I went for a walk with Queen. There he was again, his tow head bobbing up behind a hedge and calling me "fat legs."

Next morning he went past on a wagon waving that identical hat. Going to a distant harvest field, I suppose, to have a whole day of doing mischief, and I was by no means sorry to see the last of him.

We got into Swaffham in the afternoon, just as rain began to fall. Swaffham is a good old-fashioned Norfolk town, with good old fashioned people in it, and it stands in the centre of a richly cultivated country, so it ought to be happy if it is not.

We had to drive right away to the other end of it, however, all through the drenching rain, to look for a pitch, which we found in a Mr. Dutchman's meadow.

"A straight road all the way to Downham Market," shouted Mr. Dutchman after us next morning; "you can't possibly go wrong."

It is very nice to feel that you cannot go wrong, a kingly sort of feeling in fact.

What a splendid road! what a charming country! a country of hills and dells and smiling fields, each eminence topped with towering woods.

Smiling? Well, it would be smiling if it were not so wet, for the hills are all half-shrouded in mist.

We must have been fully six miles from Swaffham, but never a milestone had we passed yet—but here is a finger post, and lo! wonder of wonders! the finger that is in a line with our road is pointing to Lynn. We were lost, but to Lynn we went accordingly. All roads are the same to the "Wanderer," and we never go back.

Now Lynn has a very ancient history, and if one takes the trouble to ferret that out and post himself up in it, he may enjoy himself for a week in this town. Otherwise I doubt if he can. The church is certainly a splendid one, and almost like a cathedral. It was also interesting to know that the green, soft sward on which the "Wanderer" lay had once upon a time been a monks' burial ground. But even their ghosts must have been laid long, long ago.

We looked in vain for lions in Lynn. Harmer and I chartered a hansom, and told the Jehu to rattle us round and trot out the lions. He rattled us round—there was plenty of rattle in it, for the narrow streets are wofully cobbly. He showed us Lovers' Lane, and the market place. Then he drove us to the docks, and we descended.

"There's a sight for you," he said proudly.

What we did see was a few ships, some grey walls that might have been brick-kilns, and a river of beautiful mud. I must say this much for Lynn, there isn't finer mud, nor a better display of it, to be found anywhere in the three kingdoms. But Lynn is quiet and old-fashioned even to quaintness.

We had certainly no reason to regret the mistake in a turning that took us to Lynn, for the drive to Downham Market was delightful, past Stow Hall, which, standing on an eminence among the grand old woods with a very wide oak-lined long grass drive up to it, is worth going many and many a mile to see.

We found Downham a dear little bright old-fashioned town, literally embowered in rolling woods. We stabled at the Chequers, and encamped in a lovely field on the outskirts and under the shadow of a splendid wide-spreading chestnut. It was more like a park than a field.

Nothing is to be heard save the usual sounds of country life. Westward yonder is a kind of forest land of lovely trees, through which the setting sun is shimmering in a yellow haze. There are trees on every side, and near by a pretty peep of the old town itself, and a quaint and beautiful old rectory. This rectory will bear looking at again and again. It stands on a braeland, the brae being its gardens; its walls are reddish brown, its windows arched, and roof flat and embattled, and the green trees curl lovingly round it.

The silvery sun sinks lower and lower and soon becomes a sun of richest gold, then blood-red and then it is gone. The tree-tints are cooler now, and shadows creep up around them. But the haze grows white and ghostly, yet the sky above is blue, and when I look behind me, lo! there are stars sparkling out in the East.

We make an early start from Downham. The sun is shining in a pure Italian sky, and I am loath to leave so sweet a pitch. The day is hot, but the roads are good and level, and there is plenty of tree-shade, so the horses are not distressed.

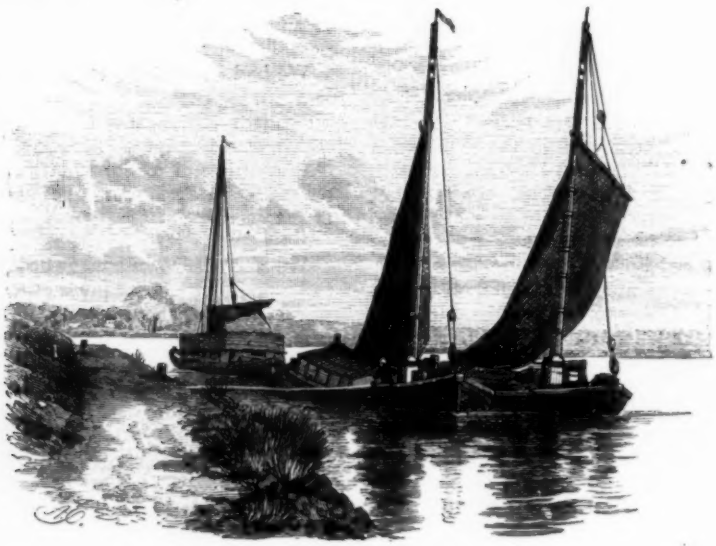
We pass round a pretty church and well-kept God's-acre, and are soon quite away in the country, and so settle down to enjoy the drive.

This is a perfect summer day in mid autumn. Summer sunshine, summer wild flowers, summer's green upon the grass, summer's tints upon the trees, heightened by the strong fierce light that pours down from the pearly sky and throws all beneath the branches into strongest shadow, so that any creature crossing the road in front of us comes suddenly from darkness into dazzling light and is swallowed up by darkness again at the other side. But there are no summer birds, their songs no longer echo from tree to tree; and by-and-by even those flitting swallows will fly southwards and away to other climes.

Presently the country becomes more open; we cross the Ouse by a Gothic bridge. The Ouse here is lovely. It comes on towards the bridge like a

winding silver band through green meadows and marshes, passes beneath, and goes slowly winding away once more through other fields and marshes. Now we enter the straggling village of Hilgay. Everything in it looks old and grey. Grey streets, grey walls, grey windmills, and a grey, grey church. But patches of bright gardens and patches of poppies enliven the place a little, while bits of light in the shape of happy children sit on grey doorsteps and cheer us as we pass along.

With these brief sketches of East Anglia, its beautiful scenery, its fine old towns, its quaint villages and hospitable people, the reader must for the present be content.



YARMOUTH WHERRIES.

# An East End Rime.

YES, it's a terrible story; you East End doctors know
Many a terrible story; you see the struggle and woe
That's hidden from folk like us; you see the darkness and blight;
Ay, doctor, and sometimes too you see the splendour of God's own light.

You see the heart of the strife, and better you know than we
How e'en through the blindest dark the soul of a man can see;
How life can conquer death; heaven's purity, earth's foul grime;
And the great eternal beauty slay the ugliness of time.

Poor dead woman, she lay, in the grim post-mortem room.
Nothing but skin and bone was come to that place of gloom:
What did the true wife say, when her breath was all but spent?
"*Don't get your father into trouble!*" the last thing ere she went.

"Doctor, what ailed the woman?" "Nothing!" the doctor saith.
"Why did she die then, doctor?" "Because she was starved to death!"
Think of it, men and women! starved to death was she,
In the great world's greatest town, in the nineteenth century.

Six shillings for rent, and fuel, and food, not for one but five!
Is it not merely a wonder that four should be yet alive?
Stay, 'twas a trifle more; some bread and a block of coal
From a kindly woman and poor, perhaps, and that makes up the whole.

Never a murmur rose from the poor deserted wife,
The deathless love at her heart, the famine clutching her life.
Life of his mother, and lives of three young brothers hung
On the toil of one, O mothers, think, on the toil of one so young!

Out of their mean little room, cityward, up the street,
Every weekday morning, come rain, or fog, or sleet,
The boy went off to his work, the fourteen-year-old son;
She sent the others to school, and lay and starved alone;
All through our terrible winter-tide of ninety, ninety-one.

Suffering and working on, and nobody ever knew!
It's the grand old English way of the race that can bear and do;
Undreaming that aught they did was worthy of any fuss—
There's plenty of good heroic stuff, thank God, in the midst of us.

"Two slices of bread for breakfast, the like for dinner and tea;
"Mother took half a slice only; the rest for the boys and me;
"It was such a lot for me to take!" George Burrett said,
"But mother made me, because it was me was winning the bread;
"And sometimes I'd save a bit for Charles, when he cried with hunger in bed.

"Sometimes the men where I work 'ud give me a bit o' meat;
"I used to take it to mother; she liked it, but never would eat
"More than a little morsel; she said so rich a food
"Was filling; she didn't want so much: it would do the children good.

"'Surely father 'ud send some money to keep the home!'
"Mother would take the cards to see when money 'ud come;
"'If father 'ud only send, if it was but a shilling or two!'
"And the cards they always promised us grand, but the promise never came true.

"'On Friday the money 'll come! the cards are clear about that!'
"But on Friday it never came, and sore she cried thereat;
"She took to her bed at last; it was warmer in bed, said she,
"And besides, there'd be more room at the fire for the little chaps and me.

"No clothes to go to church; on Sundays nothing to eat."
The lad was a chorister once; and I think that a hymn more sweet
Never went up to God from his lips in church than rose
From his life when he had to stay away for lack of decent clothes.

O dear lad, the desire of our souls for you must be
A manhood fair with the glow of your boyhood's chivalry:
Better than aught we give, this name and fame you have gained;
Noble *doer of duty*, see that you keep it for ever unstained.

Will the eater devour for aye? Can meat from the eater come?
Can manhood rise to its height in the depth of a London slum?
Lo! here are the sinews and thews, alike in mother and son,
Of the race that has grappled with all the world, and wrestled a fall, and won.

E. H. HICKEY.

## A FEW NOTES ON INFLUENZA.

So many homes and places of business have been disturbed by the reappearance of the Influenza this year, that a few notes on some of its leading features will probably be welcome to many readers.

The disease, which has reached our shores now over twenty times, is still wrapped in impenetrable mystery, and all our exact methods of research, our bacteriological laboratories, and our instruments of precision have not advanced us far beyond the old Italians, who, unable to find a cause for it, dubbed it Influenza, or 'Influence,' as being due to the influence of the stars.

The word is unfortunate, not so much on account of its origin as from the fact that it has been so largely and erroneously used to denote such an acute cold in the head that the very word suggests a dozen handkerchiefs at least. Hence, when last year we got the real Simon Pure, after forty years' interval, many failed to recognise the enemy as influenza, because the cold in the head, which after all is only an accidental feature, was so often wanting. The painful experience we have now had has served at any rate to prove that influenza has no necessary connection with ordinary catarrh.

It is curious to notice how, like all other epidemics, it persistently travels from east to west. Hence, in Russia, it is appropriately called the Chinese distemper, and in Europe the Russian influenza. We learn from Dr. Symes Thompson, to whom we owe much of our information on influenza, that its first recorded appearance in England was in August 1510. The last two were in 1837 and 1847. One gentleman now living had it in both these years and again last year.

Its general characteristics appear to be a sudden feeling of being ill, with violent shivering as if one

had caught a sudden chill. The face is flushed, there is a bad headache and a feverish temperature often of 101°; the back aches, the muscles are sore all over. In several cases just observed the disease has begun with violent cramp and colic. Sore throats are also common this year. By the third day in favourable cases, or at the end of a week in more severe ones, the worst of the seizure is generally over, the temperature normal, and the patient left much enfeebled, with great loss of weight.

Dengue, or breakbone fever, a comparatively common Eastern epidemic, differs from influenza in having a higher temperature, no chest symptoms, a constant rash, and a much slower convalescence. The rash in influenza, which is somewhat like scarlatina, has only been seen in England in about one per cent. of the cases attacked.

The types of the disease appear to vary considerably with the individual case. Five distinct groups at least may be made out. One, the *general* type such as we have described; another, the *catarrhal*, when there *is* a cold in the head; another, the *gastric*, when there is vomiting; another, when there are *nervous* symptoms and great depression; and finally, a *rheumatic* type, where the pain in the joints is the great symptom.

As to remedies, the usual long lists of vaunted specifics have appeared; but patients appear to do as well who at the very outset of the disease get rest and warmth, with a mild, unstimulating diet, combined with some medicines that will freely open the pores of the skin and produce perspiration. There can be no doubt that bed is *the* place for the first day or two. Amateur doctoring with powerful specifics such as antipyrin, which is a popular craze just now, or even less deadly drugs, is very unsafe, and fatal results have ensued. There is no doubt of the value of quinine and a generous diet in convalescence.

Change of air in convalescence may prove dangerous if there is any risk of catching cold, as the body is at this time *peculiarly susceptible to chest diseases*. It is always wise to see a medical man in these attacks, not only for treatment, but more especially for advice as to when it is safe to resume one's ordinary life. The danger of relapse is very great, and every care should be taken not to run any risks in this truly treacherous disease by curtailing the period of convalescence. As a rule, from ten days to a fortnight is required in ordinary attacks before a man is ready to return to work, and very often this period must be lengthened. If a relapse does occur, it is very likely more serious than the original illness, owing to the chest complications so likely to set in. Death from inflammation and congestion of the lungs was frequent in these relapses last year.

The ordinary death-rate was not more than 1 per cent., and yet so widely did the disease prevail that no epidemic ever raised our general death-rate so much except cholera. In the Bluecoat School, for instance, one-third of the boys suffered; and it is calculated that a million of money was paid by the insurance companies for the increased sickness and mortality. So much more dangerous is influenza to the nation than to the individual. Both men and women were equally attacked, and most suffered between 15 and 40 years of age, children and old people being more rarely seized. Many have never recovered their health since, and in some cases the heart has specially suffered. We repeat, the best way to avoid these dangers is *not to hurry the convalescence*.

It is impossible to give any directions as to how to avoid influenza, for while in some cases the strict isolation of those attacked seems to have prevented the spread of the disease, in many more where there has been no care taken others in the house have equally escaped, while members of the family who were away, and exposed to no known influence, have been attacked. The following case shows that in some cases, at any rate, it is contagious. On Christmas Day, 1889, Dr. Whitehead, of Ventnor, was called to see a stockbroker, who had just arrived from London with influenza. While examining the patient's back the doctor felt he had inhaled the disease. Four days later he was seized with it, there being no other known case in Ventnor, and in four days more four of his children had it, and it soon became prevalent in the town.

It is far more probable, however, that the infection generally comes from the air than from persons. Great efforts have been made to catch the germ—if germ there be. In many cases examined, several germs have been found "loitering about as if for the purpose of committing a felony," but nothing has been as yet proved against them; and all theories that the germ is the product of the fine dust of mingled Yellow River mud and drowned Chinese bodies, from the great inundations in Central China in 1888, remain theories still. Still, though dust may not be the germ, it may serve as a medium for carrying it and dispersing it over vast distances. On several occasions the disease seems to have come from China, and even from Australia. It has commenced in England some eight times in the autumn, six times in the spring, twice in the early summer, and twice in the winter. It certainly does not appear malarial or particularly prevalent in marshy districts.

On the whole, the best preventive appears to be to run away from it altogether; and where this is beneath one's dignity or above one's means, to face it with equanimity, while avoiding, wherever possible, coming to close quarters with it; resting assured that in most cases where serious consequences have ensued there has been some carelessness or mistake in the treatment. In many cases the maintenance of vigorous health by means of abundance of good food, good air, and plenty of exercise wards off disease, but in influenza the strongest and most vigorous are attacked just as frequently as the weak. The writer is well aware of the disappointment of his readers when they find that no efficient precautionary measures can be taken, short of running away, but it is necessary to state the truth. Nothing indeed is more striking in the prevalence of a real epidemic that is carried in the air, than the uselessness of all attempts to avoid it by any preventive measures or drugs. When it is carried by water, or from person to person, we can deal with it much more effectually.

ALFRED SCHOFIELD, M.D.

# Varieties.

### The Navvy Woman.

Imagine a great railway cutting in the midst of a somewhat flat country, its sides swarming with men as the layers in a bee-hive do with bees, on its edge on either side a line of white huts of slight construction, evidently more formed for immediate use than wear. These huts are, no doubt, mainly intended for navvy men, but in each of them one woman at least has her abode, filling the position of mother to the unruly household, and rearing also a family of her own. Great, gaunt creatures are these women, with a quite distinct appearance to that of most women whom we have seen or known.

I made their acquaintance during the course of several months which it was my lot to spend close to the navvy huts, and I still retain a pleasant remembrance of the rough, kindly creatures, who welcomed me readily. Curiously enough, although the philanthropy of the neighbourhood was much excited on behalf of the navvy men, it was not the fashion to waste any sentiment on the women who formed the rest of the community. They were said to be more rough than the men, and I can only venture to assert that I was not able to find out the difference.

No, they were kind enough, to me at any rate, these women who shook my arm as if it were the handle of a pump, who were ready to feast me with the heaviest meat and pastry in the midst of a broiling summer afternoon, or to greet me with "How's mother?" as a short and simple manner of inquiring after the health of my family. They did not ask for money, which indeed I never offered to them, or for pity, which I might have been more ready to bestow; they were merely glad to receive me as an acquaintance with whom they could have a chat on a summer's day. Whenever it was in my mind to stroll to the navvy huts, I could be always sure of finding a welcome there.

And these navvy huts—imagine an establishment of three rooms: the bedroom in which the navvies sleep at night, the centre room which is the common day apartment of every one, and beyond that the room where the caretaker, and his wife and family, sleep. And family! Although the navvy lodgers, even when they are married men, are reduced for the time to the condition of bachelors, the huts are not the least in want of babies, for the family of the care-taker is generally large enough. Open-eyed babies are these, of quite a navvy type, with no disposition to cry when there is a stranger in the hut, so used to the society of the roughest company that they are above all the smaller fears of life. A woman told me that her lodgers, for a joke, taught her older child to *hit the baby*—a characteristic specimen of the worse side of navvy life. And yet these children pick up some idea of manners from the instruction of their mothers, or of more educated friends.

"What is the name of this flower?" I asked of a pretty little girl, to whom I had given a rose, and who had assured me that she could tell me what it was called. She replied readily, though in a small, shy voice, "*Thank you!*" It was a pretty answer.

I fear, however, that the shyness does not survive the age of childhood, for the navvy young women are usually bold and unrestrained, and life in the huts is not favourable to the exercise of the more gentle virtues. I remember a little girl who was a servant to one navvy woman after another, a bright, intelligent child, who won favour from her mistresses, and who was ready to relate her miserable family history in the frankest way. This child was an inbred vagrant; she could not remain in any place. Sooner or later, without any special reason given, she would make a flitting by night, and offer her services elsewhere. Finally, I followed her to a public-house in the town, but that place also she left, and I saw no more of her. It was impossible to be sure of tracing her by her name, for she was only too ready to change both Christian and surname—an ominous habit, which I believe is not uncommon in navvy life.

Well, the railway was completed, my friends left their huts, and from that day to this I have not seen or heard of them again; but, as I have said, I keep them in pleasant remembrance, and trust that they are prospering in their rough, wandering life. After all, it suits them; they like huts better than houses, it is not in their nature to be stationary. And if they are in need of improvement—I dare not say otherwise—at any rate I can bear witness that I found them kind and hospitable.

M. A. CURTOIS.

### Arshag Effendi's Nose.

*A true Story.*

Such a nose had never been seen or heard of by any of Arshag's friends or relations. It was a phenomenal nose. It was not that it merely possessed preternatural proportions as to latitude and longitude, there was also a fire and shine about it that baffles all description, and led many who did not know how good a young man Arshag was to suppose that it too often projected over copious libations of generous island wine. But there was no vice about Arshag, and he shunned society. Unlike his dreadful nose the youth's disposition was retiring and unobtrusive, and he set no store on the notoriety that was his. He deemed it a nobler title to fame to be an honest clerk in his uncle's little office in Stamboul, and to conscientiously look after the welfare of the thirteen or fourteen small boys and girls at home whose hope and comfort he was.

Now half-way up the Bosphorus on the Asiatic side there is a beautifully situated village called Kandali, and in this village lived a lovely heiress, Giara Balian, watched over by a dragon of a mother, and an astute little man her father. I never knew how Arshag first got to know the beautiful Giara. It must have happened when he lived at Hissar under the old Seljouk towers, when he used to row in a caïque over to the "Sweet Waters" on quiet sunlit evenings. Be that as it may, he knew her and loved her. He was impressionable; and however strange the statement may seem, his abnormal development of nose in no wise stunted his faculties of heart. When, therefore, the beautiful Giara first met his gaze he was instantly her slave, bound hand and foot in the sweet bonds of love. Poor Arshag! His work in the dark spice bazaar grew distasteful, his rich uncle's penurious ways froze his soul, now throbbing with loftier longings. He became irritable. The coarse chaff of the bazaars stung him to the quick, and his existence was all one horrid nightmare of fear and deferred hope.

But Arshag had a mother—a careful woman, who was also watchful and suspicious, as behoves all good mothers of young men. She noticed many things: scraps of wretched verse on torn pieces of paper—she, good soul, thought it all exquisite, worthy of Gregory the Illuminator himself—noticed, moreover, a distaste for solid food, solicitude about his new clothes, a hankering after caïque journeys to Kandali, and many another well-known token which her woman's soul was not slow to interpret. So she called Arshag to her, told him her suspicions, and asked him who it was. Arshag's rosy cheeks and rosier beacon betrayed him, and he confessed it all. Now here was a lady of business. She lost no time in visiting Giara's mother, and came to the point with com-

mendable promptitude. Her Arshag was the heir presumptive to a good business in spices; he was an excellent young man; he was dutiful, obedient, thrifty; would Mrs. Balian have any objection to discuss the probabilities of matrimony between her Arshag and the fair Giara? Mrs. Balian diplomatically would consult her husband. Next morning the astute father was noticed by the quaking Arshag in close communion with the spice merchant uncle, and the love-sick youth was shortly afterwards asked to join the conference. Astute Balian had never set eyes on his daughter's suitor before, and, therefore, a certain recoil and reserve when Arshag appeared must be attributed to Mr. Balian's disappointment at his would-be son-in-law's personal appearance, which, you must not forget, was made up chiefly of nose. But Balian said nothing about his disappointment, revolving many things in his own mind. When he was satisfied as to Arshag's future prospects he agreed to take him up to Kandalí that afternoon to see Giara. Who can describe the tumult in the boy's breast? From the Golden Horn to Kandalí he passed many a fair sight, but he heeded them not. His mind was rent by two feelings—love of Giara, and hatred of his own nose! Oh, if he had had only less nose! Giara would laugh at him like those wretched boys in the bazaars of Stamboul. Tremblingly he entered the beloved one's abode, and for a few moments he was allowed to see her alone. Now Arshag was a prudent youth, and had taken the precaution to store his mind with many beautiful things to say to Giara—all about nightingales, and the moon and stars, and roses, and southernwood, and spices of all sorts out of his uncle's shop. This battery he brought to bear on Giara, and was proceeding through all his ammunition when he suddenly observed that Giara's eyes were fixed, half in amusement, half in terror, on his nose. Arshag at once shut off the poetry, entreating the girl not to look at his nose, but to listen to his love; and then urged, apologetically, that it was a very good nose, and had done him much service, although its proportions were somewhat unusual, and much more to the same effect. Giara burst into peals of laughter, renewed again and again; but she managed to tell him that she never, never, *never* could love a man with so much nose; and that no matter how lovely his verses were, or how melodious their cadences, she must refuse to link herself for life to a nose like his. Thus she spake—simply and to the point. The unfortunate Arshag never knew how he got away that evening from Kandalí. His beloved nightingales were singing all around, but he heard them not; the "stars of night beat with emotion," but he saw them not; his much be-sung roses were perfuming the path, but he smelt them not, despite his nose. Groaning and bemoaning his hard lot he reached home, and laid his head with all its woes on his pillow. Day followed day, and he longed for excitement and change—anything that would unseat the black horseman that rode behind. Change soon came, and in an unlooked-for quarter. A dangerous fire broke out among the wooden houses above the spice bazaar. Arshag of course was there, looking dreamily at the flames, when crash! and a burning beam from an upper storey fell on his upturned face. No nose, not even Arshag's, could stand the impact of this burning log, so the weaker body gave way to the stronger, and Arshag was shorn of half his nose. But the wonderful part is still to come.

In a beautiful house among the Franks in Pera there lived a wily physician of far fame. To him the shattered remnant of Arshag came. The wily physician at once recognised that here was a complicated case, and that the jagged nose was not the only ill from which his patient suffered. He was an auger of a man, and went boring right through Arshag's secret; moreover he was a kind-hearted doctor, as the sequel will show. He saw his way to a splendid *coup*, and explained matters thus: "If I smooth and pare down that stump of nose of yours into ordinary dimensions, and patch it over with an epidermis in such a way that only the initiated will be able to detect a flaw, if I send you forth be-nosed as other men, will you ——?" and he named a thumping big sum. Unhesitatingly Arshag consented, for the doctor was a great wizard, and could do all things, from drawing a *hamal's* tooth to bolusing a pasha. He told me afterwards that this paring and smoothing process was rather painful, and lasted a long time; but that he was finally placed in possession of the highly respectable and genteel organ which I then saw adorning his face.

Don't be incredulous even yet, for there is something still more wonderful to follow.

The autumn roses were shedding their last petals in the garden of Giara when the remodelled Arshag, with poetic speeches freshly culled from the best authorities, appeared to renew his suit. He was accepted. I knew a man who was present at the wedding.

M. A. M.

**The Congress of Miners.**—In the discussions held during the Conference of the miners in Paris, the influence of the British delegates, though numerically small, was very marked. The desire and expectation that the State or the Government would do much to ameliorate the condition of the working classes could not be maintained, although there were violent appeals in the Tribune, re-echoed by the plaudits of the spectators in the galleries. The decisions of the delegates were comparatively calm and moderate. The English miners have gained much by contrast with their foreign associates.

**Royal Botanic Society and Jenkins' Nursery.**—The Royal Botanic Society was incorporated in 1839. The garden in the centre of the Inner Circle in Regent's Park occupies about eighteen acres, and contains a winter garden and large conservatory covering 18,000 square feet. Besides the usual fruit and flower shows, at which numerous prizes are given, the midnight summer flower show has of late years been a regular institution. There has latterly been, for several seasons, a rose-decorated competition for carriages, copied from the rose fêtes of Nice and Cannes. We lately saw the catalogue of the sale of Jenkins' Nursery, which is now the site of the garden. The sale took place in the months of November and December 1838, the land having to be cleared. It occupied six days, when the whole stock was sold by auction. Mr. John King was the auctioneer. The marked catalogue, belonging to the late Mr. J. D. Sowerby, the first keeper of the garden, father of the present Mr. Thomas Sowerby, shows that not a few plants then flourishing cannot grow now in the open air in London, owing to the increase of smoke and impure atmosphere. Among the plants that fetched large prices at the sale were many of *Andromeda floribunda*, the price being about 50*s.* (now 5*s.*); two *Yucca gloriosa* fetched £1 9*s.*; a hundred small *Accuba* (sic) *Japonica* sold for 5*s.*; a hundred laurels fetched a guinea, Persian lilacs sold at 9*s.* for thirty, fir trees were 5*s.* A large quantity of ash, poplar, oak, larch, and other trees were sold, and also fruit trees.

**Talleyrand's Estimate of Napoleon.**—In his memoirs Talleyrand says of Napoleon: "He was a man endowed with very great intellectual force, but he has not understood veritable glory. His moral force was very small or even null. He was not able to enjoy prosperity with moderation, nor to bear misfortune with dignity, and it is because he lacked moral force that he caused the ruin of Europe and of himself."

**Waterspout.**—The steamship America had a very narrow escape from collision with a colossal waterspout recently, about 100 miles east of Hatteras, whilst steaming for New York from Nassau. The waterspout came roaring down on the ship, shaped somewhat like an hour-glass. The swelling base, frilled with foam, was 40 ft. in diameter, and its top was lost in the clouds in frayed liquid lines. The crew were terror-stricken by the approach of the column, and it became a question whether or not the mate should fire the cannon already loaded on the bridge to break it in case it should threaten to engulf the steamship. The America put on full speed, and the waterspout passed her stern at a distance of only 25 ft. The ship was lifted 26 ft. on the wave, which the waterspout sucked up as it passed. If it had struck the steamer she would, no doubt, have foundered with all on board.

**M. Edmonde de Pressensé.**—On April 19 the funeral service of M. E. de Pressensé took place in the small Chapelle Taitbout in the Rue de Provence. There was a great gathering of Protestant notables. Two Academicians,

MM. Melchior de Vogue and Sully-Prudhomme, were there, and also Father Hyacinthe. Besides the French Protestant pastors in Paris, the laymen included Ribot, Jules Simon, Cochery, and Richard Waddington, and many more. Among the speakers at the Montmartre Cemetery, M. Théodore Monod read an *éloge* by Jean Monod of Montauban, M. de Pressensé's college friend. M. Trarieux spoke on behalf of the Senate, of which the deceased was a member, and M. Aucoc for the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Happening not long after the death of M. Bersier, the eloquent preacher, the loss is great to French Protestantism, M. de Pressensé being universally esteemed, and his historical works highly valued.

**McGill University.**—This university, at Montreal, of which Sir W. Dawson is principal, has about 854 students—arts faculty 324, medicine 263, applied science 80, veterinary science 54, law 39—with 104 teachers in training at the Normal School. One third of the students are women, for whom the lectures are re-delivered, by an endowment formed by Sir Donald Smith, of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Hudson's Bay Company. About 50 students are at affiliated colleges at Quebec, Richmond, and Stanstead.

**County Councils.**—From the composition and functions of the Councils-general in France, much may be learned for the decentralised local government of England. The Council is subsidiary to the Chamber of Deputies, but is an essential part of the commonwealth, and is likely to be more permanent and important in the future. Communes form the canton, cantons the arrondissement, arrondissements the department. Each canton elects a delegate to the Council-general, which sits for six years, meeting twice every year. Among other functions it distributes the direct taxation, voted in a lump by the Chamber. The Council divides the burden among the arrondissements, by whom it is distributed to the communes. The *préfets* of Departments are appointed by Government, and are in communication with the central power.

**Publishers and Booksellers.**—Some reviewers of the recent work, "A Publisher and his Friends," have claimed for Mr. John Murray the Second the honour of lifting the calling of a publisher to a level above that of a bookseller. They speak as if the one were to be viewed as a trade and the other as a profession. But the difference is wholly a matter of personal character. There are "booksellers and booksellers;" and an honourable seller of books may be as much a gentleman as any publisher of them. They both have the same object, viz., the gaining wealth from the works of "authors." The same magazines are read by both, the "Publisher's Circular" and the "Bookseller" being equally in their hands, and read by the same people. In fact, as defined by Dr. Johnson, the bookseller has rather the best of it, being described as "He whose profession it is to sell books," while the publisher is defined as "One who puts out a book into the world"—a literary accoucheur in fact. Let it be the effort of both, by whatever name distinguished, to act in ways worthy of their important calling, and let both honour the "dealer" in old books, in some respects the highest of all booksellers.

**The Emperor of Japan and his dying Prime Minister.**—Prince Sanjo was Prime Minister from 1868 to 1886, when he became Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal. In hereditary and official rank and reputation he towered above all his contemporaries and colleagues. Early on the morning of February 18, 1891, his physicians saw that death was near, and information was at once conveyed to the Emperor, who repaired without delay to the bedchamber of the dying statesman, and there conferred on him the highest rank attainable by a Japanese subject, and which was last bestowed by a Japanese Emperor in the eleventh century. The Emperor is described as manifesting great grief, his voice being broken and his hands trembling. His Majesty then read the following words:—"In the early years of my reign, while I was yet a youth, you were my chief aid. It was you who, not shrinking from a post of weighty responsibility, lent me assistance so constant, so steady, and so true, that you were to me as a teacher and a parent. Never, from first to last, did you falter or fail in the discharge of your large trust. Your services are a model for all subjects of our time. In recognition of your noble fidelity, I confer on you the First Class of the First Rank." The paper containing these words was then laid by the Emperor on the dying man's pillow. Prince Sanjo, though so weak from the fatal attack of influenza that all movement of the limbs had for some time seemed impossible, raised his head and joined his hands in the old Japanese fashion of expressing gratitude. He lingered in a semi-conscious condition until seven in the evening, when he expired.

**Cotgreave's Newspaper and Periodical Rack.**—The Library Indicator, showing at a glance what books or magazines are out on loan, and keeping a record of them, has become an essential fitting in all well managed public libraries. The face of the Indicator being apparent to the applicant outside the library, much time and trouble are spared to the attendants, who would otherwise have to be asked and to answer endless inquiries. By the same experienced and ingenious librarian, Mr. A. Cotgreave, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, a convenient and useful invention has been patented for holding periodicals and papers. The Cotgreave Rack will be found serviceable in clubs, hotels, and libraries, as well as in public reading-rooms. A rack fixed on the wall occupies little space, one only six feet square sufficing for 200 papers or periodicals, the headings or titles of each being visible. Mr. Cotgreave's presence is always welcome at the annual Congresses of Librarians, where he has read several papers of a practical kind. His skill and industry in making library catalogues have been appreciated, and his latest work in this line is the admirable catalogue of the Guille-Allès Library in Guernsey, the munificent gift of two Guernsey men to their native island after retiring from business in New York.

**Banking and Money in Paris.**—The Bank of France is the only French bank in the English sense of the word. All other banks are really joint-stock companies, combining discount with financial business. Interest is paid on deposits. The principal institutions of this kind are thus given by the "Times":—The Crédit Foncier, with 788,000,000f. deposits; the Crédit Lyonnais, with 760,000,000f. deposits; the Société Générale, with 355,000,000f.; the Comptoir National d'Escompte, with 213,000,000f.; the Crédit Industriel et Commercial, with 123,000,000f.; the Société des Dépôts et Comptes Courants, with 85,000,000f. deposits. Payment by cheques is very little developed as yet in France. Bank-notes for 100 francs are in common use; there are 50 franc notes, but seldom seen; 20 franc pieces or Napoleons being common currency, and silver for smaller purchases and for change. An immense quantity of bronze money has currency, which used to overflow into England, but is now not current in this country. The principal part of the silver and bronze money has the effigy of Napoleon III, who by the substitution of Imperial for Royalist or Republican coins, sought to habituate Frenchmen to the empire.

**The Birds at Houtman's Abrolhos.**—An interesting paper was recently read by Mr. A. J. Campbell, F.L.S. of Melbourne, before the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, on the birds of Houtman's Abrolhos. It will be remembered that these islands were the scene of the tragic ending of the Dutch attempt to colonise New Holland, as narrated in the "Leisure Hour" for December 1888. Curiously enough, "The Captain-General," the book in which the story of the expedition is told, found its way out to the island, and, to the author's astonishment and gratification, a letter reached him from that distant spot acquainting him with the fact. On Mr. Campbell's visiting the island he found the author's reply, and, as likely to be of interest, sent him copies of certain published matter descriptive of the present state of affairs, on what was once Batavia's Grave. These silvery coral islets are now the greatest nursery for sea-birds in Australia, and by reason of their geographical position in the sub-tropics, perhaps afford suitable breeding-grounds for a greater number of species than any other distinct or limited spot in the world. On one islet of 300 acres Mr. Campbell found 1,452,000 hen birds sitting on their eggs at one time! "The whole place," he says in his article in the "Australasian," illustrated from photographs he took on the islands, "is actually alive with

birds, some breeding on every bush, some breeding under the bushes, and some breeding beneath the bushes underground. Words fail, utterly fail, to convey a simple idea of the marvellous scene. The birds are perfectly fearless of our presence. We make our way between the dark-coated noddy terns which cover the saltbushes as well as the ground in all directions, making defiant bark-like notes. Others just move out of the way with croaking sounds, exposing their single egg on a secure platform nest of seaweeds. Prolonged guttural screams issue from underneath the bushes from sooty terns, likewise sitting upon a single egg, but on the bare ground, their enraged mates flying about our heads filling the air with squeaking notes of anger, and some being rude enough to strike our hats; while higher still overhead is a cloud of sooties—bachelors probably—calling 'Wide-awake!' everywhere. In conducting practical investigations in such a fascinating field of natural history, there is just one drawback to contend with, namely, the showers of live guano that fall from the cloud of birds above. Locomotion over the ground is rendered extremely insecure, owing to its honeycombed nature, caused by countless burrows of petrels or so-called mutton birds. I can find no better simile to convey an idea of the multitudes of birds than the one I used before the Royal Society when reading my oological notes, namely, the description of quail falling amongst the Israelites of old, for of a truth it seems here as if the whole face of the sea as well as of the earth is covered with birds as it were a day's journey on this side and as it were a day's journey on the other side round about our camp. To commence business I had to clear a patch of birds to find space for my apparatus, the birds resenting such unceremonious intrusion by pecking at the camera legs. While I was enveloped in the black cloth, focussing, one had the temerity to rest upon my head, and when I returned with a slide I found another chap had alighted upon the camera, and would not quit until I had dealt it a blow in the stomach, which I did earnestly and with no little amount of indignation, because one of its mates had fouled the slide lying upon the ground." The islands are worked for the guano, which is from one to four feet thick, dry, powdery, and perfectly offenceless as regards smell; of it, 5,000 tons a year, at about ninety shillings a ton, are exported to Rotterdam, Stettin, Hamburg, and Port Louis. The headquarters of the industry are on Rat Island, so called because when the present occupants of the guano depôt first set foot upon the island, the rats in a most familiar manner after tea jumped upon the table in dozens. In his paper read before Section D of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Campbell gave a list of the fauna of the islands. This includes three mammals, a wallaby found in the northern group, a seal, and this rat which probably came from some wrecked ship; five reptiles, one of which is the carpet snake; and no less than thirty-seven species of birds, among them the sea eagle, the white-headed osprey, the welcome swallow, the bronze-wing pigeon, two oyster-catchers, two sandpipers, the curlew, the whimbrel, the reef heron, the pectoral rail, the Tabuan crake, two gulls, nine terns, three petrels, two tropic birds, the pied cormorant, and the Australian pelican.

**Otto of Roses.**—It is reported by the British Vice-Consul at Philippopolis that 6,594lb. of otto of roses was exported during last season, the realised value being £62,000. The price has fallen 12½ per cent. below that of former years, a fall, he says, for which competition and adulteration are responsible. The number of roses must have been enormous to produce the weight mentioned of otto, otherwise called "attar," of roses. It is said that it requires 20,000 roses (*Rosa Damascena*) to yield otto of roses equal in weight to a two-shilling piece. Philippopolis, on the Maritza River, is one of the oldest cities of Europe, having been founded by Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great.

**Perils of Railway Travelling.**—In England, apart from accidents to the trains, there are occasional perils from passengers. But in India such perils seem to be more frequent, as the following notice is said to be seen at roadside stations: "Passengers are hereby cautioned against taking anything to eat or drink from unknown persons, as there are many who live by poisoning travellers. They first of all court acquaintance with passengers in a *sarai* or some other place, and then gain their confidence on the plea of being fellow travellers going to the same place. When they reach a place convenient for the purpose, they poison the water or food of the passengers, who become insensible, and then they decamp with all their property." The caution against drugged spirit-flasks may not be wholly needless even in England, on lonely lines, and where there may be few fellow travellers in a carriage.

**St. Helena in Decadence.**—In the days before steam navigation hastened the voyage to India, St. Helena flourished from the large number of ships touching at the island. The custody of Napoleon prolonged the official importance of the station. It is a different place now. Mr. Antrobus, of the Colonial Office, who has lately been acting as Governor of St. Helena, concludes a recent report on the colony by saying that many of the civil servants have to discharge responsible duties with inadequate pay, and all the inhabitants are suffering more or less from the general depression. "It is melancholy to contemplate the present condition of an island which was once so flourishing and still has so many points to recommend it. There are still the wonderfully healthy climate, neither too hot nor too cold, the beautiful scenery, the mixture of tropical and temperate vegetation, the rare indigenous plants, the clearly marked geological structure, and the historical associations derived from the rule of the East India Company, the imprisonment and death of the great Napoleon, and the visits of Halley and Darwin and other distinguished men of science. But the ruins of well-built country houses, and the deserted cottages, which are to be seen in every direction, as well as the returns of the rapidly diminishing revenue, afford evidence of the change which has taken place in all that constitutes material prosperity; and I regret that there is at present no sign of any improvement."

**Crofter Colonisation.**—The Earl of Aberdeen, when in America last year, visited the stations of Highland crofters, and reported them to be prosperous to the Committee of the House of Commons. Sir George Baden Powell, M.P., who had recently visited the settlement in Manitoba, described the position of the crofters, and gave figures to show that each family had on the average 168 acres of good soil, 37 of which were cropped, 80 head of live stock, 30 head of poultry, 17 tons of hay, and 750 bushels of wheat, which, at the low price of 70 cents, would represent a money value of £110. From all that he could gather every one was well housed, there was a certain amount of stabling, and school accommodation was within easy reach. The crofters were now, therefore, in a far better condition than anything they could possibly have hoped for if they had remained in their homes in Scotland. Prior to their emigration they were poor, indolent, unskilled in farming, and many of them showed a discontented nature, whereas now they were very hopeful and improved in every way, especially in regard to capital.

**American Mail.**—The White Star liner Majestic arrived at Queenstown from New York with an extraordinarily large mail, which comprised 860 sacks of English, Scotch, Irish, and Continental letters, weighing in the aggregate 35 tons. All of these were landed at Queenstown. This is the heaviest mail ever brought across the Atlantic by any one steamer. The numerous sacks were promptly packed into a special train, which consisted of post offices, tenders, and a van. A double staff of letter-sorters, 22 in number, accompanied the mails to Dublin, so as to be able to cope with the exigencies of the case. This mail shows the intercourse between the two countries at the end of April, 1891. During the same month many other vast English sacks passed out, and American mails arrived.

**Nansen's Polar Expedition.**—Dr. Nansen, of trans-Greenland celebrity, starts this month on his new Polar expedition. He proposes to get through Behring Straits to the island of New Siberia, and hopes to find in autumn open water stretching far away to the north. His vessel will carry only eight men, and provisions for five years. He hopes to reach the pole in two years. Strong boats will be carried in case of accident to the vessel, and tents for camping on ice or on shore when necessary

**Profit-sharing.**—An official report to the Board of Trade by Mr. J. Lowry Whittle, published as a Parliamentary paper, contains valuable information. The cases in which the system of profit-sharing has been organised in this country are few compared with those in France, where the principle was more early introduced and more thoroughly carried out. The example of the Maison Leclaire was specially described by Mr. John Stuart Mill in his "Political Economy." It was commenced as long ago as 1842, and Mr. J. L. Whittle gives, in an appendix to his report, the financial result during the whole period down to 1889. It appears that no less a sum than 5,513,142 francs was shared among the workmen in addition to their yearly wages, the rate of increase being as high in one year as 23·27 per cent., and having been maintained steadily for the last nine years at more than 20 per cent.

**Stop! here is a Fool coming.**—Lockhart, Sir W. Scott's son-in-law, tells how Lord Jeffrey was playing with some of his eminent Edinburgh friends at leap-frog on the lawn at Craigcrook, when the host suddenly said to his guests, "Stop! here is a fool coming." The story has been told of others, but the best known version of the anecdote is that given by James Boswell, in the Dedication of the Life of Johnson to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Boswell says, "It is related of the great Dr. Clarke, that when in one of his leisure hours he was unbending himself with a few friends in the most playful and frolicsome manner, he observed Beau Nash approaching; upon which he suddenly stopped—"My boys (said he), let us be grave; here comes a fool."

**Mussulman Inscriptions in Asia Minor.**—M. Huart, the interpreter of the French Embassy at Constantinople, has sent to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres in Paris, a report of the mission, with which he was intrusted by the Minister of Public Instruction, in the ayalet of Karamania (the ancient Lycaonia and Isauria), and especially at Konyah (Iconium), for the purpose of copying the Mussulman inscriptions dating from the dynasty of the Seleucidæ, which reigned in that country for about two centuries. This was a period of relative prosperity for the region over which reigned these princes, who had in turn thrown off the suzerainty of Bagdad and Persia, and had adorned Konyah, their capital, with monuments still visible 30 years ago, and testifying to their interest in art, notably in architecture and decoration. Out of 58 inscriptions, mostly Arabic, which M. Huart copied, 25 belong to the epoch of the Seleucidæ and relate to six of those princes who reigned at Konyah.

**The Safety of Railway Travel.**—In our last month's article on the railroad, an accident occurred in calculating the risk of travel, and though Mr. Gordon was the first to find out his error, he unfortunately did so too late to prevent its appearing in the early part of our edition. The chances of an ordinary passenger being killed on a railway journey is apparently as 1 to 94,271,378, but the risk is really less than this, owing to none of the holders of season or periodical tickets being included. These figures are on the basis of the Government returns for 1889, the last available for purposes of comparison, owing to the Registrar-General's Report for 1890 not having yet been issued. From these 1889 reports, it is somewhat startling to find that not only is it safer to ride on the railroad than to walk through the streets, but that it is actually safer to ride in a railway carriage than in a perambulator, which is the safest of vehicles not driven by steam. A perambulator is twice as safe as a dray, five times as safe as an omnibus, eight times as safe as a tramcar, nine times as safe as a cab, twelve times as safe as a carriage, and ninety-seven times as safe as a van or cart. In 1890, the number of persons killed on the railroads of this island was eighteen, being ten more than during the preceding year, the increase being accounted for by the ten victims of the terrible catastrophe to the Cape Mail at Norton Fitzwarren, on the Great Western.

**Educational Museum.**—At South Kensington Museum there has long been a display of all educational instruments and appliances, books and maps, as well as models of class-rooms and all furniture and fittings belonging to them. Another museum has been established at 74 Gower Street, the headquarters of "The Teachers' Guild," a society of more recent origin than the College of Preceptors. The Guild consists already of about 4,000 members, with branches all over the kingdom. The council recommend the introduction of a bill for compulsory registration of teachers. At present the qualifications of volunteer and adventure teachers are very vague.

**Red Tape.**—An amusing illustration of the excess of "red tape" was given by Captain E. J. Balfour, brother of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in returning thanks for the Volunteers in an after-dinner speech. A friend of his wanted to have his company photographed in Wellington Barracks, and the commanding officer there accorded permission, if the authorities at the War Office assented. All manner of official questions were asked, and it was not till about twenty letters had passed in reference to the matter, that sanction for the photograph was obtained.

**Sacred Tree near Leh, Ladak.**—At Leh, in Ladak, in Central Asia, there is a sacred tree which is of fabulous antiquity, and connected with ancient superstitions before the time when Mohammedanism reached that remote region. One of the Moravian missionaries, Mr. Marx, has sent a description and sketch of the tree. It is a poplar, and apparently between three and four centuries old. It is sacred to a goddess called Dzug-dor-gyal-mo (*gyal mo*, means queen), who presides over decency and propriety in women and girls. There is no image of this goddess known, and the veneration for her is very slight and formal now, although formerly she was supposed to have great power. Once a year, at the "Lo-Sar," or new year, bloodless offerings of juniper twigs, arrows, and goats' horns, are placed on a stone near the tree, which may represent an altar. The greatest care, however, is taken of the tree, and disasters are threatened in popular belief to any who injure it.

**Tea at £10 12*s.* 6*d.* per pound.**—Much was lately said of the sale of a sample of Ceylon tea, by auction, in Mincing Lane, at an unprecedented price, but the record has been exceeded by the sale of another consignment from Ceylon, which fetched about double the price, or £10 12*s.* 6*d.* From the extent to which use has been made of this sale for advertising a particular company, there is nothing in the price to connect it with extraordinary merit. It is certainly a beautiful tea, made from the tenderest tips of young leaves, from a good plantation.

# Household Queries.

**Violet-Ink Stains.**—*I have let some violet ink fall on a floor of a room. Could you kindly inform me if there is anything I could use to remove the stain?*—Nearly all violet inks—probably all—are aniline dyes, and none but the makers can tell you for certain if any process will get it out again. If the matter is of real importance you should write to them. The only general expedient likely to succeed would be successive applications of chloride of lime, left on

the floor; but there are dyes which would only be the worse for this treatment. It acts on many, however, and time also generally affects these aniline colours.

**Stone Stairs.**—*Can you give me a recipe for the best preparation to use for stone stairs (white), that will not rub off on to carpets, etc.?*—Coming off is best prevented by mixing size in the water. It is a great deal prevented by boiling up the powdered material, whether pipe-maker's clay, mason's dust, or powdered brick, in a quart of water mixed with a quart of beer. These expedients cause a little loss of whiteness, however.

**Fowls Featherless.**—*Would you kindly advise me what to do with my fowls? They seem to be losing all their feathers. I have been feeding them alternately with Indian meal and bran mash, and Indian corn and oats. They have an extensive grass run, and are out all day. After their feed at nine o'clock in the morning I feed with grain at four. They have a dust-bath of peat-earth. Do you think hemp-seed would do any good, with sulphate of iron in their water? Should sitting-hens have grain or soft food?*—Answering the last questions first, sitting-hens are best fed upon whole barley, but never soft food. Hemp-seed would do no good: a little of the iron tonic for a month or two may. The cause of the mischief is probably in your feeding. Discard for the present the Indian meal, bran, and oats (the latter of heavy quality, 40 lbs. to the bushel, are good food, but with bran give too much husky matter, and this may have caused the mischief), and use for grain wheat and barley; for the soft food, what is known as sharps or middlings mashed up with your house scraps or barley meal. As your birds have grass run, Indian corn may be given now and then as grain, but avoid the meal except when fattening. Under this regimen they will probably improve, unless they have contracted the vice of eating each other's feathers, which is, however, very rare upon a grass range.

**Cutting Bottles.**—*Could you inform me of some simple method of preparing melon seeds for fancy work, having tried drying, but find they shrink? Also, is there any way of cutting quart bottles to make them suitable for jam-pots, having tried wool dipped in paraffin, but find they never break evenly?*—Melon seeds contain too much moisture to preserve their shape; you must be content with such naturally hard particles as fish scales, fir-cone scales, etc. We should not have thought quart bottles very suitable when done, having no groove round them, and needing considerable labour to rub down smooth with sand or emery, even when cut. But you should succeed if you dip your thread in turpentine, which burns rather more slowly, and first file a notch with a three-square file, tie the thread round in that, and the moment the thread is burnt dip into cold water; the crack will lead along from the notch. Or you can file a notch all round easily if you dip the file in turpentine. Or (always first filing a small notch to lead the crack from) you can lead it round with a red-hot poker which has been pointed for the purpose; or at some chemists' shops you can buy what they call "pastille" or "spring-coal," which when lighted burns away bright at the end, and answers better than the poker. You must do the parting by gentle rapping all round with the back of a knife.

**Old Air-cushion.**—*I shall be glad if you can tell me if I can do anything to an air-cushion to make it soft; it has been laid aside for some time, and is unpleasantly stiff, and also much soiled. Can it be cleansed and improved?*—After a time india-rubber utterly "perishes," as it is called, and nothing can then restore it. Short of that, the hardness can often be removed by keeping the article for a day or two in a moderately warm room, and then in a very warm one, or near the fire—not to scorch, however. Of course it will wash easily, but the original bright powdery surface cannot be renewed. If it is not spoilt, however, to make a cover is very easy.

**India-rubber Plant.**—*Kindly inform me how to manage an india-rubber plant, which has grown very tall, and had to be transplanted into another and larger pot. It seems as if it was dying at the top. Will it make other shoots lower down, or must it be cut at the top? The leaves are very large and healthy.*—We fear the re-potting was a mistake; these plants do not need nearly such large pots as might be supposed, and by pinching back may be kept in form for years. When potted or re-potted, they generally need stove or warm greenhouse treatment till their roots have got thoroughly established, then gradual hardening off again. The top probably does require cutting back clean to healthy growth; but if you value this particular plant you had better show it to a nurseryman, who will tell you from its exact appearance, pot, &c., what is the best thing to do. Meantime be sure there is plenty of water at the roots, and keep the leaves well sponged. It may need to go into the hothouse; it is only when well rooted and hardened off that these plants will bear ordinary room treatment: then they are about the easiest of all to manage.

**Tomatoes—Icing.**—*Are tomatoes injurious to eat? Do they, as I have heard, tend to produce cancer?* 2. *Can you give me a good recipe for icing a cake? Should it be put on while the cake is hot?*—1. They are not the least injurious, but, on the contrary, one of the most wholesome of vegetables. 2. Supposing it to be a wedding-cake, the almond part of the icing is made by blanching half a pound of almonds and pounding them in a mortar with a pound of finely sifted loaf-sugar; then add a very little orange-flower water, and mix in enough white of egg to make the whole a soft smooth paste. Suppose you put on about an inch and a half deep of this, then it must be allowed to become firm by drying. It is put on the cake cold. The sugar-ice is made by mixing white of egg alone with finely sifted sugar, and a few drops of lemon to taste, the proportion being about half a pound of sugar to the whites of two eggs—only eggs are large and small. This ice is made more liquid, so that it can be spread or laid on. The cake must be put in a dry place to harden gradually, covering over from the dust. The same semi-fluid ice, in a paper cone with a little hole at the bottom, is used for "piping," or ornamental figures, the cone being moved about as the little stream flows out, to make the pattern. Icing is easily painted on in water-colour by any one clever at quick sketching.

**Parrot Plucking Itself.**—A correspondent writes: "Having read in the 'Leisure Hour' an inquiry as to the treatment of parrots who pick out their feathers, I should like to give the result of our experience. When we first had our grey parrot as a young bird, twenty years ago, it was a complete object from picking out its feathers, and we followed carefully the diet prescribed for it in the hopes of curing it; but as in a year or two's time it was no better, we allowed it to take anything it fancied (not parsley), and from that time it entirely recovered, and is in perfect health and beautiful plumage. It eats meat, vegetables (cooked, of course), puddings, sop, cheese, rice, fruit, etc., and I must add, drinks a great quantity of water. Hemp-seed is always in the cage, in which, however, the bird only remains during the night. Of course it has baths whenever it likes."

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## Astronomical Almanack for June.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | M | ☉ rises 3.51 A.M. | 17 | W | Twilight all night |
| 2 | T | ☉ sets 8.5 P.M. | 18 | T | Jupiter a morning star |
| 3 | W | Clock after ☉ 21s. 10s. | 19 | F | Venus rises 2.28 A.M. |
| 4 | T | Venus near ☽ | 20 | S | Accens. of Q. Victoria, '37 |
| 5 | F | Arcturus S. 9.15 P.M. | 21 | ☉ | 4 SUN AFTER TRINITY |
| 6 | S | New ☽ 4.26 P.M. | | | [Summer Quarter begins. |
| | | [Eclipse of ☉ 5.47 P.M. | 22 | M | Fall ☽ 5.12 A.M. |
| 7 | ☉ | 2 SUN. AFTER TRINITY | 23 | T | Saturn an evening star |
| 8 | M | Venus a morning star | 24 | W | Camb. Easter Term ends. |
| 9 | T | Antares S. 11.11 P.M. | | | [Midsummer Day |
| 10 | W | ☉ rises 3.45 A.M. | 25 | T | Corona S. 9.15 P.M. |
| 11 | T | Length of Day 16h. 29m. | 26 | F | ☽ least distance from ♁ |
| 12 | F | Saturn near ☽ | 27 | S | Clock before ☉ 2m. 42s. |
| 13 | S | ☉ sets 8.15 P.M. | 28 | ☉ | 5 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 14 | ☉ | 3 SUN. AFTER TRINITY, | | | [☽ 3 Quarter 11.16 P.M. |
| | | [☽ 1 Quarter 0.34 P.M. | 29 | M | ☉ rises 3.47 A.M. |
| 15 | M | Mars an evening star | 30 | T | ☉ sets 8.18 P.M. |
| 16 | T | Spica Virginis S. 7.41 P.M. | | | |



SUMMERTIDE.

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC,



"BEWARE! BEWARE, UNLUCKY SHOOT OF A CROOKED BRANCH!"

## CHAPTER XVII.—A LETTER THAT HAD MANY ESCAPES.

"HOITY toity!" the Duchess cried again, looking from one to another of us, when Anne had disappeared. "What has come to the little fool? Has she gone crazy?"

I shook my head, too completely at sea even to hazard a conjecture. Master Bertie shook his head also, keeping his eyes glued to the door as if he could not believe Anne had really gone.

"I said nothing to frighten her!" my lady protested.

"Nothing at all," I answered. For how should the announcement that my real name was Cludde terrify Mistress Anne Brandon nearly out of her senses?

"Well, no," Master Bertie agreed, his thoughtful face more thoughtful than usual; "so far as I heard, you said nothing. But I think, my dear, that you had better follow her and learn what it is. She must be ill."

The Duchess sat down. "I will go by-and-by," she said coolly, at which I was not much surprised, for I have always remarked that women have less sympathy with other women's ailments, especially of the nerves, than have men.

"For the moment I want to scold this brave silly boy here!" she continued, looking so kindly at me that I blushed again, and forgot all about Mistress Anne. "To think of him leaving his home to become a wandering squire of dames merely because his father was a— well, not quite what he would have liked him to be! I remember something about him," she continued, pursing up her lips, and nodding her head at us. "I fancied him dead, however, years ago. But there! if every one whose father were not quite to his liking left home and went astraying, Master Francis, all sensible folk would turn innkeepers, and make their fortunes."

"It was not only that which drove me from home," I explained. "The Bishop of Winchester gave me clearly to understand——"

"That Coton was not the place for you!" exclaimed my lady, scornfully. "He is a sort of connection of yours, is he not? Oh, I know. And he thinks he has a kind of reversionary interest in the property! With you and your father out of the way, and only your girl cousin left, his interest is much more likely to come to hand. Do you see?"

I recalled what Martin Luther had said about the cuckoo. But I have since thought that probably they both wronged Stephen Gardiner in this. He was not a man of petty mind, and his estate was equal to his high place. I think it more likely that his motive in removing me from Coton was chiefly the desire to use my services abroad, in conjunction perhaps with some remoter and darker plan for eventually devoting the Cludde property to the Church. Such an act of piety would have been possible had Sir Anthony died leaving his daughter unmarried, and would certainly have earned for the Chancellor, Queen Mary's lasting favour. I think it the more likely to have been in his mind because his inability to persuade the gentry to such acts of restitution—King Harry had much enriched us—was always a sore point with the queen, and more than once exposed him to her resentment.

"The strangest thing of all," the Duchess continued with alacrity, "seems to me to be this, that if he had not meddled with you, he would not have had his plans in regard to us thwarted. If he had not driven you from home, you would never have helped me to escape from London, nor been with us to foil his agents."

"A higher power than the Chancellor arranged that!" said Master Bertie, emphatically.

"Well, at any rate I am glad that you are you!" the Duchess answered, rising gaily. "A Cludde? Why, one feels at home again. And yet," she continued, her lips trembling suddenly, and her eyes filling with tears as she looked at me, "there was never house raised yet on nobler deed than yours."

"Go! go! go!" cried her husband, seeing my embarrassment. "Go and look to that foolish girl!"

"I will! Yet stop!" cried my lady, pausing when she was half way across the floor, and returning. "I was forgetting that I have another letter to open. It is very odd that this letter was never opened before," she continued, producing that which had lain in my haversack. "It has had several narrow escapes. But this time I vow I will see inside it. You give me leave?"

"Oh yes," I said smiling. "I wash my hands of it. Whoever the Mistress Clarence to whom it is addressed may be, it is enough that her name is Clarence! We have suffered too much at his hands."

"I open it then?" my lady cried dramatically. I nodded. She took her husband's dagger and cut the green silk which bound the packet, and opened and read.

Only a few words. Then she stopped, and looking off the paper, shivered; "I do not understand this," she murmured. "What does it mean?"

"No good! I'll be sworn!" Master Bertie replied, gazing at her eagerly. "Read it aloud, Katherine."

"'To Mistress A— B—. I am advertised by my trusty agent, Master Clarence, that he hath benefited much by your aid in the matter in which I have employed him. Such service goeth always for much, and never for naught with me. In which belief confirm yourself. For the present, working with him as heretofore, be secret and on no account let your true sentiments come to light. So you will be the more valuable to me, even as it is more easy to unfasten a barred door from within than from without.'"

Here the Duchess broke off abruptly, and turned on us a face full of wonder. "What does it mean?" she asked.

"Is that all?" her husband said.

"Not quite," she answered, returning to it, and reading.

"'Those whom you have hitherto served have too long made a mockery of sacred things, but their cup is full and the business of seeing that they drink it lieth with me who am not wont to be slothful in these matters. Be faithful and secret. Good speed and fare you well.—Ste. Winton.'"

"One thing is quite clear!" said Master Bertie, slowly. "That you and I are the persons whose cup is full. You remember how you once dressed up a dog in a rochet, and dandled it before Gardiner? And it is our matter in which Clarence is employed. Then who is it who has been co-operating with him, and whose aid is of so much value to him?"

"'Even as it is easier,'" I muttered thoughtfully, "'to unfasten a barred door from within than from without.'" What was it of which that strange sentence reminded me? Ha! I had it. Of the night on which we had fled from Master Lindstrom's house, when Mistress Anne had been seized with that odd fit of perverseness, and had almost opened the door looking upon the river in spite of all I could say or do. It was of that the sentence reminded me. "To whom is it addressed?" I asked abruptly.

"To Mistress Clarence," my lady answered.

"No; inside I mean."

"Oh! to Mistress A—B—. But that gives us no clue," she added. "It is a disguise. You see they are the two first letters of the alphabet."

So they were. And the initial letters of Anne Brandon! I wondered that the Duchess did not see it, that she did not at once turn her suspicions towards the right quarter. But she was, for a woman, singularly truthful and confiding. And she saw nothing.

I looked at Master Bertie. He seemed puzzled, discerning, I fancy, how strangely the allusions pointed to Mistress Anne, but not daring at once to draw the inference. She was his wife's kinswoman by marriage—albeit a distant one—and much indebted to her. She had been almost as his own sister. She was young and fair, and to associate treachery and ingratitude such as this with her seemed almost too horrible.

Then why was I so clear-sighted as to read the riddle? Why was I the first to see the truth? Because I had felt for days a vague and ill-defined distrust of the girl. I had seen more of her odd fits and caprices than had the others. Looking back now I could find a confirmation of my idea in a dozen things which had befallen us. I remembered how ill and stricken she had looked on the day when I had first brought out the letter, and how strangely she had talked to me about it. I remembered Clarence's interview with — not Dymphna, as I had then thought—but, as I now guessed, Anne wearing her cloak. I recalled the manner in which she had used me to persuade Master Bertie to take the Wesel instead of the Santon road; no doubt she had told Clarence to follow in that direction, if by any chance we escaped him on the island. And her despair when she heard in the church porch that I had killed Clarence at the ford! And her utter abandonment to fear—poor guilty thing!—when she thought that all her devices had only led her with us to a dreadful death! These things, in the light in which I now viewed them, were cogent evidences against her.

"It must have been written to some one about us!" said the Duchess at length. "To some one in our confidence. On our side of the door, as he calls it."

"Yes, that is certain," I said.

"And on the wrapper he styles her Mistress Clarence. Now who——"

"Who could it have been? That is the question we have to answer," Master Bertie replied dryly. Hearing his voice I knew he had come at last to the same conclusion to which I had jumped. "I think you may dismiss the servants from the inquiry," he continued. "The Bishop of Winchester would scarcely write to them in that style."

"Dismiss the servants? Then who is left?" she protested.

"I think——" He lost courage, hesitated, and broke off. She looked at him wonderingly. He turned to me and, gaining confirmation from my nod, began again. "I think I should ask A— B—," he said.

"A— B—?" she cried, still not seeing one whit.

"Yes. Anne Brandon," he answered sternly.

She repeated his words softly and stood a moment gazing at him. In that moment she saw it all. She sat down suddenly on the chair beside her and shuddered violently, as if she had laid her hand unwittingly upon a snake. "Oh, Richard!" she whispered, "it is too horrible."

"I fear it is too true," he answered gloomily.

I shrank from looking at them, from meeting her eyes or his. I felt as if this shame had come upon us all. The thought that the culprit might walk into the room at any moment filled me with terror. I turned away and looked through the window, leaving the husband and wife together.

"Is it only the name you are thinking of?" she muttered.

"No," he answered. "Before I left England to go to Calais I saw something pass between them—between her and Clarence—which surprised me. Only in the confusion of those last days it slipped from my memory for the time."

"I see," she said quietly. "The villain!"

Looking back on the events of the last week, I found many things made plain by the lurid light now cast upon them. I understood how Master Lindstrom's vase had come to be broken when we were discussing the letter, which in my hands must have been a perpetual terror to the girl. I discerned that she had purposely sown dissension between myself and Van Tree, and recalled how she had striven to persuade us not to leave the island; then, how she had induced us to take that unlucky road; finally, how on the road her horse had lagged and lagged behind, detaining us all when every minute was precious. The things all dove-tailed into one another; each by itself was weak, but together they formed a strong scaffold—a scaffold strong enough for the hanging of a man, if she had been a man! The others appealed to me, the Duchess feverishly anxious to be assured one way or the other. The very suspicion of the existence of such treachery at her side seemed to stifle her. Still looking out of the window I detailed the proofs I have mentioned, not gladly, Heaven knows, or in any spirit of revenge. But my duty was rather to my companions who had been true to me, than to her. I told them the truth so far as I knew it. The whole wretched miserable truth was only to become known to me later.

"I will go to her," the Duchess said presently, rising from her seat.

"My dear!" her husband cried. He stretched out his hand, and grasping her skirt detained her. "You will not——"

"Do not be afraid!" she replied sadly as she stooped over him and kissed his forehead. "It is a thing past scolding, Richard; past love and even hope, and all but past pity. I will be merciful as we hope for mercy, but she can never be friend of ours again, and some one must tell her. I will do so and return. As for that man!" she continued, obscuring suddenly the fair and noble side of her character which she had just exhibited, and which I confess had surprised me, for I had not thought her capable of a generosity so uncommon; "as for that man," she repeated, drawing herself up to her full height while her eyes sparkled and her cheek grew red, "who has turned her into a vile schemer and a shameless hypocrite, as he would fain have turned better women, I will show him no mercy nor grace if I ever have him under my feet. I will crush him as I would an adder, though I be crushed next moment myself!"

She was sweeping with that word from the room, and had nearly reached the door before I found my voice. Then I called out "Stay!" just in time. "You will do no good, madam, by going!" I said, rising. "You will not find her. She is gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes," I said quietly. "She left the house twenty minutes ago. I saw her cross the market-

place, wearing her cloak and carrying a bag. I do not think she will return."

"Not return? But whither has she gone?" they both cried at once.

I shook my head.

"I can only guess," I said in a low voice. "I saw no more than I have told you."

"But why did you not tell me?" the Duchess cried reproachfully. "She shall be brought back."

"It would be useless," Master Bertie answered. "Yet I doubt if it be as Carey thinks. Why should she go just at this time? She does not know that she is found out. She does not know that this letter has been recovered. Not a word, mind, was said of it before she left the room."

"No," I allowed; "that is true."

I was puzzled on this point myself, now I came



"NOT RETURN? BUT WHITHER HAS SHE GONE?"

to consider it. I could not see why she had taken the alarm so opportunely; but I maintained my opinion nevertheless.

"Something frightened her," I said; "though it may not have been the letter."

"Yes," said the Duchess, after a moment's silence. "I suppose you are right. I suppose something frightened her, as you say. I wonder what it was, poor wretch!"

It turned out that I was right. Mistress Anne had gone indeed, having stayed, so far as we could learn from an examination of the room which she had shared with Dymphna, merely to put together the few things which our adventures had left her. She had gone out from amongst us in this foreign land without a word of farewell, without a good wish given or received, without a soul to say God speed! The thought made me tremble. If she had died it would have been different. Now, to feel sorrow for her as for one who had been with us in heart as well as in body, seemed a mockery. How could we grieve for one who had moved day by day and hour by hour among us, only that with each hour and day she might plot and scheme and plan our destruction? It was impossible!

We made inquiries indeed, but without result; and so, abruptly and terribly she passed—for the time—out of our knowledge, though often afterwards I recalled sadly the weary, hunted look which I had sometimes seen in her eyes when she sat listless and dreamy. Poor girl! Her own acts had placed her, as the Duchess said, beyond love or hope, but not beyond pity.

So it is in life. The day which sees one's trial end sees another's begin. We, the Duchess and her child, Master Bertie and I, stayed with our good and faithful friends the Lindstroms awhile, resting and recruiting our strength; and during this interval, at the pressing instance of the Duchess, I wrote letters to Sir Anthony and Petronilla, stating that I was abroad, and was well, and looked presently to return; but not disclosing my refuge or the names of my companions. At the end of five days, Master Bertie being fairly strong again and Santon being considered unsafe for us as a permanent residence, we went under guard to Wesel, where we were received as people of quality, and lodged, there being no fitting place, in the disused church of St. Willibrod. Here the child was christened Peregrine—a wanderer; the governor of the city and I being godfathers. And here we lived in peace—albeit with hearts that yearned for home—for some months.

During this time two pieces of news came to us from England: one, that the Parliament, though much pressed to it, had refused to acquiesce in the confiscation of the Duchess's estates; the other, that our joint persecutor, the great Bishop of Winchester, was dead. This last we at first disbelieved. It was true nevertheless. Stephen Gardiner, whose vast schemes had enmeshed people so far apart in station and indeed in all else as the Duchess and myself, was dead at last; had died towards the end of 1555, at the height of his power, with England at his feet, and gone to his Maker. I have known many worse men.

We trusted that this might open the way for our return, but we found on the contrary that fresh clouds were rising. The persecution of the Reformers, which Queen Mary had begun in England, was carried on with increasing rigour; and her husband, who was now King of Spain and master of the Netherlands, freed from the prudent checks of his father, was inclined to pleasure her in this by giving what aid he could abroad. His Minister in the Netherlands, the Bishop of Arras, brought so much pressure to bear upon our protector to induce him to give us up, that it was plain the Duke of Cleves must sooner or later comply. We thought it better therefore to remove ourselves, and presently did so, going to the town of Winnheim in the Rhine Palatinate.

We found ourselves not much more secure here, however, and all our efforts to discover a safe road into France failing, and the stock of money which the Duchess had provided beginning to give out, we were in great straits whither to go or what to do.

At this time of our need, however, Providence opened a door in a quarter where we least looked for it. Letters came from Sigismund, the King of Poland, and from the Palatine of Wilna in that country, inviting the Duchess and Master Bertie to take up their residence there, and offering the latter an establishment and honourable employment. The overture was unlooked for, and was not accepted without misgivings, Wilna being so far distant, and there being none of our race in that country. However, assurance of the Polish king's good faith reached us—I say us, for in all their plans I was included—through John Alasco, a nobleman who had visited England. And in due time we started on this prodigious journey, and came safely to Wilna, where our reception was such as the letters had led us to expect.

I do not propose to set down here our adventures, though they were many, in that strange country of frozen marshes and endless plains, but to pass over eighteen months which I spent not without profit to myself in the Pole's service, seeing something of war in his Lithuanian campaigns, and learning much of men and the world, which here, to say nothing of wolves and bears, bore certain aspects not commonly visible in Warwickshire. I pass on to the early autumn of 1558, when a letter from the Duchess, who was at Wilna, was brought to me at Cracovy. It was to this effect :

"Dear Friend,—Send you good speed ! Word has come to us here of an enterprise Englandwards, which promises, if it be truly reported to us, to so alter things at home that there may be room for us at our own firesides. Heaven so further it, both for our happiness and the good of the religion. Master Bertie has embarked on it, and I have taken upon myself to answer for your aid and counsel, which have never been wanting to us. Wherefore, dear friend, come, sparing neither horse nor spurs, nor anything which may bring you sooner to Wilna, and your assured and loving friend, Katherine Suffolk."

In five days after receiving this I was at Wilna ; and two months later I saw England again, after an absence of three years. Early in November 1558 Master Bertie and I landed at Lowestoft, having made the passage from Hamburg in a trading vessel of that place. We stopped only to sleep one night, and then, dressed as travelling merchants, we set out on the road to London, entering the city without accident or hindrance on the third day after landing.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—THE WITCH'S WARNING.

"ONE minute !" I said. "That is the place." Master Bertie turned in his saddle, and looked at it. The light was fading into the early dusk of a November evening, but the main features of four cross streets, the angle between two of them filled by the tall belfry of a church, were still to be made out. The east wind had driven loiterers indoors, and there was scarcely any one abroad to notice us. I pointed to a dead wall ten paces down one street. "Opposite that, they stopped," I said. "There was a pile of boards leaning against it then."

"You have had many a worse bedchamber since, lad," he said smiling.

"Many," I answered. And then by a common impulse we shook up the horses, and trotting gently on were soon clear of London and making for Islington. Passing through the latter we began to breast the steep slope which leads to Highgate, and coming, when we had reached the summit, plump upon the lights of the village, pulled up in front of a building which loomed darkly across the road.

"This is the Gatehouse Tavern," Master Bertie said in a low voice. "We shall soon know whether we have come on a fool's errand—or worse !"

We rode under the archway into a great courtyard, from which the road issued again on the other side through another gate. In one corner two men were littering down a line of packhorses by the light of lanterns which brought their tanned and rugged faces into relief. In another, where the light poured ruddily from an open doorway, an ostler was serving out fodder, and doing so, if we might judge from the travellers' remonstrances, with a niggardly hand. From the windows of the house a dozen rays of light shot athwart the darkness, and disclosed as many pigs wallowing asleep in the middle of the yard. In all we saw a coarse comfort and welcome. Master Bertie led the way across the yard, and accosted the ostler. "Can we have stalls and beds ?" he asked.

The man stayed his chaffering, and looked up at us. "Every man to his business," he replied gruffly. "Stalls, yes, but of beds I know nothing. For women's work go to the women."

"Right !" said I, "so we will. With better luck than you would go, I expect, my man !"

Bursting into a hoarse laugh at this—he was lame and one-eyed and not very well-favoured—he led us into a long, many-stalled stable, feebly lit by lanterns which here and there glimmered against the walls. "Suit yourselves," he said ; "first come is first served here."

He seemed an ill-conditioned fellow, but the business-like way in which we went about our work, watering, feeding, and littering down in old campaigners' fashion, drew from him a grunt of commendation. "Have you come from far, masters ?" he asked.

"No, from London," I answered curtly. "We come as linen-drapers from Westcheap, if you want to know."

"Ay, I see that," he said chuckling "Never were atop of a horse before, nor handled anything but a clothyard ; oh no !"

"We want a merchant reputed to sell French lace," I continued, looking hard at him. "Do you happen to know if there is a dealer here with any ?"

He nodded rather to himself than to me, as if he had expected the question. Then in the same tone, but with a quick glance of intelligence, he answered, "I will show you into the house presently, and you can see for yourselves. A stable is no place for French lace." He pointed with a wink over his shoulder towards a stall in which a man apparently drunk lay snoring. "That is a fine toy !"

he ran on carelessly, as I removed my dagger from the holster and concealed it under my cloak—"a fine plaything—for a linendraper!"

"Peace, peace, man! and show us in," said Master Bertie impatiently.

With a shrug of his shoulders the man obeyed. Crossing the courtyard behind him, we entered the great kitchen, which, full of light and warmth and noise, presented just such a scene of comfort and bustle, of loud talking, red-faced guests, and hurrying bare-armed serving-maids, as I remembered lighting upon at St. Albans three years back. But I had changed much since then, and seen much. The bailiff himself would hardly have recognised his old antagonist in the tall, heavily cloaked stranger, whose assured air, acquired amid wild surroundings in a foreign land, gave him a look of age to which I could not fairly lay claim. Master Bertie had assigned the lead to me as being in less danger of recognition, and I followed the ostler towards the hearth without hesitation. "Master Jenkin!" the man cried, with the same rough bluntness he had shown without, "here are two travellers want the lace-seller who was here to-day. Has he gone?"

"Who gone?" retorted the host as loudly.

"The lace merchant who came this morning."

"No; he is in No. 32," returned the landlord. "Will you sup first, gentlemen?"

We declined, and followed the ostler, who made no secret of our destination, telling those in our road to make way, as the gentlemen were for No. 32. One of the crowd, however, who seemed to be crossing from the lower end of the room, failed apparently to understand, and, interposing between us and our guide, brought me perforce to a halt.

"By your leave, good woman!" I said, and tried to pass round her.

But she foiled me with unexpected nimbleness, and I could not push her aside, she was so very old. Her gums were toothless and her forehead was lined and wrinkled. About her eyes, which under hideous red lids still shone with an evil gleam—a kind of reflection of a wicked past—a thousand crows' feet had gathered. A few wisps of grey hair struggled from under the handkerchief which covered her head. She was humpbacked, and stooped over a stick, and whether she saw or not my movement of repugnance, her voice was harsh when she spoke.

"Young gentleman," she croaked, "let me tell your fortune by the stars. A fortune for a groat, young gentleman!" she continued, peering up into my face and frustrating my attempts to pass.

"Here is a groat," I answered peevishly, "and for the fortune, I will hear it another day. So let us by!"

But she would not. My companion, seeing that the attention of the room was being drawn to us, tried to pull me by her. But I could not use force, and short of force there was no remedy. The ostler, indeed, would have interfered on our behalf, and returned to bid her, with a civility he had not bestowed on us, "give us passage." But she swiftly turned her eyes on him in a sinister fashion, and he retreated with an oath and a paling face, while those nearest to us—and half a dozen had crowded round—drew back, and crossed themselves in haste almost ludicrous.

"Let me see your face, young gentleman," she persisted, with a hollow cough. "My eyes are not so clear as they were, or it is not your cloak and your flap-hat that would blind me."

Thinking it best to get rid of her, even at a slight risk—and the chance that among the travellers present there would be one able to recognise me was small indeed—I uncovered. She shot a piercing glance at my face, and looking down on the floor, traced hurriedly a figure with her stick. She studied the phantom lines a moment, and then looked up.

"Listen!" she said solemnly, and waving her stick round me, she quavered out in tones which filled me with a strange tremor:

> "The man goes east, and the wind blows west,
> Wood to the head, and steel to the breast!
> The man goes west, and the wind blows east,
> The neck twice doomed the gallows shall feast!"

"Beware!" she went on more loudly, and harshly, tapping with her stick on the floor, and shaking her palsied head at me. "Beware, unlucky shoot of a crooked branch! Go no farther with it! Go back! The sword may miss or may not fall, but the cord is sure!"

If Master Bertie had not held my arm tightly, I should have recoiled, as most of those within hearing had already done. The strange allusions to my past, which I had no difficulty in detecting, and the witch's knowledge of the risks of our present enterprise, were enough to startle and shake the most constant mind: and in the midst of enterprises secret and dangerous, few minds are so firm or so reckless as to disdain omens. That she was one of those unhappy beings who buy dark secrets at the expense of their souls, seemed certain; and had I been alone, I should have, I am not ashamed to say it, given back.

But I was lucky in having for my companion a man of rare mind, and besides, of so single a religious belief that to the end of his life he always refused to put faith in a thing of the existence of which I have no doubt myself—I mean witchcraft.

He showed at this moment the courage of his opinions. "Peace, peace, woman!" he said compassionately. "We shall live while God wills it, and die when he wills it. And neither live longer nor die earlier! So let us by."

"Would you perish?" she quavered.

"Ay! If so God wills," he answered, undaunted.

At that she seemed to shake all over, and hobbled aside, muttering, "Then go on! Go on! God wills it!"

Master Bertie gave me no time for hesitation, but, holding my arm, urged me on to where the ostler stood awaiting the event with a face of much discomposure. He opened the door for us, however, and led the way up a narrow and not too clean staircase. On the landing at the head of this he paused, and raised his lantern so as to cast the light on our faces. "She has overlooked me, the old witch!" he said viciously; "I wish I had never meddled in this business"

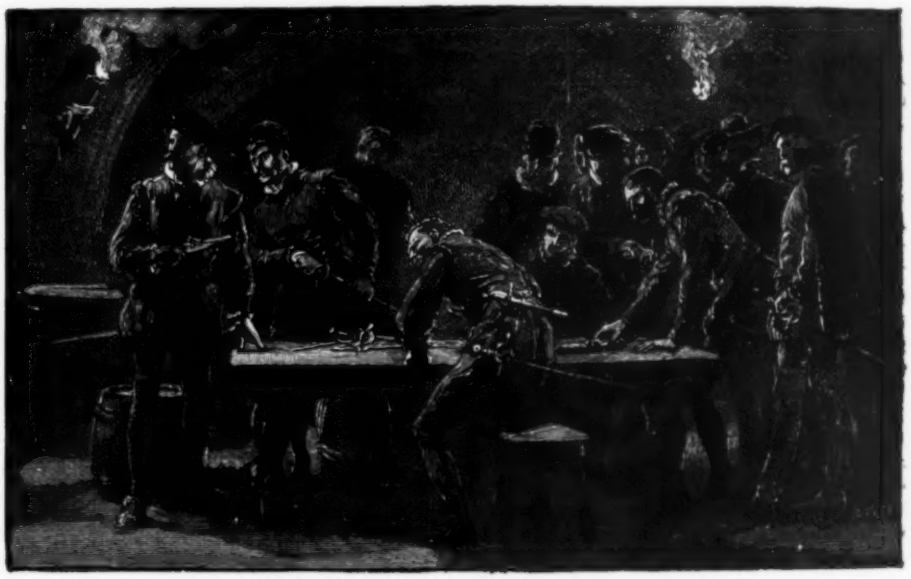
"Man!" Master Bertie replied sternly; "do you fear that weak old woman?"

"No; but I fear her master," retorted the ostler, "and that is the devil!"

"Then I do not," Master Bertie answered bravely. "For my Master is as good a match for him as I am for that old woman. When He wills it, man, you will die, and not before. So pluck up spirit."

Master Bertie did not look at me, though I needed his encouragement as much as the ostler, having had better proofs of the woman's strange knowledge. But, seeing that his exhortation had emboldened this ignorant man, I was ashamed to seem to hesitate. When the ostler knocked at the door—not of 32, but of 15—and it presently opened, I went in without more ado.

The room was a bare inn-chamber A pallet



"WHAT DO YOU SEEK? CRIED A THREATENING VOICE FROM AMONG THEM.

without coverings lay in one corner. In the middle were a couple of stools, and on one of them a taper.

The person who had opened to us stood eyeing us attentively: a bluff, weather-beaten man with a thick beard and the air of a sailor. "Well," he said, "what now?"

"These gentlemen want to buy some lace," the ostler explained.

"What lace do they want?" was the retort.

"French lace," I answered.

"You have come to the right shop, then," the man answered briskly. Nodding to our conductor to depart, he carefully let him out. Then, barring the door behind him, he as rapidly strode to the pallet and twitched it aside, disclosing a trap door. He lifted this, and we saw a narrow shaft descending into darkness. He brought the taper and held it so as to throw a faint light into the opening. There was no ladder, but blocks of wood nailed alternately against two of the sides, at intervals of a couple of feet or so, made the descent pretty easy for an active man. "The door is on this side," he said, pointing out the one. "Knock loudly once and softly twice. The word is the same."

We nodded, and while he held the taper above, we descended, one by one, without much difficulty, though I admit that half-way down the old woman's words "Go on and perish" came back disquietingly to my mind. However, my foot struck the bottom before I had time to digest them, and a streak of light which seemed to issue from under a door forced my thoughts the next moment into a new channel. Whispering to Master Bertie to pause a minute, for there was only room for one of us to stand at the bottom of the shaft, I knocked in the fashion prescribed.

The sound of loud voices, which I had already detected, ceased on a sudden, and I heard a shuffling on the other side of the boards. This was followed by silence, and then the door was flung open, and, blinded for the moment by a blaze of light, I walked mechanically forward into a room. I made out as I advanced a group of men standing round a rude table, their figures thrown into dark relief by flares stuck in sconces on the walls behind them. Some had weapons in their hands and others had partly risen from their seats and stood in postures of surprise. "What do you seek?" cried a threatening voice from among them.

"Lace," I answered.

"What lace?"

"French lace."

"Then you are welcome—heartily welcome!" was the answer given in a tone of relief. "But who comes with you?"

"Master Richard Bertie, of Lincolnshire," I answered promptly; and at that moment he emerged from the shaft.

A still more hearty murmur of welcome hailed his name and appearance, and we were borne forward to the table amid a chorus of voices, the greeting given to Master Bertie being that of men who joyfully hail unlooked-for help. The room, from its vaulted ceiling and stone floor, and the trams of casks which lay here and there or near the table serving for seats, appeared to be a cellar. Its dark, gloomy recesses, the flaring lights, and the weapons on the table, seemed meet and fitting surroundings for the anxious faces which were gathered about the board; for there was a something in the air which was not so much secrecy as a thing more unpleasant—suspicion and mistrust. Almost at the moment of our entrance it showed itself. One of the men, before the door had well closed behind us, went towards it, as if to go out. The leader—he who had questioned me—called sharply to him, bidding him come back. And he came back, but reluctantly, as it seemed to me.

I barely noticed this, for Master Bertie, who was known personally to many and by name to all, was introducing me to two who were apparently the leaders: Sir Thomas Penruddocke, a fair man as tall as myself, loose-limbed and untidily dressed, with a reckless eye and a loud tongue; and Master Walter Kingston, a younger brother, I was told, of that Sir Anthony Kingston who had suffered death the year before for conspiracy against the queen—the same in which Lord Devon had showed the white feather. Kingston was a young man of moderate height and slender; of a brown complexion, and delicate, almost womanish beauty, his sleepy dark eyes and dainty moustache suggesting a temper rather amiable than firm. But the spirit of revenge had entered into him, and I soon learned that not even Penruddocke, a Cornish knight of longer lineage than purse, was so vehement a plotter or so devoted to the cause. Looking at the others my heart sank; it needed no greater experience than mine to discern that, except three or four whom I identified as stout professors of religion, they were men rather of desperate fortunes than good estate. I learned on the instant the lesson that conspiracy makes strange bedfellows, and that it is impossible to do dirty work even with the purest intentions—in good company! Master Bertie's face indicated to one who knew him as well as I did something of the same feeling; and could the clock have been put back awhile, and we placed with free hands and uncommitted outside the Gatehouse, I think we should with one accord have turned our backs on it, and given up an attempt which in this company could scarcely fare any way but ill. Still, for good or evil, the die was cast now, and retreat was out of the question.

We had confronted too many dangers during the last three years not to be able to face this one with a good courage; and presently Master Bertie, taking a seat, requested to be told of the strength and plans of our associates, his businesslike manner introducing at once some degree of order and method into a conference which before our arrival had—unless I was much mistaken—been conspicuously lacking in both.

"Our resources?" Penruddocke replied confidently. "They lie everywhere, man! We have but to raise the flag and the rest will be a triumphal march. The people, sick of burnings and torturings, and heated by the loss of Calais last January, will flock to us. Flock to us, do I say? I will answer for it they will!"

"But you have some engagements, some promises from people of standing?"

"Oh, yes! But the whole nation will join us. They are weary of the present state of things."

"They may be as weary of it as you say," Master Bertie answered shrewdly; "but is it equally certain that they will risk their necks to amend it? You have fixed upon some secure base from which we can act, and upon which, if necessary, we may fall back to concentrate our strength?"

"Fall back?" cried Penruddocke, rising from his seat in heat. "Master Bertie, I hope you have not come among us to talk of falling back! Let us have no talk of that. If Wyatt had held on at once London would have been his! It was falling back ruined him."

Master Bertie shook his head. "If you have no secure base, you run the risk of being crushed in the first half hour," he said. "When a fire is first lighted the breeze puts it out which afterwards but fans it."

"You will not say that when you hear our plans. There are to be three risings at once. Lord Delaware will rise in the west."

"But will he?" said Master Bertie pointedly, disregarding the threatening looks which were cast at him by more than one. "The late rebellion there was put down very summarily, and I should have thought that country-side would not be prone to rise again. *Will* Lord Delaware rise?"

"Oh, yes, he will rise fast enough!" Penruddocke replied carelessly. "I will answer for him. And on the same day, while we do the London business, Sir Richard Bray will gather his men in Kent."

"Do not count on him!" said Master Bertie. "A prisoner, muffled and hoodwinked, was taken to the Tower by water this afternoon. And rumour says it was Sir Richard Bray."

There was a pause of consternation, during which one looked at another, and swarthy faces grew pale. Penruddocke was the first to recover himself. "Bah!" he exclaimed, "a fig for rumour! She is ever a lying jade! I will bet a noble Richard Bray is supping in his own house at this minute."

"Then you would lose," Master Bertie rejoined sadly, and with no show of triumph. "On hearing the report I sent a messenger to Sir Richard's house. He brought word back that Sir Richard Bray had been fetched away unexpectedly by four men, and that the house was in confusion."

A murmur of dismay broke out at the lower end of the table. But the Cornishman rose to the situation. "What matter?" he cried boisterously. "What we have lost in Bray we have gained in Master Bertie. He will raise Lincolnshire for us, and the Duchess's tenants. There should be five hundred stout men of the latter, and two-thirds of them Protestants at heart. If Bray has been seized there is the more call for haste that we may release him."

This appeal was answered by an outburst of cries. One or two even rose, and waving their weapons swore a speedy vengeance. But Master Bertie sat silent until the noise had subsided. Then he spoke. "You must not count on them either, Sir Thomas," he said firmly. "I cannot find it in my conscience to bring my wife's tenants into a plan so desperate as this appears to be. To appeal to the people generally is one thing; to call on those who are bound to us and who cannot in honour refuse is another. And I will not risk in a hopeless struggle the lives of men whose fathers looked for guidance to me and mine."

A silence, the silence of utter astonishment, fell upon the plotters round the table. In every face—and they were all turned upon my companion—I read rage and distrust and dismay. They had chafed under his cold criticisms and his calm reasonings. But this went beyond all, and there were hands which stole instinctively to daggers, and eyes which waited scowling for a signal. But Penruddocke, sanguine by nature and rendered reckless by circumstances, had still the feelings of a gentleman, and something in him responded to the appeal which underlay Master Bertie's words. He remained silent, gazing gloomily at the table, his eyes perhaps opened at this late hour to the hopelessness of the attempt he meditated.

It was Walter Kingston who came to the fore, and put into words the thoughts of the coarser and more selfish spirits round him. Leaping from his seat he dashed his slender hand on the table. "What does this mean?" he sneered, a dangerous light in his dark eyes. "Those only are here or should be here who are willing to stake all—all, mind you—on the cause. Let us have no sneaks! Let us have no men with a foot on either bank! Let us have no Courtenays nor cowards! Such men ruined Wyatt and hanged my brother! A curse on them!" he cried, his voice rising almost to a scream.

"Master Kingston! do you refer to me?" Bertie rejoined in haughty surprise.

"Ay, I do!" cried the young man hotly.

"Then I must beg leave of these gentlemen to explain my position."

"Your position? So! More words?" quoth the other mockingly.

"Ay! as many words as I please," retorted Master Bertie, his colour rising. "Afterwards I will be as ready with deeds, I dare swear, as any other! My tenants and my wife's I will not draw into an almost hopeless struggle. But my own life and my friend's, since we have obtained your secrets, I must risk, and I will do so in honour to the death. For the rest, who doubts my courage may test it below ground or above."

The young man laughed rudely. "You will risk your life but not your lands, Master Bertie? That is the position, is it?"

My companion was about to utter a rejoinder, fierce for him, when I who had hitherto sat silent interposed. "The old witch told the truth," I cried bitterly. "She said if we came hither we should perish. And perish we shall, through being linked to a dozen men as brave as I could wish, but the biggest fools under heaven!"

"Fools?" shouted Kingston.

"Ay, fools!" I repeated. "For who but fools, being at sea in a boat in which all must sink or swim, would fall a-quarrelling? Tell me that!" I cried, slapping the table.

"You are about right," Penruddocke said, and half a dozen voices muttered assent.

"About right, is he?" shrieked Kingston. "But who knows we are in a boat together? Who knows that, I'd like to hear?"

"I do!" I said, standing up and overtopping him by eight inches. "And if any man hints that Master Bertie is here for any other purpose or with any other intent than to honestly risk his life in this endeavour as becomes a gentleman, let him stand out—let him stand out, and I will break his neck! Fie, gentlemen, fie!" I continued, after a short pause which I did not make too long lest Master Kingston's passion should get the better of his prudence. "Though I am young I have seen service. But I never saw battle won yet with dissension in the camp. For shame! Let us to business, and make the best dispositions we may."

"You talk sense, Master Carey!" Penruddocke cried, with a great oath. "Give me your hand. And do you, Kingston, hold your peace. If Master Bertie will not raise his men to save his own skin, he will hardly do it for ours. Now, Sir Richard Bray being taken, what is to be done, my lads? Come, let us look to that."

So the storm blew over. But it was with heavy hearts that two of us fell to the discussion which followed, counting over weapons and assigning posts, and debating this one's fidelity and that one's lukewarmness. Our first impressions had not deceived us. The plot was desperate, and those engaged in it were wanting in every element which should command success—in information, forethought, arrangement—everything save sheer audacity. When after a prolonged and miserable sitting it was proposed that all should take the oath of association on the Gospels, Master Bertie and I assented gloomily. It would make our position no worse, for already we were fully committed. The position was indeed bad enough. We had only persuaded the others to a short delay: and even this meant that we must remain in hiding in England, exposed from day to day to all the chances of detection and treachery.

Sir Thomas brought out from some secret place about him a tiny roll of paper wrapped in a quill, and while we stood about him looking over his shoulders, he laboriously added, letter by letter, three or four names. The stern anxious faces which peered the while at the document or scanned each other only to find their anxiety reflected, the flaring lights behind us, the recklessness of some and the distrust of others, the cloaks in which many were wrapped to the chin, and the occasional gleam of hidden weapons, made up a scene very striking. The more as it was no mere show, but some of us saw only too distinctly behind it the figure of the headsman and the block.

"Now," said Penruddocke, who himself I think took a certain grim pleasure in the formality, "be

ready to swear, gentlemen, in pairs, as I call the names. Kingston and Matthewson!"

Lolling against the wall under one of the sconces I looked at Master Bertie, expecting to be called up with him. He smiled as our eyes met; and I thought with a rush of tenderness how lightly I could have dared the worst had all my associates been like him. But repining came too late, and in a moment Penruddocke surprised me by calling out "Crewdson and Carey!"

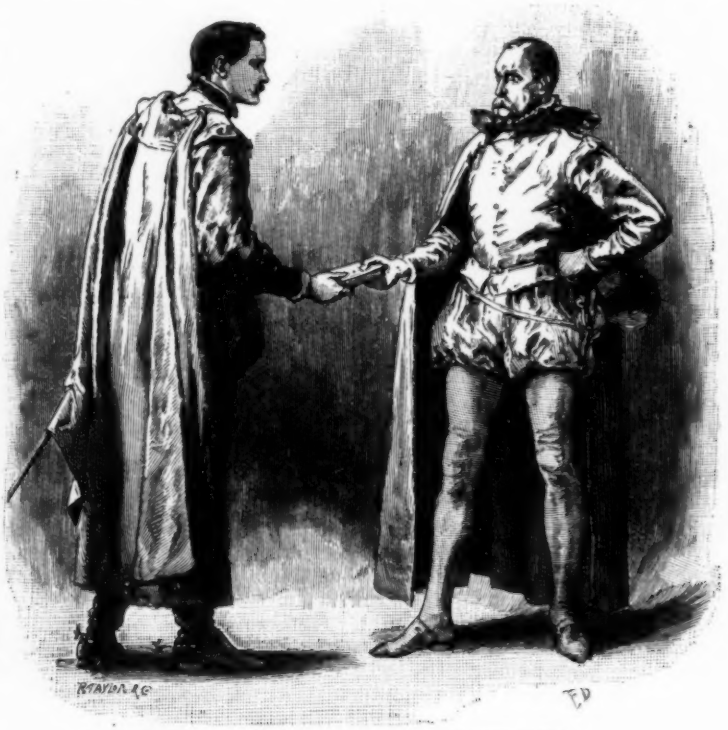
So Master Bertie was not to be my companion! I learned afterwards that men who were strangers to one another were purposely associated, the theory being that each should keep an eye upon his oath-fellow. I went forward to the end of the table, and took the book.

There was a slight pause.

"Crewdson!" called Penruddocke sharply; "did you not hear, man?"

There was a little stir at the farther end of the room, and he came forward, moving slowly and reluctantly. I saw that he was the man whom Penruddocke had called back when we entered, a man of great height, though slender and closely cloaked. A drooping grey moustache covered his mouth, and that was almost all I made out before Sir Thomas, with some sharpness, bade him uncover. He did so with an abrupt gesture, and reaching out his hand grasped the other end of the book as though he would take it from me. His manner was so strange that I looked hard at him, and he, jerking up his head with a gesture of defiance, looked at me too, his face very pale.

I heard Penruddocke's voice droning the words of the oath, but I paid no attention to them, I was busied with something else. Where had I seen the sinister gleam in those eyes before, and that forehead high and narrow, and those lean swarthy cheeks? Where had I before confronted that very face which now glared into mine across the book? Its look was bold and defiant, but low down in the cheek I saw a little pulse beating furiously, a pulse which told of anxiety, and the jaws, half veiled by the ragged moustache, were set in an iron grip. Where? Ha! I knew.



WHERE HAD I BEFORE CONFRONTED THAT VERY FACE?

I dropped my end of the book and stepped back.

"Look to the door!" I cried, my voice sounding harsh and strange in my own ears. "Let no one leave! I denounce that man." And raising my hand I pointed pitilessly at my oath-fellow. "I denounce him—he is a spy and traitor!"

"I a spy?" the man shouted fiercely—with the fierceness of despair.

"Ay, you! you! Clarence, or Crewdson, or whatever you call yourself, I denounce you! My time has come!"

# THE RECOVERED ARISTOTLE.

## ANOTHER EGYPTIAN QUESTION—NOT THE MAHDI THIS TIME, ONLY A PAPYRUS.

THE tide of time, says Lord Bacon, is wont to carry down trifles while it lets things of solid weight sink beneath the flood. A comedy survives, while a treatise on physiology is engulphed. All the more joy, therefore, is there among the learned when the ocean of time casts upon the shore some of its weightier treasures.

Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens" emerged from the deep last Christmas. Our own British Museum is the happy possessor of this treasure-trove—the greatest piece of literary flotsam and jetsam that this century has yet seen. There in Bloomsbury, it rests, after no one knows what adventures. One of a consignment of manuscripts from Egypt, its turn came at last. Unrolled tenderly, bit by bit deciphered, at last it dawned upon the delighted mind of its scholarly transcriber that this time a genuine antique was before him, and, as the work proceeded, no doubt was left that this was the celebrated treatise on the "Constitution of Athens," so much quoted by ancient writers. Its genuineness is beyond dispute. This is no sequel to the "Women of Salamis" by Xavier Balderdike. It was printed and published with a most learned commentary last Christmas, and is at present occupying with delight the brethren of the scholastic guild throughout Europe. Dryasdustius, Heavysternius, Hairsplitterius are hard at it, emending, reconciling, and illustrating. Think of the delight of building a magnificent sentence out of such fragments as: "He . . . . gr . . . . bushel of . . . . . Thou mayest . . . ."

The manuscript itself is at present on view in the British Museum, and no visitor should leave without seeing it. It has a weird look. As we gaze we feel inclined to address it in the words of the marriage guest in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner":

> "I fear thee, Ancient Manuscript!
> I fear thy skinny hand!
> And thou art long, and lank, and brown
> As is the ribbed sea-sand."

It is written on rolls of papyrus, and looks as if it might have formed part of the wrappages of a mummy. Could Aristotle have become a mummy in Egypt, and were his own manuscripts made his cerement? If so, the learned world may have enough to do before the play is played out, for the Athenian Constitution was but one of 158, and that leaves 157 to follow. But we forget; it is generally understood that Aristotle never really did become a mummy till comparatively recent times, when he got into the schools at Oxford. He had been drying during the middle ages, but then only did he become thoroughly high and dry.

## THE GREATEST LITERARY FIND OF THE CENTURY.

The manuscript before us dates from the first century A.D. The date is fixed by the fact that it is written on the back of an old ledger, in which Didymus, the Greek bailiff of a farm in the Delta, entered his accounts. On the one side you have an entry as to the payment for manure, on the other as to the payment of the jurors in the Athenian assemblies; on the one side it is a runaway slave, on the other the return of the Alcmæonidæ—a quaint mixture. Papyrus was valuable, and when the master of Didymus, himself a Greek, wanted a copy of a well-known work for his library, he used the clean side of the old roll, unsoiled with all ignoble use. Did not Burns himself, when he wanted a commonplace book, purchase an old ledger, because it was strongly bound, the paper good, and the whole cheap? This old ledger was not a book, it was a roll. The reader unrolled it till he had a page before him, and when that was read he rolled it up with the one hand, unrolling another page with the other hand; and so on, he rolled his way through the manuscript. But a glance at the papyrus itself will tell more than pages of description.

Let the curious visitor gaze and gaze till he feels his heart burn within him and he begins to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies. Absorbed in our contemplation, the Present fades upon us; we are losing our hold upon the nineteenth century, and are floating back on the wings of thought across the backward and abysm of Time. The whirr and noise of countless machinery, the steam-engine, the telegraph and the telephone, the torpedo and the 100-ton gun are lost to us. By-and-by America itself, all Australasia, and the greater part of Africa and Asia disappear in darkness. Soon printing goes. We see the studious monk in his cell, copying and illuminating manuscripts. A duller light suffuses the landscape. We are in the dark ages. The light slowly gathers again and increases. We see the Roman driving his roads straight up hill and down dale, administering and legislating; the tramp of his legions is everywhere heard. Again the shadow steals over Italy and Western Europe. Glimmering lights appear around the shores of the Mediterranean, like glow-worm lamps, while in the East there is a steady blaze. Alexander the Great has just been enthroned in Babylon, and Greek culture follows in

the wake of the phalanx. Hovering we descend slowly—

> "Where, on the Ægean shore, a city stands,
> Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—
> Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
> And eloquence, native to famous wits, or hospitable."

We cast a delighted eye around, linger past temple and portico; but there is something better to be done than to admire choice statuary, or listen to the thick-warbled notes of the Attic bird—the infinite has to be solved, the panacea for human ills must be procured; we hurry across the Ilissus, we are in the Lyceum, and in the presence of Aristotle—

> ". . . him, who bred
> Great Alexander to subdue the world."

### ARISTOTLE'S PERSONAL RELATION TO GREEK POLITICS.

Aristotle was a Greek, but not an Athenian. He was a native of Stageira, on the coast of Thrace: hence his sobriquet of the Stageirite. His family cultivated the art of healing as an hereditary profession. His father was physician to the Macedonian Court, hence the connection which led to Aristotle's being appointed tutor to Alexander. The relations between tutor and scholar seem to have been friendly throughout. Aristotle made a special recension of the text of Homer, which the imitator of Achilles slept with under his pillow; and Alexander gave directions that every means should be placed at the disposal of the sage in pursuing his enquiries into the nature of plants and animals. The conqueror of Persia may perhaps have sneered at Aristotle's political theories, as a German emperor may have done at those of Hegel and Fichte, but he regarded him as harmless.

Aristotle never seems to have taken any part in practical politics. He was banished from Athens, nominally on account of impiety, really on account of his close connection with the Macedonian party. Of course, this was after Alexander's death. It is strange to find a man who could define God as an infinite, eternal, and unchangeable being, separate from sensible things, void of corporeal quantity, without parts, and indivisible, yet moving all things, a man whose whole theory of life was to enter by contemplation into the thoughts of the divine mind—to find such a one accused of impiety by those who had but lately offered divine honours to his pupil is indeed strange. Yet how little has religion had to do with most religious persecutions! Aristotle quitted Athens, lest, as he said, "through him the Athenians might again sin against philosophy, as they had done in the case of Socrates."

The life of Aristotle is contemporaneous with a brilliant, or a sad, epoch in Greek history, according as we choose to regard it. It is interwoven with the brilliant conquest of the East, with the diffusion of Greek language and manners over subject races; while it witnessed the quenching of that which was distinctively Greek—the free life of the citizen. With Alexander the essentially human ceased for ages to be a factor in politics. We are handed over to conqueror after conqueror, to centralised administration after centralised administration, to the reign of brute force wedded to superstition.

About the time of Aristotle's birth the Gauls were pouring down into Italy for the sack of Rome; the year before his death the Roman legions had passed under the yoke on the Caudine Forks. Little was there to indicate that in the school of adversity was being trained a mightier engine of war than the Macedonian phalanx, and those civic virtues were being formed which would give new masters to the world and a new organisation to political life. The constitution of Rome was not one of those included in Aristotle's list.

There is often a touch of irony in the philosopher's position. He is engaged in summing up the achievements of his time, in generalising and systematising knowledge, in analysing, ordering, and arranging; but while he is doing so the world has not stopped: changes are taking place, new facts are already modifying conclusions; while he is dipping his bucket into the water, the stream has already flowed past him. The philosopher is thus often slightly behind his age; while he pauses to think up into unity the results of the past, the present slips through his fingers. Aristotle, busy with his municipal institutions and political ideal, sees not the shadow creeping up behind, is quite unconscious of his own part in polishing the instrument of destruction; the educator of Alexander does not seem to have had the least idea that the Macedonian conquests had given the death-blow to the constitutional development of the Greek city, and that his collection of civic institutions might take its place in the museum of historical curiosities. Aristotle and his speculations are much; but they, too, were somewhat, who, with tongue and sword, defended the liberties of Greece—Demosthenes, whose voice still resounds through the ages, and the unknown men who bled on "that disastrous day fatal to freedom." Was Chœroneia all in vain? Was Senlac?

### ARISTOTLE ESSENTIALLY AN INDUCTIVE PHILOSOPHER.

The Constitution of Athens is probably the most important of those preliminary studies which were made by or for Aristotle as materials for his Politics. He collected, as far as he could, accounts of the different political institutions in the cities and states around him, thus basing his speculations on the firm groundwork of observed facts. Such was ever his method, relatively to his epoch and the means at his disposal. The Greek philosopher laid as much stress on observation and experiment as Lord Bacon himself did. It was ignorance of the real Aristotle which led to his methods being misapprehended. In the middle ages, when knowledge was at a low ebb, the recovery of his writings seemed like the dawn of a new revelation, and Aristotle became one of the authorities of the Church. His conclusions in astronomy and physics—shrewd enough guesses considering his opportunities—became dogmas to dissent from which was heresy. His methods of patient investigation into the realities of things were forgotten, his half-understood words became laws of thought. Galileo

felt what it was to contradict the "prince of philosophers." As late as 1629 an Act of the French Parliament was passed forbidding attacks upon Aristotle. Chaucer testifies to his influence when he says of the Oxford scholar—

> "For him was lever han at his bed's hed
> Twentie bookes clad with black or red
> Of Aristotle, and of his philosophy
> Than robes riche, or fiddle, or gay sautrie."

Dante sees Aristotle sitting on the confines of hell, at the head of the philosophic family—master of those that know. We find him in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; the mighty book of the Wizard Michael Scott was neither more nor less than a translation of Aristotle. For centuries Aristotle dominated the intellectual world of Europe. Albertus Magnus, and the "Angel of the Schools," Thomas Aquinas, spent their lives in expounding him and in pouring Christian doctrine into the forms of philosophic thought which had been elaborated by the pagan thinker. The Church of Rome still feeds her acolytes on Christian truths poured from Aristotelian vessels. It was a hint given by Aristotle, in the statement that the world was small and that there was only one sea between the Pillars of Hercules and India, that set Columbus thinking about the discovery of America. But not in the West alone was the Greek sage a mighty name. His greatest triumphs, perhaps, were gained in the East. For 500 years he ruled the schools in Bagdad and Cairo, and it was by way of Cordova, through the Moors, that he re-entered Europe, to dissipate the intellectual darkness of the middle ages. In the East he is still known as a mighty wizard. Professor Eastwick, when endeavouring to explain to an Eastern cook what an Irish stew was, was told by the Oriental that he knew very well about "Aristo." It would not be difficult to show that no one has more profoundly influenced the world of thought than Aristotle; but we must return to the Constitution of Athens.

This is not the place for, nor would our powers be equal to the task of, thoroughly examining the political philosophy of Aristotle. A few reflections that rise to the surface, some glimpses at the obvious, are all that we can present to our readers, content if by any means we may awake in them some sympathy with the Past, without weakening their resolution to realise their ideal in the Present.

The recovered Constitution of Athens, while giving much food for the specialist in the shape of details, which supplement, or have to be reconciled with, other authorities, adds but little to our general conception of the course of Athenian development. It gives us, however, one good story, which comes like a cup of refreshing in the wilderness. Pisistratus, the Tyrant of Athens, who, for a tyrant, seems to have been a very good fellow, kept his government going by a tax of a tenth. Walking one day among the rugged hills of the western part of Attica, he found a countryman toiling away among stones and gravel. "What crop," he enquired, "do you expect to raise there?" "Aches and rheumatism," was the reply; "and may Pisistratus take his tithe of them!" This surely smacks of Dean Ramsay. At all events, there are Scotch crofters on whom the plaid of that Attic farmer has descended.

### THE MODERN STANDPOINT.

There are two things which we miss in this sketch of the Athenian Constitution: two points of view which are not taken, probably because they are modern. There is no attempt to describe social conditions, and no necessary connection is shown between the different stages of political development. We have lists of changes in the political arrangements, just as we have lists of magistrates. The Constitution at any particular time is evidently judged on its merits, in the light of certain ideas as to the proper end of government; that its existence just in that way and at that time was the outcome of certain necessary conditions is not realised. There is no political perspective in Aristotle, any more than in Plutarch: Draco and Solon are neither more nor less historical than Pericles.

It is, no doubt, the difference of standpoint. We in modern times are looking back over 3,000 years of recorded history. Aristotle had not much more than 300 behind him. We are familiar with the decline and fall of nations. Aristotle may have seen the destruction by violence of small communities, but Nineveh he knew not; Egypt and Babylon were still living realities. He could not see, as we do, that the brightest period of Greek life was over.

That period was the age of Pericles. Just before the outbreak of that disastrous war, which for nearly thirty years raged like a conflagration over Greece, and ruined Athens materially and Sparta morally, was one of those halcyon seasons so rare in the history of the human race, when there is a perfect equilibrium of opposing forces, when moral and physical well-being go hand-in-hand, and a nation is clothed with happiness as with a garment. Listen to the description which Pericles gives in the celebrated funeral oration in the second book of Thucydides:

> "We do not copy our neighbours; we are an example to them. We are called a democracy because the many, not the few, govern. But, if all are equal in the sight of the law and entitled to the same protection, this does not preclude special merit from being specially recognised. There is an eagerness amongst us to honour those who by their abilities benefit the State. Poverty or obscurity is no bar to the advancement of talent. In our public life there is no exclusiveness, in our private life there is no narrow-mindedness; our neighbour may do what he likes, so long as it is harmless, without being frowned upon. Our private intercourse is free and hearty, but liberty does not degenerate into licence. While we respect authority and the laws in a reverent spirit, our conduct to each other is especially regulated by those unwritten laws, whose seat is in the heart and whose sanction is the general sentiment of humanity. If our public life is busy, our private life affords us many relaxations. Our home life is simple and elegant; we love the beautiful, but without ostentation, and we pursue intellectual pleasures without loss of manliness. Our wealth we employ for real use and enjoyment, not for display and vainglory."

And so on. The whole passage is remarkable as representing the highest level of present English life. We ask ourselves as we read—What has the

world been about during the vast gap of time which intervenes? We seem to have been wandering about through strange and desert places full of tombs and dead men's bones.

The death of an individual is sad enough, but sadder still is the gradual wasting away of a noble civilisation. No enquiry can be more useful than that which seeks to disentangle the causes of the decline of States, the pathological branch of history. None is more fascinating.

### CAUSES OF ATHENIAN DECAY.

Aristotle finds the cause of the decay of Athens in the corruption of the democracy. When Pericles was gone, who, by the force of his character and abilities, had imposed upon the Republic something of the character of a constitutional monarchy, Athens was left, like a ship deprived of its steersman, to weather the storm of the Peloponnesian War.

The plague which carried off Pericles seems to have been fatal to his party. His whole circle—the men to whom he trusted to carry out his ideas—seem to have been swept away. The calamity was unforeseen, and is a striking example of the danger of depending too much on great men, of involving political questions with the personal character of statesmen. Pericles had been the mind and conscience of Athens. He was elevated above the mass as an ideal figure, as the personification of what was noblest and best in the Athenian democracy. He was at once a guide and a reprover. A very different kind of politician succeeded him. In Cleon we have a statesman of a lower type. Cleon was not consciously dishonest; he seems rather to have posed as the good, straightforward, bluff friend of the people. No subtleties or far-reaching schemes for him. He takes no broad general view of policy as a whole, but goes from step to step, dealing with particulars. His ideal he finds in the wants of a party, which often in themselves seem reasonable enough as directed to some immediate good. Too often the immediate good is purchased by a reversion of calamity. The inherent dishonesty of a politician of this stamp is, that instead of directing he follows; his ideal is to find out what the majority want, not to educate the people to desire the best things. He is like a man crossing a stream on stepping-stones or climbing a crag, who looks no farther ahead than from stone to stone or step to step, and thus finds himself at last, by a perfectly cautious and careful procedure, in a position where there is no going forward or turning back without extreme peril.

Cleon was succeeded by worse men, and in this gradual deterioration of the tone of public life Aristotle finds one of the great causes of the downfall of Athens. It is, no doubt, a serious matter when the men who by their culture and wealth are raised above sordid motives, withdraw from public life; but this in a free State is often much more apparent than real. Where there is work to be done good men and true will step forward and do it. In the case of our own country, where representative bodies seem sometimes to degenerate in quality, it will usually be found that the work has settled into routine, burning questions are quiescent, and the old leaders are turning their energies into other quarters, where fighting has to be done.

The fact is mob-orators and paid committee-men did not destroy Athens. Nor was there in Athens anything like a permanent loss of moral tone. We can see this better than Aristotle could. We see the whole circle of which he only saw an arc, and we look at Greek life free from Greek prejudices. The magnificent patience with which the people of Athens, the ochlocracy as Aristotle calls them, bore up under their calamities, contrasts splendidly with the self-seeking and cruelty of the more aristocratic party. The advantage is on the side of the mass. It is the men of culture and wealth who are the cravens.

Athens lost in the game of war owing to two causes chiefly, both material and both obvious—the one an unavoidable calamity, the other a deliberate blunder. The first was the great plague, which would have settled the struggle at once in the case of any other city with weaker resources and less recuperative energy, and which did, in effect, cripple Athens seriously, and in removing Pericles prepared the way for the fatal blunder of the Sicilian Expedition. This was the one danger which Pericles foresaw. He was well aware of the defects of the Athenian qualities, and he dreaded that his countrymen would give themselves away to their enemies through their light-hearted rushing into distant and speculative expeditions.

Had the Athenians been successful instead of the Spartans, it does not seem likely that the result as regards the development of the Greek race as a whole would have been much different. The Greek city had reached that stage of development when it must either stand still, which in politics is the first step backwards, or allow itself to be modified by new principles. Looking back, we can see that the real problem was, how could the Greek race obtain political unity, so as to present a united front and organised resources against the surrounding barbarism? The little Greek cities were like so many candles which could be blown out one by one, as the Persian did by the Greek cities of Asia Minor. If Pericles could have persuaded Greece to accept his notion of common action, or federation, it would have been more than to succeed against Sparta. But such ideas were probably regarded as outside the pale of practical politics. The narrow exclusiveness of Greek citizenship rendered political growth impossible. The stranger who came to Athens to reside remained outside the State. He could not be naturalised, nor could his descendants. The Greek city remained a select club.

This is Aristotle's ideal. Individual excellence in the citizen is his aim. Such excellence can only be obtained in the best State, and it is to be the aim of the practical politician to organise the State in such a way as to produce the best qualities in the citizen. Hence the State must be small, so that all the citizens may know each other. Slaves are necessary in order that the citizens may have leisure and may not be soiled with ignoble toil. His ideal city must not be on the sea-shore, lest a coarse seafaring population might spoil the amenity, or foreign habits creep too easily in. Nor yet

must it be too far from the sea, but should have a port at a few miles distant, so that it may have the advantages arising from the importation of foreign commodities—a picture very evidently drawn from Athens and the Piræus. And so forth. Everything is to be regulated. Aristotle constructs his State as Praxiteles sculptured his Venus—by taking what he considered the best features of the best constitutions. The characteristics which we recognise are mainly those of Athens and Sparta. The stability of Spartan institutions and the flexibility of Athenian character were to be united in the ideal State. Once this ideal State attained, change ceases: there is to be no growth. The constitution becomes a hard-and-fast mould, into which the citizen is poured and to which he must conform himself.

There were two ideas not yet evolved in Aristotle's time which might perhaps have solved the difficulties felt by thinkers of combining size with delicacy of organisation, and imperial power with the freedom of individual States. These were representative government and federation. The latter just rises above the soil in the case of the Achæan league, only to be crushed by the Roman; the former does not appear at all, unless we see the germ of it in Julius Cæsar's attempt to get representatives to the Senate from the provinces. The assembly which regulated the affairs of a Greek city was composed of all the citizens. It is evident that such an assembly must soon become unwieldy, hence the necessity for limiting the number of citizens. It became also impossible for those who lived at a distance to attend the meetings, hence the development of city life. If the State extended it could only be by conquest, and in the case of a small Greek State those conquests could not be very extensive, otherwise the burden of them became too much for the resources of the State—the branches proved too heavy for the trunk of the tree. Rome is only a seeming exception to this, for the Romans, from the first, were liberal of their franchise, and, as soon as Rome's conquests extended beyond Italy, the knell of Rome's freedom began to sound. The empire was the logical outcome of the impossibility of making free institutions, without representation and without federation, cope with the government of a great territory and diverse nationalities. In the case of England and her possessions and colonies, we see how an immense extent of widely-scattered territory and great populations can be held together and worked into one coherent whole consistently with free institutions. In the case of the Athenian Empire, we saw that the trunk was too weak for the branches; so would it be with England—the burden of world-wide empire would be too heavy for these little islands were not our branches, like those of the banyan-tree, self-rooting, each, while glorying in the general circulation, striking down firm roots of independent growth.

### THE ANCIENT IDEAL CONTRASTED WITH THE MODERN.

The idea of such an accumulation of human beings living together as we have in London would have inspired Aristotle with horror had he been able to conceive the thing as possible. But we must remember that the great discoveries of modern times, the railroad, the steamship, and the telegraph, and all those improvements which have facilitated intercourse, have rendered possible aggregations undreamt of in ancient times. Such inventions as printing and the daily press have made it easy for great bodies of men to become intelligent partakers in government, by vivifying the inert mass with mind and volition. The keen interest taken in modern politics is not inferior to that of the Athenian market-place. Our institutions are not a cast-iron framework which must burst if the body within expands; they are like the protecting bark, which, as the oak within adds ring to ring, grows with its growth and expands with its expansion. All our classes can grasp up into unity the State as an ideal; they are a part of all that is done, just as much as the Greek who was one of a thousand only, while they can count themselves by millions.

There can be no doubt that this ideal citizen for whose production Aristotle would stop the wheels of Time is a noble and beautiful creature. At first sight he seems to stand to the modern elector much as the Apollo Belvedere does to the British artisan. But look closer, and we find that he is, indeed, of marble—there throbs no human heart within that bosom, with suffering there is no sympathy, the poor and the afflicted look to him in vain. It is a beautiful but a selfish ideal. Its conception of goodness is merely that of self-gratification in its most perfect form. The modern ideal is, after all, as fine, and it is essentially human: love and sympathy encircle it with loving arms; and this ideal of life is no dream. In how many happy English homes is it realised at this moment, and far more completely than in ancient Athens! For ancient life was maimed on one side and incomplete. The Athenian wife was not her husband's equal and friend. Her presence did not adorn and refine society. Athenian woman never emerged out of an almost Oriental state of subjection.

But all comparisons between the present and the past are unfair. Let us not forget that where we have excelled the ancients, the credit is not so much ours as that of the times in which we live, which have profited by their example and experience. Greece in especial deserves our gratitude as the emancipator of art and thinking from the crude forms of Eastern symbolism.

Go to the British Museum, and, after you have looked at the recovered Aristotle, walk through the Assyrian, Egyptian, and Greek galleries. Only among the Greeks do you begin to feel yourself at home. In spite of political decay and destruction there will ever be a Greece

> "... whose foundations are
> Built beneath the tide of war,
> Based on the crystalline sea
> Of thought and its eternity."

ADAM RANKINE.




AUSTRIA.—PART II

HERR VON DUNAJEWSKY'S fall, to make way for Doctor Emil Steinbach, was a most unexpected event. For many years public opinion had indicated Steinbach, who is the son of a Viennese jeweller, as a rising politician, but it was expected that the portfolio of Justice rather than that of Finance would fall to his eventual lot. He is no brilliant orator like his predecessors; in his speeches he merely seeks to persuade, and that by the most simple methods. In every sense of the word he is a child of his time, the most modern minister Austria has ever yet possessed. He has been stigmatised as a socialist, but if he is this, he is so in the sense in which Sir William Harcourt, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that nowadays we are all socialists. The Dunajewsky era was marked by the attempt to balance the tax administration, the Steinbach era will no doubt be distinguished by an attempt to ensure social conciliation. Dunajewsky represented the fiscal renaissance, Steinbach must represent its economic regeneration.

Count Heinrich Jaroslaw Clam-Martinic died in 1887, but his traditions and his influence have survived. The head of one of those vast estates, of which there are many in Austria, he represented in the Austrian Parliament the autochthonous or historically feudal party of Bohemia, whose real interest in the Czechs goes no deeper than is necessary for the furthering of their own aristocratic ideas. The Bohemian nobility is at heart pretty indifferent to the Czech national movement; it even counts among its members a number ignorant of the Czech tongue. But by means of the activity and intelligence of Count Clam, the essentially democratic movement of the Czech national party was utilised by these Austrian aristocrats for their own purposes, and led to those reactionary demands which caused and are still causing such difficulties in the Austrian monarchy. It was he who created the fiction of the Bohemian state rights, patching together all sorts of arguments that still survived from feudal times. This proved the bait that led the Czech party into paths of which they had never dreamed when their party was formed.

After Count Clam had bound the representatives of the national idea with heavy chains to the triumphal car of the reaction, he became the absolute dictator in the Česky Club; he was its soul, and the prompter of Rieger, who was only an instrument in his hands. Clam personified the old poem which says: "For the Emperor there exist two classes who worthily support his throne; they are the Saints and the Knights. They protect him from every storm, and in payment they take Church and State." Count Clam-Martinic is much more like a Prussian Junker than an Austrian nobleman; the latter are usually more easy-going and insist less upon the hereditary rights of their class. Men like Prince Schwarzenburg, for example, naturally voted with politicians of Clam-Martinic's class in all ecclesiastical and political questions, but they felt themselves far too much *grands seigneurs* to stoop down from their Olympian heights to the popular arena. Clam's aspiration was to be the founder of an ideal federalistic state whose realisation demanded far-reaching changes in political, economic, and ecclesiastical conditions. But the inexorable Reaper does not ask whether any of us have finished our task on earth before he mows us down. Thus Clam died before his hopes had been realised.

Certainly the autochthonous nobility would have been a mere general staff without an army if the lawyer and scientific writer Dr. Franz Ladislaus Rieger had not placed at the dispɔsal of the feudalistic high churchmen the trustworthy army which he had at his rear. A miller's son, he likes to coquet now and again in his speeches with his humble origin, as though he would herewith silence his opponents who reproach him that he, the man of the people, and the leader of the people, should have placed his cause and theirs under the protection of the aristocracy. He replies that all roads are good that lead to Rome, and that even if the Czechs must seem to play with feudalistic toys in order to please the party that holds the power, the main thing is to attain their purpose, and that everything can be arranged after. In short, he was an opportunist. Both in and out of Parliament every measure seemed just and right to Dr. Rieger which should lead to his goal, and which should destroy the ground under the feet of the Parliament in Vienna. He shrank back from no reactionary partnership, no method which according to him can promote the welfare of the "Nation's" cause. His aim is the autonomy of Bohemia. He married the daughter of Palacki the historian, the great apostle of the Bohemian cause, and he held that on his shoulders had descended the mantle of that aged chief. When the Czechs retired from the Parliament of Vienna indignant, and declaring that they had been duped and misled by false promises, Dr. Rieger continued their leader. Nor was he idle in the seventeen years during which he and his party remained absent. But of late his popularity has vanished, on the one hand because it is said he bends his knee to the princes of the Church ; on the other hand, because, while never officially concealing his Panslavistic views concerning Austria's foreign policy, he approves at the same time of the Triple Alliance. And since early last year he signed the compromise bill which it was hoped would settle the Czech demands for ever, the public opinion of the younger members of his nation has outlawed him.

A new party of extremists has sprung up in Bohemia which is dissatisfied with the moderate programme of the Old Czechs, under Dr. Rieger. They have put forward opposition demands, the granting of which would, it is contended, be equivalent to a disintegration of the Empire. And on this ground the Hungarians are quite as stubbornly opposed to the young Czechs as are the Austro-Germans ; indeed, the Hungarians do not at all relish the idea that the very ample independence they prize so highly should be cheapened in the market. But at present it is Gregr's star which is in the ascendant ; Rieger has been cast to the political dead, and the word "Hajmba" (shame) is constantly thrown in his face. He is an old man now, and with the trembling hand of age he has addressed a melancholy farewell to his people, which has been published in the "Pozor." He bids adieu to those who will no longer recognise his leadership, and who so ungratefully reward his lifelong services, his exhausting struggles against the Germans, against mighty governments, even at moments against the Crown itself ; combats which he has conducted with the wild enthusiasm of a Ziska and the passionate ardour of a Hus.

Dr. Rieger has certainly done more for the revival of Czechish nationalism than any other man alive, and to him the Bohemians owe the creation of the Czech University and the Czech Academy of Sciences. In company with his father-in-law he was the first who by pen and tongue stemmed the Germanic current that was fast obliterating all the distinctive nationalist features of Bohemia, and for many years he was the most popular man in the country. Whether he did his Czech compatriots real service by resuscitating their pride in their Slavonic origin, and rendering their amalgamation as Austrians with their German fellow subjects for ever impossible, is a question upon which opinions must differ ; but no one can doubt the sincerity of Dr. Rieger's patriotism, and when the passion of electoral contests has subsided, there must inevitably be a feeling of regret throughout Bohemia that the eloquent statesman should at the last elections have failed to find a constituency to return him.

Time will show whether the demands of the Young Czechs will force Count Taaffe or his successor to abandon the task of trying to conciliate particularist tendencies. Certainly the hopes Count Taaffe held out to the Czechs have proved to be delusive.

Herr Gregr, their leader, is the editor of the "Narodny-Listy." For more than eighteen years he has been always ready for combat. He writes all night and speaks all day. He is the declared adversary of the Germans and the Hungarians. It



HERR GREGR.
*(From a photograph by Tietz.)*

was not till 1885 that he was elected into the Reichsrath, though he had often put himself forward as a candidate, but the Old Czechs opposed him because they were afraid of his fierce eloquence and his violent temper. A Hercules in appearance, his oratory has also something of the herculean character, he beats about him with his club, and he is intimidated by no obstacle.

Kasimir Ritter von Grocholski, who died in 1888, was a lawyer and landed proprietor, and the leader of the Polish Club. A wily tactician, he had been admitted a Minister without portfolio into the Hohenwart Cabinet, in order to satisfy the national ideas of the Poles. In the Reichsrath he represented the interests of the Cracow feudalists and clericals. He was a thorough reactionary whose policy was to maintain his influence with the masses. What he really wanted, was to promote a Church and State counter-revolution. He was never happier than when he could give a cut at the Germans, and in so far he was a good Pole, such as they are traditionally depicted.

His place has been supplied by M. Jovorski, and in the new Reichsrath the Poles have been returned stronger than ever before. It seems probable that Count Taaffe will have to seek his governing majority from among the German Liberals and the Poles coalesced, for it is Count Taaffe's object and the Emperor's to group all the Moderates together against the young Czechs, Antisemites, German Democrats, and Ultramontanes.

In contrast to Count Clam-Martinic's motto, which might be said to have been "Aut Cæsar aut nullus," Count Hohenwart follows the precept "Festina lente." Born in 1824, he was for many years Governor of Upper Austria, and in 1871, to the general astonishment, was chosen as head of the Cabinet. He is to-day that which he has ever been, the matador of feudalism; he leads in the Reichsrath the Right party, composed of the southern Slavs—that is to say, of the Slovacks from Krain and the coast line, and from certain districts of Karinthia, Styria, the Tyrol, and the Vorarlberg, as well as Salzburg and Upper Austria; a party which is only held together by the cement of Ultramontanism. Count Hohenwart is a man of the middle ages, who has been by accident born in the nineteenth century, and nothing will ever change his religious, social, and political convictions, which belong to an age that is passed away. He is an aristocrat to the backbone, and he does not recognise any person who has not an old ancestry to show. *Bourgeoisie*, people, traders, and all the rest that compose the mass of the population, are for him a vast crowd, an alluvial soil existing only to support the feet of Princes, Dukes, and Counts. He does not even admit the claims of newly created aristocrats, and as for a Jewish Baron he regards him as a smuggled article. At the same time Count Hohenwart is no vulgar nature; he has noble, elevated, and generous sentiments, but they are misapplied, and out of harmony with the time. He is entirely under the influence of Rome, and it was he who demanded in Parliament that the educational laws should be overturned, and the instruction of youth given back into the hands of the clergy—a demand which modern Austria could not and would not listen to for a moment. His programme is anything but conservative, it is revolutionary, for its ultimate goal is a subjection of the State to the infallible utterances of the Pope.

Ritter von Hohenwart counts among the first orators of the Chamber; a discourse by him is always regarded as an event. He was in his youth a gay and brilliant cavalier, and he carries so well the weight of his years, that he appears to have the gift of everlasting youth. At times in the Chamber he may have a tired air, but if he notices that he is observed he draws himself up like a racehorse, and looks young, fresh, and ready for battle. He is cautious and astute, and he hopes by wiles and patience and concessions to obtain in the end everything that his party demands, a party that is only another expression of the intricate tangle of Austrian politics, and the difficulties with which the monarchy has to deal.

Of special importance for the party of the Right are those high Tory members who are so bound by their common nobility and by their relationships to the autochthonous aristocracy of the Cesky club, that it is difficult to say where feudalism leaves off and ultramontanism begins. Chief among these are the two princes Alfred and Alois Liechtenstein, related to the Lobkowitz and the Belcredi. Prince Alois is an eloquent orator, a perfect club-man, and an aristocrat of the old-fashioned type. He has certain ideal leanings towards demagogy: his antipathy is the bourgeoisie, who work, possess, and



PRINCE ALOIS LIECHTENSTEIN.
(*From a photograph by Adèle.*)

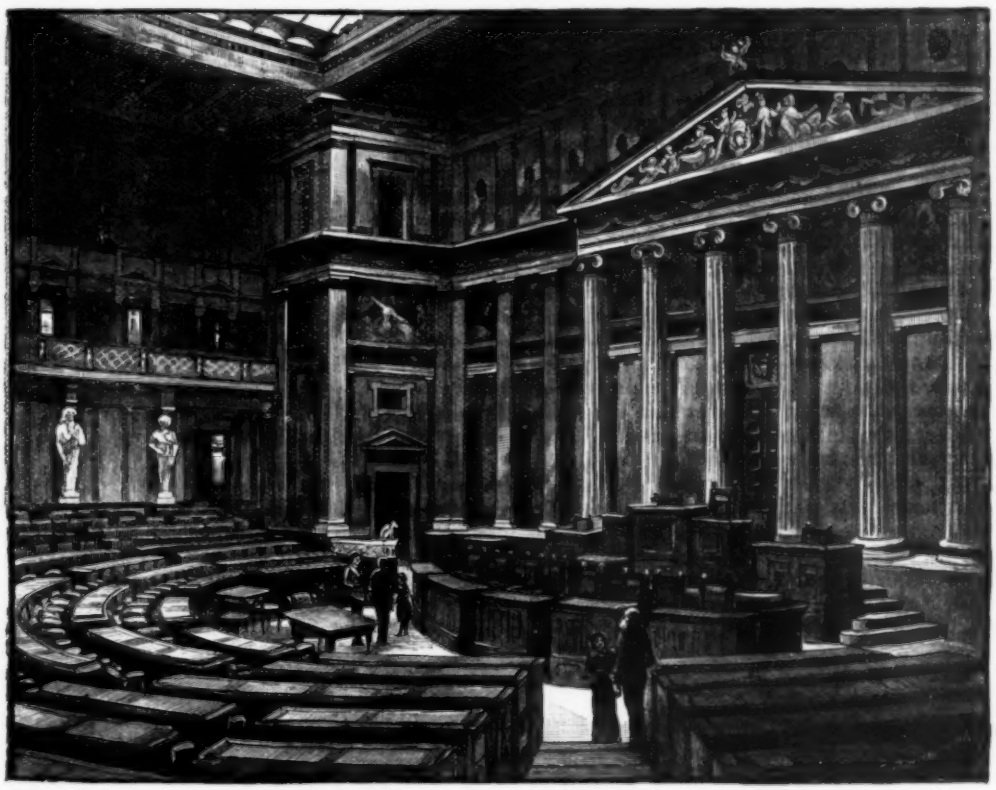
fill or aspire to those posts which were formerly the exclusive privilege of the nobles. Both Princes have been carefully brought up by Jesuit fathers; from them they have learned to use the weapons of invective, irony, and pseudo-indignation. The language employed by them in the Chambers is a curious mixture of the Seminary and the Jockey Club, of which latter they are great ornaments. They always speak in favour of the Church, and in this they are supported by another of the principal orators on the benches of the Right, Herr von Lienbachen, formerly imperial councillor, a man of great capacity, whose speeches are always highly charged with venom to his adversaries.

It is unfortunate for the German Liberal party

that death has of late years been so active in its ranks, and mowed down some of its finest orators, among them Giskra, Mühlfeld, Berger, Kuranda. The only surviving member of this group is Herr Herbst, but he is rather a dialectician than a tribune of great vigour. Admirably versed in all business matters, his discourses on the budget are authoritative, and when it is needful to discuss constitutional principles every member of the House crowds round the bench where he sits, to hear him expound the theories of his party and refute those of his adversaries. It is deeply to be deplored that this German Liberal party, so truly progressive in its ideas, so equitable and high-minded in its aims, should have allowed its reason to be troubled, and its heart to be hardened, by its fears of the Czech peoples. Still, on the other hand, their fears were not groundless; nor were they to be wondered at, for the Czechs, like the Poles, are not good legislators, seem incapable of steady government, and have little comprehension of the necessities of parliamentary life and economical and social questions. It is the dogmatic and doctrinaire character of the liberalism that distinguishes Herr Herbst and his followers, which has rendered impossible the fusion between them and the Slav party. They are intolerant in their liberalism and require that their doctrines should be accepted unhesitatingly and unquestioningly. Like those of most Germans, their views are hard, fast, and unpliable.

Coronini, Walterskirchen, Gautsch, Minister for Education; Count Falkenhayn, Minister of Agriculture; Marquis Bacquehem, Minister of Commerce, are all men who play some part in current Austrian political life, but space will not allow us to speak of them at length. Coronini was one of the victims of Herbst's intolerance. Rumour says, but it may be calumny, that he is anxious to succeed Taaffe when that Minister shall fall, as he perhaps may do quite shortly, owing to the Czech dissensions.

Herr Schindler was known in literature as Julius von der Traun. He was for a long time one of the principal orators of the German party, but latterly he lost the confidence of his constituents, who accused him of having grown too rich, and having too little time to attend to their affairs. He died recently.



INTERIOR OF HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT VIENNA

*(From a photograph by Oscar Kramer.)*

Baron von Walterskirchen is the leader of the German democratic party. This party, while scrupulously preserving the German character of the German Liberal party, desires to follow a rather wider policy, more tolerant and more conciliatory, and to find a meeting point with the non-German section of the empire, on the basis of the equality of rights. He is just now without a seat in Parliament.

Herr von Gautsch has distinguished himself by

his strenuous upholding of unsectarian education, notwithstanding all the pressure brought to bear upon him by Feudalists and Ultramontanes. He has incurred on the one hand the hatred of the Czechs, by not allowing their schools to become hotbeds of particularistic propaganda ; and on the other hand, of the German students, whom he would not permit to drink to the destruction of Austria, and to aspirations for the union of the German-Austrian provinces with the new German Empire.

It may be interesting to note that the new Austrian Parliament contains 50 lawyers, 12 doctors, 8 architects and engineers, 29 civil servants, 20 priests, 146 landowners, 30 merchants and manufacturers, 9 authors and journalists, 40 professors, and 6 gentlemen of no profession.

While Austria has its own ministers to manage purely Austrian affairs, there are three ministries for the whole Empire—that is to say, for the Empire of Austria-Hungary. These are the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of the Imperial Finances, and the Minister of War. The present Minister of Foreign Affairs is Count Gustav Siegmund Kalnoky, who was until 1881 Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg. He succeeded Baron Haymerle, and took up his portfolio with the firm determination to continue in the same lines as his predecessors Andrassy and Haymerle. He entered upon his post under favourable auspices, because shortly before his nomination, thanks to Haymerle's diplomacy, Italy was beginning that *rapprochement* towards Austria which led to her ultimate entrance into the German-Austrian League of Peace, and constituted the Triple Alliance which is regarded on the Continent as the best guarantee for the maintenance of concord in Continental Europe.

Shortly after Kálnoky's appointment Herr von Kállay was nominated Imperial Minister of Finance,



HERR VON KÁLLAY.
(*From a photograph by Ellinger Ede.*)

and consequently Minister for Bosnia and Herzegovina, for the two charges go together. Austria had only recently acquired the administration of the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and it was a grave question who should be chosen first to fill this most important and arduous office. Kállay was certainly the right man in the right place ; a born Hungarian, he speaks Russian, Servian, Roumanian, and Turkish. He is acquainted with Russia, European and Asiatic Turkey, from personal travels, and for a long while filled the post of Consul-General at Belgrade. The administration of the provinces was taken in hand on European



HERR GAUTSCH, MINISTER OF EDUCATION.
(*From a photograph by Angerer.*)

principles, but at the same time with careful regard for the national and religious prejudices of the people, the greater number of whom are Greek Catholics with a certain admixture of Roman Catholics and Mahommedans. When Kállay undertook the government of the provinces there may be said to have been no roads, and certainly no railroads. Both these have been rapidly constructed ; agriculture, industry, and commerce have grown apace in a country of splendid resources, but absolutely neglected under the misrule of the Turks. An eloquent testimony to this excellent government is the fact that though Bosnia receives no subsidy from the Austrian monarchy, and has to pay the cost of its development out of its own resources, it has already repaid in capital and interest the sum of over two millions lent to it for building its railroads. It is not needful to say more in order to show clearly why Herr von Kállay has gained the hearts of all the Bosnians, who look up to him with affection and gratitude. Herr von Kállay has also distinguished himself in literature. He has written an excellent history of Servia, as well as an able essay on Hungary in its relations to the East and West.

Kálnoky is an ardent supporter of the Triple Alliance, which he regards as the pivot of the whole Austrian foreign policy. His attitude towards the Balkan States is to encourage their free, independent, and organic development. He accords his sympathies to the Government and Prince

of Bulgaria, who he considers are going forward in harmonious concord towards the welfare of their land, and its consolidation as a commercial and soundly financial State. He is satisfied to see that the country holds back from European entanglements, avoids adventures, and occupies itself almost exclusively with its internal affairs. With regard to Roumania, the personal relations between the Austrian and Roumanian sovereigns are good, but their commercial relations have recently become much strained, and it is likely that the world will hear more on this subject. Lord Salisbury remarked some time ago at the Guildhall that it is pigs who nowadays rule the political world. It has been a question of the transit of Roumanian swine that has caused the disagreements with the Vienna Cabinet, and a tariff war with regard to pigs is also bringing about some serious differences between Austria, Hungary, and Servia. It is with a full sense of his heavy responsibility that Count Kálnoky conducts the Austrian foreign policy. He has no easy task, surrounded as he is by small, ambitious, and turbulent States, and determined as he is that European peace shall be maintained, while at the same time Austrian honour shall be held high. He is a pronounced enemy of every form of political adventure, and his ambition is directed to preserving the well-being of his countrymen from the terrible devastations which would be entailed by war. He fully comprehends the difficulties with which he has to deal, and he meets them fearlessly and strives to act in the sense laid down by Prince Bismarck when he founded the League of Peace. His policy is marked by a characteristic trait of moderation and self-control, which is combined with a strong sense of his own and his country's strength. With Kálnoky's appointment as Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs, the probabilities of European peace have increased. This is his best and finest title to honour.

Such this Cisleithan State, such its perplexities, difficulties, dangers, troubles, and such the men chosen to solve its problems. What may be its fate in the near future no man can foretell. The untimely death of Prince Rudolph, beloved of all the various factions and nations, whom he had known how to conciliate more truly than Count Taaffe, was a heavy blow to its ultimate internal unity, which is maintained by respect for the dynasty, embodied for them in the person of the present Emperor, but an embodiment they may fail to recognise in the distant relation who will now succeed him.

## TWO LONDON PRISONS.

THE great prison at Wormwood Scrubbs, designed to take the place of the famous "Penitentiary" at Millbank, has been completed, and is to a great extent, though not yet fully, occupied. The older structure is closed, and at the moment of writing, negotiations are in progress for its sale and demolition. At the present time, therefore, London is in possession of two great prisons, presenting many interesting points of contrast—typifying, in fact, two periods in the history of our dealings with criminals divided by nearly a century.

"Millbank," says Major Griffiths, at one time deputy-governor, in his interesting book on the prison, "is suggestive of an order that is past. It is one of the last specimens of an age to which Newgate also belongs; a period when the safe custody of criminals could be compassed, people thought, only by granite blocks and ponderous bolts and bars."

In order to understand Millbank, however, it is absolutely necessary to know something of the criminal history of the times in which it was built. The very name of it, says the authority just quoted, contains in itself almost an epitome of our whole penal legislation. Penal legislation, as we understand it, is of far more recent origin than we are apt to suppose. Imprisonment for the purpose of punishment, and specially of reformation, is quite a modern idea with us. The death penalty followed quickly on many offences, until within a recent period. The frightful state of our gaols revealed by John Howard and Elizabeth Fry appears to have arisen, in great measure at least, because prisons were regarded as places of mere temporary detention for debtors, who might liberate themselves by paying their debts or by getting their friends to do it for them, or for persons awaiting trial, or transportation, or death. Gaols were not supposed to be places in which anybody would stay very long. They corresponded, in fact, pretty closely with our modern idea of a house of detention or a "lock-up," and we have seen quite recently how easy it is for all sorts of abuses to creep into the condition and management of such places. A century ago, criminals were not, under ordinary circumstances, sentenced to periods of imprisonment, and nobody ever thought of putting a prisoner to work in gaol.

Shortly after we first acquired possessions in America, it became the practice to ship off our criminals to work in the Plantations there, and in 1717 an Act was passed making this practice a recognised part of our legal system, and for many years convicts were shipped across the Atlantic, to all intents and purposes the slaves of the contractors, who carried them out to the Plantations

in the New World. When, however, we lost those Plantations, this outlet for our criminals was of course cut off. The prisons at home became frightfully crowded with convicts we did not know what to do with, and for a long time the public conscience was more or less uneasy about the condition of them. Very much of what was going on in our gaols, however, was but little known until John Howard laid it all bare, and fairly horrified the nation with his plain unvarnished tales of life in prison—of its crowding and indescribable filth, of its moral pollution and physical suffering and cruel injustice. Reform was felt to be absolutely imperative, and in 1778 an Act was passed the spirit and design of which were set forth in one of its sections, which expressed the hope that, "if any offenders convicted of crimes for which transportation has been usually inflicted, were ordered to solitary imprisonment accompanied by well regulated hard labour and religious instruction, it might be the means, under Providence, not only of deterring others, but also of reforming the individuals and turning them to habits of industry."

But while a scheme was being elaborated for giving effect to this Act of Parliament, we had discovered fresh fields for colonial enterprise in the southern hemisphere, and about a century ago—May 1787—we shipped off our first cargo of convicts to Botany Bay, and thus revived the system of transportation beyond the seas. The "Penitentiary" idea was however revived by Jeremy Bentham, who in his book entitled "Panopticon, or the Inspection House," set forth a bold but fantastic and impracticable scheme for a building in which prisoners were to be kept in solitary confinement, while each should be always under the eye of an inspector and in free communication with such of the public as chose to stroll through the place and talk with them through speaking-tubes. Wild and unworkable though the scheme was in many ways, it was very favourably received in high quarters, and Bentham was commissioned to select a piece of land for it, and he actually bought the plot on part of which Millbank now stands. But Bentham's scheme eventually fell through, and though some of his ideas were no doubt embodied in the building afterwards erected, he really had nothing to do with it.

From this slight sketch the purpose of Millbank may be understood. It was planned and built for the first great experiment in the reformation of criminals in this country, and, though it is commonly spoken of as having been a great failure, it undoubtedly afforded experience without which our subsequent success in criminal reformation could hardly have been achieved, and perhaps we should not have been at the present time rejoicing over the decrease of our criminal population and the reduction of our gaol accommodation, while our population at large is greatly increasing.

The choice of land seems to have been a huge blunder to begin with. It was a mere bog, in which there was the greatest difficulty in getting reliable foundations. Enormous excavations had to be made, and such masses of concrete laid down, that, as Major Griffiths tells us, it justified the familiar saying that "there is more stuff below than above at Millbank." Notwithstanding enormous expenditure of money and material, the first blocks of buildings were by no means secure. On June 27, 1816, the first batch of convicts arrived from Newgate and took possession of such portions of the new prison as were by that time completed, and on the 21st of the following September the governor's diary records: "Arose at six in the morning in consequence of being informed that the passage gates of Pentagon No. 1, next its angle towers, were all fast and incapable of being unlocked by the turnkeys. Went there and found it was so, and that it was occasioned by all the three angle towers having sunk a little lower, which had crushed the arches and wall in several places." He forthwith sent for the clerk of the works, and the clerk of the works sent for the architect. Meanwhile the governor "went again into the Pentagon, and found all the prisoners of Mrs. Todd's division under considerable fear and alarm, and that Ann Turner had just recovered from a fit, which I understand she is subject to. Talked to the prisoners and assured them there was no danger, and succeeded in pacifying them and quieting all further apprehension." Eventually a great part of the new building had to be pulled down and rebuilt, and the same had already been the case with the prison lodge and part of the boundary wall. These were the beginnings of trouble which during the early years of this famous institution came in many forms, and eventually resulted in the final abandonment of the place as a "penitentiary" and its conversion into one of the ordinary prisons, which, however, of late years have all become "penitentiaries" in a very important sense.

Before going further into the history of the place, however, something should be said as to the building itself.

It is as a whole an exceedingly intricate and bewildering building to explore. The writer has been through it more than once, but from his own observations could not have formed the slightest notion of the general plan of the place. He could merely follow his guide, and could bring away with him only a confused idea of winding staircases, rows of cells—in one row, by the way, were babies in arms, some of them born in prison—dark passages, and innumerable doors and gratings. The prison buildings cover about seven acres, and more than another seven acres of land lie round the building within the boundary wall. There are estimated to be some three miles of passages and staircases, and to inspect the whole prison it is necessary to unlock and lock about a hundred doors—not of course including cell doors. "There was one old warder," says Major Griffiths, "who served for years at Millbank, and rose through all the grades to a position of trust, who was yet unable, to the last, to find his way about the premises. He carried with him always a piece of chalk with which he blazed his path, as does the American backwoodsman the forest trees."

But notwithstanding its intricacy of detail the general plan of Millbank Prison is tolerably simple. The central idea of the plan was the reformation of

criminals, and very appropriately therefore the chapel stands in the centre of the space enclosed by the boundary walls. This building is circular, and round it is an open space, bounded by a narrow building three storeys high, forming a hexagon. In this six-sided building are the prison offices, officers' quarters, workrooms, etc., and from each of the six sides radiates a five-sided building, or pentagon as it is called, each pentagon containing three floors of cells for prisoners, the cells being ranged fifteen in a row. A person standing at an angle of a pentagon can see two such rows—thirty cells altogether, and that is the greatest number that can be overlooked from any one point of view. By way of striking contrast, it may be stated that in the large prison at Coldbath Fields there were in round numbers, when it was full, 1,200 prisoners, and all the cell doors, or nearly so, were visible from the centre of the prison.

Millbank Penitentiary was the first building of its kind, and under the incentive of a great and a noble idea Parliament poured out money upon it very freely. "Every part of the prison, visible or invisible, is a mine of building wealth. Hidden amongst its hundreds of cells, its lengths of corridor and passage, beneath its acres of roof, are, without exaggeration, miles of lead piping, hundreds of tons of iron, immense iron girders, gates in dozens—some of wrought iron, some of cast—flagstones without end, shiploads of timber, millions of bricks. When the old place comes to be pulled down, the curious inquirer may perhaps understand why it was that it cost half a million of money." Every cell in the place—and there are about 1,000 of them—cost £500—enough to build a nice little suburban villa. The cost of the new prison at Wormwood Scrubbs is reckoned to be £84 5*s.* per cell.

"The Penitentiary" was the first institution of its kind, and from the industrial employment, the religious teaching, and the solitary confinement, great results were of course expected. But the management of criminals by moral force—now almost reduced to a science—was not a bit understood at that time, and the early discipline of Millbank was as different from that now prevailing at Wormwood Scrubbs and all our other large prisons as the old building is different from the new. Most of the prison governors nowadays are military men, whose militarism however is carefully regulated and controlled by very elaborate system. The first governor of Millbank was a lawyer, and he appears to have endeavoured to combine his rulership inside the prison with a solicitor's practice outside. He seems to have been a good, earnest man, sincerely desirous of carrying out the great work for which Millbank was designed, but was conspicuously lacking in some of the characteristics which would now be deemed essential in a prison governor, and, moreover, the committee charged with the supervision and management of the new prison did much to render its failure inevitable. "Millbank," says the modern deputy governor, "was a huge plaything; a toy for a parcel of philanthropic gentlemen, to keep them busy during their spare hours. It was easy to see that they loved to run in and out of the place, and to show it off to their friends; thus we find its visitor, Sir Archibald Macdonald, bringing a party of ladies, when, to quote from the governor's journal, 'the prisoners read and went through their religious exercises,' which edifying spectacle 'gave great satisfaction to the persons present.'" Again, we are told, the whole of the female prisoners first admitted, finding that there were some nice, pleasant, simple-hearted people at the head of affairs, proved to be liable to fits, and the tendency gave the governor great concern, till it was found that by threatening to shave and blister the heads of all persons so afflicted, immediate cure followed. Judith Lacy, having been accused of stealing tea from a matron's canister which had been put down imprudently too near the prisoner, was so hurt at the charge, that it threw her into fits. She soon recovered, and it was quite evident that she had stolen the tea." The governor in his journal has recorded the release of the first prisoner, a female, who, having been dressed in her liberty clothing, "was taken into the several airing grounds in which were her late fellow-prisoners. The visitor represented to them in a most impressive manner the benefits that would result to themselves by good behaviour. The whole were most sensibly affected, and I think the event will have a very powerful effect on the conduct of many, and prove an incentive to observe good and orderly demeanour." The next day, says Major Griffiths, the whole of the female prisoners were at their cell windows, and shouted vociferously as Mary Turner went off. This, he adds, is but one specimen of the free and easy system of management.

It was very kind, but it was not firm enough for the class of inmates, and troubles grew apace. Early in the spring following the opening, the whole of the inmates broke into open mutiny because the committee of management made some change in the quality of the bread supplied. There appears to have been considerable destruction of property and serious onslaughts upon the officers of the prison, who were compelled to appeal to the Home Secretary for outside assistance. Nowadays, the cat-o'-nine-tails would come freely into play after such insubordination. After repeated outbreaks of turbulence and murderous violence, when all milder forms of punishment had been tried ineffectually, the lash was resorted to at Millbank with a couple of rebels. "But," says our author, "at the time of which I am now writing—in 1830, that is to say, when soldiers, for purely military offences, were flogged within an inch of their lives, and the 'cat' alone kept the slave population of penal colonies in subjection—it is almost amusing to observe what a coil was raised about a single instance of corporal punishment. Were proof required of the exceeding mildness of the rule under which Millbank was governed, we should have it here." In judging of the wisdom of the management of this new reformatory, however, it should be borne in mind that all the inmates were carefully selected individuals. They were, first of all, young prisoners; secondly, they were adults under first conviction; and thirdly,

they were persons "who, from early habits and good character, or from having friends and relations to receive them at their discharge, afforded reasonable hope of their being restored to society corrected and reclaimed by the punishment they had undergone." It was no doubt felt to be desirable to err on the side of leniency rather than severity, and all the details of the place seem to have been arranged on this assumption.

The prison, we are told, was commonly called Mr. Holford's fattening house, and for a long time the luxury of Millbank was a standing joke. The medical superintendent frequently reported that the prisoners suffered from plethora and from diseases consequent on fulness of habit. "Great quantities of food were carried out of the prison in the wash-tubs; potatoes, for instance, were taken to the pigs which the governor admitted he would have been ashamed to have seen carried out of his own house." There was a great outcry about this state of things, which was described, in a pamphlet written by a member of Parliament, as an insult to honest industry and a violation of common sense. The committee were forced to make a change, and they appear to have gone from one extreme to the other.

Millbank, as it has been said, was planted in the middle of a bog, and, notwithstanding the benevolence of its design, its cells were floored with stone, its corridors were all of stone and were cold and draughty, and the system of warming is to this day miserably defective. The place was from the first deleterious and unhealthy, and when the committee suddenly dropped the prisoners from a superabundant dietary to one which was not sufficient to sustain healthy life even under the best of circumstances, disease broke out. "Half the entire population of the place soon showed symptoms of constitutional derangement, the outward marks of which were a sullen countenance and impaired digestion, diminished muscular strength, a feeble circulation, various degrees of nervous affections, such as tremors, cramps, or spasms, and various degrees of mental despondency." A return to a healthier diet, including three oranges a day for each prisoner, after a while got rid of the scorbutic symptoms; but very shortly sickness broke out in other forms, and eventually this costly prison, with its £500 cells, had to be cleared out, and the inmates disposed of as best they could be. Some were sent into hospital and some to the hulks down the river, while the female prisoners received the pardon of the crown, and were set at liberty. For some months the great prison was entirely closed, and then an entirely fresh start was made. Sir Humphry Davy was called in to do whatever he deemed necessary to improve the ventilation, and Mr. Faraday was requested to undertake a thorough fumigation of the interior. A stagnant moat had surrounded the building, and this was connected with the tides of the river. Additional stoves were provided, and arrangements were made for the better exercise of the prisoners. "More schooling was also recommended as a profitable method of employing hours otherwise lost. and breaking in on the monotony and dreariness of the long dark nights. The cells, the committee thought, should be lighted with candles, and books supplied of a kind to combine rational amusement with moral and religious instruction." While all these changes—or at least many of them—were effected in the establishment itself, an entirely fresh body of prisoners were confined here. So that the re-start was very complete.

With it all, however, the course of Millbank was a very troubled one. "Feigned suicides were among the earliest methods of annoyance. Whenever any prisoner was thwarted or out of temper, often, indeed, without rhyme or reason, and whenever the fancy seized him, he tied himself up at once to his loom, or laid hands upon his throat, with his dinner knife or a bit of broken glass. Of course their last idea was to succeed. They took the greatest pains to ensure their own safety, and these were often ludicrously apparent; but now and then, though rarely, these precautions failed of their object, and the wretched victim suffered by mistake." Several illustrative instances are given in which prisoners made sham attempts to kill themselves, and from the standpoint gained by subsequent experience in the management of convicts there is something almost ludicrous in the earnest anxiety with which Captain Chapman, who was governor at that time, strove with this strange mania. A more unscrupulous man would have put down this nonsense by stern severity, but the governor seems to have been a man of heart and conscience, and it evidently was a sore worry to him for a long time. Another great difficulty was that Millbank had not been established very long before it came to be understood by the criminal classes that life in the Penitentiary was a good deal drearier and duller than life on board the hulks, and large numbers habitually misconducted themselves with the deliberate intention of getting transferred to the river.

The women prisoners appear to have been exceptionally difficult to manage. At one time, says Major Griffiths, a strange fancy all at once seized a number of them occupying adjoining cells to drum on their doors with the soles of their feet. A woman lay full length on the cell floor just the right distance from the door, and began. She was immediately answered from the next cell, whence the infection spread rapidly to the next, and so on till the whole place was in an uproar. These cell doors being badly hung, were a little loose; they rattled and shook, therefore, till the noise became deafening and indescribable. Day after day this went on, and in some cases it was proved they had drummed in this way for weeks. Many of them worked themselves up to a state of excitement bordering on hysteria and became prostrate and ill. "In numbers the kicking superinduced diseases of the feet, the whole skin of the sole having been worn away; for it is almost needless to observe that very early in the affray shoes and stockings were altogether destroyed, and it came to be a question of bare feet. Several methods were tried to put an end to this unpleasant practice—strait waistcoats, dietary punishments and so forth—but all without avail. In that particular instance the

disturbances continued till the women fairly wore themselves out."

It would be interesting to follow up the history of Millbank, and to show that although, in one sense, it was held to be a gigantic failure, it was, as it has already been intimated, an all-important stepping-stone to the attainment of the modern ideal of a prison. But it is time to turn attention from this old prison to the new one at Wormwood Scrubbs, which may be taken to be, on the whole perhaps, the finest embodiment of that ideal anywhere in existence.

It is very interesting to observe at the outset that the method of building this new prison has been almost exactly that which the practical sagacity of John Howard led him to advocate when the erection of Millbank was under discussion. The plan actually adopted was to entrust the work to contractors, and to bring the prisoners into the place as fast as sections of it were completed. Howard said, "No; I would have it built in great measure by the convicts. I will suppose that a power is obtained from Parliament to employ such of them as are now at work on the Thames, or some of those in the county gaols, under sentences of transportation, as may be thought most expedient. In the first place, let the surrounding walls, intended as full security against escapes, be completed, and proper lodges for the gate-keepers. Let temporary buildings of the nature of barracks be erected in some part of this enclosure which will be wanted the least till the whole is finished. Let one or two hundred men, with their proper keepers, and under the direction of the builder, be employed in levelling the ground, digging out the foundations, serving the masons, sawing the timber and stone; and as I have found several convicts who were carpenters, masons, and smiths, these may be employed in their own branches of trade, since such work is as necessary and proper as any other in which they can be engaged."

That was written a hundred years ago, and no doubt was considered fanciful and impracticable, but that is precisely how Wormwood Scrubbs Prison has been built. The land, twenty acres in extent, was bought of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and, says Major-General Sir Edmund Du Cane, the Surveyor-General of Prisons, "the whole of the buildings composing this prison have been constructed by convict labour under circumstances which make the enterprise somewhat peculiar and interesting."

The first step was to prepare in the workshops of Millbank and Pentonville Prisons temporary buildings of wood and iron to house a hundred convicts. These were taken to the site for the new prison, set up by free labour, and surrounded by a strong and lofty hoarding. This enclosure was then declared a prison, and a hundred convicts conveyed into it, and set to work to erect similar accommodation for another hundred convicts. With these two hundred men, the permanent buildings were commenced.

A very dismal spot indeed was this prison enclosure during the early stages of the work. Wormwood Scrubbs, though close to London, was a strangely out-of-the-world, desolate-looking region of clay-pits and brickfields, cinder heaps and smoke clouds. "During the first month or two," says one of the commissioners' reports, "the weather was extremely severe; at times our only means of communication was by sleds across the snow, or deep tenacious mud which made the track nearly impassable. By degrees the cells in the first hall were completed and the prison population gradually increased," and regular occupation of the permanent cells was commenced at the beginning of 1875. For fifteen or sixteen years past, therefore, this twenty acres of ground at Wormwood Scrubbs has been a scene of varied activity, of a very curious interest, and for a long time gangs of silent, sad-faced, cropped and shaven labourers, clad in the hideous prison garb, were to be seen working under the surveillance of armed warders in the making of roads across the dreary waste outside the grim enclosure.

We must not attempt to follow the work of building this great place, though to the writer, who has several times during its erection had accorded to him the privilege of inspecting the progress of it, it has been exceedingly interesting to watch the gradual evolution of this vast system of order and industry. Down in the midst of this howling wilderness, Government planted a little colony of the lazy and the criminal and the ignorant—the pests and scourges of civilised society—and set them to work. Without haste but without rest, year after year, the work has gone on, and now there stands an extensive range of buildings—vast blocks of cells, light, airy, clean, warm, and comfortable; spacious workshops, kitchens, laundries, baths, a beautiful infirmary, a handsome chapel—the whole of it, from the digging of the clay and the working of the bricks, the creation of this forlorn colony, a large proportion of which consists of men who have become criminals because they either did not know how to do anything useful, or if they did could find no work. Profoundly interesting and very suggestive it is to learn that not only have these buildings, together with a considerable number of pleasant and commodious houses for the officers outside the prison walls, all been erected by convict labour, but the workmen themselves have been created by the carrying out of the work. Says the report of the Deputy-Governor of this new prison: "I have been repeatedly struck by the eager alacrity with which convict learners throw themselves into their new work. At this moment there are ninety-two bricklayers upon the building, and of these only two ever handled a trowel before they entered a prison, the remainder are therefore entirely prison-taught. Forty I have seen pass under my own eyes through the several stages, from the clay to carrying the hod, from the hod to the trowel and interior walls, till finally they have graduated and have been advanced to the honour of 'face work,' which many now execute to entire satisfaction."

It would be difficult to imagine a much greater contrast than that presented in the building of this prison and the old Millbank Penitentiary, and the prisons themselves are as different from each other as the mode of building them. The construction

of Millbank, as we have seen, renders it extremely difficult, indeed quite impossible, to exercise any general oversight of the place. The next advance upon this arrangement is that presented in the "Model Prison" at Pentonville. There, the cell-doors all open into great wards which radiate from a common centre, so that warders stationed at this centre can look down all these wards and see whatever is going on. Most large prisons built of late years have been fashioned on this model. But in the new prison at Wormwood Scrubbs this arrangement has been departed from. "In designing the prison," says Sir Edmund Du Cane, "the plan of making the blocks of cells radiate from a common centre was abandoned, as it was decided that the balance of advantage was against it in this case. The cell blocks, each containing 351 cells, are therefore arranged parallel to one another north and south, separated by a space sufficient to give room for the workshops, kitchens, etc., between them. There are communications between the blocks and these buildings by covered ways. All the cells under this arrangement can have sunlight on them at some time of the day; there are no dank, dark courts and corners, as there must necessarily be on the radiating plan; and the cell windows of one block do not immediately overlook the yard attached to another block."

There are separate cells for 1,377 prisoners. They are all essentially alike. They are lighted by gas, and are warmed and ventilated on the latest scientific principles, and each has its electric bell. There is a fine bath house containing fifty-four separate baths, and there is a well appointed hospital with accommodation for fifty-eight patients; but such are the sanitary excellences of the place that it seems almost literally a fact that except in the case of prisoners who come into the establishment with some ailment or other about them, they get no sickness at all. Such is the advance that science and experience have made in prison building since the grim old "Penitentiary" was set up at Millbank. Here is a colony of 1,000 men and women—half the prison has been given up to female prisoners—in sound health, sufficiently fed, sufficiently clothed, comfortably housed, all of them entirely employed—all the care and competition, the strife and turmoil, the choppings and changings of life outside, barred out by an impassable wall. Really, on a fine summer day, so bronzed and healthy do the inmates look, so clean and pleasant are their cells, so sweet and wholesome does everything look about the kitchens and laundries, and so peaceful and easy does life seem here, that it almost inclines one to become an inmate for a short time. One does not see, in cursorily inspecting the place, the awful monotony, the isolation from friends, the utter absence of interest in life, the benumbing-silence, the never varying pressure of stern rule, the privation from all kinds of petty indulgence. "Oh, if it had not been for the few books I found in the cell," said one who had recently come out from this living tomb to the writer—"if it had not been for the books, I think I must have gone mad!"

G. MILLIN.

# The Prisoner.

"QUEEN of the waves, thy gliding shallop steer,
Where lingering echoes to thy strains awake:
The winds and waters hush themselves to hear,
The very skies are brighter for thy sake."

A captive's song thus floated on the air,
From grated window of a sea-girt keep,
As daily he beheld the fairest fair
Sail by his prison, on the shining deep.

"In this old, silent fort, I pass my years
Of golden youth and strength, no longer free:
My only joy is when thy sail appears,
I long for thee as for my liberty.

"The limpid flood, with loyal pride displays
Thy queenly form in mirrored counterpart:
What is the power thy canvas most obeys?
Is it the zephyr, or the tender heart?

"With ardent hopes my glowing pulses bound,
For even thou may'st burst my prison door:
Rescued by thee, I would, the world around,
Thee follow joyfully for evermore.

"Thou stayest now thy course, perhaps to shed
A tear of pity for my helpless pain;
But, like my hope, alas! too quickly fled,
Thou passest and I pine alone again.

"Is this delusive fancy, false delight?
But no! thy hand points hither, I can see:
A star of life, thou risest on my night,
To-morrow thou wilt shine again for me.

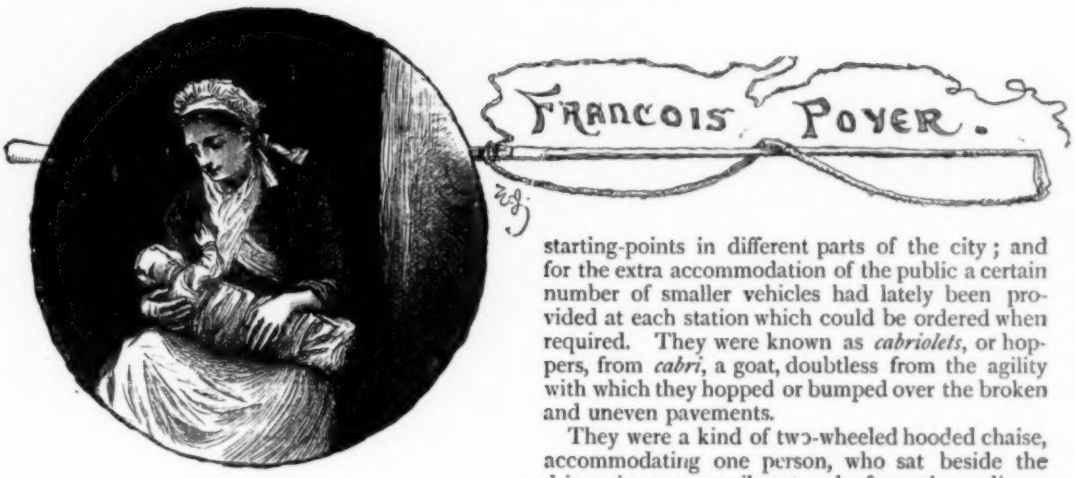
"Queen of the waves, thy gliding shallop steer,
Where lingering echoes to thy strains awake:
The winds and waters hush themselves to hear,
The very skies are brighter for thy sake."

J. GRAHAM.

*From Béranger.*

# THE MONTYON PRIZE

## ITS HEROES AND HEROINES




IN the top floor of a very old tumbledown house in one of the old quarters of Paris, now improved out of existence by the Haussmann-Napoleonic energy, there lived, somewhere about the year 1826, the family of François Poyer,—François himself, his wife, and four little children of ages ranging from eight to three. The two elder were girls, the two younger twin boys.

The home, in spite of extreme poverty, was a fairly comfortable one, for Madame Poyer, who before her marriage had been in service, was an able woman and a good manager, while François was a very industrious and steady man, bringing home all the money that he earned, and spending the very little spare time that he had with his wife and children, instead of dissipating it, as so many of his acquaintances did, in the cabarets or at the political clubs with which the quarter abounded.

By occupation François was what we should call a cabdriver, only that at this time there were no cabs. It is curious for us to remember how very many things which now form part of our most everyday life were absolutely wanting in the life of a generation back. The Paris of fifty years ago was scarcely more civilised, scarcely more furnished with the necessaries and conveniences of life, than Morocco at the present day. Dirt, discomfort, and noise seemed to have been its three most striking characteristics, and in the matter of wheeled vehicles French ideas were until quite recently especially primitive. At the time of which we write—of course before the advent of railways—the only means of transit for travellers going any distance were extremely heavy, ill-hung diligences, drawn by four or five horses harnessed with ropes. These, laden high with luggage and passengers, lumbered heavily along the badly paved streets. They had their offices or starting-points in different parts of the city; and for the extra accommodation of the public a certain number of smaller vehicles had lately been provided at each station which could be ordered when required. They were known as *cabriolets*, or hoppers, from *cabri*, a goat, doubtless from the agility with which they hopped or bumped over the broken and uneven pavements.

They were a kind of two-wheeled hooded chaise, accommodating one person, who sat beside the driver, in some peril, not only from the ordinary dangers of the road, but from the menacing whips wielded by his own and other coachmen. There were constant disputes occurring in the narrow, crowded streets as to the right of way, and these, after much noise, were usually settled by sounding cuts of the whip on each side, and it is remarked by a traveller of that time as a curious coincidence, that the worst sufferers in these encounters were always the innocent occupiers of the seats beside the disputants.

François Poyer, then, was driver of one of these nimble vehicles, and was so well liked for his dexterity in avoiding collisions, material and physical, and for his general civility and honesty, that he was in pretty constant employment. But even so, and in spite of his wife's thriftiness, he was still a poor man, the wages which he received being very low, and saddled with many charges and expenses which the *pour-boires* he was expected to receive from his patrons did not always cover. At the same time, as we have said, he was a man of simple tastes and domestic habits, not given to railing even at the hardness of the times, and, in truth, finding life on the whole very fairly endurable.

One evening in winter, at the close of the day's work, François climbed heavily up the seven storeys of his dwelling to his sky-lit quarters—heavily, not

[1] An account of the origin of the Montyon Prize will be found in the "Leisure Hour" for 1889-90 (p. 40). The sketches which followed were from the pen of L. G. Séguin, whose familiarity with French peasant life enabled her to give vivid setting to each case. It was intended to publish a second series, but our purpose was unhappily hindered by her death. The stories that follow now are all that she had completed. They will be supplemented by a few brief illustrations from later times.

by reason of any heaviness of spirit or body, but on account of the enormous weight of overcoat which he wore, and from the extreme clumsiness of the *sabots* which formed part of his ordinary dress, but which seemed to clank this evening with more than their usual clatter on his half-frozen feet. He was cheerful, however, as usual, for, as he plodded up the long, winding stairs, he sang in a loud nasal tone, a snatch of song about a brother in the craft, *Le Postillon de Bonjemeau*, and cracked the whip which he carried as an accompaniment to each refrain. When he at length arrived at his airy castle he announced himself at the door by giving an extra loud crack of the whip, and by uttering a volley of the peculiar and unearthly sounds with which French drivers are in the habit of encouraging their lagging steeds. In response the door was thrown open, and two little girls, in blue cotton blouses and tight white cotton caps, followed by two little boys in blue blouses and closely-cropped heads, took violent possession of their father, clinging, two on each side of him as he entered the room, but with less clamour and outcry than was customary with them, so that François in a moment became conscious that something special had happened. He asked quickly, "What is it? Is anything the matter?"

For answer, the two little girls laid their fingers on their lips and said, "Hush!" and the two little boys put their thumbs into their mouths and said nothing. François, mystified, pushed on, with the four little ones clinging to the tails of his big coat, from the chilly dark stairway into what by comparison seemed the warmth and brilliancy of the dwelling-room, though in truth it was warmed only by a very small wood fire and lighted only by a solitary dip. But the sight which that dip revealed made François stand still and stare, and then, taking off his broad-brimmed beaver hat, he slowly scratched the top of his head.

The sight which thus moved him was the figure of his wife—a neat, pretty little figure, too, in her frilled cap and big apron—seated before the fireplace, with her foot upon the rocker of the old wooden cradle that had done duty for all the quartet now clinging about his skirts, and with a mummified bundle in her arms, which, from previous experience, François knew to be a baby.

"Bless my heart!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say there—there's another!"

Lisette, his wife, who was evidently enjoying his surprise, smiled a little, but without so much as turning her head from the all-absorbing baby.

"Yes," she returned calmly, as she rocked the little one to and fro—"yes; there's another!"

"And you never told me—and I never knew," he began—and then stopped, for he suddenly perceived that his wife was laughing.

"I have often told thee before, *mon ami*, that thou wert a goose. I must tell thee now that thou art a bigger goose than ever I gave thee credit for," she said.

"Well, well," said François, putting down his hat and advancing towards the fire. "I was startled to be sure—I fancied at the minute that I must be dreaming. But if it is not ours, pray may I ask whose baby it is?"

"Sit down and I will tell you all about it. It is a lodger."

"Dear me! it doesn't look very big to be a lodger," says François, glancing critically at the infant. "Of course," he goes on, "I can see now that it is none of ours. How very ugly it is, poor thing, and ours used really to be quite pretty!"

"You never said so before," returned his wife. "I'm sure I've quarrelled with you many a time on that point. But this poor little thing is not strong and well, as, thank God, all ours have been. It is a miserable, sickly little creature, and that is why I have taken it."

"Rather an odd recommendation for a lodger, isn't it?" asks François. "But you have not told me yet who it belongs to."

"It is," says Madame Poyer, giving it a motherly hug, "the poor little stray child of Rosalie Tombette."

"Of Rosalie!"

"Yes; she was here to-day in terrible trouble, because the woman in whose charge she had put the baby had evidently neglected and illtreated it. I am sorry, indeed, for Rosalie; I have been her friend, as you know, ever since she was a child, and in spite of all that has happened. She is most anxious to do well by the child."

"And so you are going to take the trouble of it off her hands. Is that it, my little woman? Well, the room did look a bit dreary without the old cradle in it."

"Just what I was saying the other day," returns Lisette; "but don't give me credit for too much benevolence. Rosalie is now in a very good situation, and will pay well for the child. She has, indeed, been paying well for it; and therefore it is all the more shameful that it should have been half starved, as it certainly is, poor mite! Look here!" she goes on, rising with the infant in her arms and taking from a shelf a small heap of coins. "See, here are ten francs, a month's payment in advance—and very handsome payment too. The baby will not cost us half that."

"No; but then there is your trouble to take into account."

"Well, as for that, I don't count it a trouble, as you know I dearly love a baby; and I do believe my hand is getting quite out of nursing, it is so long since those big boys of ours needed it."

"Ah!" returns François, chuckling, "they gave you a pretty good turn of it at the time, I remember. It might well have lasted you all your life. But some people never are satisfied," he added mischievously.

"I am quite satisfied now, monsieur, that I have this poor little darling in my arms; and really I think he begins to look a little less shrivelled up than he did this morning."

"One cannot say he is a pretty child," said François, regarding the infant with a critical eye, his head on one side, as if he were a connoisseur inspecting a piece of cracked china.

It was true. There could scarcely have been a more miserable, sickly, and neglected little atom of humanity than was the child, Edmond Tombette, when he entered the family of the Poyers as lodger;

but, thanks to the care and attention which he received, he very soon began to show signs of improvement. At the end of six months, though still a delicate little fellow, he could never have been recognised as the emaciated scarecrow whom Madame Poyer had received into her motherly embrace. The home was a real home to the child. Between him and the other children no difference was made, unless it might be that, as the youngest and sickliest, he received the greatest amount of kindness. He was the pet of the house, as great a favourite with the elder children as with François and his wife.

So far all went well; the child's mother came occasionally to see him, and seemed highly pleased with the progress he was making; and though the money for the boy's maintenance was sent somewhat irregularly, it was always paid.

At length, however, Rosalie's visits and the remittances both ceased; and when some months had passed and still there was no sign of either, a family council of two was held.

"Something must have happened to Rosalie," said François. "Do you know where she is living?"

"Yes," returned his wife, producing a slip of paper with an address scribbled on it. "She gave me this."

François went that day to make inquiries, but returned somewhat crestfallen, for the name of Rosalie Tombette was quite unknown at the address given. "It looks bad," he said to his wife. "Do you know anybody who knows anything about her?"

"Yes," says Lisette; "I know a sort of cousin of hers; but she lives a long way off from here. Still, I might find her out."

In the course of the following days Lisette made a pilgrimage to the other side of Paris to find Rosalie's cousin; but the information received was not satisfactory. Some months back, so said the cousin, Rosalie had called to say that she was leaving Paris for good; but she did not give any clue as to her destination, nor did she so much as mention the child, whom her cousin indeed believed to be dead.

Upon this information another family council was called. "What is to be done?" asked Councillor Number One.

"Done! Why, of course we can't help it. We must keep the child."

"Of course," returns Councillor Number One. "Who would think of doing anything else? The only thing is that, unfortunately, five children cost more to keep than four; and they all, thank God, have such good appetites—even the dear baby."

"Umph! well we must consider how we can arrange matters," says Councillor Number Two."

There is a short silence, and then Councillor Number Two, otherwise François, says cheerily, "I have it, little mother. I have been adding up the cost of our living, and I think if you and I gave up our glass of *vin ordinaire* every day, and drank water, we should save—say a franc a week."

"That I will readily do," returned Lisette, "though I do think that, after all your hard work in the wet and the cold, a little wine is almost necessary for you."

"Not at all," returned her husband.

"At any rate," Lisette went on, "I am now making a nice little sum by needlework, and I shall go on sewing two hours later every night, and let our dear little Edmond have the benefit of the extra money gained."

Somehow, by one means and another, by the united exertions and good will of the kindly couple, the thing was managed, the strained ends were made to meet, and little Edmond remained a member of the Poyer household.

Always delicate and requiring an unusual amount of care and frequently of nursing, the child added no inconsiderable item to the anxieties as well as to the expenses of the little household of which he formed a part; but care, love, and, so far as they had it at command, money, were unstintingly devoted to him. The result of all this kind and careful treatment was that little Edmond did really grow and improve, and at the age of three was developing into a nice-looking, fairly healthy child.

At this time, two years and a half since her disappearance, Rosalie Tombette suddenly returned. Without a word of warning she walked one day into the Poyers' apartment as though she had left it only yesterday. Madame Poyer and the children were alone there, François being, as usual, away at his work.

Rosalie embraced her child with much appearance of affection. She explained that she had been, since the date of her last visit, constantly travelling about in the service of a lady of rank, but that she had now come to settle in Paris, and would be able to look after her child. She was profuse in her expressions of gratitude for the kind care which had been bestowed upon the boy, promising an immediate settlement of the long outstanding account. She then expressed a wish to take little Edmond out with her, that she might buy him a few things, and enjoy the pleasure of his society for a little while, at the same time stating her intention of bringing him back in an hour or two, unless a relative of hers whom she was going to see was very urgent in wishing them to stay overnight, when she might possibly not return till the next day.

When François returned home in the evening he was surprised not to find little Edmond waiting as usual to receive him and coax him into a game of play.

"It is extraordinary," he said to his wife, "how we miss the dear child. I shall be glad, somehow, when we get him safely back again."

The next day, towards afternoon, Rosalie appeared, but without the child—this time running up against François, who had come home earlier than usual, so anxious was he to have news of the return of little Edmond.

Rosalie had a long and somewhat rambling story to tell. Some friends, with whom she had been the day before, had advised her to send the child to the country, to a relative who was willing to adopt and educate him, and she had therefore sent him off at once.

"You have taken him away from us," said Madame Poyer, beginning to cry.

"It is not, believe me, that I am ungrateful for

all your goodness to him," said the mother. "On the contrary, I feel that I have burthened you too long; but now his future is secured, and, as I am relieved from all anxiety about him, I shall at once be able to discharge my debt to you—at the latest in a few days."

François Poyer looked very narrowly at the woman as she talked, and listened silently. When she had done, he said: "To what place in the country have you sent the child?"

"To Tours," returned Rosalie, after a moment's hesitation.

When she had gone he still went on silently thinking, while his wife sat crying. Presently he said: "I do not like the look of things at all, Lisette. I do not believe that that woman is speaking the truth. I feel very unhappy about it."

The next day, François, who was well known at all the diligence offices of Paris, drove to the office of the Touraine line of diligences.

He inquired if any child answering the description of Edmond Tombette had travelled to Tours on the day mentioned by Rosalie. There was no recollection of any such passenger; and to assist François in his inquiries the clerk in charge of the booking office allowed him to examine the books in which the names and descriptions of all travellers were inscribed. There was no entry that could possibly be taken to refer to little Edmond Tombette. Thinking that, for some reason or other, Rosalie had wished to mislead him as to the destination of the child, he next visited one after another the booking offices of Paris; but with always the same result. He went home after each failure very much dispirited.

"My impression is," he said, "that our poor little fellow is still in Paris; and if he is alive I will find him."

"How will you do that?" asked his wife.

"I will not leave a corner unsearched," said François.

Every evening when he came home Lisette would ask her husband the same question. "Have you heard anything of our boy yet?" And every evening the reply was only a shake of the head, or a grunt, or a short "No, not yet." But there was always a certain hope implied by the "yet." How many times François had jumped suddenly off his cabriolet, to the alarm of his "fare," and dashed down some dark entry or court with which Paris at this time abounded, in pursuit of some small blue-bloused figure who bore a certain resemblance to the missing child, it is impossible to say; and of these false hopes he did not care to tell Lisette, for he knew she would only fret the more after her lost charge. As it was, she fretted a good deal.

One day she was beset by a horrible fear. "Suppose she has murdered him, poor darling!" she said to her husband.

"Why should she do that? He had a good home with us. Why could she not leave him alone unless she was able to do well by him?"

"Why, indeed?" returned Lisette, conquered but not convinced. "All the same, I have a feeling sometimes that he is no more."

"Fiddlesticks!" returned François, bravely; yet a sort of shudder crept over him at the possibility of such a fate to the child he had so often cradled in his arms, and whose first word had been one of endearment for himself.

At length it happened one day that after throwing the reins on the horse's back and making, as usual, a rapid raid into a narrow close in one of the lowest quarters of the city, in pursuit of a small child who was dabbling in the gutter, François was led to confide something of his troubles to the astonished occupant of the carriage, who was naturally bewildered by so unusual and alarming a proceeding on the part of his charioteer.

"What in the name of patience is the matter?" he inquired. "Are you gone mad?" as François returned, breathless and dejected, with the information that it was only "another mistake."

"A thousand pardons for abandoning Monsieur in such a way," François said apologetically. "Not that Monsieur need have been anxious, Boulotte, good brute, being as steady as a rock, and is besides used to it."

"A very worthy animal, no doubt," returned the traveller. "But is it not rather an odd habit to have got into? If I saw right, you only seized that dirty small child to shake him, and put him down again."

"Pardon, Monsieur; I did not shake him intentionally," said François a little guiltily, for his disappointment made him feel inclined to shake all the children who were not his own lost favourite. "The thing is, Monsieur, I am looking for a child."

"You have lost one, you mean."

"Not one of my own exactly, Monsieur, but as dear to me as if he were," says François; and then, in a few words, he tells the story of little Edmond Tombette.

"It is very odd," says the stranger. "She, the mother, is odd; and you, who are not the father, are odd too; and your wife is odd!"

François was not quite sure that he liked this criticism, especially the reflection on his wife. He sat silent beside the stranger, and cracked his whip a little viciously.

In a minute or two the stranger spoke again. "Have you inquired at the *Enfants Trouvés*? Perhaps the child has been taken there."

"The *Enfants Trouvés*!" François pulled Boulotte up with a jerk, and turned so that he could look at the speaker. "No, Monsieur," he said, "I have not tried there." The very name was a name of horror to the Paris workman. "But why," he went on, after a pause—"why in the world should she take him there?"

"Who knows?" returned the traveller. "Perhaps because women are the most irrational and unaccountable creatures under the sun. But for that—who knows why anybody does anything?"

On that evening François returned home rather late, wet and tired; and when Lisette made her usual inquiry: "Have you had any news yet of Edmond?" François was inclined to be cross.

"You certainly are very odd," he said, "to be always asking the same question as if you thought I was not doing all I could to find him. At the

same time it is odd that you should keep on fretting so after this poor sickly child, who was an immense trouble to you."

"What!" cries the wife in astonishment.

"It only shows," says François, "that women are the most irrational and unaccountable creatures under the sun."

"What farce is this? What nonsense are you prating, hypocritical monster that you are," says the wife, administering a correcting slap on her husband's ear. "Who, I should like to know, frets about the poor little one more than yourself—who?"

"That is true, my girl," says François, interrupting, and, in Biblical fashion, returning a kiss for a blow. "At the same time it is certain that women are unaccountable creatures, or else why should that wretched Rosalie have made away with our boy? But," he went on, in a lower tone as if to himself, "there was certainly a good deal of truth in what the gentleman said to me to-day, and I shall go off to-morrow to the *Enfants Trouvés* and make inquiries there."

The next day and the following days were, however, exceedingly wet and disagreeable, and François and his cabriolet were so much in request that he had no time to devote to private affairs. But at the end of the week he was lucky in setting a passenger down in the then deserted Luxembourg quarter, in which is situated the Hospital for Foundlings. He at once turned his horse's head in the direction of the Rue d'Enfers, where the old monastery of the Oratorians served as a refuge for the most helpless and desolate of human beings—the unfortunate infants whom no one wanted.

Outside the porter's lodge, let into a long blank wall, was a sort of box or cradle, swung on a pivot, and large enough to hold a child. Beside it hung a big bell with a long iron handle. Into this box at all hours of the day and night, with no other ceremony than a touch of the iron bell-handle, unfortunate infants were secretly dropped by despairing or reckless hands. The weight of the child made the box turn on its pivot, and before the clang of the bell had ceased, or the porter could answer its summons, another nameless and unloved one had joined the great society of the nameless and unloved in the Hospital of the *Enfants Trouvés*, secure, indeed, of food and shelter, but shut out, till manhood or womanhood, from all natural ties and interests—a child only of the State.

François Poyer glanced at the box in the wall with a little shudder, as he had often done before. To a man of his affectionate nature, and with his warm love of his own children, there was something very painful in the thought of this vast assembly of little outcasts, deprived of all their natural rights and privileges by those who should have been most ready to cherish and protect them. He drove quickly on and came to the gate in the wall, with a cross above it, which was the entrance to the hospital. Here, throwing the reins on Boulotte's back, he jumped down, and rung at another bell, with a long iron handle, which hung beside the door. Almost immediately the shutter was pushed back from a small square grating in the upper part of the door, and an elderly woman's face, with a kind of conventual cap, appeared.

François at once took off his hat, and stood bareheaded.

"What do you want?" she inquired in a somewhat harsh voice; and before he could answer, catching a sight maybe of the carriage, she went on: "I hope you have not come to bring us another child, for I assure you we are so crowded now that we scarcely know where to find room for them all."

"Madame," said François, respectfully, "a thousand pardons for disturbing you; but I am come to inquire after a little boy whom I have lost, and I thought—that is, I hoped—I mean I thought it possible he might have been brought here."

"Well and good," responded the woman, more cheerfully. "That is another matter. You had better walk in, and let me send for the Mother Superior."

With a good deal of perturbation, as if he was doing something presumptuous if not wicked, François crossed the threshold, and for the first time in his life found himself beyond the barrier which the Roman Catholic Church sets up between the religious and the secular life. The hospital was a convent of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who established the charity, and was conducted on conventual principles, which always present an idea of something melancholy and awe-inspiring. So at least the place seemed to François. The silence, the order, the subdued manner and gliding movements of the white-stoled sisters who flitted here and there, even the echo of his own sabots on the bare, silent quadrangle, and the deep-voiced clang of the bell he had disturbed, seemed to have something solemn and unearthly about them.

He followed his conductress, hat in hand, across the courtyard to a little room, apart from the main body of the building, used for the reception of strangers, and which was so absolutely spotless, so bare, and so severe in its purity, that François was simply afraid to sit, as he was bidden, on the snowy wooden bench which ran along one side of the walls, but stood turning his broad white beaver hat uneasily in his hands, while the portress disappeared in search of the Mother Superior.

In a few minutes, not the Mother herself, but one of her subordinates, a gentle-voiced, placid-faced lady, in the picturesque blue dress and white coif of the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, entered and asked in what manner she could be of service.

"Madame," said François, gathering a little confidence from her gentle demeanour—"Madame, if you would not think it impertinent, I would wish to inquire if by any chance a boy of about three years old, a delicate little fellow, has been left here any time these last six weeks?"

"I cannot exactly say," returned the sister; "but, for that matter, they are all delicate and sickly poor little things who find their way here. The Mother Superior writes down an exact description of every child received into the house, but she is

engaged at this moment. Is it your own child who is lost, my good man?"

"Not exactly my own," said François, and then in a few simple words he told his simple tale.

The good sister seemed much interested in the recital.

"I am sure," she said, "we should be very glad if we could help you to find your little pet. Would you like to go round the wards with me, and see if you can recognise him amongst the other children?"

François thanked her, and gladly accepted the offer.

Following her across the quadrangle, they entered the main building of the ancient monastery, once occupied by some of the most learned scholars of France, and now devoted to the needs of the most unlearned of its citizens. Yet here was still something which pretended to be a school. The first room which François and Sister Marie entered was used for this purpose, but the results did not appear to be particularly brilliant, judging by the listless and uninterested faces of the little creatures who jostled one another, and the long rows of forms. François was struck by the extreme plainness of the children as a whole—the prevailing want of vivacity, owing, doubtless, though he was unable to argue the matter, to the low types of humanity from which they sprang, and to the dull routine and strict discipline of the conventual life.

"No, he is not here," he said, with a sort of thankfulness.

"What age is the child you are looking for?" asked a sister-in-charge.

"Three years old."

"Then he is not here."

They next visited the nursery, where the scene was a more cheerful one, for the sisters were doing their best to distract and amuse their infant charges.

"He is not here," says François, with yet another sigh of relief.

"We will go to the Infirmary," says his guide. This is the saddest sight of all. Rows and rows of little cots, each with its suffering little occupant—carefully tended, to be sure, by the sisters, but yet, in their pain and helplessness, presenting as sad a spectacle of child-life as it should *not* be, as can well be imagined!

"Is this all?" asks François, speaking low and treading softly, for he has left his sabots outside the door.

"No, there is yet another room, reserved for the worst—for the surgical cases," returns his guide; and she opens the door of a long room, the windows of which are covered with blue curtains so as to subdue the light, and where, in a row of little beds ranged against the wall, lie, in various attitudes of weariness or distress, poor emaciated little children of all ages.

Very softly François passes along from cot to cot. But suddenly he stops and bursts into tears. He has found his boy! But in what a condition! Six weeks ago he had parted from him a fairly healthy, fresh-looking child of considerable beauty—now he finds a pinched, wizened little creature, with yellow cheeks, nearly blind, from tumours on the eyes.

The child had a difficulty in recognising him, but he knew the voice in a moment.

"Is that you, pa-pa?" he asked. "I can't see you, it's so dark, and my eyes hurt so—but I think——"

"Yes, my treasure, it is me, sure enough," says François, taking a thin little hand and putting it to his lips.

"But how came you here? And how is it you are so ill?"

"Ah! this poor little fellow," says the sister, "was, I remember now, brought to us almost in a starving condition from the Passport Office, where it is believed he was deserted purposely by a woman, supposed to be his mother. He was also covered with bruises when he came here, and being so weakly he has suffered much from ophthalmia, which is always a danger where so many poor children are gathered together."

"His eyes were tender from infancy," says François, "but latterly they became so much better."

"I want to go to ma-ma. Take me home, pa-pa," says the child.

"He means my wife, the only mother he has ever known," says François.

"It was not, then, his mother who deserted him," asks the sister.

"Assuredly it was she who deserted him; but why she has played us such a fool's trick as this I do not know."

"Take me home, pa-pa; take me home at once," pleads the child.

"Of course I will, my dear one. If one of you ladies will kindly dress the child," he went on, turning to the sisters, "I will carry him away at once, wrapped up in my greatcoat, and I have my cabriolet waiting below in the street. We will be home in a trice, never fear, Edmond!"

The good sisters looked at one another and spoke together in a low tone.

"We must fetch the Mother Superior," said Sister Marie. "We dare not do anything without her leave."

"Very well," said François, sitting on the edge of the child's cot, with a certain air of determination; "we can wait."

The "Mother Superior," a venerable, sweet-faced woman, soon appeared, and seemed much interested in the story of little Edmond. She added some details known only to herself, viz., that a smartly-dressed young woman had, in the first instance, brought the child to the hospital and asked that it might be admitted, but was refused on the ground that she and the child appeared to be in too good circumstances. Some days later the boy was found, as has been stated, in the Passport Office, at the Prefecture of Police.

"That ma-ma was a bad lady," said the child, referring to these experiences; "she beat me, and I was very cold and hungry."

And now a new disappointment was to arise for François and his little adopted son. "You cannot possibly take the child away with you," said the Mother Superior. "It is against our rules."

"Not take him!" cried poor François aghast. "Why, how is this?"

"There are certain rules and regulations to be observed," said the Mother Superior; "no child brought in here may be taken out again without a written permission from the Council of Administration, and a legal document attested by a notary."

"Perhaps Madame will tell me how to get all this done," said poor François, rather alarmed by the big word "legal."

"Come down with me to the business-room and we will talk the matter over," says the Mother Superior, kindly.

When the matter was looked into it was found, to François' horror, that the act of adoption, as it was called, required to be ratified by the payment to the Hospital of two hundred and fifty francs, which sum would be paid back to the child on his attaining his majority.

Two hundred and fifty francs!

"Where in the world am I to get such a sum as that?" asks François, in a very downcast tone.

"I do not know, my poor man," says the Mother Superior. "I am very sorry for you, but I know that you cannot have the child without the money.

François thinks for a few moments—then, "I will get it somehow," he says—"only let me go and tell Edmond that he must be patient for a little while."

Filled with his great purpose, François leaves the Hospital and finds Boulotte sleeping soundly where he had left him, with the reins upon his back. Waking him up, he drives briskly home to tell the wonderful piece of good fortune to Lisette, and to consult her as to ways and means.

If it were not for that unlucky two hundred and fifty francs!

Lisette, however, was a woman of many resources, and in such a good cause as this was ready to come promptly to her husband's aid. She had a gold brooch and a pair of earrings, the gift of a Norman aunt, and there were a few silver spoons in an old trunk, a legacy from a long since dead grandfather. These, and indeed every article of the smallest value in their possession, were readily sacrificed for little Edmond's benefit, but yet the required sum was not made up. After much anxious consideration it was decided to beg the loan of the remaining sum from the livery stable keeper in whose employment François had for many years been.

Not without much heart-beating and mental distress did François bring himself to ask this favour, and he was as much astonished as relieved by the ready kindness with which it was granted.

Three days after his first visit to the Hospital he was back again, with his ten pounds in his pocket, ready, if he might do so, to carry off his prize.

But again there were delays. The legal document had to be drawn up and submitted to the Council, and various other small ceremonies to be gone through.

By the kind aid of the Mother Superior, however, who was much interested in the case, matters were arranged as expeditiously as possible, so that at the end of a few days more François received a formal permission to remove the child.

No time was lost now. The cabriolet was once more requisitioned, with Boulotte's head turned in the direction of the Rue d'Enfers; and two hours later, a laughing, crying, screaming, struggling little group of happily excited people received the lost child in their arms, and seemed almost ready to tear him in pieces in their joy. But it was in Lisette's bosom that he nestled the most fondly.

Edmond Tombette after a few years outgrew the delicacy of his childhood, developed into a fine handsome lad, received a good education at the expense of his adopted father, and was by him, at the age of thirteen, apprenticed to a cabinet-maker.

It was about this time, in the year 1839, that the singular devotion of François Poyer to the child of his adoption was made known to the French Academy, by the very traveller whose criticisms nine years before François had been rather inclined to resent, but to whose suggestion of the *Enfants Trouvés* the restoration of little Edmond was in truth due.

It was a sort of poetical justice that from him François should first learn that a Montyon prize of the value of three thousand francs had been adjudged him for exceptional disinterestedness.

"What in the world does that mean?" asked François, half laughing and half crying when he received the news.

"It means, my good Poyer, as I have always told you, that you are very odd," said the traveller in explanation.

L. G. SÉGUIN.

## The Reformed Recluse.

ABROAD to wander! what delight is rarer!
The bird is ransomed after years encaged!
Surely in life there is a mission fairer
Than pipe and book with which to be engaged?
Let selfish misanthropes learn wisdom only—
"It is not good for man to live all lonely!"
My dreams are ended. Lovely visions ever
Did come between my tome and me confined.
My heart is conquered. Reinstate me never,
But in my aching heart let love be 'shrined.
So then abroad I walk. May Heaven befriend me
And guidance give to find what He intends me.
Then may two transformed souls from desolation
Together rise for sacred consecration!

C. P.

# THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

## GEORGE III AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

George III has left us some specimens of his handwriting penned at a very early age. The following was written when he was just eleven years old, the period when his mother, regarding with annoyance the influence which the Ministers of the country had with her father-in-law, was for ever reminding him "to be King," in deed and not only in word, when he ascended the throne.

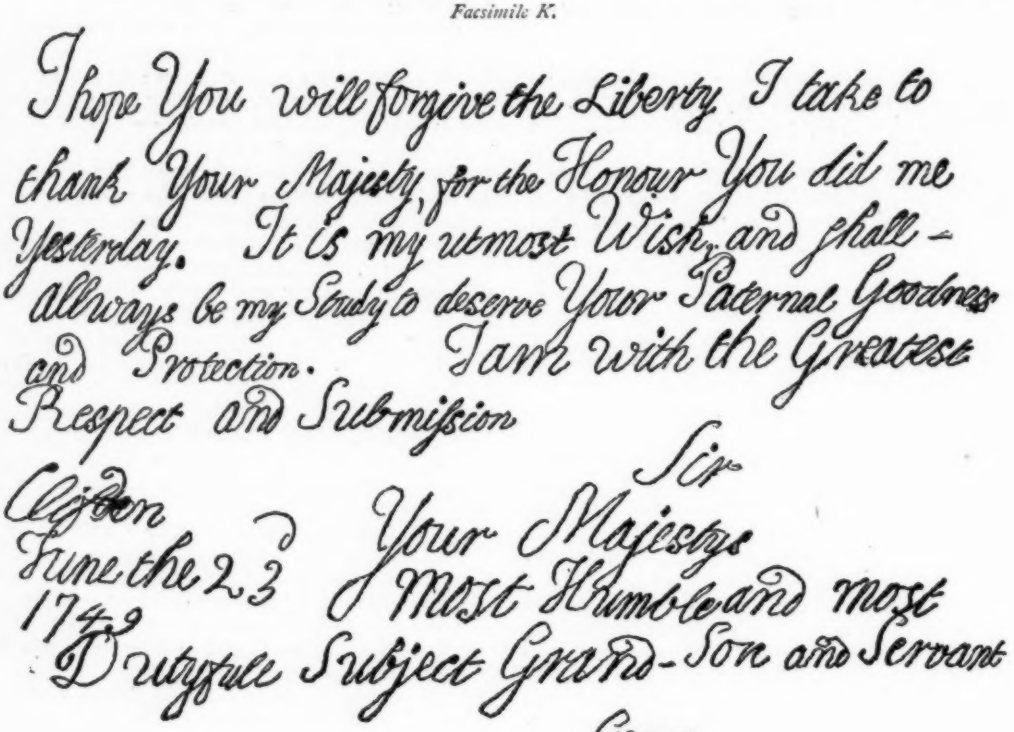
*Holograph. Original at the British Museum. Additional MSS.* 32,684, *folio* 78. *See facsimile K.*

"I hope You will forgive the Liberty I take to thank Your Majesty, for the Honour You did me Yesterday. It is my utmost Wish and shall Allways be my Study to deserve Your Paternal Goodness and Protection. I am with the Greatest Respect and Submission

Clifden
June the 23d
1749

Sir
Your Majesty's
Most Humble and most
Dutyfull Subject Grand-son and Servant
GEORGE."

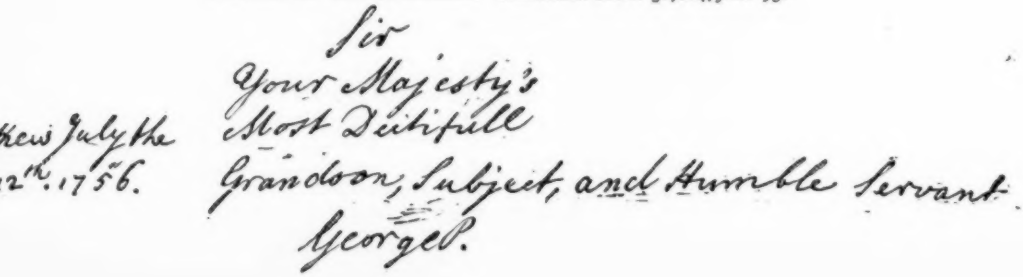
*Facsimile K.*




The favour alluded to was probably a visit or some mark of attention which the grandfather was fond of paying to his grandson, though he kept aloof from the boy's father.

His writing seven years later is shown below in the conclusion of another letter to his grandfather.

*Facsimile L.—British Museum. Additional MSS.* 32,684, *folio* 93.



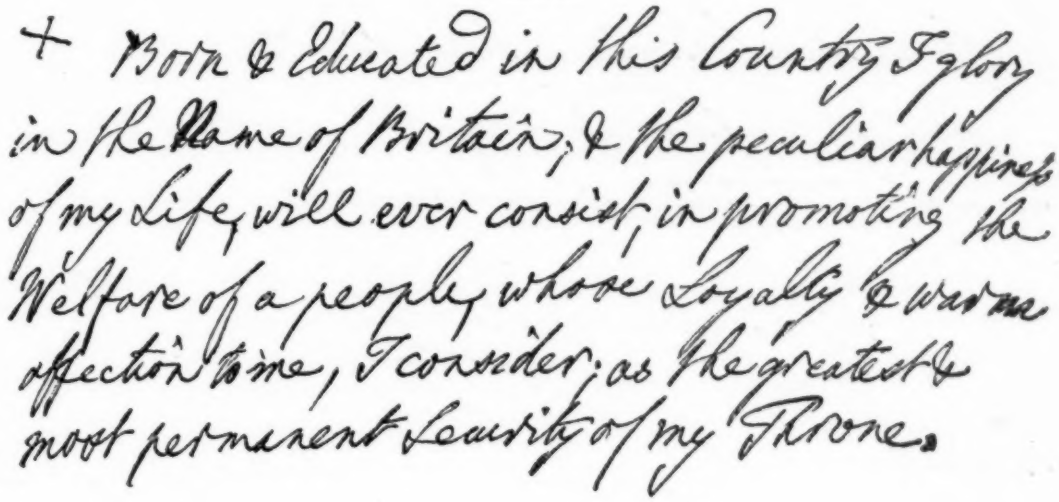
The death of George II, four years later, put upon the throne of England the first King of the Hanoverian line who could boast of English birth and bringing-up. The following paragraph in his first speech to Parliament, written with his own hand, shows that George III was himself proud of this circumstance :—

*Original at the British Museum, amongst the Newcastle Papers. See facsimile M.*

Born and Educated in this Country I glory in the Name of Britain ; & the peculiar happiness of my Life, will ever consist, in promoting the Welfare of a people whose Loyalty & warm affection to me, I consider as the greatest and most permanent Security of my Throne.

He never regained his powers, though he lingered on for ten years, his condition being for the greater part of that time truly pitiable. Queen Charlotte, whom he had married during the year following his accession, died in 1818. As it is said that she captivated George III by a letter which, as a girl, she addressed to the King of Prussia, begging him to spare her country—Mecklenburg-Strelitz—this example of her signature, appended to a letter addressed to the Earl of Effingham, treasurer of her household, given below (*facsimile O*), may be of interest.

*Facsimile M.*




The last attack of insanity with which the King was afflicted demonstrated itself in the early spring of 1810. His handwriting at this date—an example appears below—attached to royal warrants and documents of a similar nature, presents evidence of his complete mental incapacity before he ceased discharging public duties.

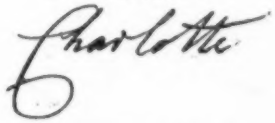
On the adjacent page are examples of the handwriting of some of the King's numerous children.

*Facsimile N.*

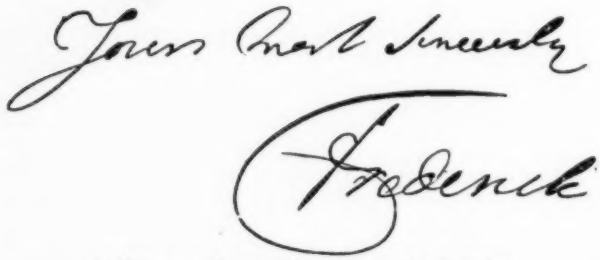


GEORGE III, WHEN INSANE.

*Facsimile O.*
*British Museum. Additional MSS. 27,543, folio 16.*



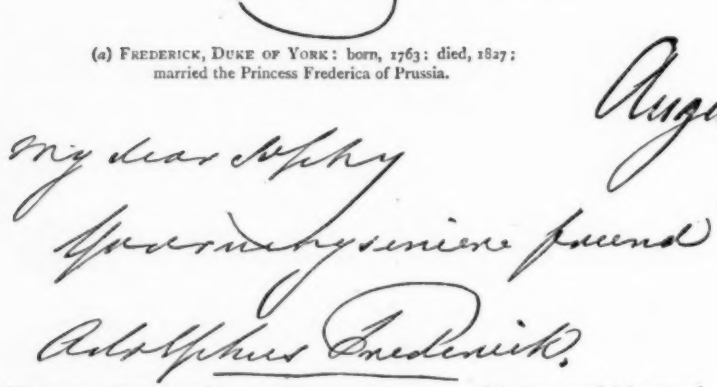
QUEEN CHARLOTTE, WIFE OF GEORGE III.



(*a*) FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK: born, 1763: died, 1827: married the Princess Frederica of Prussia.



ERNEST, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AND KING OF HANOVER: born, 1771; died, 1851; married Frederica of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.



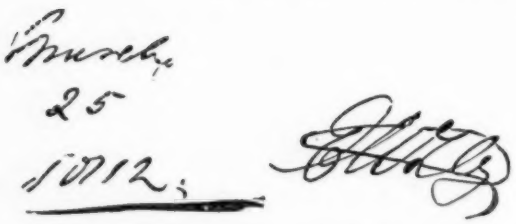
(*c*) ADOLPHUS FREDERICK, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE: born, 1774; died, 1850; married Augusta of Hesse-Cassel; *father of the present Duke of Cambridge.*



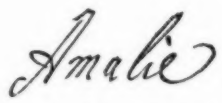
(*e*) PRINCESS AUGUSTA SOPHIA: born, 1768; died, unmarried, 1840.



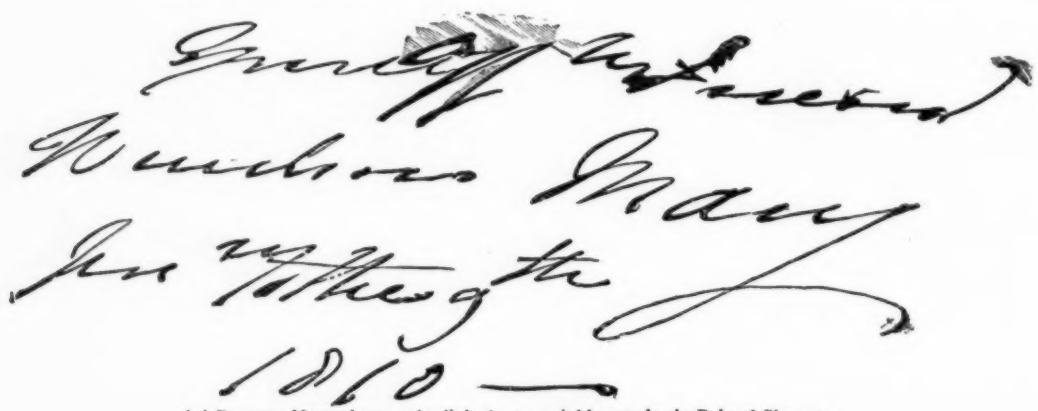
(*d*) PRINCESS CHARLOTTE: born, 1756; died, 1828; married the King of Wurtemberg



(*f*) PRINCESS ELIZABETH: born, 1770; died, 1840; married the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg.



(*h*) PRINCESS AMELIA: born, 1783; died, unmarried, 1810.

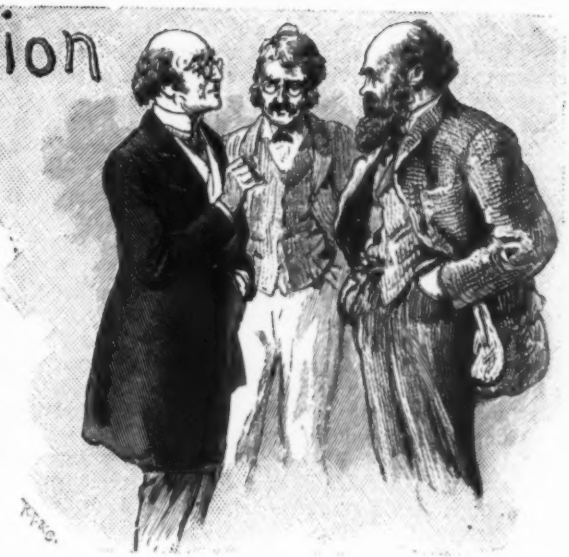


(*g*) PRINCESS MARY: born, 1776; died, 1840; married her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester.

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*** NOTE.—The Duke of Kent's signature will appear in a subsequent part.

# Under Discussion



## THE BURDENS OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS," ETC.

"I KNOW I am not tired out with the work I do!" cried Penelope. "But it is with the work I cannot do! And, as I say, I have seen such curious results grow out of one's work, that I can do nothing in the joyful assurance I used to have, but rather wonder whether I am really doing good or harm; while, if anything seems to run along successfully and triumphantly, it gives me but a foreboding that it will end in the drearier failure!"

"But if experience has made you unable always to resist that doubt, dear," said Pleasance, "does it not suggest another side—that some of the events which to-day bring us nothing but disheartenment and apparent defeat are the more likely to show us a brighter aspect at some future time? And that seems to be the view of life which has always obtained among those who have looked down among life's deep things. It is he who 'goeth on his way weeping, bearing the measure of seed,' who 'shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.' Who knows what joy may be growing for us within the bitter rind of disappointment?"

(I, who know the secret of Pleasance's unhappy love story, know that her faith is no cheap re-issue of another's wisdom. She has lived herself into it. Without this trust in the ultimate ends of Providence, she knows her life would be torture; with it, she finds it is peace.)

"Of course, it is not one's own disappointment which one cares for," said Penelope, "but that one is disappointed in saving lives from terrible evil, and souls from such deadly damage! And it often seems to come about in such random, unnecessary ways; perhaps all the care and labour of many, suddenly defeated by the caprice or mere negligence of one! Think of a story I have lived through just now. There is a boy whom we have been anxiously watching for years—a bright, clever little creature, who barely escaped with life from a course of parental neglect which has left him stunted and crippled. We offered to take him from his wretched home, where there was never any 'work,' and where drunkenness and debauchery ruled supreme, and to put him into some school. His father, who had discharged no 'duty' towards him, exercised his 'right' of refusing permission. It was evidently felt at home that the boy would be more valuable without good training and character than with them. 'He will steal for the family,' prophesied one of his best friends. Her forecast was justified. The father withdrew the boy so wholly from our influence that, when next we heard of him, he was a lad of seventeen in gaol for a very clever theft. In court, his father pleaded 'no control' over his son! We caused the boy to be followed to his prison cell. A minister of great experience and tact in such work, and well known to the authorities, visited him and told him that if he desired an honest life, friends would meet him at the prison door and give him a chance. Arrangements were made with the gaol authorities that, on the day of the expiry of his sentence, the lad should be set free, in the charge of such escort. A Salvation Army captain undertook the task. She took the boy to her rooms, and was greatly interested in his bright and amiable manner. He had no horror of his late prison; he said it was 'a fine place'—he had 'never been so comfortable before except when he was in the hospital.' He had no wish to see his parents or to return to his home. Arrangements were being made for his speedy transit to a 'nome' and a 'workshop,' when, only a few hours after his release, the gaol officials appeared on the scene—determined that it was their bounden duty to restore the boy to his father! This man had presented himself at the prison and had threatened all sorts of legal steps; and although the lad was above the age of legal guardianship, and although the father was well known to the police as a confirmed drunkard of the worst antecedents, yet they did this at his behest! They came round to the houses of those who had interested themselves in the lad, and, though these tried to withhold information, they managed to trace him to the Salvation Army captain's charge, and from her they simply demanded the boy! She told me she could never forget his reproachful glance as they

led him away. From that day to this it has been impossible to get any hold on him. The parents, who are doubtless quite aware that their power over him is nil, will be wise enough to do all they can to strengthen their influence over one from whom they look for 'great gain'! And the misery of the whole thing is that the extraordinary official action was due to the ignorance and blundering of some subordinate functionary. The governor of the gaol himself, who knew all about the case, and had himself conferred with the visiting minister, chanced to be from home on the day of the release, and had forgotten to leave special instructions. A mere mistake, a little Bumble-like stupidity, threw away that boy's best chance—perhaps his last—and wasted all our efforts!"

"And I should think the worst part of it is that it must shake your faith in the powers that be," said Horace Penrith; "it must give you a kind of feeling that instead of their existing for the terror of evil-doers and the praise of those who do well, they are rather terrified at evil-doers, and inclined to blame those who do well!"

"Ay," answered Penelope. "One thing that disheartens me terribly is, that I feel so strongly that the greatest obstacle and stumbling-block in the progress of good does not lie with those whom we call the criminal or outcast classes, but with a strange development of the social fabric which somehow makes it so easy to be bad, whether in the sense of crime, or of sin, or of what is often called 'mere frivolity and worldliness.' Temptation seems all on that side. And there is so little encouragement towards good, and the higher the type of the good, the less encouragement for it!"

"It has often struck me," said Horace Penrith, "that we might all get on better, see a more cheerful side of things, and yet effect greater progress, if we took less notice of evil and devoted more attention to the development of good already existing. I remember a worthy old lady who used to say, 'Never mind the tares, plant in the wheat.' When I was at college it often struck me that much greater weight might have been brought to bear upon the fast men and 'wasters,' had they seen the steady and hard-working students carefully singled out for social honour and consideration, while they themselves remained under a wholesome neglect, so long as they chose to retain their character! A maudlin endeavour to obtain 'an influence for good' by first pandering to the idleness, vanity, and base inclinations of those sought to be 'benefited,' can do nothing but harm all round."

"Really, when one notices some of the movements in this direction," said Pleasance, "one thinks their promoters must have reduced their whole Bible to St. Paul's single utterance about 'becoming all things to all men, lest by any means he might save some.' Certainly, they ignore the Master's own instruction, 'Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast your pearls before the swine, lest haply they trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you.'"

"My own student-reflections on this matter were revived the other day," resumed Horace, "by reading in a recent magazine article, that certain soldiers had confided to the writer that they found it good policy to be occasionally in disgrace, as it brought them under the more particular notice of their officers, and then when they went on fairly again, it was the more likely to be said, 'So-and-so has been doing well for a long time now: we must give him some encouragement.' Imagine the moral effect of the pursuance of this policy!"

"Oh!" cried Penelope, "it is all that I see in this direction that makes me ready to despair! I notice, too, that very few people—so few!—hardly any!—will put forth a hand to help another with a burden he is trying bravely to bear! If at last he throws it down in frenzy, they are ready enough to blame or punish him; if he drops it and dies beside it, they break out in pathetic lamentations over him! But if, before it was too late, he had come to them asking for counsel, for furtherance, even for brotherly sympathy, some would have said they did not like to interfere in other people's business; under some circumstances they would assert there must be something to be said on both sides (though they would make no effort to hear it!); under others, they would proceed to criticise, or to insinuate suspicions of all sorts. Their general attitude would be that they did not care who was being wronged, who was suffering, so long as their own pleasure or profit was not interfered with."

"It is this tendency of common humanity to censure and suspect whoever is suffering which originates such proverbs as the Spanish saying, 'If an ass kicks you, don't tell anybody,' the significance being, 'or they will say you deserve it,'" said I. "I suppose it is the survival of the savage instinct of abandoning the sick; and you see it in ill-taught children who are apt to slap a companion who cries."

"I suppose it works out a part of human development by encouraging endurance," observed Horace Penrith. "For my own part, I think many sufferings are more easily borne when they are not spoken about."

"So do I," assented Penelope, eagerly. "But there are others where the sense of justice is outraged,—where the power is on the side of the oppressor,—where right is called wrong and wrong is called right,—when I am certain the consciousness of being understood, the sincere sympathy of a dispassionate onlooker, would make all the difference between patience and desperation! It is easy to believe in the Eternal Justice and Love while they look at us through even one pair of human eyes! It is not only murderers who ask Cain's question: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' I feel sure that some tragedies which have actually ended on the gallows might have had a far different climax if 'respectable' people had not asked that question years and years before, while the misery wore on, and wrong and injustice and cruelty corroded nerve and inflamed brain. True, they don't always do this. They make some people into saints! Oh, if you only heard a few of the histories that I hear—if you only saw some of the sights that I see! It is for the very sake of such that I feel ready to faint and despair. Why, there are real heroisms which are trampled underfoot! There

are genuine martyrs whom no one can recognise, because those who destroy them are actually able to make them look mean, and sometimes even wicked, to the eyes of other men."

"My dear," said Mrs. Yeldham, gently, "Jesus Christ Himself suffered as a transgressor. It is only the mist of ages which has veiled the soldiers' spittings and mockings from us, and transformed a scene of bitter degradation into one of sublime tragedy. Those who bear the worst of earth's agonies are but the more 'partakers of those sufferings of Christ.'"

"I think," observed Pleasance, "that Penelope may realise that some who most stir her sympathy do not greatly pity themselves."

"Ay," cried Penelope, "they are often so bright and sweet—but that seems only to make it more cruel. How can God bear to see them look up and smile at Him, while He leaves them to be so smitten?"

"Don't you rather think," said Pleasance, "that some of our disappointment and bewilderment comes from our having confused things which are inevitably separate? We see certain spiritual graces and we seem to think they have a right to secular recompenses. Now there is a type of virtue which merits material reward, and which generally obtains it, at least in that moderate degree which keeps it from degenerating into temptation. Diligence and foresight, and common sense, seldom miss a fair share of prosperity and recognition. But these are not virtues of the higher life—not necessarily Christian attributes—being quite compatible with selfishness and greed and parsimony; and, indeed, the more these homely virtues are alloyed by these vices, so much the greater usually are the worldly prosperity and power they attain. But the Christian graces belong to the inner life, and must meet their recompense there. It is not the kingdoms of the world, but the Kingdom of Heaven—that kingdom 'which is within,' which is promised to the poor in spirit and to those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. And however much more remains to be fulfilled, this promise is sufficiently fulfilled already, when, as you say, the stricken hearts are nevertheless full of a genuine joy."

To my surprise, at this point Horace Penrith actually laughed! "I beg your pardon," he said, "but it struck me that after all it is really funny to think how we seem to wonder that God does not give sumptuous dinners and a brougham to those who have given all their lives to Him! When one looks at it in the right light, it is as if we actually expected our Heavenly Father to act on the level of that squire who gave a speech and a pair of breeches as a special reward to an old labourer who had worked on the estate all his days, and who would have to go to the workhouse at last."

"I was greatly pained the other day," I said, "when a dear friend wrote to me concerning another, who is suffering from a peculiarly sad and fatal malady: 'One cannot feel that she needed or deserved this.' Is not the Christian view rather that 'whom God loveth He chasteneth,' and that we should 'count those happy who endure.' Who can fathom the mystery of Pain?—nay, I would rather say the mystery of Joy, below and beyond Pain. I think that in this present world we see enough of pain as a mere process, to entitle us to the strongest faith that it is always so, and that therefore such pain as seems most aimless and resultless is nevertheless also working out ends beyond the present grasp of our understanding."

"The mistaken point of view which often generates the disheartened sense of 'everything going wrong,' can be scarcely better expressed than in some lines which I learned when I was a girl, and with which I have often reassured myself," said Pleasance. And she repeated them thus:

"How seldom, friend, a good, great man inherits
  Honour or wealth for all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the world of spirits
If any man obtain that which he merits,
  Or any merit that which he obtains."
"For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain:
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place? Title? Salary? A gilded chain?
Or thrones of corses, which his sword hath slain?
  Greatness and goodness are not means, but *ends!*
  Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures: Love and Light
  And calm thoughts regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
  Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death."

"And yet there is another side to all this," said Horace Penrith. "For if we are to look at sacrifice as the greatest enjoyment of saints, and at all suffering as a purifying and refining agency, why should we contend against the sins which demand sacrifice and the evils which beget suffering? Yet one feels, of course, that it must be right to do this, and wherever that contending duty is neglected we find that sacrifice and pain lose their beauty and power, and become mere voluntary self-torture. Now, how can pain or suffering of any kind be at once an evil and not an evil?"

"Because," said I, "whether or not pain be blessed to those who suffer it, its infliction, whether by active cruelty or by neglect and indifference, is always an unmitigated evil. And the true progress of the world is by its progress as a whole, and there is no true progress if one part loses what the other gains. I think it is Ruskin who has somewhere said that it is not the will of God that we shall suffer and die for each other, but that we shall be joyful and live for each other, and that wherever the former state of things comes in, it is a sign that the will of God has somehow *not* been done and can be only restored in this way."

"What I want to insist on," said Mrs. Yeldham, "is, that we feel and see enough, not only within the historical memory, but within our own, to warrant the most hopeful faith that the world's movement is onward and upward. Our too usual fashion is to take some glorious period of past national history, usually when in some particular country some great trial and struggle had brought forth staunch and heroic virtues. In contrast with this we hold up the picture presented to us by Society journals of customs and fashions now in vogue in limited licentious and luxurious circles in a few fashionable places of resort. Now, is such a con-

trast fair? We do not think of asking what was going on in the rest of the world while the brave Cromwellian Ironsides were ruling England as one godly household. Nor do we reflect on the enlarged sphere of the present-day world's peaceable, industrial, and domestic life, while we animadvert on card scandals and the escapades of vulgar millionaire 'plungers.'"

"And then one hears people cry out, 'Is this all Christianity has done for us?'" said Horace Penrith. "I've often done so myself, but now I see the fallacy. It arises from that loose way of thinking which looks at Christianity and civilisation as identical, and the latter as a product of the former. Christianity involves true civilisation, but there is a civilisation with which it is even more at variance than with barbarism. Christianity came to a civilisation as elaborate, as luxurious, and as shameful as any we know to-day, and it came to contend with and bear witness against that civilisation. It is doing the same to-day: where it fails to do so, it is not Christianity, but the world masquerading in its name. We have not yet begun to see what Christianity can do for the world. We have seen what it can do for individuals, but when these are numerous enough to have a real hold on the practical life of communities and nations, then it seems to me that all the most beautiful forecasts of prophet or poet will ripen to fulfilment! When anybody tells me that Christianity is a failure, I tell them they cannot say that, for it has not yet been really tried!"

"Ah," said Pleasance, "the realization of that brightens one's hopes and quickens one's energies! One does not mind how slowly anything blooms, if one is always watching fresh blossoms and not a spreading blight."

Said Mrs. Yeldham, "I often wonder if we have not allowed our ideas of the Lord's second coming to crystallise into too definite form. The Jews looked for Him before literally as a King and a Conqueror, and were thus mistaken and disappointed in the Babe of Bethlehem. But of one thing we may be sure, that earnest looking for His Coming means doing all we can to make our world such that we should be glad to see Him here. How could we bear to let Him find homeless children, and forsaken old age, sweated labour and perverted innocence? For we know He would make common cause with these, saying, 'Inasmuch as ye have allowed these to suffer, have ye also crucified me.'"

"Speaking of undoubted advancement made within our own memory," continued Pleasance, "let me mention one particular instance of progress—the altered regard which is given in this country to the animal creation. I am only a middle-aged woman, and I belong to a family which had, hereditarily, a specially sympathetic affection for the brute creation, and I distinctly remember when I was a girl that our expressions of this were sneered at or smiled down as they are not now. Dogs are not left starving about the streets as they used to be when I was a school-girl and saved my spare coppers to buy stale buns to bribe off the canine beggars who somehow understood that I was vulnerable to the beseeching of their hungry eyes. Many of the most cruel sports have absolutely disappeared, and animals fill an important niche in our most wholesome art and most pleasant literature. There is an active society for their legal protection, and the social tone concerning them distinctly recognises their rights, even where it does not yet fully secure them."

"I'm sure there's enough disregard for them still," wailed Penelope. "Did I not see a young lady on a platform at a religious meeting last week with a poor little dead singing-bird for the ornament of her hat? And did I not turn nearly sick, only this morning, with reading an article concerning the reckless cruelty going on in the Transatlantic cattle traffic? And that is a thing beginning only in the last decade!"

"But, my dear," said Pleasance, "a hundred years ago the young lady would have had the singing-bird in her hat—and you, had you been there, would not have been shocked at the sight. And a hundred years ago, human beings, on convict-ships and slavers, were suffering all, and more than the cattle do nowadays, and there was nobody to inquire and protest and strive to put it down, as many good people are doing in the interests of the dumb animals to-day."

"Then too," said I, "we hear a great deal more of everything than did our forefathers, and it is an old adage that 'ill news travels fast.' The newspapers cannot make sensational paragraphs out of the decent doings of thousands of worthy people, as they can of one man's mad folly, or one woman's sin, or a single deed of cruelty. I remember hearing an old Highland woman once say that the land must be getting full of murders, when there were so many in the papers, whereas when she was a girl she had never heard of but one—and that was when a corpse lay stark on her own moor! Increase of knowledge is indeed likely to be increase of sorrow, if we allow our egotism to feel that what we begin to know then first begins to exist!"

"Don't you think," suggested Mrs. Yeldham, "that happiness is so native to us, so instinctively claimed by our souls as their normal atmosphere, that we are too apt to accept all we get as a matter of course, while crying out bitterly for the one or two details of which we are deprived? I believe that one of the greatest blessings to be derived from sharp sorrows and blank losses is that they rouse us to some realisation of the value of what remains. I remember once, years and years ago, hearing a wise man say, 'Sorrows come to save hearts from sadness.' I wondered then, but now I think I understand what he meant. I recollect, too, some old verses which ran:

> 'We scarcely notice the earth is fair
> Till something has passed away'

from our own hearts; yet just think what a perennial source of pure delight may be found in sky and sea and mountain, nay, in homely flower-bed or humble hedgerow? So I think there is truest philosophy in the precept, 'Count your blessings,' i.e., dwell on those many items of life's sum-total which you have, rather than on the one or two which are omitted."

"Ay," assented Penelope, with a rueful glimpse of her accustomed humour flashing across her face like a watery sunbeam, "it might be wiser to do that than to follow the example of a strange old man in my district, who keeps a book wherein he sets down, as in a ledger, all the wrongs and affronts which are put upon him, or which he thinks are put upon him, by his neighbours and acquaintances."

"A renowned writer of this century," I remarked, "a man who has known all the pleasures of wealth, rank, and fame, has enumerated the real blessings of life as coming under the following heads: enjoyment of nature—work—household duty—human sympathy—and bodily health. Now, very few of us are long withdrawn from a fair share of these things, or most of them, if only we know how to value them, and not to forfeit them for so-called 'pleasure,' or for ambition or avarice. 'God's best things lie close about our feet.'"

"Do you know," said Pleasance, "I think there is nothing more apt to give one a feeling of melancholy than casual association with large numbers of people. One never sees the best of anybody in a crowd—and the worst side of the worst people is apt to be the most manifest! Then again, large circles of acquaintance, by using up time and energy, preclude those close friendships and intimate associations in which we see the best of each other—yes, I say deliberately the best of each other—the real self. For I maintain that real faults are far better than artificial virtues! It is because God knows each soul, down to the depths of it, that the secret cry of each soul is, 'Let me fall into the hand of God and not into the hand of man.' But 'greetings where no kindness is,' chat which never gets below the superficial side of things, give the heart a sense of unreality; it moves in a misty dream, a world in which attenuated simulacra of humanity flit about, moping and grimacing, like the 'melancholy sprites' of a pagan Hades. And perhaps this is doubly so when we are constantly associated with many others in the more routine part of 'organisations' for religious or charitable work. Sometimes, it seems such a mountain to produce such a mouse! Or we are so painfully conscious of the formalism and dryness which rise to the surface, that we find it hard to remember the underlying sincerity and tenacity of purpose."

"Also, I think we don't cultivate fun enough," said Mrs. Yeldham, "simply because we cultivate pleasure too much. So many of us have grown so determined to have plenty of amusement always on hand, that we keep it potted, as it were, and it lacks the fine flavour which you get when you gather it fresh at the right moment. If we prepare too much we don't snatch our opportunities! Many things in modern life tempt us to feel as if pleasure, laughter, and fun must lie apart from our work and our regular duty, whereas the former ought to be the very atmosphere of the latter! Separate the two, and who shall say which is the duller or drearier? Do you ever see wearier or sadder people than those who have no business in life except to 'enjoy themselves'?"

Said Pleasance, "I know an author who says that whenever he feels he wants stimulus he goes out for a walk, and he goes down the poor streets, where the working people are. He especially likes a market on Saturday night. He says when he sees how much real pleasure can be brought out of a shilling, it makes him feel quite rich!"

An hour or two later, when all our other visitors were gone, Mrs. Yeldham put her hand gently on Penelope Boughton's shoulder, and said in her kindest of tones:

"I am going to give you a lecture!"

"I begin to feel I deserve one," answered Penelope, with a deprecating smile.

"You are a faithless child!" said our dear old friend. "You can't trust the world with our Father! It is quite right that you must be about your Father's business: only that means doing what you can, and not what you can't! You think with justifiable horror of men who overwork those they employ and withhold them from so much of the enjoyment of life. And yet you seem to think that the service of God requires you to overwork, and to deny yourself the refreshment which He has prepared for all His creatures. And so you will tempt others—as personified by poor Mrs. Baraclough—to say that God is a hard Task-master!

"My dear, God does not ask us to bear the sins and sorrows of the world on our own hearts and minds. They would soon crush us down, so that we should have no strength to help or cheer the fellow-creature at our side. God alone is strong enough to bear the weight of the whole, without losing patient tenderness with the one. We are disappointed by the falls and failures of those for whom we have striven, just as little children get vexed with lesser children who seem to them too slow in learning something they try to teach. But the Father is not disappointed; very often He names differently what men name 'failing.'

"We cry out with sympathetic anguish at the sight of lives about which we can see nothing but wrong, and pain, and lack; but He can enter within all these, and take care that no soul goes without its comfort, just as surely as

'Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drop o' dew.'

We must trust Him for others as well as for ourselves.

"If we would rightly do His work, we must not spurn His food and His wages; His appointed times for quiet sleep; His preparations of soothing beauty in sunset sky or woodland walk; His counsel and comfort in the stored words of His servants, in sweet music or pleasant picture; His human joy in friendly faces and cheerful intercourse.

"How would you like it if you had a child who professed so much zeal for its lessons or its household tasks that it would not sit down to the meals you spread for it, nor accept any enjoyments you prepared? Would not the light of your countenance gradually withdraw from it?—and then how could it be happy at lessons or work, which could have no other real end but your pleasure and approval?

"God needs our work, my dear, only for our own sake—not for the work's sake. He could accom-

plish it all without us. My own father taught me that in a little unconscious parable. When I was a tiny girl, he called me every week to help him in some little duty he regularly performed. My task was to hold open a cupboard door. Oh, how pleased my father was when he found me standing there, waiting, without being called! 'Now *we* will get on grandly,' he used to say. It was only in later years, and after he had gone to God, that I found the cupboard door could have stood open without any little hand to hold it. My father had not needed my help, but he had needed me and my goodwill.

"Oh, my dear, we should not be so tired and so disheartened, if we dwelt less on how much 'work' we can do, and thought more of how we can best please God. He 'loves a cheerful giver,' not only of money, but of labour and of life. And when we begin to get gloomy and faithless, we should do well to pause and ask where we must have taken a wrong turning. We are apt to do that when we run too fast. Elijah's feats before the chariot of Ahab ended in his lamentation in the wilderness of Beersheba."

"And God comforted him with a sound sleep, and pleasant food and a friendly voice," said Pleasance; "and Penelope and I mean to take a week's holiday."

## A Song of Death.

SING me a song of death,
A mighty mysterious thing
To the worm that creeps on the clay,
To the bird that soars on the wing!

Sing me a song of death,
A fearful, a terrible thing
To the beggar that lies in the mire,
To the high-throned pomp of a king!

A strange thing is death to a child
When first its eyes may behold
A bird, a sweet-singing bird,
On the ground all stiff and cold

Strange and sad to a child,
On a gray and comfortless day,
When the dark-stoled mourners come
With a car in dismal array,

To carry away in a chest
A father dear or a mother,
To heap the cold weight of the clod
On playmate or sister or brother!

Nothing more common than death,
The wise man says on the shore,
As he looks on the crinkled shells
Thick as the sand on the floor;

Hundreds of hundreds of deaths,
Thousands of thousands are there,
Breasted up on the beach,
So pure and so white and so fair!

Every shell had a life,
With soft sea-pulses swelling,
Soft as the pulse of the babe
That sleeps in its cradle-dwelling.

But there swept a storm o'er the sea,
And a blast with terrible blore,
That flung out their bodies to rot,
And their houses to bleach on the shore.

Who can deliver from death?
Can Gold, can Love, can Power
Keep back the fugitive breath
In the fainting heart for an hour?

Who can deliver from death?
What drug, what magic, or charm
Can maim that atomy grim,
Or snatch the scythe from his arm?

Who can deliver from death?
Can prayer or chant or mass,
From presbyter, priest, or pope,
Bid the dread spectre pass?

God can deliver from death!
Walk thou in His ways, and He
From the power of sin and of death
Can make His loved ones free.

God, He brings summer from winter,
And leaves from the dry old tree!
God, He from chaos redeemed
The march of fair things that we see.

God, He lessoned the grub
From its slimy humiliation
To rise and float in the sun
With troops of the wingful nation!

Trust in Him, for He knows;
Fret not, nor ask for a sign,
But live true-hearted to Him,
While to live and to work may be thine.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

# THE TRIAL OF MARY BROOM

BY MRS. COGHILL.

## CHAPTER III.—NEGOTIATIONS.



"WELL, FATHER, HE WILL NOT GET ME—AND HE DOESN'T WANT ME—AND THERE'S AN END"

AND so it came to pass that the girl and her lover had the chimney-corner all to themselves that evening for an hour or more, and Ralph was not such a laggard in love as to lose his opportunity. Long and delightful was the talk that filled their solitude; and when Mrs. Broom, growing tired of retirement, and feeling it to be near supper-time, came downstairs, she found Mary's knitting on the floor and Mary's hand in Ralph's, while they were so absorbed in each other that even her substantial tread did not disturb them.

"Heyday!" she said, as Mary jumped up and fled to the other side of the kitchen. "You young folks are busy, it seems!"

"We *have* been," answered Ralph, laughing; "and now we just want you to settle the matter, Mrs. Broom. I've been telling Mary she is the prettiest and best girl in the world, and the only wife for me, and she does not say no. So we want you to speak to Mr. Broom."

"You do, do you? And what do you think Mr. Broom will say to a young fellow without a penny, or a trade to make one by?"

But Mary had crept back to her mother's side, and now threw coaxing arms around her neck.

"He has a trade," she said. "Father says he'll make a capital potter."

"Mrs. Broom," said Ralph, seriously, "I have been an idle fellow, but I promise you if I may have Mary I will do everything that comes to my hand to do. I will work for her and care for her so that you shall say she has the best husband in Staffordshire."

"Ay, ay," said Mrs. Broom rather sadly. "It's all promises now, and very easy. But still, my girl," she added, "if you like Ralph I'll not say you nay unless your father does."

"He won't," cried Mary. "Oh, mother, Ralph is such a favourite already. 'Twill be all right."

And so it seemed, for next day, after a talk with George Broom, Ralph sought Mary with a beaming face.

"It's settled," he said. "I am to have you, Mary, with your father's consent, on one small condition."

"What is that?" she asked eagerly.

"Forty pounds to put into the pottery," he answered calmly.

"Forty pounds!" cried Mary, aghast. "And where is it to come from?"

"Well, sweetheart, I don't quite know at this moment, but I shall find it. Meantime, we are to keep our secret—if we can." He kissed her, laughing as he spoke, but she looked grave.

"Ralph, forty pounds is not to be picked up by the roadside."

"No, indeed, except with the help of a good horse and a pistol; and you might not like me to get it that way? But I am not quite penniless, as your mother said, nor quite friendless. There is a fair prospect of getting part of it."

"How?"

"Well, while I was at my uncle Leader's I did a good bit of work for the Squire—mending some old carvings and putting in new pieces, and a few bits for the church, and I sold the Squire's lady a cure for ague that I got in America, so that altogether I made ten pounds. That my uncle is keeping for me, as I did not know what I should do next. And he'd give me another ten pounds, I know," he added, laughing, "to be rid of me. So that's twenty, you see."

"That's half," said Mary, "and then you and I between us could save something—five shillings a week, I daresay—but oh! it is a lot of money!"

"At five shillings a week, sweetheart, we should be two years saving the twenty pounds—and I'm not going to take *your* savings. No, you may trust me, I'll find quicker ways than that."

He had been laughing but a moment ago, and he had spoken merrily and tenderly of *her* savings. Yet at the closing words of his sentence there came into his face the change Mary had seen in it once before—the change that frightened her.

"Ralph!" she cried in a breathless way, as though she had just received a blow. "Oh, be careful, Ralph; do nothing wrong for *my* sake."

"Wrong, sweetheart?" he answered. "Why, what are you dreaming of? And is not all fair in love and war? But I mean nothing. I see nothing at present right or wrong that I can do. I must think."

"Think, then," she said, with a long sigh that tried to shake off the painful impression. "My father likes you so well, Ralph, I am sure things will come right."

They said no more on the subject just then, but Ralph coaxed back her confidence, and began to talk of other things, until she parted from him smiling.

Ralph now worked regularly at the Pottery, and sometimes was away in the evenings or on Sundays like her father and brothers. But she was generally quite happy. She never doubted, nor had the slightest reason to doubt, his devotion to her, and it would have seemed absurd to her if he had been constantly with her in his leisure hours, especially as their engagement was in a fashion kept secret.

A week—the week stipulated—had passed before George Broom saw anything more of either of the brothers Elers. It was Saturday again, and Mary had been since last Saturday the promised wife of Ralph Leader, when John Elers walked up to Seton's Green and asked for the master. Broom was at the Pottery engaged upon his accounts and alone when Elers entered, and the salutations of the two men were to all appearance as friendly as they had ever been.

"Well?" Broom said presently. "Have you found out anything against my proposal?"

"I am not sure that I know what your proposal was," Elers answered.

"It was pretty plain, I thought. That you take yourself and your new-fangled ways out of England."

"Oh, but that is more than I am at all likely to give in to. Out of Staffordshire we *might* go, but that would be hard enough, as we came here for the sake of certain clays which we have found, and found good."

"And which are they?"

John Elers smiled.

"Mr. Broom," he said, "I will sell you that information, if you like; I will not give it to you or any man."

"Sell? Umph! I fear your price would be too high."

"That you shall judge for yourself. I will sell you the exact knowledge of more than one clay; of the exact ways of mixing and treating them; and I will share with you the skill in decoration, which we have, for three considerations. First, we are to enter into partnership—you, my brother, and I, on equal terms. Secondly, we are to employ what foreign workmen we please, provided their number is not greater than that of the English workmen in our service. Thirdly, and as in both the first two articles you will be immensely the gainer, I am to be the gainer in the last by becoming your son-in-law."

Broom had been listening intently, ticking off the stipulations on his fingers. At the first he nodded approvingly. At the second he shook his head as doubtful, but not altogether displeased. At the third he let his hands fall on his knees and gazed at the young man with a face of the utmost astonishment.

"But I have only one daughter," he said, in a feeble voice.

John Elers, who had flushed hotly as he made his proposal, could not refrain from a laugh.

"I only want one, Mr. Broom," he said.

The completion of Broom's sentence would have been "and she is promised to Ralph Leader," but he congratulated himself that he had not spoken those words. They had remained unspoken. And now could not Ralph be got rid of?

"I suppose so, I suppose so, Master Elers," he said aloud, "unless your brother wants an English wife too?"

"Not yet, at all events. Mr. Broom, give me

what answer you can. The last part must depend on Mistress Mary, I know; but if you like the bargain you can perhaps persuade her to let me try."

"I don't mislike the bargain," Broom said slowly. "There would be a deal to talk over, and, after all, there's the neighbours to think of—but I don't say I mislike it."

"You and I," Elers went on, "need not mind the neighbours. In fact, you would bring me undisturbed chances of work, and I should bring you certain profit. Most men would see at once that yours is the best share."

"But you want to throw Mary into yours, do you? Suppose it can't be done?"

"Then I will go, and forget I ever proposed a treaty."

"What should you do that for? If I had not a daughter at all we might go into partnership, mightn't we?"

"I think not. A single man can easily move from any one place to any other. A man who has wife and home cannot—or will not—if he can help it."

"It all depends on Mary then? Young men will be fools, I suppose, and you can't expect young women to be wiser."

The last phrase was said more to himself than to John Elers. Why had Mary been such a fool as to give her promise to Ralph? and why had he himself not sooner perceived her commercial value? But to Elers it sounded encouraging.

"It must all depend on her," the young man answered. "Without her I do not care to make any bargain. I will try to carry on my trade so as to hurt yours as little as possible. That is all I can do."

There was a minute's silence, in which Broom was labouring to weigh the chances of persuading or forcing Mary to give up Ralph. It was lucky, at all events, that their engagement had been kept quiet. To do him justice, he understood two things—one was that to tell Elers of Mary's attachment would be to make him relinquish at once the idea of winning her, and the other was that anything like brute force, such as he would have used unhesitatingly to a man, could not possibly be used to his daughter.

"I'd rather be friends than fight," he said presently. "I've seen more of your work since that bit of broken pot, and I know there's nothing so good or so handsome made in Staffordshire. If you won't take any price but Mary for your secrets I'll try to get her for you. But she'll do after her own notions, my lad. A wilful woman will have her way."

"And I would not have her without her will. When can I speak to her, Mr. Broom? It's your way in England for maidens to answer for themselves, is not it?"

"Ay; but in this case I must tell her what you want her to say," said Broom, laughing, but not quite naturally. "So you must wait till to-morrow."

"Shall I come to-morrow?"

"I'll send or bring you word. If it should be a 'No' that I can't turn into a 'Yes,' you'll have to take that answer, I'm afraid—and yet 'Yes' would please me."

A vainer man would have thought *his* persuasions might have a better chance with a girl than those of her father; but John Elers thought little of his own merits (except as a potter) and much of Mary's. He saw, too, that Broom was really caught by the idea of a partnership, and would try to bring it about. He rose, not dissatisfied.

"Good-bye, then," he said, "till to-morrow," and as he walked away briskly down the hill, Broom began to think as hard as he could about the best way of getting rid of Ralph, and settling the terms of the new business.

It was all wasted thought, however. He had seen at the first moment, and he saw just the same an hour later, that the only thing possible to be done was to persuade Mary to change one lover for another. To him the exchange seemed so very advantageous. Ralph was a jolly young fellow, full of fun, and full also of cleverness of a sort. Elers, on the other hand, was a man already established in life as a master potter, and moreover endowed with a specially productive kind of ability. But then Mary was certainly a resolute young woman, and probably her resolution would be in favour of folly. He must speak to her at any rate, and he chose the time when he went into the house for his afternoon mug of ale. Nobody beyond the fashionable world had yet thought of drinking tea, but a well-to-do man like George Broom found a draught of his wife's home-brewed very acceptable towards four o'clock in the day. And on this day it was specially acceptable, for the task before him was not altogether pleasant.

It was always Mary who brought her father his mug well crowned with foam, and to-day he called her to carry it out of doors into the sunshine. It was March now, and though the mornings and evenings in that moorland region were still biting, the sunshine while it lasted had a pleasant warmth and brightness, and made the seat under the great thornbush quite fit for occupation. George Broom sat there with his pipe, and as he took the ale from Mary's hand he said, "Sit down, my lass, I've a word to say to you."

She sat down cheerfully, thinking it not unlikely her father had something to say to her about Ralph, and quite prepared, if necessary, to fight his battles. But altogether beyond words was her astonishment when she understood what was really the subject to be discussed.

"You know the saying, Mary, 'marry in haste and repent at leisure?' Well, seems to me you've given your promise in too much haste; lucky you've not wedded before the right man came."

"The right man, father? But he is come!"

"That's what I say; but he only came to-day, and his name's not Ralph."

"Not Ralph?" she repeated, amazed.

"Not Ralph, I tell thee, lass. The right man for thee is a neighbour of ours that thou and thy mother have taken to kindly, and that can make thee a rich woman and me a rich man."

"Eh, father, what *are* you talking of?" cried the girl, not a ray of suspicion falling in the right direction.

"Well, in two words, Mary, it is just this. John

Elers will either make me or ruin me—and he wants to have me for a partner and thee for a wife."

"John Elers!" she cried, and then burst into a violent fit of laughter. "Oh, father," she said when she could speak, "you just want to make a gowk of me."

"Hush, you silly wench. I tell you the man has been here to-day about it. And it's not an offer to be laughed at. You know well enough there's pottery being made at Bradwell that beats all the rest of Staffordshire, but you don't know *how much* it beats us. It's better and finer clay, and better kneaded, and better slip, and if we found out all these—which we *might* perhaps some day—it's better decorations, lass, and that will beat us for ever. And if you're but wise and as good a daughter as I think, we Brooms will have all the benefit—we'll learn how to make the ware, and we'll have a share in the profits of what we can't learn. Come, now, what do you say?"

"Father, I am very sorry you should have such an offer if you have to refuse it, but Ralph loves me and I have given him my word."

"Ay, ay; but John Elers is as good a man as Ralph any day—a fine young fellow, and will make you a good husband that you can be proud of."

Mary's cheeks flushed angrily. She could not understand this sudden wooing—it even passed through her mind that it was an insolent jest, or (for that was *too* unlikely) that her father had offered her to Elers.

"I have nothing to say to the matter," she replied impatiently. "It is not only I who have promised Ralph, but you too. And we have both got to keep our word."

"As for me," said Broom, "I promised Ralph I would agree if he could show me forty pounds of good money. It is nothing to what Elers offers; but, all the same, Ralph has not got it, and so *my* promise goes for nothing. And though I don't say I can make you marry Elers, I can forbid you to marry Ralph, and I will."

"No, father!" cried Mary, "you cannot do that. You fixed no time for Ralph to get the money in, and neither he nor I ever thought of less than half a year at the very shortest. You'd never break your word? But if you mean to do it I'll go to Mr. Elers and tell him the truth. He's an honest, brave man, and will understand."

"You'll hold your tongue, wench, and stop where you are," said Broom, angry in his turn, and holding her by the arm with a good strong grasp. "Unless Ralph can satisfy me that he'll have the money in the course of three months at furthest, I will make an end of *his* love-making, I promise you, and you may marry Elers or die an old maid."

"I'll do neither, father," Mary said, with spirits a little revived. "Ralph will find a way to prevent that. But what is all this nonsense for? If Mr. Elers wants to make you his partner, it's not for my sake, I suppose? Why, he never said a word of the kind to me."

"He's quite ready to, now, then."

"It's just a bit of trade, that's all. You settle it without me, father. If it's such a good bargain, sell the farm and pay him for a partnership."

"That's not what he wants, lass."

"Well, father, he will *not* get me—and he doesn't want me—and there's an end."

She had slipped her arm from her father's hold, and with the last word ran away towards the house. Broom called after her, "I'll do as I tell you," but he made no effort to stop her. He sat there, angry and baffled, and quite unconscious that, had Mary's heart been ever so free, he had done nothing to win it for his ally. He had let her go, indeed, without the slightest suspicion that Elers loved her, and that, simply for her love, he was offering large bribes to her father.

An hour or two later, when Ralph, at the end of his day's work, came to look for Mary, he found her very downcast and her eyes red with tears.

"Ralph," she said despondingly, "are you really very fond of me?"

Ralph answered satisfactorily, but she still looked distressed as she went on. "There is going to be trouble for us, I'm afraid. Do you think, Ralph, you could anyhow earn more money?—or could I earn some? Father says we must have that forty pounds in less than three months."

Ralph uttered a dismayed whistle. "Well," he said, after a minute, "I don't see my way at present; but tell me all about it. Why and when did he say that?"

Mary related the conversation with her father. She had tried to persuade herself that she could tell part only, but the attempt failed at the last moment, and, as it had truly seemed to her only a business bargain that had been proposed, she felt much less embarrassed than if she had suspected the truth. And if Ralph had any suspicions of his own he kept them to himself. But of the matter as a business affair he thought very seriously. George Broom had said little to anyone about the Elers since the day when Wat brought home the broken pot, but Ralph was shrewd enough to guess now, from what Mary repeated, that he had been thinking much of their doings, and satisfied himself that the superiority of their ware was a real danger to the other potters. Now, George Broom was, in his own trade, and in what regarded his own interest, a decidedly clever man; it followed then that the secrets of the Elers' methods were, as Ralph had already suspected, secrets worth money to buy.

He said nothing for some time while he was turning over these ideas, and Mary waited with a sinking heart.

Suddenly he looked at her with a smile. "I've got a plan," he said.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly.

"Not quite settled yet," he answered; "but never mind. I see daylight, and I'll tell your father so at once."

He jumped up without another word and hurried off to find Broom, leaving Mary cheered indeed, but very uneasy to know what his plan was and whether it would succeed.

Broom, however, had gone away to Burslem, and did not come home till bed-time. Ralph, by-and-by, went off in the same direction, and they did not meet until early next morning.

Mary kept as much as possible out of her father's

way. She had a few words with Ralph as she came in from milking in the morning, but all he would say was, "Never fear, Mary, I shall get the money."

After breakfast, he and Broom were deep in conversation for a short time within sight of Mary's anxious eyes. She felt certain that Ralph said very little more to her father than he had done to her; for Broom, though he finally nodded as if accepting a proposition, certainly looked puzzled. However, Ralph went to his work, and Broom after a time walked away towards the town, without anything further reaching Mary's ears.

She told all her troubles to her mother, but Mrs. Broom could give neither help nor counsel. She thought Elers would be an excellent husband and a most profitable partner, and it did not comfort Mary much to hear it. There was nothing for her but to wait and see what the day would bring forth.

George Broom walked to his meeting with John Elers in anything but a pleased frame of mind. He found the brothers waiting for him, and if he had been a little more observant than Nature had made him, he might have seen that the elder was pale and anxious.

"I'm fairly beat," he said, when the door was closed on the three. "Can't you make a fresh proposal, Mr. Elers? I've a great mind to the partnership, but my girl has not."

"She refuses?" said John, in a voice as indifferent as he could make it, but yet full of the sudden pain of disappointment.

"Ay, she refuses. Says she likes another man. But why should that matter?"

"I told you yesterday, Mr. Broom, one reason why it matters. At present my brother and I are free to leave here whenever we please, with no other loss than that of a small portion of our property. In our present position we should not think of taking any partner. If I had a home"—he hesitated a minute—"if I had a wife who could make a home for us both, then we should be anxious not to move from here."

"If you can't have Mary, then, you won't have me?" asked Broom, realising at last, with no small indignation, that it had not been for *his* sake the offer had been made.

"I will speak this time, John," said Franz, seeing the angry flush on Broom's face. "Mr. Broom, we only want to be quiet folks and good neighbours. My brother loves your daughter, and it would have made us both very happy if she would have married him. But if she prefers somebody else, that is at an end, and don't you see that it would be very hard for him to be connected in any other way with her family? We must just work on by ourselves."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Broom. "And you think we shall all sit by and see you take the bread out of our mouths?"

It was odd how in a moment he had veered back to the old mood. If Elers would have entered into that partnership—if Mary had been accommodating—why then the bread might have been taken out of the mouths of all the other potters. But, now, he too was excluded, and these outlandish fellows must be made to suffer. They should suffer—he was swiftly and strongly convinced of that, and he made no further attempt at civility, but walked out of the place with a grunted "Good-day to ye."

Broom had by no means forgiven Mary, however, and was so irritable with her that she was much surprised to find him quite friendly to Ralph, and to see the two men sitting close together by the thorn-tree in deep consultation. Ralph was talking in a way common enough to him, but quite unlike the slow speech of most men she knew—talking fluently and with certain gestures that betokened thorough enjoyment of what he was saying. Then her father called Wat, and there was more eager talk, and finally the two young men started off together, taking the road to Burslem, and apparently altogether occupied with their subject as they walked.

This was so extraordinary a proceeding on a working day, that Mary called her mother to look and wonder at the sight. But neither of them could guess what it meant, and Mary consoled herself for the disappointment of her curiosity by saying, "Oh, Ralph will tell me when he comes back.

Ralph came back towards supper-time, in the highest spirits. He joked, laughed, told stories, and made himself so excessively amusing, that the meal lasted twice as long as usual, and it was getting towards bed-time when all was washed up and made tidy for the evening. This was the moment when the two generally could enjoy a little of each other's society; and to-night Mary was brimming over with questions: What had her father said? What had they all been talking about? Where had Ralph been?

But Ralph had little to tell her. It was all right. He was pretty sure he should get the money. He had been to Burslem with Wat on business—this was all. And he had so many delightful things to say to her about herself, and his love for her, and there was so little time to say them in, that she was presently content to let him be as reticent as he chose on other matters.

Next evening, however, he sought her with something very definite and not agreeable to tell her. He had heard of a way, he said, by which he could earn the missing twenty pounds in a few weeks; it was a wonderful chance, but to profit by it he must leave Seton's Green.

"Go away?" cried Mary. "But where? And what can you do to earn all that in a few weeks?"

"It's a pity I must go, sweetheart," he answered; "and it's a pity I can't tell you exactly how I shall earn the money. I'm only going to *try*, you see; and I may fail, though I don't mean to. But your father says I should go, and we may get married as soon as I come back."

"What, without the forty pounds?"

"No. He sticks to that. But I'll have it, my dearest—I vow I will."

"*How? How?*" Mary repeated, but he only kissed her and evaded the question.

"You shall know all about it when it's done," he said, laughing.

"And where are you going? And when?"

"I'm going to Liverpool to-morrow," he answered. "Off at daylight, that I may come back to you the sooner."

"Oh, Ralph!" Mary cried, tears filling her eyes. "I can't *think* why you must go. I don't like your going to that great place so far away. I believe you will never come back."

"Sweetheart," Ralph said with unusual seriousness, "if I loved you one bit less, or if I could see any other way of getting the money that will make you my wife, I never would go on this errand. It is not easy nor pleasant, and to leave you for weeks is not what I ever meant to do. But it can be done, and must be done, for I have promised."

"Promised, Ralph?" she said quickly. "Whom have you promised?"

"Your father, of course," he answered, laughing; but she felt that he hesitated a moment, as if he had been going to say something different.

For some reason he would have no more serious talk on the subject. He told her wild stories of what he was going to do, and made her laugh in spite of herself, even though she must needs cry heartily after she had gone to bed.

Next morning at dawn he was off. All the family were astir, for in those days hours were very early, and there was no chance for a moment's talk apart between the two. Wat went with Ralph to Newcastle, where he would join the Liverpool road; and then the household at Seton's Green went on in all its former ways just as if the young man had never been a part of it.

## CHAPTER IV.—DEAF HUGH.

SOME weeks passed uneventfully. To Mary the time was full of disquiet; she lamented Ralph's absence, and looked anxiously for his return; but she was not even herself fully conscious how many complications there were in her feelings. Her life, until lately, had been a smooth-flowing stream, undisturbed by keen sensations or conflicting sympathies. A number of new elements seemed to have developed at once in these days, and the stream flowed smoothly no longer. She clung to the idea of Ralph with added purpose of fidelity, since she knew that her father wavered in his views for her, and her thoughts of John Elers were curiously variegated with threads of liking, respect, and anger. This novel disturbance of mind wearied and worried her, and all she said to herself in her impatience was: "Why did Ralph go away? Why does he not come back?"

People in her rank of life were not then in the habit of writing or receiving letters except on very important occasions, and she had said nothing to Ralph, nor he to her, about writing to each other. Yet she did hope, as time went on, that he would send her some account of his doings; and at the beginning of the third week a letter came. It was headed "Liverpool," but told her nothing of where, in that already large town, he was living. Nor did it say what he was doing; but it was not until she had read every word two or three times over, and carried the letter with her everywhere for twenty-four hours, that Mary noticed these omissions. For it was her first love-letter, and certainly deserved that name. Ralph wrote of his love for her, and longing to be with her, and at first she thought only of these things. As he loved her, she said to herself, so she loved him; but after a while an ache stole back into her heart. If he loved her so much, why was he hiding from her that which he knew she longed to be told? And next night, when she dreamed of him, she saw him looking as he had twice done for a moment to her waking eyes, and she woke sobbing and trembling as if she had been witness to some ill-deed.

During this time no intercourse took place between the Elers and the Broom family, except that on Sundays Mrs. Broom and Mary saw the brothers at church. The first time this happened a civil greeting was exchanged and nothing more. The second and third time the two couples walked together (as they had fallen into a way of doing) as far as the turning to Seton's Green, and on the last of these Sundays it was Mary and John Elers who did most of the talking. Mary had felt a little shy at first, but rather as she might have done had she been guilty of some incivility, than as a girl does who has refused a man's love. She never supposed he loved her; and therefore after the first meeting, when he appeared to her just as usual, she was quite able to talk to him and be interested in what he said. Neither she nor her mother said anything of these encounters when they got home, for the simple reason that all the men of the family seemed now united in abusing the foreigners beyond all measure, and on every occasion; and they had the feeling (not a very uncommon one among women either then or now) that to argue with their menfolk was a mere waste of time and temper.

Mingled with the hearty abuse of John and Francis Elers which she was obliged to hear, Mary began gradually to distinguish a kind of exultation which, when it had once attracted her attention, made her extremely curious and increasingly uneasy. There were also half-spoken threats of violence uttered, not only by her father and brothers, but by visitors to the house; and even old Tailor Harper had a word to say.

"Seen the Dutchmen lately, mistress?" he asked Mrs. Broom. "They're going on at a fine rate, I hear; but they'll come down yet, and a good clouting they'll get one of these days. Teach 'em to come here again!"

"Why shouldn't they come here?" said Mary sharply, and got no answer but a sage, slow shake of the head. She felt sure, however, that there really *was* mischief brewing, and was glad in her heart that Ralph was away and could have no hand in it.

Thus the fifth Sunday of her lover's absence came round and there was no further news of him. The day was one of the wildest wind and rain—so stormy, from beginning to end, that neither of the women so much as thought of going out. What was more unusual was that the men also stayed at home, sitting by the fireside and talking slow talk all the morning, with their pipes and mugs of home-brewed beer.

The early dinner had been eaten, and the family again settled down to Sunday idleness. Mrs.

Broom had spread the big "Picture Bible" open on the table, and was peacefully dozing over it. Mary had taken the black leather-covered copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" to a smaller table near the window, but though she loved her book, and was not a little proud of possessing it, she read but fitfully. Every now and then her thoughts interrupted the narrative. She leaned back in her high-backed chair and gazed dreamily out into the rainy afternoon.

Sitting thus, just before the dull daylight began to darken towards night, she was startled into sudden alertness. There was a step on the wet stones, and instantly a man's face looking in at the window—a stranger, fully visible for one moment, and then drawing back and blurred out by the rain. Mary gave a cry—there was sudden pushing back of chairs about the fire, and Wat Broom passed his sister and went out hastily, shutting the door behind him.

Mary had turned towards her father. At the sight of her scared face a roar of laughter broke from the men.

"What art feared of, lass?" said Broom. "'Twas but deaf Hugh, and he's gone;" and they all roared again, not with amusement only, but with a fierce laugh of triumph.

Triumph—why? That was what Mary asked herself. For some doings of that horrible-looking creature who had been for a second face to face with her? She could see him still—long, shaggy, reddish hair and beard—one eye covered by a patch—a look of idiotcy—a look of exultant cunning—a ragged and filthy smock covering his shoulders. She said nothing, but as she looked at her father and Jack she saw in a moment that the visit had been an expected one; that what they had been waiting for had happened; and in the same moment she connected the expectance and its gratification with the Elers.

What did it mean? she asked herself, knowing that it would be useless to ask anyone else. The men of the neighbourhood believed, with a most practical faith, in the virtue of hard knocks, but they did not care to have women mixed up in these masculine affairs, leaving to the very roughest and lowest of the gentler sex the right to distinguish themselves by a stand-up fight now and then. George Broom and his sons might themselves fight on occasions, or belabour an enemy if they found a chance, but they would not tell Mrs. Broom or Mary what they were going to do.

Mary went back to her seat. She could not follow Wat out of doors, but as the others were now all astir with excitement, she thought that on his return something would be said that would explain the mysterious visit.

Wat was absent about ten minutes and came back alone and full of exultation. He handed his father a roll of paper carefully wrapped up in cloth, and said: "There! that's all we want. He brought it. Hurrah for deaf Hugh!"

George Broom unwrapped the paper. It was in three or four pieces, and there seemed to be rough drawings or plans on it as well as a good deal of writing. The three men gathered round, looking at it with the greatest eagerness, and all talking together and laughing as if at some excellent joke.

"Here, Wat," said Broom presently. "Take and read it out aloud. I'm no great hand at your written stuff."

Wat sat down, smoothed out the papers, and began. He read slowly and with a great many blunders which had to be laboriously corrected, but there could be no doubt as to the purport of the writing. It was a full, clear, and intelligent account of the work done by the Elers: of the materials they used, the processes they had invented, the manner of their firing—everything, in short, in which they had excelled the neighbouring potters, and in which, by the help of this document, the neighbouring potters might equal them.

Mary's cheeks tingled with indignation as her father and brothers followed exultingly the reader's slow utterance. She could not but rage inwardly as they mastered the details of those inventions that had cost John Elers years of study and labour—inventions stolen from him now evidently by some treachery, and rejoiced over as if they had been mastered in all honesty and fairness.

It was not the Brooms indeed who had accomplished this shameful theft, that was some little consolation; nor were they likely to be the only or chief gainers by it. She heard once or twice a mention of the Wainwrights, who were potters on a much larger scale than Broom—to whom, therefore, this ill-gained knowledge would be of much more consequence. The Wainwrights might have devised and carried out the theft. She did not know them, nor would their guilt affect her.

When the reading was quite finished, and various parts had been gone over two or three times, she asked quietly:

"How did you get that, father?"

"Ay, how did I get that, lass? That's a question. And but for thee I might have gotten it easily and all to myself, instead of sharing wi' half a dozen."

"Did the Wainwrights get it?"

"What matters if they've got it now? And all the rest of them, pest on it! And all along of an obstinate wench."

"'Twasn't us got it, nor Wainwrights," said Wat, chuckling. "'Twas deaf Hugh."

"What do you mean? Who is deaf Hugh?"

"A clever fellow——"

"Hold thy tongue, Wat," interrupted his father. "And thou, lass, thou'dst better hold thine too. It's naught to thee."

But this was just what Mary could not agree to. She could hold her tongue, certainly, and would for the present; only she longed to steal that treacherous paper and burn it. Quite impossible, for her father had gone jubilantly to an old oak bureau where he kept his valuables, and put it under lock and key. Beside, what use would its destruction have been? Other people as well as her own had read it, and probably there were copies. Who was deaf Hugh, the creature whom she had seen? and how had he obtained his knowledge?

This was a puzzle, but one not entirely un-

answerable. She knew that the brothers were exceedingly cautious as to admitting strangers within their gates. She had heard it often said that the only workmen trusted by them were countrymen of their own, the Englishmen employed being kept outside of any important portions of the work. The quantity of ware they made was not large even for those days, its profit being altogether dependent upon its superior quality. How, then, could an Englishman, and, above all, a man capable of producing the clear account of their materials and methods which she had heard, have been admitted into the very recesses of the pottery?

and no way to treat neighbours. "But it's no use for us to fret," she concluded. "Everybody will know how to make as good pots as them now, and that they'll soon find out."

"Well," said Mary, "at any rate I hope they'll be left in peace. I don't believe they'll stop long in the Potteries."

But, in spite of herself, she could not feel satisfied that the foreigners *would* be left in peace. There was a little talk about them at breakfast in the morning, and it was more, and not less, savage than usual. One or two words passing between her two brothers suggested an attack upon them



"YOU'D NEVER HA' KNOWED HIM, NEVER."

Evidently he must have imposed upon the brothers, and, shrewd as they undoubtedly were, that must have been done with no common skill in deceiving. Some man, rarely qualified for his base undertaking, must have assumed the deafness, and probably the stupidity, which would make him seem harmless; and if it were he whom she had seen, he must indeed be clever to hide so much skill under so degraded an appearance.

The evening and night passed. Mary found an opportunity of talking the matter over with her mother, but little came of that. Mrs. Broom did not feel the iniquity of what had been done as Mary did, but she agreed that "it was a shame,"

close at hand, and she determined she would try to send a word of warning.

This determination, easy to come to, proved very difficult to carry out. She had no trusty messenger, and to go herself on such an errand was not to be thought of. Beside, the advancing spring, though still cold, had brought a good deal of additional farm work, and she was kept busily occupied all day.

Eyes and ears, however, were on the alert. To think of the two men who had been guests at her father's table, who had been pleasant and kindly neighbours, who had desired (according to her father's account) to be more than neighbours—to think of them robbed and deceived was bad enough

—if they were to be further injured it would indeed be a crowning wickedness, and the positive knowledge of such a plot must, she felt, drive her into action. During the day there were several visitors to Seton's Green, but they all went straight to the Pottery, and did not even come to the house for a mug of ale. At dinner-time Wat and Jack were excited, but reticent—not a word would they or their father say of yesterday's event.

But, perhaps because of the self-control they exercised in one direction, they were apparently inclined to indulge in another. Instead of going back to work after dinner, Broom called for a new jug of ale, and sat drinking it. Jack stayed and shared it, and presently fetched another. Then came a neighbour and joined the two, and their voices began to rise in incautious speech.

Mary had to pass near them two or three times, but she dared not stop to listen, and what she heard was too fragmentary to tell much. Roars of laughter over the cleverness of "Deaf Hugh" reached her once, and she heard the visitor say:

"You'd never ha' knowed him, never. Why, he looks the greatest softy ever you saw, and not a thing done in the place but he knows all about it."

"Ay, he's earned his money—there's no saying aught against that," said Broom; and Mary clenched her fist at the thought of the traitor.

Then, later on, she again heard: "No fear of them. There's not a man, woman, or child would tell 'em, even if the women and children knew. We'll have their new-fangled notions beaten into their heads, I warrant."

"Or we'll burn the rat-trap, rats and all," said Jack.

At last Broom and the visitor went off together. Neither of them was sober, but Broom was sober enough to shout out to his wife:

"Missus, I'm off to the Wheatsheaf on business, and shanna be back till late. Get you to bed at right time, and Mary too."

## SEA PERILS IN INSTANCE AND PERCENTAGE.

IN the year of the Naval Exhibition it is only natural that interest should be taken in the sailor and his ways, an interest not confined to the navy, but extending to the merchant and fishery services as naval reserves or otherwise. And the gentleman of England who sits at home at ease, thinking not only of the danger but of the security of the seas, has had an additional subject for thought in the recent proposal of the Shipping Federation to give a Free Life Insurance or Deferred Annuity to every holder of one of their membership tickets.

The idea of a pension fund for merchant seamen is not new. To say nothing of the old fund started in 1747, which was wound up in a state of bankruptcy in 1851, some such scheme has been again and again recommended by Royal Commissions. The old fund took a shilling a month from the seaman's wages in return for a very small benefit in the form of pension for old age or allowance to widow and orphans. Mr. Chamberlain's Commission proposed to take two shillings a month from the masters, eighteenpence from the mates, and one shilling from the seamen, offering increased benefits and placing the control under the State. Even in this matter of State control there was nothing new, for France, Italy, and Belgium all have their funds, the object being not only to improve the condition of the sailor, but to keep him to the flag—for fighting purposes if need be.

In the so-called "Free" Life Insurance there is also nothing new. Twelve years and more ago, the present writer, immediately after the Princess Alice disaster in 1878, was led to think that our system of life insurance was overweighted with organisation and might be simplified and popularised; and, after much tabulating and calculating, invented the scheme he described in the first, and only, number of the original "Thrift." In that scheme a penny periodical took the place of the premium receipt, and the purchaser of any one number became insured for twelve months from the date of its publication; a fractional part of the cash realised by the sale of the number being transferred to the hands of trustees to meet the liability. Though he could find no one of position to believe in the good faith of the proposal at the time, the seed sown broadcast took root in unexpected places, and some years afterwards bore fruit in France and in this country, with—as is customary—neither thanks nor acknowledgment to the sower. The only difference between the original proposal and the present working is the substitution of the newspaper proprietor for the trustees of position whom the author sought in vain; but, providing the proprietor be honest, and the benefit not excessive, the system is quite sound, the fractional income being well able to bear a high benefit owing to the saving in working expenses over the ordinary system, which requires policy, premium, agency, stamp, and a dividend for shareholders.

As with the newspaper system, so with the ticket system of the Federation, who, for the one shilling for the ticket and the very small cost to themselves of a trifling percentage on the wages, can well afford to give the benefits they propose. And there is no reason why such a system should not be introduced into all trades where the proprietors, as in the case of the newspaper, are sufficiently

sound, or where they could have their soundness for these insurance purposes guaranteed by trustees, or a public company, or the State.

The foreign shipping trade is in an exceptionally favourable position for a scheme of insurance. The risks are notoriously less than the public are aware; they bulk largely in instances, but dwindle astonishingly when we come to percentages. Of the safety of our passenger vessels twelve years ago the late Thomas Gray cited several instances in his "Under the Red Ensign." Among these were the Union Line to the Cape, with only one passenger lost in twenty years, and four seamen dead in three years; the Castle Line, with no passenger lost, and only one seaman lost in three years; the P. and O., with only one seaman dead a year on their forty boats, and no passenger lost during three years; the Inman liners, with no passenger lost out of a million, and only eleven seamen dead during five years; the Cunarders, with no passenger lost in three years, and only nine seamen dead. The cargo boats, of course, tell a different story, but among them there has been considerable improvement of late, owing to the good work done by Mr. Plimsoll and others in persistently insisting upon instances. In short, the average safety of a sailor's life under the British flag has long been known. The tables of occupational mortality based on our census returns have shown this at every decade, and the confirmation is never wanting in the abstracts given in the annual Casualty Blue Book.

Last year this was more the case than ever. Notwithstanding the increased number of vessels, the losses were considerably lower as regards both vessels and tonnage than in any of the twelve preceding years, and the losses of life were also below that average. In 1880–81 there were lost 1,310 vessels, with a total tonnage of 348,186; in 1887–88 this had sunk to 906 vessels, with a tonnage of 262,048; in 1888–89 this had further improved to 753 vessels, with a tonnage of 233,708. As with the vessels so with the lives. For ten years preceding 1886–87 the average per year of lives lost at sea in British vessels all over the globe was 2,584; in 1886–87 the number lost was 3,454; in 1887–88 it was 2,534; in 1888–89 it had become 2,233, and this number was greatly swelled by the 703 native passengers lost in the little Vaiturna of sixty-four tons, which went a-missing on a coasting voyage in India. When we consider that during this last year there were afloat over 13,000 British ships, with a combined measurement of nearly 7,000,000 tons, we can cease to wonder at the small premiums at which underwriters are now willing to insure, and at a proposed Free Life Insurance for the men.

The Blue Book giving these statistics contains not only the wreck chart of the British Islands, but that of both hemispheres, which is less familiar, and of which a portion is here reproduced. A glance at it will show that the long-voyage mariner has the safest life. It is not in the open waste that vessels meet with disaster. The dots on the great ocean are few and far between. It is where vessels most do congregate, and among the fishing and smaller craft in such places as the North Sea and round our frequented coast, that trouble is most prevalent. There the dots crowd thickly. The most dangerous part of our littoral is that between Flamborough Head and the North Foreland, including as it does both the Humber and the Thames. The next most dangerous district is that between Anglesea and the Mull of Cantyre, which includes the Mersey and the Clyde. Next comes that between Hartland Point and St. David's Head, which includes the Bristol Channel. The district between the North Foreland and St. Catherine's, including of course the Straits of Dover, comes but fourth on the list.

Let us follow this matter as there is interest in it. According to the year's return of localities, the most dangerous of our sands are the Goodwin. Next to them come the Harborough Sand off the coast of Norfolk, and then come the Maplin Sand off the coast of Essex, Scroby Sand off Yarmouth, the Boulmer Rocks off the coast of Northumberland, Redcar Rocks off the coast of Yorkshire, the Binks Sand at the entrance to the Humber, the Cross Sand off Yarmouth, Drake's Island at Plymouth, Shoeburyness and the Long Sand off the Essex coast, the Holme Sand in the Humber, Inchkeith in the Firth of Forth, the Kentish Knock in the Thames estuary, the Platters at the Skerries off Anglesea, the Pole Sands at Exmouth, and the Shipwash Sand off the coast of Suffolk. Taken altogether, the outlying sands and rocks round our islands are responsible for 272 strandings.

In our home harbours and rivers, a year's casualties amounted to 2,760. Of these by far the largest number, 1,165, took place in the Thames above Gravesend. Next to the Thames came the Mersey with 256 disasters; next came the Tyne with 145, followed by the Avon, the Wear, and Plymouth Harbour. The last had only 99 casualties; next to it, after a long interval, came the Clyde with only 55. Of foreign harbours and rivers visited by British merchantmen, the most dangerous is Suez; next to that comes the Elbe; and then, in gradual approximation to safety, are the Nervion, the Danube, the Scheldt and the Hooghly.

From the year's returns it would seem that a ship is in most danger when laden with timber, and that she is in almost as dangerous a state when she is in ballast. She is safest when laden with wines and spirits. The smaller she is the more dangerous she is, or rather the most dangerous class of vessel is that between two hundred and three hundred tons; if she is over two thousand tons she is absolutely safe! One of the most remarkable things brought out in the tables is that a ship is in exactly the same danger of collision by day as by night. Half of the ships that meet with disasters are from fifteen to thirty years old. Ships have long lives; last year one was lost that was over ninety years old, but she was a sailing barge, that sank from old age in sight of Dawlish beach.

Dealing with percentages the losses look small; but what would be thought of a man who held back from the lifeboat because the percentage of deaths from wreck was infinitesimal? Surely that were a reason for a continuance of the effort until the loss was wiped out entirely! It is not by staying to




THE YEAR'S WRECK CHART OF THE ATLANTIC.

congratulate each other on percentages that the world is improved, but by helping on every means of rescue and precaution, and striving with the instances, and leaving the percentages to be calculated after the work is done.

Of these instances let us have an example; it will save us from overmuch minimising of the perils of the sea and show us the other side of the shield. Let us spend yet another day with the Lifeboat, and let the day be Monday, October 7, 1889. This was one of the stormiest known even to Manxmen. During the night the gale had risen, and in the morning it was roaring and blustering in full fury as the waves leapt over the breakwater, sweeping the shore road from end to end, and hiding Peel Castle in a screen of spray. About ten o'clock a large ship was in sight labouring heavily some ten miles off, and many of the Peel people came to the windows to look. As the ship came nearer the interest in her grew, and a momentary glance as she rose showed that the two masts that had been supposed to be hidden by the sea were actually missing. She had nothing standing but the mizen, and on the stump of the broken topmast flew a signal of distress. There she rolled and rose and fell, with even her bowsprit gone, and this one mast useless except as a signal-post at danger.

A few minutes after the state of affairs was discovered there was a mustering of the Rocket Brigade, and the rattling of their cart round to the West Quay, and a hurrying of the apparatus into readiness for action. And soon the lifeboat came out into the gathering crowd, and was launched laboriously into the troubled water, and, hoisting sail, went off to the rescue. As she rounded the breakwater into the full force of the storm it seemed as though her effort to reach the ship would be in vain. So strong was the north-westerly gale, that she fell off before it and perceptibly drifted to leeward; but slowly, very slowly, her bow edged up, and gathering way each instant, off she went to windward, and tack by tack held her own while the distressed vessel came driving on before the wind. At last they were alongside each other, the ship and the lifeboat, but to get a line from one to the other was not easy. Round the ship was the wreckage of her masts, and this kept the boat off. The usual life-buoy sent from the boat became entangled in the wreckage; then a hawser parted and one of the boatmen was hurt; then there was another failure; and so on, failure after failure, until by perseverance the tackle was at work from ship to boat.

The first to be rescued was the captain's wife. As soon as she was in safety, she screamed for her baby; and following her came one of the ship's crew with the child in a canvas bag strapped on to his shoulders. Then one after the other came the rest, all saved; and back came the lifeboat with twenty-three more than she went out with, all plucked from death out of the doomed St. George, which became a total wreck before the boat reached the quay. There were firings of cannon, and cheerings and shoutings of the excited crowd as the captain's wife was handed out, and then the child, and then the men; and then some one pointed to the westward, and out on the grey, angry sky came a beautiful rainbow to make the picture complete.

That was at Peel, in the Isle of Man. South-eastward, at Lytham, the same day in the same storm, there was another lifeboat triumph. The steam-tender Florence parted one of her chains and collided with another steamer, to their mutual damage. On board the tender was the engineer, whom two shore boats tried to rescue in vain. So heavy was the gale, that it seemed as though the tender would founder, and out went the lifeboat, while five fishing boats and several open boats were sinking at their moorings. And the man was saved.

Further south, at Llandudno, two trawlers were anchored, and one, getting in a bad way, hoisted signals of distress. Away went the new lifeboat, cheered by the crowd which had run to the pier-head. Foot by foot she worked into the open, and, in the sight of all, reached the trawler, rescued the crew, and brought them to land. No sooner were they ashore than the other trawler signalled for relief, and out again went the lifeboat through the heavy breaking sea to complete her errand of mercy.

West of Llandudno is Holyhead. There also the lifeboat was busy. At four o'clock in the morning a signal of distress had been reported outside the breakwater, and out had gone the boat in the darkness and thick weather, and there she had been beating about till daylight, trying in vain to light upon the object of her search, which, when the dawn came, was found in Church Bay, in tow of a steam-tug that had succeeded in bringing her into safety.

South of Holyhead, and also in Anglesea, is Rhoscolyn, also with a lifeboat. Labouring on this eventful day was seen the Dronning Sophie, a Norwegian barque. A mile and a half off the shore she let go both her anchors, but she rode heavily, and the waves broke over her, and soon she hoisted signals of distress. Then off in the tremendous waves went the lifeboat to work to windward of the Norwegian, anchor, and run down and in workmanlike fashion pick off the whole of the crew, eleven in number, who had betaken themselves to the rigging in imminent danger of being washed away.

South of Rhoscolyn, just round the Carnarvon peninsula, is Abersoch. Here again came a barque, this time the Inveresk from Nova Scotia, running under bare poles direct to destruction on St. Patrick's Causeway. Away went the Abersoch lifeboat to board her and help her. At the coxswain's advice up went the Inveresk's jibs and staysails, and under such fore-and-aft canvas she was persuaded to look a little more into the wind, and, with the lifeboat showing the way, was led into a berth of calm.

South of Abersoch, in the same Cardigan Bay, is Aberystwith, from which on this Monday morning a vessel in distress was also descried. Down came the lifeboat to the edge of the wildest sea she had ever faced. But to launch her was not easy. It was low water and the carriage would not move through the sand. There she stood motionless, with the wheels stuck fast and the grey sea and foam washing among the spokes. That she must

go was obvious, however; the mixed crowd of boatmen and tradesmen and students of the University College having been got together at the ropes at last gave her a start, and with scores of men so far out in the water that the waves broke over their heads, she floated. But her troubles were not over. The wind was dead on the shore, and to get sufficient way on the boat to prevent her being blown on the rocks the men set to work to row. For an hour they pulled and scarcely moved from the spot; great white seas broke over the boat, drenching the men to the skin, and carrying her back each time as far as she had advanced. Again and again she would be carried on the crests of the waves towards the shore. Sometimes she would be thrown on end until she almost stood upright and then fall into the trough of the sea and be hidden. For two hours the struggle went on; six oars were broken; again and again there was a narrow escape from upset; and then three or four huge billows came and rolled her into smooth water near the pier. Then more oars were thrown into the boat, and five volunteers joined the crew, one of them jumping into the sea and swimming to her. To work went the strengthened crew with the oars; the wind still blew and the waves still broke with unabated force, but doggedly the boat left the beach; sometimes lost in the trough of the sea, sometimes buried in the spray, sometimes hanging with bow or stern in mid-air, she steadily made headway until she got offing enough to permit of the sails being trusted to; then in came the oars, and under canvas away she went as close to wind as the coxswain could keep her. One tack; two tacks; three tacks; and she was alongside the sorely-beaten Arklow, still holding on to her anchors. A huge wave went completely over the boat and washed three of her crew overboard; these were picked up after some trouble; and then remaining alongside she rendered such assistance as was requisite; and at midnight she came back.

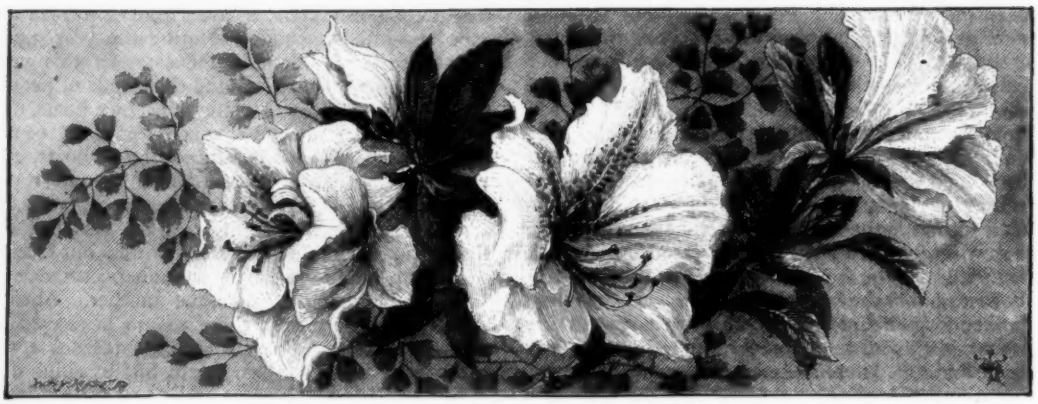
At Exmouth, in the same storm, on the same day, the lifeboat went out and saved a fishing cutter and three men. At Gorleston, on the east coast, the boat was out and saved a man who was drifting helplessly on to the Scroby Sand. At Lowestoft a three-masted schooner went ashore on the middle of the Holm Sand. In ten minutes from the alarm being given the lifeboat was leaving the harbour in tow of the tug. Halfway through the Stanford Gat the tow rope was let go and she ran down to the stranded vessel. As she neared her three big seas came aboard, completely submerging the boat and washing overboard one of the crew, who by the next sea was washed in again. Soon the schooner was reached, and out of her main rigging were taken her whole crew of six men and safely brought ashore. And with that we finish one day's work, a glorious day for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, with nine boats out at once, and all doing well.

But though the work of the Lifeboat is a familiar story, it may come as a surprise to many to find that the majority of lives saved from shipwreck are saved by other agencies. During the year 3,740 lives were saved round the coast. Of this very small number, considering the thousands of people afloat, 1,495 were saved by the ship's own boats, 929 by ships and steamboats, 404 by luggers, coast-guard boats and small craft, 360 by lifeboats, 281 by the rocket and mortar apparatus and ropes from the shore, and the remainder by other means than individual exertion, it being the first time for five years that no life was saved within our coastal waters by the apparently common occurrence of one man jumping in to rescue another. Abroad it was the same story; there was no life saved by individual effort. But out of 4,779 rescues 2,741 were made by ship's own boats, 884 by ships and steamboats, 296 by luggers and small craft, 295 by the rocket apparatus and shore ropes, and only 166 by lifeboats. Taking the deaths on British vessels everywhere, it is curious that more lives are lost from disease and crime than from wreck and casualty, the loss from the former being 2,072, while that from wreck, etc., is 1,949. Still more striking is the fact that from wreck and casualty during the year, 1,949 lives were lost, and 8,519 were saved.

Of the ships that never returned there were but 67, 60 of them being sailing vessels with an average tonnage of 284, and 7 of them being steamers with an average tonnage of 570; and these 67 vessels account for 1,444 out of the 2,233 lives lost in British vessels all over the world. The ship that goes a-missing is a favourite subject of the novelist, who rarely stops to think that every such vessel finds its place in the annual Government Blue Book. The last report contains vessels of all ages, as usual, from the 85-year-old Sally of Bideford, to the brand-new 2-ton lugger Welcome Home, which sailed from Scalloway on her first and only trip; and vessels of all classes, from the Little Nell Cornish dandy with her crew of 2, to the steamer Vaiturna with her 43 Indian crew and 703 Indian passengers, the one disaster accounting for a third of the lives lost under the British flag.

But we are back among the totals and incidentally showing how a contemplation of instances is likely to mislead in the consideration of any scheme necessarily based on percentages. It is the story of the railroad over again. The one accident, the one wreck, is remembered, while the thousand safe voyages are forgotten; and it is by fastening on to the one disaster and making the most of it, that the general safety is improved, the working age lengthened, the death-rate lowered, and "free" insurance schemes made possible.

W. J. GORDON.



# THE GARDEN OF GOD

A STORY FOR CHILDREN OF EIGHT TO EIGHTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DEAD MAN'S DIARY."

## I.

IT was broad noonday in the garden, and so hot that one could see the air palpitating and quivering above the gravel paths in undulant haze of heat. Even the butterfly gasped for breath, and grumbled because the swaying of the grasses set stirring a warm puff, which was like the opening of an oven. The sun seemed so near, and was trying so hard to be hot, that the daisies said they could see him spinning and panting as he stood above them; but that, I think, was only their fancy, although it is true that he was shining so exactly overhead, that there wasn't a streak of shadow where one could creep for shelter from the sweltering heat. All the flowers were parched and drooping, and, except for the passing *buzz* where a bee went drowsily by, or buried himself with a contented *burr* in the heart of a pansy, not a sound stirred the sultry silence.

All at once there was a sudden scurry among the birds. A cat which had been basking and purring in the sunshine—opening and shutting an eye every now and then to make believe that she wasn't sleepy—had dropped off into a doze, and now yawned and awakened; and this was the signal for a general stir.

"Phew! but it is hot, to be sure!" exclaimed the butterfly, as he darted up for a stretch from the poppy-head on which he had been sitting, and went waltzing, anglewise, down the gravelled path of the garden, lacing the long green lines of the boxwood bordering with loops of crimson and gold.

"I hope my weight won't inconvenience you!" he said with airy politeness to the lily, dropping himself lazily, and without waiting for an answer, upon her delicate head, which drooped so feebly beneath her new burden that several scented petals fluttered fainting to the ground; "but really, if one is to endure such weather in comfort, an agreeable seat is absolutely a necessity."

"I am grieved to see you looking so sadly," he continued, after he had settled himself to his liking; "but what on earth, my good soul, makes you lean forward in that uncomfortable attitude? There is a charmingly shady spot under the shelter of the wall behind you. Why don't you lean in that direction? As it is, you are going out of your way to make yourself uncomfortable, besides which, I should very much prefer being out of the heat."

"I should be glad to move into the shade," said the lily gently, "but my sweetheart, the rose, has fallen asleep by the border, and I am leaning over her to keep the sun from her buds."

"How very charming you are!" lisped the butterfly languidly, and in a tone of polite contempt which seemed to imply, "and what a fool!" "But your ideas are a little crude, don't you know? though of course interesting. It is easy to see you are not a person of the world. When you have travelled about, and learnt as much as I have, you will come to look at such things in a different way."

"Yes, you have travelled, and lived in the world, and seen a great deal," said the lily; "but I have *loved*; and it is by loving, as well as by living, that one learns."

"Don't presume to lecture me!" was the impatient answer. "Fancy a flower finding fault with a butterfly! Don't you know that I am your superior in the scale of being? But, tell me! does this love of which you speak bring happiness?"

"The greatest of all happinesses," whispered the lily almost to herself, and with infinite tenderness—her white bells seeming to light up and overflow, like human eyes, as she spoke. "To love truly, and to be loved, is indeed to be favoured of heaven. All the good things which this world contains are not worthy to be offered in exchange for the love of one faithful heart."

"Then I must learn to love," said the butterfly decisively, "for happiness has always been my aim. How am I to begin?"

"*You'll* have to begin by unlearning," put in a big double-dahlia, which was standing by like a sentinel, and looking as stiff and stuck-up as if he had just been appointed flower-policeman to the garden.

"Don't you be afraid that any one's going to fall in love with you," was the spiteful rejoinder of the butterfly, edging himself round and round on a lily-bell as he spoke. "Your place is in the vegetable garden, along with the cauliflowers and artichokes. There is something distinguished about a white chrysanthemum, and the single-dahlias are shapely, although they do stare so; but the double-dahlias!" and the butterfly affected a pretty shudder of horror which made the double-dahlia stiffen on his stem with rage.

"How dare you speak slightingly of my family!" he said indignantly. "And as for those big chrysanthemums! why they're just like tumbled heaps of worsted, or that shaggy-eyed skye-terrier dog that we see sometimes in the garden—untidy, shapeless, lumpy things, I call them!"

The butterfly, who had been alternately opening and shutting his wings, as if he thought the sight of such splendour was too dazzling to be borne continuously, but really because he knew that the sombre tinting which they displayed when closed, heightened, by contrast, their gorgeous colouring when open, was nothing if not well-bred, so he simply pretended to stifle a yawn in the dahlia's face, and to make believe that he had not heard what was said.

"After all," he said, turning his back pointedly upon the dahlia, and shutting up his wings with a final snap—just as a fine lady closes a fan—"after all, my dear lily, I don't know whether it's worth my while to learn to love; for, by this time next year, you and I will be dead, and it will be all the same then to us as if we had never loved, or even lived at all."

"I know nothing about what comes after death," replied the lily; "but no one who loves can doubt immortality, and if the rose and I are not already immortal, I believe that our love will make us so."

"What is this immortality?" said the butterfly. "I have heard the word used a great deal in my wanderings, but I never quite knew the meaning of it."

"It is the finding again after death of those we have loved and lost; and the loving and living with them for ever, I think," answered his companion.

"I don't believe you know anything about it," said the butterfly, decisively. "All the men and women I've met—and they ought to know—used ever so much longer words."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the lily quietly, bending forward to shield a stray rosebud from the burning sun; "but to be for ever with those I love would be immortality enough for me. And I heard the maiden, who walks in the garden, speaking yesterday, and I remember that she said it was more godlike to love one little child purely and unselfishly than to have a heart filled with a thousand vast vague aspirations after things we can neither know nor understand."

II.

How strangely still it was in the garden! Summer had gone, and October was nearly over, but the day had been so bright and warm that every one said the winter must be a very long way off.

But since the sun went down, the air had been getting more and more chilly, and the stars were glittering like cold steel, and the moon looked so bright and large, that the flowers, which had awakened with an icy pain at their hearts, could scarcely believe that it was night, and not daytime, for every tiny grass-blade and buttercup stood out with startling distinctness on the grass. A strange, sharp scent was in the air, and a singular stillness was abroad.

There was no "going" in the trees, nor bough-swing among the branches, but all stood rigid and motionless as if intently listening.

"Perhaps they are listening for the first footfall of the winter—the winter which is coming to kill us," said the lily sadly, bending down, as she spoke, to twine herself protectingly around the rose.

"Perhaps we are dead already," said the rose, with a shudder, "and are but ghost-flowers in a ghostly garden. How cold and wan are my rosy petals in this pallid light! And is this grey place—blanched and silent and still as death—our sweet-scented and sunny garden, that glowed with warm colour and was astir with life?"

Just then, and before the lily could answer, they heard a sudden cry of pain.

It was the butterfly who had fallen, half dead with cold, from a sycamore bough, and now lay shelterless and shivering on the frozen path. "Creep up upon my leaves, dear butterfly," said the lily tenderly, as she bent towards him, "and I will try and find a warm place for you near my heart."

"Oh, I'm so frightened! I'm so frightened!" he sobbed. "The world is dying; even now the trees seem still and dead. Soon the stars will fall out of the sky into the garden. Shall we be left in darkness when the moon goes out? Already her face is deadly pale, although she shines so brightly. And what has come to the trees? On every bough there sparkle a thousand lights. Are they the stars which have dropt from the sky?"

"They are not stars at all," said the lily, bending over him and hushing him to her heart as a mother hushes a frightened child, "but diamonds from the Frost King's crown. I think we shall die to-night. Are you asleep, dear rose? The end is coming: at least let us meet it waking, and in each other's arms."

"It is coming, dear heart, and coming soon,"

said the rose, with a cry. "Already I can scarcely speak for pain. The night grows colder, and ever more cold. How strangely bright the moon is! And what was that streak of silver across the sky? A shooting star?"

"Nay, I think 'twas the shining angel God sends to fetch us," answered the lily, simply. "Dear love, the end will soon be here. Already the pain has reached my heart; already I begin to die."

"And I too," said the rose. "I sink—I faint—the sharp pain stings and bites! Hold me fast, darling! I scarce can see you now."

"Nor I you, sweetheart!"

"Hold me closer—closer; everything is falling from me."

"Everything but love, dearest; and where love is, all is. At least we shall die together."

Icier and more icy grew the air; brighter and whiter shone the moonlight on the garden, until the sunflower's shadow lay like ebony upon silver along the grass; colder and more steely glittered the stars through the limpid atmosphere; and closer crept the pain to the heart of the dying flowers.

Rigid and motionless the long night through stood the silent trees, but now they listened no longer, for winter was come indeed, and on every branch the frost-fires shone and sparkled.

And when morning dawned the butterfly lay dead for ever, but the lily and the rose were the fairest flowers abloom in the garden of God.

## MY PET TROUT.

MY pet trout occupies a little zinc tank which stands in a room below that in which I am now writing. From the vigorous manner in which he took his food when I gave him his breakfast a short time ago, and the lively gambols he subsequently indulged in when the water was being refreshed, he appeared to be as merry a little fish as ever lived, gracefully gliding through the water, and at times turning on his side, exposing to view the beautiful colouring on the posterior section of his plump but well-proportioned body.

I am in a position to recount fully the life-history of Tommy, as he is familiarly called. He has been under my close observation from the time when he burst from the egg together with several other tiny little creatures, all of which first saw the light in the identical tank in which Tommy now remains in sole and undisputed possession. Tommy's father and mother were Surrey-bred fish. That is, he is the offspring of trout reared in the ponds belonging to Mr. Thomas Andrews, the famous pisciculturist, at Haslemere, on the borders of Surrey and Hants. It may be indeed that he has a touch of Loch Leven blood in him; or perchance a drop of the fontanalis, as these varieties abound in abundance in the Haslemere waters. To my eye, however, he appears as bonny a specimen of the true *fario* as could well be wished for. The embryo from which Tommy sprang was spawned from a trout of about two and a half pounds weight, by Mr. Andrews on November 9, 1888. Mr. Andrews kindly offered me as many eggs as I liked to take; but I did not wish to trespass on his kindness. So I accepted some fifty. They were a mixed lot, consisting of the ova of fontanalis, Levenensis, S. fario, and hybrids. These I carefully conveyed to London in a pickle bottle, and placed them that very night in their hatching quarters. The eggs commenced to hatch out on January 7, 1889. In due course the umbilical-sac was absorbed, and I think my hatching operations may have been said to have been successful, as my losses were small, and nearly all the eggs had developed into lively little alevins.

Among the fry were several monstrosities. I had an example of a veritable Siamese twin; one of them rejoiced in the possession of two tails. These, however, died, as is usually the case with such specimens, shortly after the yelk-sac had disappeared. One alevin with two heads survived, however, for a long time, and grew to some size. It is now to be seen preserved in spirits in the collection of Mr. F. M. Halford, the "Detached Badger," who has some rare examples of malformed fish.

As time went on, the fry continued to flourish, and I had every hope of rearing a nice lot of fish; but an unfortunate accident occurred, by which, like Macduff, I lost "at one fell swoop," with the exception of Tommy, "all my pretty chickens." One stormy wet night an overflow from a rain pipe got into the tank, and washed away the little fish. They were found dead on the ground in the morning, my pet trout alone surviving.

I had at first the intention of giving to this little paper the heading of "My Tame Trout," but on due consideration of the matter, it appeared to me that such a proceeding would obviously be misleading, for, although Tommy has been bred and reared altogether under artificial conditions, he is anything but a tame fish. On the contrary, indeed, he displays in a remarkable degree all the varying moods we are accustomed to associate with wild fish frequenting their native streams. At times he is in sooth bold enough, and will wildly dash at any thing in the way of food that is placed before him, and sometimes even leap out of the water before a dainty morsel is put on the surface. Immediately the food is secured, he will speed rapidly away under the watercress with which the tank is always supplied. At other times he is shy and cautious. You see him peeping from under the weeds, and then it is difficult to lure him from his hiding-place.

Occasionally he will go at the food as if with the intention of taking it; but instead of doing so, he looks at it, perhaps touches it with the tip of his snout, and then turns quickly aside, and allows the food to fall disregarded to the bottom of the tank. Perhaps for several consecutive days he will feed greedily, and then for some time scarcely take anything at all. Tommy is not easily diverted from getting his food, when once he has made up his mind to have it.

Occasionally he misses his shot by a very close shave. This, however, is not a usual occurrence. As a rule, he seldom misses. When it happens that he is not successful, and when in a humour not to be thwarted of his purpose, it is beautiful beyond description to see the quick and short turns he takes in the water to regain the lost prey. As many as three times I have seen him turn round in his efforts to gain the bait. I think there is a good deal of expression, if I may so call it, in the different movements of a fish in the water. When Tommy is in a good humour and is given what he considers a particularly dainty piece of food, he expresses satisfaction by wagging his tail in an essentially lively manner; but when he is sulky and does not get what he likes, he returns slowly under the weeds, evidently discontented.

When away in the country last autumn I had quite made up my mind that I should never see Tommy alive again. Alarming accounts were sent me that he refused to take any food. The daily bulletins as to his condition were all most unsatisfactory, and when I got a letter one day announcing the significant fact that he had not tasted food for four days, I gave up all hope and sent instructions to have preparations made for preserving his body in spirits. Two days later I received the joyful intelligence that he had regained his appetite and was all right, and when I got home a week afterwards he appeared to be in the best of health and spirits. Tommy, as I have said, lives alone in the tank. In the early days of his babyhood he had a companion—a minnow. It was an adult fish and was considerably larger in body than Master Tommy. The two got on apparently very well together for a long time. They never quarrelled, and seemed to live in happy content and the sweet enjoyment of companionship. The trout grew on apace, and in due time outstripped the growth of his mate. As Tommy increased in size the minnow appeared to become possessed of uneasy forebodings, and for some days before he met with his untimely fate—for he, alas! did come to a tragic end—he gave the trout a wide berth, and kept himself concealed as best he could, hidden in the watercress. Indeed, he appeared so wretched that I decided to shift him to other quarters. When preparing the food for the fish one morning and considering how I could best dispose of the minnow, I heard a great splash in the water, and on looking into the tank I saw that Tommy was in a very excited state, while the poor minnow was lying in the weeds bleeding and tailless. Cruel Tommy, what a base way to serve an old comrade and only friend of your babyhood! After that escapade I have never given him another companion. He does not appear to be discontented with his solitary confinement. He is still growing, and seems to enjoy his tank life amazingly.

Tommy's principal food is raw beefsteak. This is occasionally varied by worms, and during the summer months with any dead flies that may be found about the house. He is very fond of the latter, and when in a feeding mood he will take them as quickly as they are given to him. When a number are thrown on the water at the same time it is highly amusing to watch his excitement. He will make for one, suck it in, dash down under the watercress only to remain for a second or two, when with a mighty rush up he comes again at another fly, making that splash—splash, which sounds like music to the angler's ear. So on he continues until the flies are all cleared off the surface of the water, and then he returns to his hiding-place absolutely gorged with flies, but evidently highly satisfied with the hearty meal he has just partaken of.

The greatest excitement the fish has ever shown was when a worm was given to him for the first time. He went at it without the least hesitation, and when he had it in his mouth he rushed about the tank in wild agitation. He sometimes dropped the wriggling creature, only to seize it again. At times it fell on the bottom of the tank, but he nimbly picked it up again, and when he finally swallowed it he swam about, evidently looking out for another, and when he got one the same performance took place.

The way my trout takes his food varies considerably. Sometimes the meat appears to be quickly despatched; but not unfrequently he masticates it for some time and then ejects it from his mouth. In the case of the worms too, after chewing them he throws them from him and the remains can be seen lying about the tank. Whether the rejection of the food arises from the fact that it is tough and therefore not very palatable I cannot say, but I know that on some occasions when the meat has been of the tenderest description he refuses to swallow it. I wish Tommy could speak—perhaps he might enlighten us on the matter. He was very lively this morning, and dashed at the food in a most sporting style. Can it be that he had some inkling that his history was about to be written and was therefore anxious to appear to the best advantage? I certainly can give him a good character for gameness. Indeed, I consider him as sporting a trout as any wild fish that ever was, and this notwithstanding the fact that he has been brought up altogether under artificial conditions and surroundings. His little tank measures but twenty-two inches in length and fifteen inches in width, and with a depth of water of seven inches. Except during his fry-life he has never seen another trout. He is a handsome coloured, well-proportioned fish, and is, as I have said, still growing, and would be considered along many rivers a really good-sized fish. Tommy was two years old on January 7 last. He has been a source of great enjoyment to me and to several of my friends who come to view him occasionally, and I shall on no account part with him unless I see that his quarters are too confined for him to live a comfortable and healthy life.

In his inaugural address at the Fisheries Exhibition in 1883 Professor Huxley said: "It is now somewhat more than twenty years since I was first called upon to interest myself especially in the sea fisheries, and my astonishment was great when I discovered that the practical fisherman, as a rule, knew nothing whatever about fish, *except the way to catch them.*" These remarks were vividly brought to my mind the other day when speaking to a fishmonger and telling him that I had a trout which I had hatched out from eggs I had obtained from a fish in a Surrey pond. He seemed highly interested in what I told him, but what was my amazement when he seriously asked if the water they were hatched out in had always to be kept to *boiling point!* In this case I think it may be truly said that this particular fishmonger knew nothing whatever about fish *except the way to sell them.*

HENRY FFENNELL.

## FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE.



SUDDENLY, but quietly and painlessly, on the evening of April 24 last, passed away one of the most remarkable men of the present century. Hellmuth Karl Bernhard von Moltke was born, October 26, 1800, at Parshim, in Mecklenburg, where his father, previously a captain in the Prussian army, had retired, impoverished in circumstances, to an estate which he inherited. When little Hellmuth was three years old, his father, Baron Moltke, settled at the free town of Lübeck, the once famous head of the Hanseatic League. Here, in 1806, on the retreat from the disastrous battle of Jena, Marshal Blücher, who like Von Moltke was of Mecklenburg origin, sought refuge with his shattered troops; and little Moltke was a witness of the sack and plunder of the town by the troops of Napoleon, his father's house being one of those that suffered most severely. It is said that the incidents of this event made a lasting impression upon the mind of the boy. At the age of nine, with his elder brother Fritz, young Hellmuth was placed under the care of Pastor Knickbein at Hohenfelde, near Horst, a scholarly man of a kindly and genial disposition, for whom he always retained a deep regard. His sense of indebtedness appears in the inscription which he wrote on the title-page when forwarding to him a copy of his first work, his Letters from Turkey: "To my dear teacher and fatherly friend to whom I owe so much, I send this, my first work, as a slight testimony of respect."

The favourite recreation of the two brothers while here at school was playing at war, as perhaps was natural at such a period. They were accustomed to collect the peasant boys of the village and divide them into two rival armies, Fritz commanding the one, and Hellmuth the other. Once when the mimic warfare was at its height the weaker force of Hellmuth was routed, and some were taken prisoners. Called upon to surrender, Hellmuth cried out, "All is not lost!" and hastily rallying his men he marched them straight to a pond in Pastor Knickbein's garden, and hurried them to a little island which the boy himself had constructed with great labour, and accessible only by a single plank. Facing the enemy with a few of his strongest men, he kept them at bay until all his troops had passed into the fortress, he himself being the last to enter. Then the drawbridge was raised and the victory won. The island, preserved by the good Pastor, long since gone to his rest, still exists, and is pointed out with great pride by the villagers to curious visitors as the scene of one of the early exploits of Germany's greatest strategist.

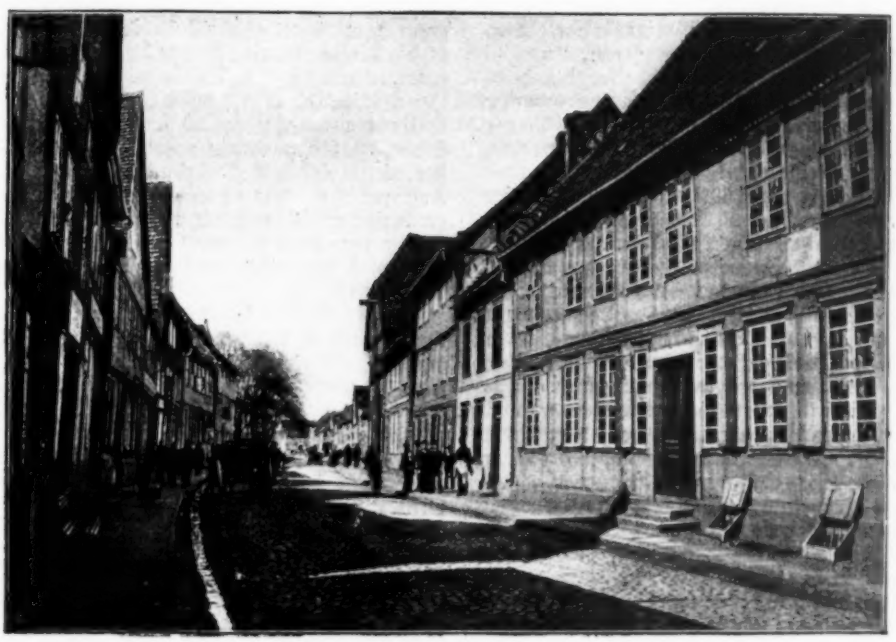
His experiences at the Royal Academy at Copenhagen, to which he was sent at the age of twelve, were not of the happiest. Relating his reminiscences of that period, in reply to the question, "Do you retain pleasant recollections of cadet life?" he remarked, "I have little reason to do so. Without relations or acquaintances in a strange city, we spent a joyless youth. The discipline was strict, even hard, and now, when my judgment of it is unprejudiced, I must say that it was too strict, too hard. The only benefit we received from this treatment was that we became accustomed to deprivations"

Passing over the period of his service in the Danish army, and his entrance into that of Prussia, we find him, after making heroic efforts on his scanty pay to acquire foreign languages, in which he attained in after life so remarkable a proficiency, attached to a commission for topographical surveys in Silesia and the Grand Duchy of Posen.

Consolidating and extending his knowledge of military science and of foreign peoples, as in the case of his visits to the East, Russia, Rome, and elsewhere, Moltke rose steadily in his profession. In 1845, he became aide-de-camp to the invalid Prince Henry of Prussia, uncle of the King; and subsequently, after holding commands of increasing importance, he was made first aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince Frederick. Ultimately in 1859, he was appointed permanent Chief of the Staff. His later military career, and brilliant successes against the Danes, Austrians, and the French, and the various honours accorded him, are so well known and have been so often and so recently narrated, that any further reference to them in this present sketch is unnecessary, the purpose of our notice being to briefly indicate some of the leading points of the great Field-Marshal's character. One fact is memorable, that he had passed the age when men frequently retire from the public service before the time of his greater achievements. His splendid career began to the eye of the world at sixty-five.

The guiding principle of his life is well illustrated by the ancient motto of his family, *Caute et candide* (warily and gently), and by his own favourite maxim, *Erst wägen, dann wagen* (first weigh, then venture). He was slow, cautious, and careful in laying his plans, but having formed his design, he was bold, daring even to the verge of apparent recklessness in its execution. The same calm, immovable spirit characterised him even in moments when most ordinary mortals—he was a man *sui generis*—might, with some show of reason, be perturbed or excited. Even in the most critical period of the Franco-German war his unruffled quietness remained the same, sterner perhaps in look, more silent than ever. Though the warrior King amidst the carnage of the battle-field might feel depressed, though Bismarck, man of "iron and blood," might be anxious at the progress of events, Moltke, seated on his great black horse, calmly surveyed, telescope in hand, the movements of the troops, and awaited the result undismayed. When war was declared by France against Germany a friend encountered him in the Behrenstrasse, with the remark: "You must indeed be overworked at present." "No," replied the General, "the work was done beforehand; all orders are gone out; I really have nothing to do."

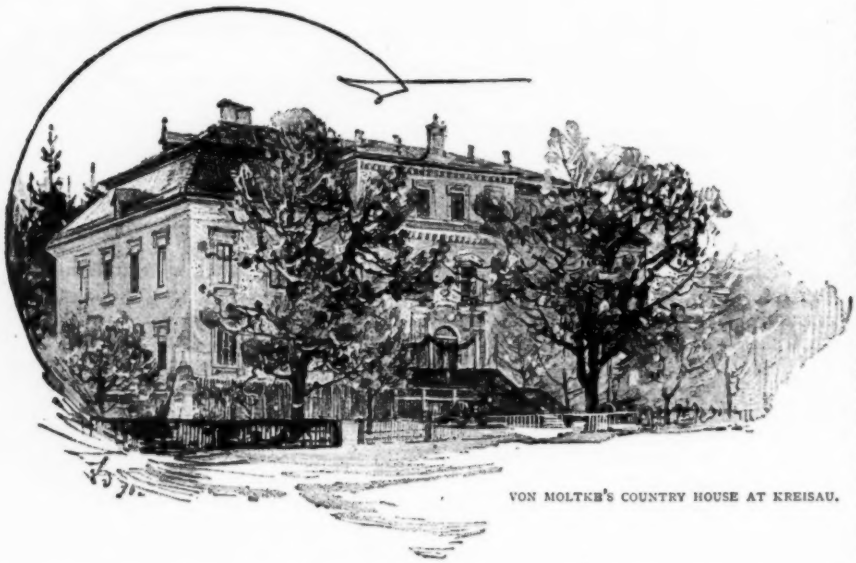
Married in 1842, shortly after his return home from the East, to Miss Burt, an English lady, he lived with her in the bonds of a rare union of happiness, concord, and mutual sympathy. On the occasion of her death, which took place Christmas Eve 1868, he withdrew still more from public life, and found in quiet, studious, and laborious life some slight relief for his grief. Very touching was his devotion to the memory of his wife. Upon his estate at Kreisau he built a little mausoleum, situated on a beautiful eminence, embowered in foliage. This little chapel, constructed of red brick and sandstone, was lined inside with black and white marble, and in front of the altar was placed the simple oak coffin in which the remains of his wife reposed, covered at all seasons of the year with wreaths. Sculptured in the apse was a finely carved figure



HOUSE WHERE MOLTKE WAS BORN.

of our Lord in an attitude of blessing, copied from Thorwaldsen. Above were inscribed the words of St. Paul, "Love is the fulfilment of the Law." When at his country seat the aged warrior visited the tomb morning and evening. Now at her side slumbers the veteran, awaiting with her the signal of the resurrection.

Of his bearing in the time of his bereavement, the following incident was related by the late Mr. George Bancroft, the distinguished historian, at that period United States Minister at Berlin. Mr. Bancroft was one of the favoured few who were accustomed to accompany Von Moltke in his daily rides in the Thiergarten or to the Grunewald. Seeing the General on horseback, "my first impulse," said Mr. Bancroft, "was to trot into another lane. On second thoughts, however, I turned my horse alongside his, remembering that it was for him to talk or be silent. To my surprise, he forthwith began a lively conversation, describing the happiness with which Miss Burt had blessed her husband, and expatiating upon her manifold virtues as one crushed by an overwhelming, irreparable loss. Then of a sudden he grew silent, as if a new current of thought had carried him sheer away. 'Do you know,' he said, when his lips were again opened, 'it has just been brought home to me that, after all, perhaps it was better that this happened now than at another time? You see, I am convinced that a French invasion is impending; it will burst upon us sooner or later, whatever the plea may eventually be. Now think if the fortune of war was to be adverse to our arms! Why, her grief over the country's adversities must have cut her life short. No, no; that would have been worse!'"



VON MOLTKE'S COUNTRY HOUSE AT KREISAU.

Von Moltke was a passionate lover of children, and is said to have been quite the slave to the caprices of his little grandnephew, the son of Major Hellmuth von Moltke, the aide-de-camp of the Count, whom the Emperor, as a special mark of his royal favour, immediately after the funeral of his chief, made one of his own aides-de-camp.

As far as Count von Moltke's religious views could be ascertained, they were of a simple type, and characterised by a strict adherence to the path of duty and virtue. Daily was he accustomed to read his Bible, one of ancient date, its well-marked pages indicating how frequently its owner was in the habit of consulting its inspired pages. An extract from a letter the aged Field-Marshal wrote on the eve of his eightieth birthday is peculiarly interesting. "I stand," said he, "close upon the end of my life; but how different from that here will be the measure in a future world according to which our earthly actions will be judged! Not the brilliancy of success, but the purity of our endeavours and faithful perseverance in duty, even when the result was scarcely visible, will decide as to the value of a man's life. What a wonderful displacement of high and low will be witnessed at that great review! We do not even know ourselves what we have to ascribe to ourselves, to others, or to a higher will. It will be well not to set too great a value on externals." In a passage in one of his books, referring to our Lord's life here upon earth, he remarks: "His life was humble. He was the descendant of a people in bondage, and He had not a place where to lay His head. To the fishermen He talked in parables about God; He healed the sick, and died the death of an evil-doer. And yet there has never been anything on this earth that could be purer, more elevated, and also—even seen from the worldly point of view—more successful than His conduct, His teaching, and His death."

The old soldier's habits of life were, like those of the majority of really great men, extremely simple and singularly free from ostentation of any kind. Very characteristic of the late Field-Marshal are the following data of his life, written by himself on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday. An Austrian Association for the Promotion of Popular Knowledge last year addressed a number of interrogatories to various European celebrities of great age, which were to explain the circumstances and conditions under which an exceptionally long life might be attained. The answers received were collected in a book and subsequently published.

Field-Marshal von Moltke answered the questions

submitted to him in his own peculiarly laconic manner, as follows :

*Q.* In which year of your life and on which date did you begin to learn, and for how many hours a day ?—*A.* 1808, in my eighth year, with four ; after 1810, with ten hours a day.

*Q.* Was your health in your youth delicate or robust ?—*A.* Tough nature.

*Q.* Did you grow up in the country or in town ?—*A.* Up to my tenth year in the country.

*Q.* How many hours did you spend in the open air ? Regularly ?—*A.* Irregularly, and but few hours.

*Q.* Did you cultivate hardening games and other exercises ? —*A.* Not methodically.

*Q.* How many hours did you sleep in childhood ?—*A.* Ten hours.

*Q.* Special remarks ?—*A.* Joyless youth, scanty nourishment, absence from the paternal home.

*Q.* Where did you complete your studies—in town or in the country ?—*A.* In town.

*Q.* How many hours a day do you devote to mental work ? —*A.* Very different.

*Q.* Do you attribute to any particular habit of your life a favourable influence upon your health ?—*A.* Moderation in all habits of life. In all weathers exercise in the open air. No day altogether at home.

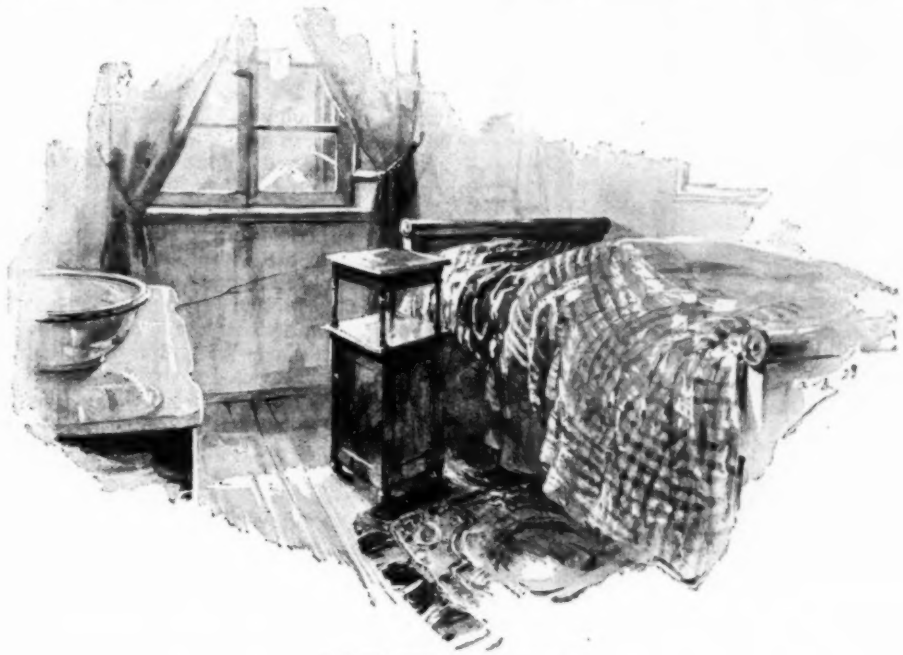
*Q.* How long did you sleep at a mature age ?—*A.* From eight to nine hours on an average.

*Q.* What alterations have you made at an advanced age in your mode of life ?—*A.* None.

*Q.* How long did you work daily in your fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, eightieth years ?—*A.* Quite as circumstances required ; often, therefore, very long.

An interesting anecdote is related, apropos of his dislike to display, on the occasion of the opening of new barracks at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, to which, as the oldest and most distinguished officer of the regiment in which he first served, he was invited. His acceptance of the invitation was accompanied by the stipulation that no ceremony should be made ; but the officers, desiring to do honour to their illustrious guest, had provided the best carriage that the town afforded to meet him at the station. On his arrival, the Field-Marshal thanked the officer in waiting, took a common cab, and with his nephew, who was with him as aide-de-camp, drove off to the barracks, to the astonishment of the honest burghers.

His favourite recreations were chess, in which he excelled ; music, especially that of the school of Schubert and Mozart—he entertained very decided opinions about the "music of the future"—and whist, which he rarely missed playing after dinner, even when at the seat of war. The Count was an authority on the culture of roses, and at Kreisau, where he spent most of his time after his retirement from more active service, he possessed one of the finest and most unique collections of roses in Germany, a fact which lends an additional grace to the tribute of respect paid to the Field-Marshal's memory, when, the day after his death,



MOLTKE'S BEDROOM AT KREISAU.

*Q.* What were your recreations ?—*A.* Riding on horseback up to my eighty-sixth year.

*Q.* How many hours do you spend in the open air ?—*A.* Now, in summer, on my estate, half the day.

*Q.* How long do you sleep at present ?—*A.* Always eight hours still.

*Q.* What are your habits with regard to eating, etc. ?—*A.* I eat very little, and take concentrated food.

*Q.* To what circumstances do you particularly attribute your stalwart old age (which may God long preserve !) ?—*A.* To God's grace and temperate habits.

the Empress visited the headquarters of the General Staff and placed a magnificent wreath of his favourite flower upon the bed of the departed hero.

Had not his reputation as a military strategist overshadowed his other gifts, the Count would have gained distinction in the world of letters. In the 'twenties, while engaged in the Topographical Department, he wrote a pamphlet, published at Berlin, entitled "Holland and Belgium," by H.

von Moltke, in which he calls the attention of Europe to the Belgian Revolution; this was followed, in 1845, by a critical military work of great merit, "The Russo-Turkish Campaign of 1828–29 in European Turkey," which created a deep impression in military circles, and proved of considerable service in the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877–78. Moltke's pithy and laconic style was founded on the model of his chief, General von Müffling, his instructor in practical and theoretical tactics, in which the members of the German General Staff are required to excel. He was a graphic writer and shrewd observer of men and things, as his charming letters from Russia, France, Turkey, and other places show. Especially sagacious were his observations



A FAVOURITE DIVERSION.

on the Turks, made to his sister, married to Mr. John Burt, an Englishman settled at Holstein, in which he affirms that the kingdom is rotten, that Turkey had fallen under a ban, and that ban the Koran, which teaches so warped a doctrine that its laws and decrees must of necessity oppose all social progress. His views on Russia, as indicated in his letters written in the form of a diary to his wife on the occasion of his visit in 1856, when accompanying Prince Frederick William at the coronation of the Czar Alexander II at Moscow, show the same keen powers of observation. He considered that Russia had a great future before her, but this could only be realised when her officials became more honest. "Honesty among Russian officials," he thinks, "can only be brought about by many years of iron severity." Of the difficulty of governing the French nation, he wrote, when visiting the court of Napoleon III: "It would be as impossible to allow the liberty of the press in France as to admit discussion of the orders given by generals to their armies when in the field." We have not the advantage of knowing his views on England and the English on the three occasions, in 1856, 1858, and 1861, when he visited our country in company with the Crown Prince to be present at his betrothal and marriage to the Princess Royal, and again at the funeral of the Prince Consort. How highly his opinion as an authority was esteemed as early as 1867, is seen by an incident which occurred during the Universal Exhibition, when Count Moltke, in company with King William of Prussia and Count Bismarck, dined with Napoleon III at St. Cloud. Subsequently, the Emperor and Moltke engaged in an animated conversation apart from the rest. At this moment Marshal Randon, Minister of War, walked across the room, and the Emperor, noticing him, raised his voice, saying, "Come here, Marshal. General Moltke says that with the needle gun he would be strong enough to fight even the French army." Marshal Randon drew near, and, turning towards Moltke, said in a tone loud enough to be heard by all in the room, "Pardon me, General; but, in spite of the high opinion I have of your judgment, I cannot share your belief. I venture to affirm, that even with the needle gun, the French army would not suffer the fate of the Austrian army;" and the conversation continued without the bystanders being able to follow it. But after the departure of the King of Prussia and his suite, Napoleon III, struck by these words, energetically busied himself in overhauling the equipment of the French army. He examined various models of guns that were submitted to him, and among these the Martini rifle, which he found excellent, but which was after all rejected for the Chassepôt. The making of this gun was pushed forward so actively that the French army was provided with it by 1870.

In respect of his literary efforts, as of his military achievements, Moltke was singularly modest. Herr G. von Bunsen tells us how, "meeting the General one day at a dinner-party, I expressed my regret at his having neglected to write some letter-press to accompany his well-known map of the environs of Ancient Rome. 'But a companion book for it was written,' he replied; 'or rather,' correcting himself, 'he had begun writing one at Rome, and was prevented from finishing the MS. when the Government ordered him to convey Prince Henry's body to Berlin, and there set him engrossing tasks to do.' Hereupon I ventured to ask him for a loan of this fragment. Of course he believed it to be lost; but, as a matter of course likewise, it was brought to my door by an orderly at an early hour next morning. When returning the MS., I advised the publication of parts of it, which would be found acceptable independently of his being the author; and if my humble advice should be followed, would he accept my humble services as editor? His reply," adds Herr von Bunsen, "has been carefully preserved. Its purport was that he must lay down three conditions: First, I must omit what I pleased; secondly, transpose at my pleasure; and thirdly, *alter the text* wherever it seemed desirable." "Will any editor in the world," Herr von Bunsen

pithily remarks, "hesitate to confirm my belief that no MS. of the last unfledged stripling of an author was ever offered on similar conditions?"

Fitting tributes of respect and admiration were paid to the aged Field-Marshal on the occasion of his celebrating his 90th birthday, on the 26th of October 1890. Telegrams from all sorts and conditions of men poured in upon him, including, among the princes and sovereigns of Europe, one from our own Queen, who held Count von Moltke in high esteem. The 26th falling upon Sunday, the schools throughout the length and breadth of Germany were closed on the previous Saturday to enable the scholars to add their quota to the general rejoicing. In Berlin a torchlight procession of vast extent, composed of 20,000 students, artists, members of trades and guilds, marched with banners, and groups of historically dressed personages and impersonifications, from the old grey Schloss down the Linden, through the Brandenburg Gate to the Königsplatz, where are situated the buildings of the Grand Staff. Here addresses were presented to Von Moltke.

On the following day, in the Conference Hall of the General Staff, the Emperor, surrounded by the military magnates of the Reichsrath, the generals of the twenty army corps specially summoned to be present, the officers of the General Staff, Chancellor von Caprivi, successor to Prince Bismarck, the King of Saxony, the Grand Dukes and the Duke of Connaught, addressed the Marshal in the following terms:—

"I thank you in the name of those who have fought together with you, and whose most faithful and devoted servant you have been. I thank you for all you have done for my House and for the greatness of the Fatherland. We greet in you not only a Prussian leader who has won for the army the reputation of being invincible, but one of the founders of the German Empire. The presence of the King of Saxony, who has made a point of personally congratulating you, recalls the time when he and you fought for Germany's greatness. The distinctions conferred upon you by my grandfather leave nothing in which I can personally show my thanks to you. I beg you to accept the only evidence of my profound regard which I can bring you. It is with special pride that I renounce for to-day the privilege of a monarch—namely, to have the flags of the army standing in his antechamber; and I beg you to take possession of the flags of the Guards, which have waved over you in so many battles. As a personal memento, I ask you to take the Field-Marshal's staff" (this was a handsome silver baton inlaid with stars and crowns of rubies and diamonds), "which you have already won before the enemy, as a symbol of my regard, devotion, and gratitude. I call upon all those present to express their feelings of gratitude that Field-Marshal von Moltke has known how not to stand alone in his greatness, but to form a school of leaders of the army for time to come, and for all future generations, by giving cheers for his Excellency."

This, the last occasion on which public honours were accorded to the Field-Marshal during his life, appropriately emphasized the universal esteem in which "Father Moltke," as he was affectionately designated by the army, was held as one of the founders of the German Empire.

# Varieties.

### Further Facts on Influenza.

This mysterious epidemic contains so many curious features not yet generally known, that it may be worth while saying a few words more about it.

It is still extremely doubtful whether it be due to a microbe or some other cause, and whether the infection may or may not be carried by persons as well as by the air. Certainly it can travel with amazing rapidity, as the following recorded facts prove.

In 1729–30, during five months it overran all Europe. In 1782, in St. Petersburg, in one night, 40,000 were seized with the influenza. In the same year, in many towns, in eight hours from its appearance in a place, half the inhabitants were seized with it.

In 1803 it appeared simultaneously at several widely-detached parts of the kingdom at once.

In one day the whole population of Nismes were seized, with scarcely an exception. It has overrun all Europe in six weeks. It attacks vast regions at once, and, what is still more remarkable, descends on remote and isolated districts and on ships in mid-ocean. All these phenomena show that if there be a microbe it must exist in enormous numbers carried with great rapidity by the air.

On the other hand, the epidemic of 1803 appeared at Manchester, and diverged thence as from a centre according to the amount of intercourse with the neighbouring towns. This was observed in many other towns. The late outbreak in the House of Commons was attributed to the presence of witnesses from Sheffield connected with the proposed line from the north.

Close observation, however, in the present attack does not support the view that the disease is contagious.

The large proportion of members of Parliament attacked, and of employés working together in warehouses and offices, certainly seems to show that any aggregation of individuals in an imperfectly ventilated atmosphere increases the liability to the disease.

The most remarkable characteristic of the present outbreak is that the urgent symptoms in the great epidemic of 1837, consisting of great pain in the head, soreness of eyes and nose, with sneezing, violent, irritating cold in the head, are now almost wholly absent. The present epidemic has spread pretty well over England and Scotland, while Ireland has almost entirely escaped. Though it cannot be proved whether mild or cold weather is most favourable to its spread, it is certain that wherever the epidemic appears most extraordinary vicissitudes of weather are experienced.

Nearly all notices of previous epidemics call attention to this fact. Sometimes it is "thick, noisome fogs, and musty-smelling atmosphere, or 'offensive fogs more noisome than the darkness of Egypt.'" At others, "irregularity and frequent changes of the weather," or "great heat and dryness, followed by a strong cold north wind," or "sudden changes with easterly winds."

As a rule its course is from east to west and south to

north; though in this last epidemic it appears to have travelled back from America to the central districts of England, and thence to have spread south to London and north to Aberdeen.

One or two curious facts further may be noted.

In 1803, when a school of 400 boys at Ackworth were suffering from scarlatina, though influenza raged all round, none were attacked. At Burton-on-Trent, also, where there was much scarlatina, measles, and whooping-cough, there were hardly any cases of influenza.

In London, in 1803, influenza seems to have taken the place of the usual contagious diseases, there being hardly any measles or scarlatina. At Aberdeen, in 1775, influenza raged for five weeks, but never touched Frazerburgh, where another contagious fever was raging at the time. At Rochester, in 1803, an eruptive fever appeared, which only attacked those whom the influenza had spared. At Navan, in 1803, an endemic low fever almost entirely disappeared during the influenza epidemic.

In America, also, it has been noticed that scarlatina disappears when influenza arrives, and returns after it has gone.

In the present epidemic, as compared with 1890, there seems to be an increase in throat and head symptoms, and still more marked evidence of its strong effects upon the nervous system. One or two remarkable cases have been noted of the *disappearance* of bronchitis on the advent of influenza, while on the other hand the concurrence of an infectious and fatal form of inflammation of the lungs has been very common. Far more have died from chest diseases than from nervous exhaustion.

A final survey of all the facts at our disposal seems to show that although the disease has been carefully observed for four hundred years by the most skilled and trained observers, we are still ignorant of the cause of influenza, of the exact character of the disease, of the mode of its spread, and, above all, of any method of effectually checking and preventing it.

We do not yet understand all things in heaven and earth, and a disease like the present forms a wholesome corrective to the somewhat too complacent belief in our scientific and medical omniscience.

ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

**Seed Time and Harvest.**—"If you want to make any impression or exercise any influence for good upon your neighbours, you must take them as you find them, and not expect too much of them. You must work in faith, and you must work upon the material that presents itself. 'The sower soweth the Word.' The mistake we commit so often is in assuming that because we sow—which is our duty—therefore we have a right to reap the crop and garner it. 'It grows to guerdon after-days.'"—*The Trials of a Country Parson, by Augustus Jessop, D.D.*

**Peace Congress.**—It is announced in the "Star of Peace" that an international peace congress will be held in Rome this autumn under the presidency of M. Bonghi, member of the Italian Parliament. Among members of the Committee are Senators Villari, Canonico, and Prince Ruspoli, also several influential deputies and professors.

**Aristotle and the Gospels.**—No classical scholar of any repute in England doubts that the books which now pass in the name of Aristotle are substantially his, and substantially represent his teaching. As regards these books, there is an interval of 300 years from the time of the death of Aristotle before they are mentioned at all. The story which is told by the geographer Strabo with regard to the history of these books is so remarkable that, if time sufficed, I should like to refer to it; but I will merely mention now that these books, which for generations have been accepted and studied by scholars all the world over, were absolutely lost sight of for three centuries, except that they were mentioned at the end of the second century after Aristotle's death. They were corrupted and despoiled; they bore no signs of Aristotle's hand; and, what is more, the commentators, such as Diogenes Laertius, who gave an account of the works of Aristotle existing in their day, not only do not mention the titles of these books which we possess, but mention quite other titles as being titles of the works of Aristotle; and although this is so, and though there is this inherent difficulty with regard to the works of this great classical authority, I say there is hardly a scholar who hesitates to accept these books as having the authority of the great philosopher whose name they bear. Now it seems to me perfectly unreasonable that men who will accept classical books upon such meagre authority as I have described, should refuse to accept the Gospels, when it is acknowledged that the Gospels were known and respected and reverenced throughout the Christian world in a period of time which is just about half of the period which elapsed before the books of Aristotle are mentioned at all.—*The Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, of Harrow.*

**Caterpillars on Trees.**—Miss Ormerod, the accomplished and experienced entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society, after many trials of various substances to protect trees from the ravages of caterpillars, recommends the poisonous spray of "Paris green" to the bark of the main trunk and chief branches as the most efficient application.

**Arbitration Act, 1889.**—By the Arbitration Act, 52 and 53 Vict., Chap. 49, consolidating many previous enactments, it is provided that "submissions, by consent," shall have the same effect as if made by an order of Court. The arbitrator, or arbitrators, can summon witnesses, make and enforce awards, and fix costs, to be paid in a case, or between solicitor and client. The "submission" must be by written agreement.

**Martin Luther's last Will and Prayer.**—The last will of Luther is less known than some of the events of his life, and in it the circumstances and character of the man are grandly displayed. It closes thus:

"O Lord God, I thank Thee that would'st have me to be poor upon the earth: I have no house, land, possession, or money, to leave. Thou hast given me a wife and children: to Thee I leave them; nourish, teach, and save them, as hitherto Thou hast me, O Father of the fatherless, and Judge of the widows.

"O my heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed Thy Son Jesus Christ to me; on whom I have believed, whom I have professed, whom I have loved, whom I have celebrated; whom the Bishop of Rome and all the multitude of the wicked do persecute and reproach.

"I pray Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul. My heavenly Father, although I am taken out of this life, though I must now lay down this body, yet I certainly know that I shall dwell with Thee for ever, neither can I by any be plucked out of Thy hands. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16, x. 28; 2 Timothy iv. 6, 7, 8."

**An East African Stalactite Cavern.**—The "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" reports that in the immediate neighbourhood of Tanga, in German East Africa, an important series of stalactite caverns has been lately discovered. They are in a system of Jurassic limestone. The caverns far surpass any similar ones in Europe, both in extent and size. The floor is thickly covered with a deposit of stuff resembling guano. Millions of bats seem to be the only present occupants of the interior.

**"Little Dombey."**—Many are the eyes that have grown dim while reading the touching story of the little deformed and afflicted child, Paul Dombey. At last Paul was laid on the bed from which he was never to rise; and as he lay he dreamed of a dark river running to the sea: and the boat that bore him glided smoothly on, till a shore was seen, and One stood there. Who stood on the bank? Little Paul saw, and put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. And when the end came, and all was still in the chamber of death, there are few who can help the tears falling over that page written by a master of pathos, even while taking it to be a page of fiction. But it is no imaginary tale; and the original of Little Dombey was his own nephew, Harry Burnett, as Charles Dickens himself told

his sister, the mother of the boy. Harry had been taken to Brighton, as little Paul is represented to have been; and had there, while lying for hours on the beach with his books, given utterance to thoughts quite as remarkable as those which are put into the lips of Paul Dombey. But little Harry loved his Bible, and he evidently loved Jesus. The child seemed never tired of reading his Bible, and his hymns, and other good books suited to his age; and the bright little fellow was always happy. He died in the arms of one who had been a friend of his mother; and the story of Mrs. Burnett, as well as of her poor little Harry, has been told in a book of records of ministerial life, "Memories of the Past," by the Rev. James Griffin, of Hastings, formerly of Rusholme Road Chapel, Manchester.

**Artists' Payments.**—It is stated that the amount paid to American artists for the paintings and water-colour drawings in all the annual exhibitions throughout the Union is less than what is paid every month to the draughtsmen in black and white for two New York magazines. The "art-work" of these magazines must include the engraving as well as drawing of illustrations.

**Women as Inventors.**—In a return recently made to the United States Government of the statistics of the Patent Office at Washington, we learn that, from 1790 to July 1, 1888, there were 2,300 patents taken out by women. They embrace all subjects, from dress-improvers to submarine telescopes. For ten years before 1815 there were only two or three female patentees, but every decade since has shown a rapid increase. Probably in last year alone there were nearly 200.

**Dijon.**—Many tourists and travellers visit Dijon, or make it a halting-place *en route* to Switzerland, on account of the many interesting historical antiquities and associations of the place. The Municipality of Dijon lately decided, by a majority of seventeen against three, to pull down the castle built by Louis XI, in order to make a new boulevard. This castle, over the main entrance of which is the hedgehog (emblem of Louis XII, by whom it was completed), was used as a State prison during the eighteenth century, and among the persons confined there were the Duchess de Maine, the Chevalier d'Eon, Mirabeau, and General Toussaint-l'Ouverture. A portion of it has since been converted into quarters for the gendarmerie, while another part serves as a town museum. Four of the large towers built by Louis XI are still in existence, and one of them, the Tour Guillaume, has four storeys still intact.

**Animalcula in Cheese.**—The French scientific paper "La Nature" gives some startling facts as to almost invisible inhabitants of cheese, compared to which mites are giants. M. Adametz, the distinguished microscopist, announces that from an examination of Emmenthal, a soft variety of Gruyère cheese, he has obtained the following results: In each gramme of the cheese, when fresh, from 90,000 to 140,000 microbes are found. This number increases with time. Thus a cheese seventy-one days old contains 800,000 bacteria per gramme. The population of a soft cheese twenty-five days old and much denser than the preceding is 1,200,000, and that of a cheese forty-five days old is 2,000,000 microbes per gramme. But the population of a cheese is not everywhere distributed the same in it. The centre is but moderately inhabited with respect to the exterior portion. The population of a soft cheese near the periphery is from 3,600,000 to 5,600,000 microbes. According to the mean of these two figures, there are as many living organisms in 360 grammes of such a cheese as there are people upon the earth.

**French Wine-Harvest of 1890.**—The Director-General of Indirect Taxes in France has published the results of the vintage in 1890. It amounted to 27,416,327 hectolitres, being an increase of 4,182,755 hectolitres on last year, but 2,260,768 less than the average of the last ten years (1880-89). The area under vine cultivation was 1,243 hectares less than in 1889, a proof that the efforts to restore this branch of farming are not succeeding. This is far from the average produce of 50 millions of hectolitres, as about the year 1870 The average price of the hectolitre has fallen from 38 to 36 francs; but, taking into account the great increase in quantity of this year's produce, the total value (988,794,000 francs, or, in round numbers, £39,551,760) is greater by about 107,726,000 francs (about £4,309,000). The average production was 15 hectolitres per hectare, against 13 last year. The manufacture of artificial wines is on the increase, amounting for 1890 to 2,429,285 hectolitres, being 605,156 hectolitres, or over 30 per cent., more than last. No allowance is, of course, made in these figures for illicit manufacture. Sweetened wines amounted to 1,947,000 hectolitres, or 468,000 (over 30 per cent.) more than last year. The Algerian reports show yearly a steady increase in viticulture. In 1890 the produce was 2,844,000 hectolitres, being an increase of 332,000 over last year.

**Nature.**—An expression used by Romanes (the commentator on Darwin) appears to him to give a satisfactory explanation of the mission of evolution in nature. He says, "Nature selects the best individuals out of each generation to live." Here nature must be an intelligent agent, or the statement is simply nonsensical. The same alternative applies to much of the use of the favourite term "natural selection." In short, those who use such modes of expression would be more consistent if they were at once to come back to the definition of Seneca, that nature is a certain divine purpose manifested in the world.—*Evolution as related to Revelation and Science*, by SIR WILLIAM DAWSON, F.R.S.

**St. Lawrence's, Isle of Wight.**—This is said to be the smallest church in England, being 20 feet long, 12 broad, and 8 feet in height, to the eaves.

**The Midnight Sky.**—A new edition of this work includes the most recent discoveries in the heavens. Although called the "midnight" sky, the relative position of the stars can be taken for 10 P.M., or any hour, upon maps of other months. Well does the book merit the praise given to the first edition by Thomas Carlyle, who said, "It surpasses in clearness and useful work all I have seen before in the planisphere way. No reader but, by help of these maps, may find, with a minimum of trouble, the star he seeks." Mr. Dunkin's name, as past-president of the Astronomical Society, and Chief Observer at Greenwich Observatory, is a guarantee of the completeness and accuracy of the maps. There have been many imitations of the work, but none with any pretensions to the thoroughness of the "Midnight Sky," which should be used by all students.

**Indians in the United States.**—The Census Bureau nas given as the number of American Indians in 1890, 244,704, or nearly a quarter of a million. The recent outbreaks in the western reservations give new interest to this enumeration. There is a proposal to transfer the care of Indian affairs from the special department, now charged with it, to the War Department. There have been gross abuses in the Indian bureau, the agents and inspectors, as is usual with contractors, often defrauding the Indians, while adjoining settlers covet the reservations. Short supply of food and clothing may have partly caused discontent, as well as the "Messiah delusion."

**The British Association.**—The following have been appointed to preside over the sections at the Cardiff meeting of the British Association in August next:—A—Mathematics and Physics, Professor O. J. Lodge, F.R.S.; B—Chemistry, Professor Roberts-Austen, C.B., F.R.S.; C—Geology, Professor Rupert Jones, F.R.S.; D—Biology, Mr. Francis Darwin, F.R.S.; E—Geography, Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S.; F—Economics, Rev. Dr. W. Cunningham; G—Mechanical Science, Mr. T. Forster Brown, M.Inst.C.E.; H—Anthropology, Professor Max Müller.

**Quillimane and the Disputed Gold Lands.**—In a book by Mr. T. Baines, F.R.G.S. (some time the travelling companion of Livingstone), published in 1877, the following passage refers to the new claims of Portugal:—"I received a letter from his Excellency Senhor Carlos Pedro Barrahona E. Costa, Governor of Quillimane, informing me that the land north of the Limpopo was a part of the district of Sofala, in the province of Mozambique, and that I could not be allowed to explore for gold, or to make treaties with the natives, except by permission, to be first obtained

from his Most Faithful Majesty the King of Portugal. To this I answered that, while I honoured the memories of the early Portuguese voyagers for their achievements, I was not aware that they ever held territorial right in Matabeleland; and that if they had, the country was long ago abandoned, and had been conquered by Umzelegasi, whose son, Lo Bengula, had conferred on me the right of working in it.

"On reaching Potchefstroom I had the honour of meeting his Excellency, who showed me a map, on which the different districts were defined, and I pointed out the position of Lo Bengula's grant to me, as being so far west and south-west of the boundaries of Sofala and Tette, that it not only did not approach the Portuguese territory, but was so far distant from it that a broad belt of independent native population actually existed between us. His Excellency, however, made a general claim to all South Africa, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, in virtue of a cession made by the conquered Emperor of Monomotapa three hundred years ago; and I answered, that if conquests were a valid right, Umzelegasi had conquered, forty years ago, the country now called the northern gold-fields, and his son, Lo Bengula, had given it to me. His Excellency said he had done his duty by protesting, and should not take any active measures to hinder me."

**Lake Tchad.**—The French have organised several expeditions from the Congo on the south, and Senegal and Gaboon on the west. One of these, led by M. Crampel, has secured a footing in Bagirmi on the Upper Congo. Another expedition, under M. Dybowski and M. Brunache, of Constantine, Algiers, is intended to reach Lake Tchad, where it is hoped that French interests in Algiers, Tunis, the Soudan, and the Congo will unite. The scheme is under the auspices of the "African Committee," which, although not a Government organisation, is understood to look after French political as well as commercial interests in Africa. The expedition of M. Dybowski started in December 1890 from Loango, well armed and equipped.

**The Lobster.**—In our paper on the threatened extinction of the lobster it was stated that the decrease of the catch along the American coast had been from 50 to 75 per cent. during the last seventy years; it appears that the decrease has been much more rapid, the seventy being really twenty. It has also been pointed out that the marine laboratory at Wood's Holl was only partially completed at the date given.

**The Jews in Poland.**—According to the last census, as quoted by Mr. Grant, the British Consul-General at Warsaw, in a recent report, the number of Jews in Poland is 1,380,000 in a total population of 8,250,000. In the town of Warsaw they now represent 40 per cent. of the population, and the average in all the other towns is 50 per cent., while in the villages it falls to 7 per cent., and in the rest of the country to *nil*. Trades and industries in the city of Warsaw are almost entirely in the hands of the Hebrew population. In the higher branches of commerce the ratio is 16 Jews to 3 Christians, in the lower branches 19 Jews to 2 Christians, and in the agency and brokerage business 43 Jews to 1 Christian. Of the large industrial enterprises of the city, 63 per cent. are in the hands of Jews, and only 18 per cent. belong to native Christians. As common workmen and menials the proportion is the other way, only 11,000 Jews, or 8 per cent. of the total Jewish population, being so employed, against 43,000 Christians, or 20 per cent. of the total Christian population.

**General Booth's Windfall.**—The late Mrs. Bell, who has bequeathed above £60,000 to "General" Booth and the Salvation Army, is a sister of Sir Francis Orr, head of the firm of Francis Orr and Sons, manufacturing stationers, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

**Census of Coloured People in the United States.**—The official census of the coloured people in the United States reveals some remarkable facts. The compilers declare that the widespread fears as to the Negro rate of increase are illusory. Even in the "Black Belt"—that is, the South Atlantic and South Central States—the Blacks have increased within the ten years only by 13·90 per cent., while the Whites have increased by 24·67 per cent., a rate nearly double that of their rivals. At this pace, it will be 100 years before the Blacks number 20,000,000. No explanation is offered of the difference in the rate of increase, but it is probably due to the mortality among Negro children, owing to insanitary conditions. It is found that freedom does not tempt the Negroes to move northward, their tendency, which, though slight, is perceptible, being towards the States of the Gulf, and the warmer climates generally. The return will allay many apprehensions.

**International Copyright Act.**—The New York "Nation," in reference to the compelling an English author to manufacture his book on American soil, says it is "as much a piece of tariff barbarism as to oblige foreigners to provide themselves with a suit of American-made clothes on landing, in order to entitle them to police protection, or the access to American courts of justice."

**Naseby Monument.**—The inscription on the obelisk marking the site of Naseby is an ingenious effort not to offend any reader in regard to the Civil War. It is said to be "a useful beacon to British kings never to exceed the bounds of their just prerogative, and to British subjects never to swerve from the allegiance to their legitimate monarchs."

**A Kindly Deed.**—It is an ancient custom for twenty-one of the aged widows of the parish of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, the oldest church in London, to find a new sixpence laid upon an old tomb, the lettering upon which is wholly effaced by time and weather. There being no record of the donor the ancient gift was about to be dropped, when Mr. J. W. Butterworth, F.S.A., law publisher, kindly provided a fund for its continuance, as we learn from the "Stationery Trades Journal."

**Value of Land in Glasgow.**—Notices often appear of the value of land in the City of London. That of ground in the business part of the City of Glasgow is evidenced by the sale of two lots in Buchanan Street, one of 540 square yards for £43,000, or £76 15*s.* per square yard, and the other of 647 square yards for £35,000, or £54 per square yard.

**Trade in American Cattle and Sheep.**—The increase of the trade with the United States is shown by the fact that, while in 1877 there were sent to Great Britain 11,523 cattle and 13,120 sheep, there were imported in 1890, from the States, 294,391 cattle and 384,646 sheep, while from Canada came 83,538 cattle and 121,309 sheep. In 1877 the trade was confined to Glasgow, Liverpool, and Southampton. Now London, Bristol, Cardiff, Hull, Aberdeen, and Dundee have ships expressly built for the carriage of cattle from particular American ports, and many chartered vessels, "tramps," go out on chance of finding freight where it may be found.

**Anecdotes of the Royal Family.**—The year 1848, that year of great upheaval in all Europe, had a faint revolutionary echo also in England. Then occurred the abortive Chartist demonstration, which, thanks to the national good sense, aided by the national wet weather, came to nothing. During the course of these troubled months, the Queen read no less than twenty-eight thousand despatches sent out or received at the Foreign Office—an amount of work which few of the Queen's male subjects would have accomplished without complaints of overwork, not to mention that she had besides given birth to a child, the Princess Louise. No wonder a holiday was required; and Balmoral was for the first time visited. A visit paid to Ireland in 1849 ought to have convinced her that here, too, she had loyal, warm-hearted subjects. The royal children in especial pleased the people, and an old woman in the crowd shouted, "Oh, Queen, dear, make one o' them darlings Prince Patrick, and all Ireland will die for ye." And the next royal baby was indeed called Patrick; but, unfortunately, the Duke of Wellington's name, Arthur, which preceded it, was the one by which he became known, so even this innocent little satisfaction was denied the Irish people. This was the seventh child. Here is the Prince's announcement of the birth to his grandmother: "May Day 1850.—This morning, at about a quarter past eight . . . a little boy glided into the light of day, and was received by the sisters with *jubilates*. 'Now we are just as many as the days of the week,' was the

cry, and a struggle arose as to who was to be Sunday. Out of well-bred courtesy the honour was accorded to the new-comer." The end of 1851 saw the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III, and a good deal of ill-feeling resulted in England, with fear of war between the two countries. But before long the nation and its rulers resigned themselves to the changed state of things. Napoleon and his wife visited the English Court, and were received as equals, the Queen and Prince Albert returning their visit the same year. After seeing on this occasion the tomb of the Great Napoleon, the Queen writes: "It seems as if in this tribute of respect to a departed dead foe, old enmities and rivalries are wiped out, and the seal of Heaven placed upon that bond of unity which is now happily established between two great and powerful nations." The little Prince of Wales, who was with his parents, then acquired that love for the French capital which has since distinguished him. He tried hard to persuade the Empress to keep him and his sister in Paris after the departure of their parents. The Empress said she could not do so, as the Queen and Prince could not spare them. "Oh yes," was the reply, "they can; there are six more of us at home."—*The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe. By Politikos.* (Fisher Unwin.)

Many of our readers will be glad to be thus reminded of the republication of the series of papers which appeared in our pages last year. They have been issued in a handsome volume, with some few additions, amongst them an interesting paper on the English Court.

**Twinkling of the Stars and Planets.**—Though apparently the phenomenon of scintillation is observed only in the fixed stars, and not in the planets, the latter are in reality also affected. When near the horizon a slight tremulous motion in planets is sometimes visible to a practised eye, and when in higher positions a scintillating movement is occasionally noticed at the edges of the planetary discs when viewed through a telescope. All celestial objects, therefore, more or less, display this phenomenon. The explanation of the different effects of scintillation on stars and planets is very simple, assuming that they are produced by a rapid change in the intensity and colour of the rays of light while passing through the earth's atmosphere, in which the progress of the stellar rays is interfered with by unequal refraction as they pass through the various aerial currents of different temperatures and densities. With planets, although not equally apparent to us, the same interference with the direct course of the rays of light takes place, but there is an important distinction. In stars the images that we see are mere points of light, and the rapid slight deviations of not more than three or four seconds in their positions, produced by the unequal heating, density, or humidity of the different atmospheric strata, are therefore sensible to the natural vision; but in planets, whose discs have an apparent diameter of perhaps from twenty to forty seconds, the eye is not sufficiently delicate to appreciate any change of position in an arc of four seconds, though they may be affected by a similar scintillation as the stars. Hence, to the eye, planets appear to shine with a steady light. The scintillation of the stars is decidedly more in winter than in summer, especially near the horizon, where the rays of stellar light have to pass through a denser atmosphere. In tropical countries, and on the summits of Mont Blanc and other high mountains in Switzerland, this phenomenon has seldom been observed to affect the fixed stars at a high elevation above the horizon.

EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.S.

**Vice-Chancellor Kindersley and the Rev. Robert Hall.**—On a trial in the Court of Chancery, in 1863, the opinion of Robert Hall was quoted by Lord Cairns, the opposing advocate. He endeavoured to lessen the force of the saying by urging that the sentiments might have another meaning. The Vice-Chancellor interposed with the remark that "the Court will not hear anything disparaging to the testimony of Robert Hall. I was in the habit of hearing him when I was at Cambridge as a student, and I must affirm that his honesty and truthfulness were as great as his eloquence, and that was unrivalled." Mr. S. R. Pattison, solicitor, tells that he was taken when young to the annual meeting of the Bible Society in the old Town Hall at Leicester. He can well recollect the earnestness with which he recommended the work of the Society to his fellow-townsmen. He remembers to this day the effect of the speaker's forcible and eloquent utterances. The fame of his eloquence has been attested by many witnesses. Professor Adam Sidgwick, himself one of nature's orators, has said that he never felt or witnessed in any other man the same power of eloquence. "I have listened," he says, "with admiration to the greatest orators in both Houses of Parliament, and to many good and heart-moving preachers, but I never heard one who was to my mind on the same level as Robert Hall."

**The Mandarin's Diamonds.**—In the "Citizen of the World" Oliver Goldsmith tells in a brief anecdote how little the possessor of treasures may sometimes excel in enjoyment the poor passenger by the way. A Chinese mandarin, appearing in a blaze of diamonds, was ostentatiously thanked for them by a bystander in the street. The speech was so odd that the mandarin asked the man what he meant, saying, "I never gave you any of them." "No," replied the man, "but you have let me look at them, and looking at them is all the use you can make of them yourself; so that there is no difference between us, except that you have the care and trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I do not much desire."

# Household Queries

**Ants in a House.**—A correspondent writes as follows concerning this unpleasant difficulty:—"We have found the following remedy most simple and effectual. Take a sponge (a rather coarse and open one is best), damp it, and then sprinkle thickly with castor sugar; place this where the ants have been found, and in a few hours it will be full of them. The sponge should then be plunged in boiling water, which will, of course, kill the ants at once, and at the same time wash them out of the pores. Two years ago we heard of this, and tried it in two cupboards which had been almost disused on account of the ants; and after a short time, I think about ten days or a fortnight, we completely got rid of them. I don't know whether all were destroyed, or if some instinct taught them to keep away from the danger. Last summer we noticed a few in one of the cupboards, but applied the sponge at once and after two or three times saw no more of them. I am sure your querist will find this worth trying."

**Worms in Book-case.**—*I have an oak book-case (it was made for us two years ago) which on one side is getting full of tiny holes, out of which oozes a fine powder like sawdust. I was told to insert turpentine into these holes in order to kill the worm; I have done so, but still the holes increase. Can you tell me of any efficient remedy?*—Rubbing in paraffin two or three times will probably be effectual. If this impairs the polish, the latter must be done again.

**The Hands.**—*Kindly say what is the best receipt for whitening and softening the hands?*—More particulars should have been given: thus, a lady may wear gloves for rough work, while a man cannot in his. But generally, for immediate treatment, the best plan is to wash the hands with

tepid soft water and mild soap the last thing at night, then anoint them freely with vinolia or cold cream, and put on an old pair of gloves to sleep in. Avoid very cold or hot water, and if the hands are soiled and rough use a sand-ball or oatmeal. Always thoroughly dry them after washing.

**Painting on China.**—*Can you inform me if hand-painting on china ought to be varnished before it is sent to the pottery to be burnt in? Also, do the colours change when burning in?*—Many commence this art and few persevere, the difficulties of fired work being considerable. The colours do change considerably in firing, and one of the first things beginners have to do is to paint a tile or something over with different colours in squares, to serve as a sort of key, noting each carefully. Several stages and firings are often needed for one piece of work. It is not varnished, but fluxes, as they are called, are used with some colours to aid in firing. More firing is needed with terra-cotta or under-glaze work than with over-glaze work. Most amateurs soon become tired of kiln work, and resort to oil- or water-colour painting upon terra-cotta or other ware, which presents no difficulty.

**Cleaning White Gloves.**—*Will you tell me how to clean white evening Suède, and kid gloves?*—Another correspondent also asks this. A reply was given to a similar query in the part for April last, p. 432. As we have before said, however, white is a very unsatisfactory colour for domestic treatment, and it is generally much better to collect a few pairs and then send them to be done.

**Stained Teeth.**—*Would you tell me how I could clean my teeth? I had a strong solution of iron put on them some time ago to stop my gums from bleeding, and they have been black ever since. I have tried a good many things, but it doesn't do them any good. Could you also tell me how I could get the rust out of a good knife which has been lying by?*—You cannot apply anything with safety, and must trust to time, which generally mends matters, unless the iron treatment has been very long continued. But even if so, anything strong enough to act chemically would injure the teeth seriously. Choose as a tooth-powder merely precipitated chalk, with two drachms each bicarbonate of soda and borax to every ounce, with, if you like, a little orris root and scent.—Rub the knife with fine emery-powder and oil.

**Tarnished Brass Lacquer.**—*Can you give me a recipe for cleaning and improving gas-brackets as above, other than having them relacquered?*—Apart from this, you can only clean lacquered brass by either washing gently, say with "Monkey-brand" soap, or scouring the lacquer off with putty powder, and so cleaning up as plain bright brass; or it can be enamelled.

**Flat Roof.**—*On part of my house I have a flat roof which is used daily in the summer as a recreation ground. It is covered with cement, but as this cracks and lets the wet through, I am desirous to get something to prevent this. Would a mixture of tar and paint answer, and would it dry sufficiently hard?*—Tar and paint destroy each other. Probably the best thing you can do is to have a thin coat of asphalt laid over, any cracks in which, by providing a little material in store, can be easily mended from time to time. A great deal depends, however, upon how the existing cement is laid, and you should ask a respectable builder to advise after seeing it.

**Buying a Dog.**—*Can you tell me where I should be likely to get a good King Charles spaniel, and what would be the cost of a young one?*—Examine the advertisements, or advertise yourself, in the "Bazaar, Exchange & Mart." Of course you must be cautious, but with prudence can get what you desire. There is no current price for such animals.

**Cake—Jam.**—*Please give a recipe for making light cakes, and another for rhubarb jam.*—As to cake, you should have been more specific; but the following is the exquisite French cake called *Brioche*, light and not too sweet. To have a light cake the flour must be thoroughly *dried* and then sifted. You want 1 lb. of flour, ¾ lb. of eggs (according to size), 10 oz. of butter, ½ oz of German yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, and a dessert-teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Put a quarter of the flour on a marble or slate slab and make a well in the middle; dissolve the yeast in a little warm water and put it in the well. Gradually add water enough to make into a paste, just as you make pie-crust; knead well, roll into a ball, and put in a warm place to rise to three times its bulk. Take the rest of the flour and again make a well; beat the butter to a cream; dissolve the salt and sugar in a little water, add the butter and eggs, and mix the whole well; it can only be properly done with the fingers, and you need not fear over-handling, as the lightness depends on the sponge that is rising. When well mixed, the risen sponge is added and all kneaded together; this must be more gentle, and there is knack required. Put by in a floured basin in a cool place till next day. The next morning mix together again, put by another hour or two in the cold, and do this a second time also. It should now be elastic and full of tiny air-bubbles, and is ready to bake. Press it down in a hoop with the hands, egg it over, if you like, with a brush, and bake—about an hour and a half—covering over the top with a sheet of buttered paper as soon as it changes colour, to avoid burning. You can mix in this cake different candied fruits, and such rich cake is far superior to the heavy English "plum" kind.—The following is the best rhubarb jam we know of. Cut the rhubarb without peeling in pieces about 2 inches long, weigh it, and put in a moderate oven in a close-covered earthen pot to draw out some of the juice. Pour this juice into the preserving pan, and boil it with the sugar (taking ¾ lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of rhubarb, or even 1 lb. each may be used) for a short time while the scum rises, then add the rhubarb and boil about an hour. A great many people prefer to add about 3 oz. preserved ginger to every pound of rhubarb, with a little shredded lemon-peel, but these things are matters of taste.

**Oil Painting.**—*You will oblige me very much by telling me where I can get in London a book concerning the art of oil painting, and at what price?*—Like so many others, the question is indefinite. If, as we suppose, you mean house-painting, the best is "House-Painting," by E. A. Davidson. 5*s.* Crosby Lockwood & Son. For higher instruction in design and decorative work, take Field's "Grammar of Colouring," same publishers.

**Dyeing Wool.**—*Will you do me the favour of informing me the best way to dye or colour the wool on a dressed sheep-skin?*—There is no method really within the reach of ordinary domestic treatment, except the use of Judson's or any similar dyes prepared specially for such domestic use, and which give all necessary directions.

**Varnishing Oil Painting.**—*Would best crystal varnish act as well as picture mastic varnish or copal varnish for varnishing oil-colours newly painted?*—The question is not quite clear. If, as we suppose, you mean a picture, "crystal" varnish is a perfectly indefinite term used for many things, and you would be unsafe in using it without advice at an artists' colour-shop on the identical article.

**Discoloured Brass.**—*Can you tell me a remedy for discoloured brass candlesticks?*—If only black with dirt use "Monkey-brand" soap; if oxidised, Harris's or any other polishing paste.

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## Astronomical Almanack for July.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | W | ☉ rises 3.49 A.M. |
| 2 | T | ☉ sets 8.18 P.M. |
| 3 | F | ⊕ greatest dist. from |
| 4 | S | Venus near |
| 5 | ♋ | 6 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 6 | M | New ☽ 3.59 A.M. |
| 7 | T | Clock before ☉ 4m. 36s. |
| 8 | W | Venus a morning star |
| 9 | T | Fire Insurance expires |
| 10 | F | Saturn near |
| 11 | S | Oxford Trin. Term ends |
| | | [☽ greatest dist. from ⊕ |
| 12 | ♋ | 7 SUN. AFTER TRINIT. |
| 13 | M | ☉ rises 4.0 A.M. |
| 14 | T | ☽ 1 Quarter 5.29 A.M. |
| 15 | W | ☉ sets 8.9 P.M. |
| 16 | T | Jupiter rises 10.6 P.M. |
| 17 | F | Length of Day 16h. 3m. |
| 18 | S | Saturn sets 10.4 P.M. |
| 19 | ♋ | 8 Sun. AFTER TRINITY |
| 20 | M | Hercules S. 9.16 P.M. |
| 21 | T | Full ☽ 1.54 P.M. |
| 22 | W | Aquila S. 11.44 P.M. |
| 23 | T | ☽ least distance from ⊕ |
| 24 | F | Daybreak 0.45 A.M. |
| 25 | S | Twilight ends 11.18 P.M. |
| 26 | ♋ | 9 SUN AFTER TRINITY |
| 27 | M | Sagittarius S. 9.45 P.M. |
| 28 | T | ☽ 3 Quarter 4.33 A.M. |
| 29 | W | Clock before ☉ 6m. 14s. |
| 30 | T | ☉ rises 4.22 A.M. |
| 31 | F | ☉ sets 7.49 P.M. |



*Paris Salon*, 1890.

A DIP IN A LANE IN FOREZ.

C. ROULLIER.

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIX.—FERDINAND CLUDDE.



I TREMBLED AS SHE RAISED HER HAND AND, STANDING OTHERWISE MOTIONLESS, POINTED AT ME OUT OF THE GLOOM.

THE bitterness of that hour long past, when he had left me for death, when he had played with the human longing for life, and striven without a thought of pity to corrupt me by hopes and fears the most awful that mortals know, was in my voice as I spoke. I rejoiced that vengeance had come upon him at last, and that I was its instrument. I saw the pallor of a great fear creep into his dark cheek, and read in his eyes the vicious passion of a wild beast trapped, and felt no pity. "Master Clarence!" I said, and laughed—laughed mockingly. "You do not look pleased to see your friends. Or perhaps you do not remember me. Stand forward, Master Bertie. Maybe he will recognise you."

But though Master Bertie came forward and stood by my side gazing at him, the villain's eyes did not for an instant shift from mine. "It is the man!" my companion said after a solemn pause—for the other, breathing fast, made no answer. "He was a spy in the pay of Bishop Gardiner, when I knew him. At the Bishop's death I heard that he passed into the service of the Spanish Ambassador, the Count de Feria. He called himself at that time Clarence. I recognise him."

The quiet words had their effect. From full one half of the savage crew round us a fierce murmur rose more terrible than any loud outcry. Yet this seemed a relief to the doomed man; he forced himself to look away from me and to confront the dark ring of menacing faces which hemmed him in. The moment he did so he appeared to find courage and words. "They take me for another man!" he cried in hoarse accents. "I know nothing of them!" and he added a fearful oath. "He knows me. Ask him!".

He pointed to Walter Kingston, who was sitting moodily on a tram outside the ring, and who alone had not risen under the excitement of my challenge. On being thus appealed to he looked up suddenly. "If I am to choose between you," he said bitterly, "and say which is the true man, I know which I shall pick."

"Which?" Clarence murmured. "Which?"

This time his tone was different. In his voice was the ring of hope.

"I should give my vote for you," Kingston replied, looking contemptuously at him. "I know something about you, but of the other gentleman I know nothing!"

"And not much of the person you call Crewdson," I retorted fiercely, "since you do not know his real name."

"I know this much," the young man answered, tapping his boot with his scabbard with studied carelessness, "that he lent me some money, and seemed a good fellow and one that hated a mass priest. That is enough for me. As for his name, it is his fancy perhaps. You call yourself Carey. Well, I know a good many Careys, but I do not know you, nor ever heard of you!"

I swung round on him with a hot cheek. But the challenge which was upon my tongue was anticipated by Master Bertie, who drew me forcibly back. "Leave this to me, Francis," he said, "and do you watch that man. Master Kingston and gentlemen," he continued, turning again to them, and drawing himself to his full height as he addressed them, "listen if you please. You know me if you do not know my friend. The honour of Richard Bertie has never been challenged until to-night, nor ever will be with impunity. Leave my friend out of the question and put me in it. I, Richard Bertie, say that that man is a paid spy and informer, come here in quest of blood-money! And he, Crewdson, a nameless man, says that I lie. Choose between us. Or look at him and judge! Look!"

He was right to bid them look. As the savage murmur rose again and took from the wretched man his last hope, as the ugliness of despair and wicked, impotent passion distorted his face, he was indeed the most deadly witness against himself.

The lights which shone on treacherous weapons half hidden, or on the glittering eyes of cruel men whose blood was roused, fell on nothing so dangerous as the livid, despairing face which, unmasked and eyed by all with aversion, still defied us. Traitor and spy as he was, he had the merit of courage at least; he would die game. And even as I, with a first feeling of pity for him, discerned this, his sword was out, and with a curse he lunged at me.

Penruddocke saved me by a buffet which sent me reeling against the wall, so that the villain's thrust was spent on air. Before he could repeat it, four or five men flung themselves upon him from behind. For a moment there was a great uproar, while the group surrounding him swayed to and fro as he dragged his captors up and down with a strength I should not have expected. But the end was certain, and we stood looking on quietly. In a minute or two they had him down, and disarming him, bound his hands.

For me he seemed to have a special hatred. "Curse you!" he panted, glaring at me as he lay helpless. "You have been my evil angel! From the first day I saw you, you have thwarted me in every plan, and now you have brought me to this!"

"Not I, but yourself," I answered.

"My curse upon you!" he cried again, the rage and hate in his face so terrible that I turned away shuddering and sick at heart. "If I could have killed you," he cried, "I would have died contented."

"Enough!" interposed Penruddocke, briskly. "It is well for us that Master Bertie and his friend came here to-night. Heaven grant it be not too late! We do not need," he added, looking round, "any more evidence, I think?"

The dissent was loud and, save for Kingston, who still sat sulking apart, unanimous.

"Death?" said the Cornishman, quietly.

No one spoke, but each man gave a brief stern nod.

"Very well," the leader continued; "then I propose——"

"One moment," said Master Bertie, interrupting him. "A word with you apart, with our friends' permission. You can repeat it to them afterwards."

He drew Sir Thomas aside, and they retired into the corner by the door, where they stood talking in whispers. I had small reason to feel sympathy for the man who lay there tied and doomed to die like a calf. Yet even I shuddered—yes, and some of the hardened men round me shuddered also at the awful expression in his eyes as, without moving his head, he followed the motions of the two by the door. Some faint hope springing into being wrung his soul, and brought the perspiration in great drops to his forehead. I turned away, thinking gravely of the early morning three years ago when he had tortured me by the very same hopes and fears which now racked his own spirit.

Penruddocke came back, Master Bertie following him.

"It must not be done to-night," he announced quietly, with a nod which meant that he would explain the reason afterwards. "We will meet again to-morrow at four in the afternoon instead of at eight in the evening. Until then two must remain on guard with him. It is right he should have some time to repent, and he shall have it."

This did not at once find favour.

"Why not run him through now?" said one, bluntly. "And meet to-morrow at some place unknown to him? If we come here again we shall, likely enough, walk straight into the trap."

"Well, have it that way, if you please," answered Sir Thomas, shrugging his shoulders. "But do not blame me afterwards if you find we have let slip a golden opportunity. Be fools if you like. I dare say it will not make much difference in the end!"

He spoke at random, but he knew how to deal with his crew, it seemed, for on this those who had objected assented reluctantly to the course he proposed. "Barnes and Walters are here in hiding, so they had better be the two to guard him," he continued. "There is no fear that they will be inclined to let him go!" I looked at the men whom the glances of their fellows singled out, and found them to belong to the little knot of fanatics I had before remarked: dark, stern men, worth, if the matter ever came to fighting, all the rest of the band put together.

"At four, to-morrow, then, we meet," Sir Thomas concluded lightly. "Then we will deal with him,

never fear! Now it is near midnight, and we must be going. But not all together, or we shall attract attention."

Half an hour later Master Bertie and I rode softly out of the courtyard and turned our faces towards the city. The night wind came sweeping across the valley of the Thames, and met us full in the face as we reached the brow of the hill. It seemed laden with melancholy whispers. The wretched enterprise, ill-conceived, ill-ordered, and in its very nature desperate, to which we were in honour committed, would have accounted of itself for any degree of foreboding. But the scene through which we had just passed, and on my part the knowledge that I had given up a fellow-being to death, had their depressing influences. For some distance we rode in silence, which I was the first to break.

"Why did you put off his punishment?" I asked.

"Because I think he will give us information in the interval," Bertie answered briefly. "Information which may help us. A spy is generally ready to betray his own side upon occasion."

"And you will spare him if he does?" I asked. It seemed to me neither justice nor mercy.

"No," he said, "there is no fear of that. Those who go with ropes round their necks know no mercy. But drowning men will catch at straws; and ten to one he will babble!"

I shivered. "It is a bad business," I said.

He thought I referred to the conspiracy, and he inveighed bitterly against it, reproaching himself for bringing me into it, and for his folly in believing the rosy accounts of men who had all to win, and nothing save their worthless lives to lose. "There is only one thing gained," he said. "We are likely to pay dearly for that, so we may think the more of it. We have been the means of punishing a villain."

"Yes," I said, "that is true. It was a strange meeting and a strange recognition. Strangest of all that I should be called up to swear with him."

"Not strange," Master Bertie answered gravely. "I would rather call it providential. Let us think of that, and be of better courage, friend. We have been used; we shall not be cast away before our time."

I looked back. For some minutes I had thought I heard behind us a light footstep, more like the pattering of a dog than anything else. I could see nothing, but that was not wonderful, for the moon was young and the sky overcast. "Do you hear some one following us?" I said.

Master Bertie drew rein suddenly, and turning in the saddle we listened. For a second I thought I still heard the sound. The next it ceased, and only the wind toying with the November leaves and sighing away in the distance came to our ears. "No," he said, "I think it must have been your fancy. I hear nothing."

But when we rode on the sound began again, though at first more faintly as if our follower had learned prudence and fallen farther behind. "Do not stop, but listen!" I said softly. "Cannot you hear the pattering of a naked foot now?"

"I hear something," he answered. "I am afraid you are right, and that we are followed."

"What is to be done?" I said, my thoughts busy.

"There is Caen wood in front," he answered, "with a little open ground on this side of it. We will ride under the trees and then stop suddenly. Perhaps we shall be able to distinguish him as he crosses the open behind us."

We made the experiment; but as if our follower had divined the plan, his footsteps ceased to sound before we had stopped our horses. He had fallen farther behind. "We might ride quickly back," I suggested, "and surprise him."

"It would be useless," Bertie answered. "There is too much cover close to the road. Let us rather trot on and outstrip him."

We did trot on; and what with the tramp of our horses as they swung along the road, and the sharp passage of the wind by our ears, we heard no more of the footstep behind. But when we presently pulled up to breathe our horses—or rather within a few minutes of our doing so—there it was behind us nearer and louder than before. I shivered as I listened; and presently, acting on a sudden impulse, I wheeled my horse round and spurred him back a dozen paces along the road.

I pulled up.

There was a movement in the shadow of the trees on my right, and I leaned forward, peering in that direction. Gradually I made out the lines of a figure standing still as though gazing at me; a strange distorted figure, crooked, short, and in some way, though no lineament of the face was visible, expressive of a strange and weird malevolence. It was the witch! The witch whom I had seen in the kitchen at the Gatehouse. How then had she come hither? How had she, old, lame, decrepit, kept up with us?

I trembled as she raised her hand, and, standing otherwise motionless, pointed at me out of the gloom. The horse under me was trembling too, trembling violently, with its ears laid back, and, as she moved, its terror increased, it plunged wildly. I had to give for a moment all my attention to it, and though I tried, in mere revolt against the fear which I felt was overcoming me, to urge it nearer, my efforts were vain. After nearly unseating me, the beast whirled round and, getting the better of me, galloped down the road towards London.

"What is it?" cried Master Bertie, as I came speedily up with him: he had ridden slowly on. "What is the matter?"

"Something in the hedge startled it," I explained, trying to soothe the horse. "I could not clearly see what it was."

"A rabbit, I daresay," he remarked, deceived by my manner.

"Perhaps it was," I answered. Some impulse, not unnatural, led me to say nothing about what I had seen. I was not quite sure that my eyes had not deceived me. I feared his ridicule, too, though he was not very prone to ridicule. And above all I shrank from explaining the medley of superstitious fear, distrust, and abhorrence in which

I held the creature who had shown so strange a knowledge of my life.

We were already near Holborn, and reaching without further adventure a modest inn near the Bars, we retired to a room we had engaged, and lay down with none of the gallant hopes which had last night formed the subject of our talk. Yet we slept well, for depression goes better with sleep than does the tumult of anticipation ; and I was up early, and down in the yard looking to the horses before London was well awake. As I entered the stable a man lying curled up in the straw rolled lazily over and, shading his eyes, glanced up. Apparently he recognised me, for



"YOU CRACK THE NUT."

he got slowly to his feet. "Morning!" he said gruffly.

I stood staring at him, wondering if I had made a mistake.

"What are you doing here, my man?" I said sharply, when I had made certain I knew him, and that he was really the surly ostler from the Gatehouse tavern at Highgate. "Why did you come here? Why have you followed us?"

"Come about your business," he answered. "To give you that."

I took the note he held out to me. "From whom?" I said. "Who sent it by you?"

"Cannot tell," he replied, shaking his head.

"Cannot, or will not?" I retorted.

"Both," he said doggedly. "But there, if you want to know what sort of a kernel is in a nut, you don't shake the tree, master—you crack the nut."

I looked at the note he had given me. It was but a slip of paper folded thrice. The sender had not addressed, or sealed, or fastened it in any way ; had taken no care either to insure its reaching its destination or to prevent prying eyes seeing the contents. If one of our associates had sent it, he had been guilty of the grossest carelessness. "You are sure it is for me?" I said.

"As sure as mortal can be," he answered. "Only that it was given me for a man, and not a mouse! You are not afraid, master?"

I was not ; but he edged away as he spoke, and looked with so much alarm at the scrap of paper that it was abundantly clear he was very much afraid himself, even while he derided me. I saw that if I had offered to return the note he would have backed out of the stable and gone off there and then as fast as his lame foot would let him. This puzzled me. However, I read the note. There was nothing in it to frighten me. Yet, as I read, the colour came into my face, for it contained one name to which I had long been a stranger.

"To Francis Cludde," it ran. "If you would not do a thing of which you will miserably repent all your life, and which will stain you in the eyes of all Christian men, meet me two hours before noon at the cross street by St. Botolph's where you first saw Mistress Bertram. And tell no one. Fail not to come. In Heaven's name, fail not!"

The note had nothing to do with the conspiracy, then, on the face of it; mysterious as it was, and mysteriously as it came. "Look here!" I said to the man. "Tell me who sent it, and I will give you a crown."

"I would not tell you," he answered stubbornly, "if you could make me King of England! No, nor King of Spain too! You might rack me and you would not get it from me!"

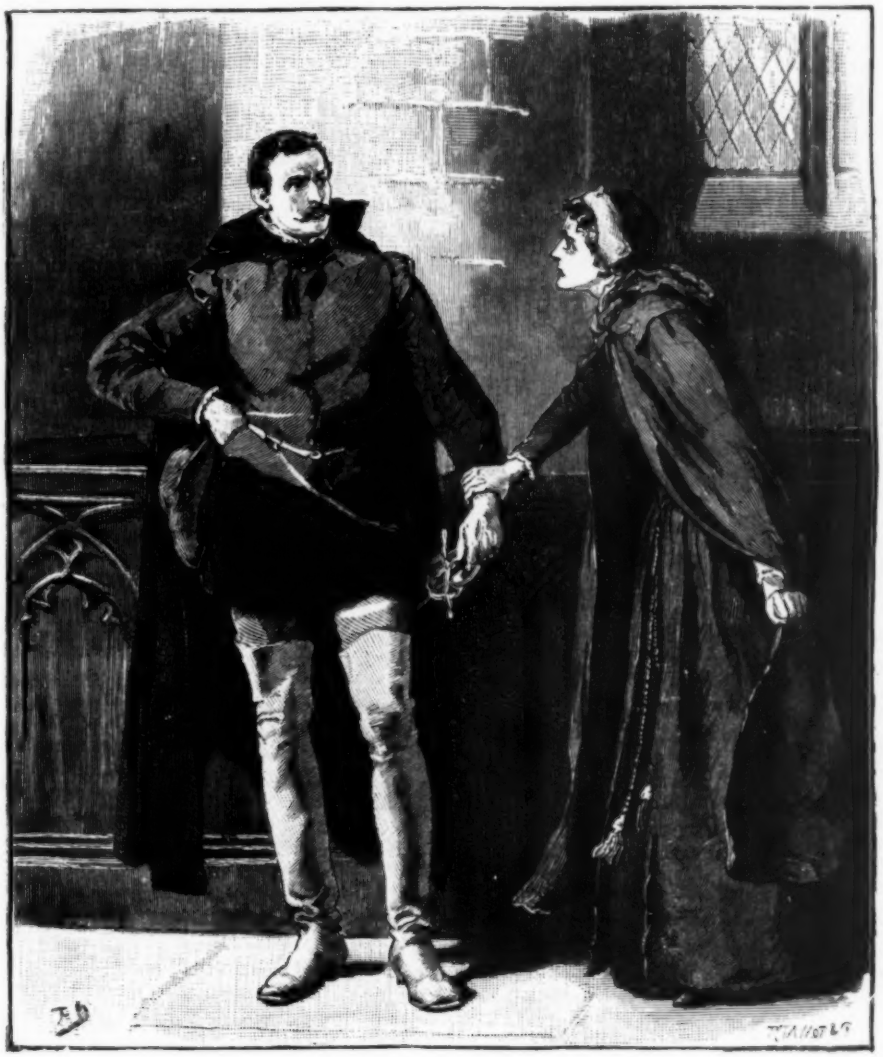
His one eye glowed with so obstinate a resolve that I gave up the attempt to persuade him, and turned to examine the message itself. But here I fared no better. I did not know the handwriting, and there was no peculiarity in the paper. I was no wiser than before. "Are you to take back any answer?" I said.

"No," he replied, "the saints be thanked for the same! But you will bear me witness," he went on anxiously, "that I gave you the letter. You will not forget that, or say that you have not had it? But there!" he added to himself, as he turned away, speaking in a low voice, so that I barely caught the sense of the words, "what is the use? She will know!"

She will know! It had something to do with a woman then, even if a woman were not the writer. I went in to breakfast in two minds about going. I longed to tell Master Bertie and take his advice, though the unknown had enjoined me not to do so. But for the time I refrained, and explaining my absence of mind as well as I could, I presently stole away on some excuse or other, and started in good time, and on foot, into the city. I reached the rendezvous a quarter of an hour before the time named, and strolling between the church and the baker's shop, tried to look as much like a chance passer-by as I could, keeping the while a wary look-out for any one who might turn out to be my correspondent.

The morning was cold and grey. A drizzling rain was falling. The passers were few, and the appearance of the streets, dirty and with littered kennels, was dreary indeed. I found it hard at

once to keep myself warm and to avoid observation as I hung about. Ten o'clock had rung from more than one steeple, and I was beginning to think myself a fool for my pains, when a woman of middle height, slender and young in figure, but wearing a shabby brown cloak, and with her head muffled in a hood as though she had the toothache or dreaded the weather more than ordinary, turned the corner of the belfry and made straight towards



"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?"

me. She drew near, and seemed about to pass me without notice. But when abreast of me she glanced up suddenly, her eyes the only features I could see.

"Follow me to the church!" she murmured gently. And she swept on to the porch.

I obeyed reluctantly: very reluctantly, my feet seeming like lead. For I knew who she was. Though I had only seen her eyes, I had recognised them, and guessed already what her business with me was. She led the way resolutely to a quiet corner. The church was empty and still, with only the scent of incense in the air to tell of a recent service. It was no surprise to me when she turned abruptly, and, removing her hood, looked me in the face.

"What have you done with him?" she panted, laying her hand on my arm. "Speak! Tell me what you have done with him?"

The question, the very question, I had foreseen! Yet I tried to fence with her. I said, "With whom?"

"With whom?" she repeated bitterly. "You know me! I am not so changed in three years that you do not recognise me?"

"No; I know you," I said.

There was a hectic flush on her cheeks, and it seemed to me that the dark hair was thinner on her thin temples than when I had seen her last. But the eyes were the same.

"Then why ask with whom?" she cried passion-

ately. "What have you done with the man you called Clarence?"

"Done with him?" I said feebly.

"Ay, done with him? Come, speak and tell me!" she repeated in fierce accents, her hand clutching my wrist, her eyes probing my face with merciless glances. "Have you killed him? Tell me!"

"Killed him, Mistress Anne?" I said sullenly. "No, I have not killed him."

"He is alive?" she cried.

"For all I know, he is alive."

She glared at me for some seconds to assure herself that I was telling the truth. Then she heaved a great sigh; her hands fell from my wrists, the colour faded out of her face, and she lowered her eyes. I glanced round with a momentary idea of escape—I so shrank from that which was to come. But before I had well entertained the notion she looked up, her face grown calm.

"Then what have you done with him?" she asked.

"I have done nothing with him," I answered.

She laughed: a mirthless laugh. "Bah!" she said, "do not tell me lies! That is your honour, I suppose—your honour to your friends down in the cellar there! Do you think that I do not know all about them? Shall I give you the list? He is a very dangerous conspirator is Sir Thomas Penruddocke, is he not? And that scented dandy Master Kingston! Or Master Crewdson—tell me of him! Tell me of him, I say!" she exclaimed, with a sudden return from irony to a fierce eagerness, a breathless impatience. "Why did he not come up last night? What have you done with him?"

I shook my head, sick and trembling. How could I tell her?

"I see," she said. "You will not tell me. But you swear he is yet alive, Master Cludde? Good. Then you are holding him for a hostage? Is that it?" with a piercing glance at my face. "Or, you have condemned him, but for some reason the sentence has not been executed!" She drew a long, deep breath, for I fear my face betrayed me. "That is it, is it? Then there is still time."

She turned from me and looked towards the end of the aisle, where a dull red lamp hanging before the altar glowed feebly in the warm scented air. She seemed so to turn and so to look in thankfulness, as if the news she had learned were good instead of what it was. "What is the hour fixed?" she asked suddenly.

I shook my head.

"You will not tell me? Well, it matters not," she answered briskly. "He must be saved. Do you hear? He must be saved, Master Cludde. That is your business."

I shook my head.

"You think it is not?" she said. "Well, I can show you it is! Listen!"

She raised herself on a step of the font, and looked me harshly in the face. "If he be not given up to me safe and sound by sunset this evening, I will betray you all! All! I have the list here," she muttered sternly, touching her bosom. "You, Master Bertie, Penruddocke, Fleming, Barnes: all. All, do you hear? Give him up or you shall hang!"

"You would not do it!" I cried aghast, peering into her burning eyes.

"Would not do it? Fool!" she hissed. "If all the world but he had one head, I would cut it off to save his! He is my husband! Do you hear? He is my husband—my all! Do you think I have given up everything, friends and honour and safety, for him, to lose him now? No! You say I would not do it? Do you know what I have done? You have a scar there."

She touched me lightly on the breast. "I did it," she said.

"You?" I muttered.

"Yes, I, you blind fool! I did it," she answered. "You escaped then, and I was glad of it, since the wound answered my purpose. But you will not escape again. The cord is surer."

Something in her last words crossed my memory and enlightened me.

"You were the woman I saw last night," I said. "You followed us from Highgate."

"What matter! What matter!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Better be footsore than heartsore. Will you do now what I want? Will you answer for his life?"

"I can do nothing without the others," I said.

"But the others know nothing," she answered. "They do not know their own danger. Where will you find them?"

"I shall find them," I replied resolutely. "And in any case I must consult Master Bertie. Will you come and see him?"

"And be locked up too?" she said sternly, and in a different tone. "No. It is you must do this, and you must answer for it, Francis Cludde. You, and no one else."

"I can do nothing by myself," I repeated.

"Ay, but you can—you must!" she retorted, "or Heaven's curse will be upon you! You think me mad to say that. Listen! Listen, fool! The man whom you have condemned, whom you have left to die, is not only my husband, wedded to me these three years, but your father—your father, Ferdinand Cludde!"

### CHAPTER XX.—THE COMING QUEEN.

I STOOD glaring at her.

"You were a blind bat or you would have found it out for yourself," she continued scornfully. "A babe would have guessed it, knowing as much of your father as you did."

"Does he know himself?" I muttered hoarsely, looking anywhere but at her now. The shock had left me dull and confused. I did not doubt her word, rather I wondered with her that I had not found this out for myself. But the possibility of meeting my father in that wide world into which I had plunged to escape from the knowledge of his existence, had never occurred to me. Had I thought of it, it would have seemed too unlikely: and though I might have seen in Gardiner a link between us, and so have identified him, the greatness of the Chancellor's transactions, and certain

things about Clarence which had seemed, or would have seemed, had I ever taken the point into consideration, at variance with my ideas of my father, had prevented me getting upon the track.

"Does he know that you are his son, do you mean?" she said. "No, he does not."

"You have not told him?"

"No," she answered with a slight shiver.

I understood. I comprehended that even to her the eagerness with which, being father and son, we had sought one another's lives during those days on the Rhine, had seemed so dreadful that she had concealed the truth from him.

"When did you learn it?" I asked, trembling too.

"I knew his right name before I ever saw you," she answered. "Yours I learned on the day I left you at Santon." Looking back I remembered the strange horror, then inexplicable, which she had betrayed; and I understood it. So it was that knowledge which had driven her from us! "What will you do now?" she said. "You will save him? You must save him! He is your father."

Save him? I shuddered at the thought that I had destroyed him! that I, his son, had denounced him! Save him. The perspiration sprang out in beads on my forehead. If I could not save him I should live pitied by my friends and loathed by my enemies!

"If it be possible," I muttered, "I will save him."

"You swear it?" she cried. Before I could answer she seized my arm and dragged me up the dim aisle until we stood together before the Figure and the Cross. The chimes above us rang eleven. A shaft of cold sunshine pierced a dusty window and, full of dancing motes, shot athwart the pillars.

"Swear!" she repeated with trembling eagerness, turning her eyes on mine, and raising her hand solemnly towards the Figure. "Swear by the Cross!"

"I swear," I said.

She dropped her hand. Her form seemed to shrink and grow less. Making a sign to me to go, she fell on her knees on the step, and drew her hood over her face. I walked away on tiptoe down the aisle, but glancing back from the door of the church I saw the small, solitary figure still kneeling in prayer. The sunshine had died away. The dusty window was colourless. Only the red lamp glowed dully above her head. I seemed to see what the end would be. Then I pushed aside the curtain, and slipped out into the keen air. It was hers to pray. It was mine to act.

I lost no time, but on my return I could not find Master Bertie either in the public room or in the inn-yard, so I sought him in his bedroom, where I found him placidly reading a book; his patient waiting in striking contrast with the feverish anxiety which had taken hold of me. "What is it, lad?" he said, closing the volume, and laying it down on my entrance. "You look disturbed?"

"I have seen Mistress Anne," I answered. He whistled softly, staring at me without a word. 'She knows all," I continued.

"How much is all?" he asked after a pause.

"Our names—all our names, Penruddocke's, Kingston's, the others: our meeting-place, and that we hold Clarence a prisoner. She was that old woman whom we saw at the Gatehouse tavern last night."

He nodded, appearing neither greatly surprised nor greatly alarmed. "Does she intend to use her knowledge?" he said. "I suppose she does."

"Unless we let him go safe and unhurt before sunset."

"They will never consent to it," he answered, shaking his head.

"Then they will hang!" I cried.

He looked hard at me a moment, discerning something strange in the bitterness of my last words. "Come, lad," he said, "you have not told me all. What else have you learned?"

"How can I tell you?" I cried wildly, waving him off, and going to the lattice that my face might



HE CAME AND LAID HIS HAND ON MY SHOULDER.

be hidden from him. "Heaven has cursed me!" I added, my voice breaking.

He came and laid his hand on my shoulder. "Heaven curses no one," he said. "Most of our curses we make for ourselves. What is it, lad?"

I covered my face with my hands. "He—he is my father," I muttered. "Do you understand? Do you see what I have done? He is my father!"

"Ha!" Master Bertie uttered that one exclamation in intense astonishment; then he said no more. But the pressure of his hand told me that he understood, that he felt with me, that he would help me. And that silent comprehension, that silent assurance, gave the sweetest comfort. "He must be allowed to go, then, for this time," he resumed gravely, after a pause in which I had had time to recover myself. "We will see to it. But there will be difficulties. You must be strong and brave. The truth must be told. It is the only way."

I saw that it was, though I shrank exceedingly from the ordeal before me. Master Bertie advised, when I grew more calm, that we should be the first at the rendezvous, lest by some chance Pen-

ruddocke's orders should be anticipated; and accordingly, soon after two o'clock, we mounted, and set forth. I remarked that my companion looked very carefully to his arms, and, taking the hint, I followed his example.

It was a silent, melancholy, anxious ride. However successful we might be in rescuing my father —alas! that I should have to-day and always to call that man father—I could not escape the future before me. I had felt shame while he was but a name to me; how could I endure to live, with his infamy always before my eyes? Petronilla, of whom I had been thinking so much since I returned to England, whose knot of velvet had never left my breast nor her gentle face my heart —how could I go back to her now? I had thought my father dead, and his name and fame old tales. But the years of foreign life which yesterday had seemed a sufficient barrier between his past and myself—of what use were they now? Or the foreign service I had fondly regarded as a kind of purification?

Master Bertie broke in on my reverie much as if he had followed its course. "Understand one thing, lad!" he said, laying his hand on the withers of my horse. "Yours must not be the hand to punish your father. But after to-day you will owe him no duty. You will part from him to-day and he will be a stranger to you. He deserted you when you were a child; and if you owe reverence to any one, it is to your uncle and not to him. He has himself severed the ties between you."

"Yes," I said. "I will go abroad. I will go back to Wilna."

"If ill comes of our enterprise—as I fear ill will come—we will both go back, if we can," he answered. "If good by any chance should come of it, then you shall be my brother, our family shall be your family. The Duchess is rich enough," he added with a smile, "to allow you a younger brother's portion."

I could not answer him as I desired, for we passed at that moment under the archway, and became instantly involved in the bustle going forward in the courtyard. Near the principal door of the inn stood eight or nine horses gaily caparisoned and in the charge of three foreign-looking men, who, lounging in their saddles, were passing a jug from hand to hand. They turned as we rode in and looked at us curiously, but not with any impertinence. Apparently they were waiting for the rest of their party who were inside the house. Civilly disposed as they seemed, the fact that they were armed, and wore rich liveries of black and gold, caused me, and I think both of us, a momentary alarm.

"Who are they?" Master Bertie asked in a low voice as he rode to the opposite door and dismounted with his back to them.

"They are Spaniards, I fancy," I said, scanning them over the shoulders of my horse as I too got off. "Old friends, so to speak."

"They seem wonderfully subdued for them," he answered, "and on their best behaviour. If half the tales we heard this morning be true, they are not wont to carry themselves like this."

Yet they certainly were Spanish, for I overheard them speaking to one another in that language; and before we had well dismounted, their leader, whom they received with great respect, one of them jumping down to hold his stirrup, came out with three or four more and got to horse again. Turning his rein to lead the way out through the north gate he passed near us, and as he settled himself in his saddle took a good look at us. The look passed harmlessly over me, but reaching Master Bertie became concentrated. The rider started and smiled faintly. He seemed to pause, then he raised his plumed cap and bowed low—covered himself again and rode on. His train all followed his example and saluted us as they passed.

Master Bertie's face, which had flushed a fiery red under the other's gaze, grew pale again. He looked at me when they had gone by with startled eyes.

"Do you know who that was?" he said, speaking like one who had received a blow and did not yet know how much he was hurt.

"No," I said.

"It was the Count de Feria, the Spanish Ambassador," he answered. "And he recognised me. I met him often, years ago. I knew him again as soon as he came out, but I did not think he would by any chance recognise me in this dress."

"Are you sure," I asked in amazement, "that it was he?"

"Quite sure," he answered.

"But why did he not have you arrested, or at least detained? The warrants are still out against you."

Master Bertie shook his head. "I cannot tell," he said darkly. "He is a Spaniard. But come, we have the less time to lose. We must join our friends and take their advice; we seem to be surrounded by pitfalls."

At this moment the lame ostler came up, and grumbling at us as if he had never seen us in his life before, and never wished to see us again, took our horses. We went into the kitchen, and taking the first chance of slipping upstairs to No. 15, we were admitted with the same precautions as before, and descending the shaft gained the cellar.

Here we were not, as we had looked to be, the first on the scene. I suppose a sense of the insecurity of our meeting-place had led every one to come early, so as to be gone early. Penruddocke indeed was not here yet, but Kingston and half a score of others were sitting about conversing in low tones. It was plain that the distrust and suspicion which we had remarked on the previous day had not been allayed by the discovery of Clarence's treachery.

Indeed, it was clear that the distrust and despondency had to-day become a panic. Men glared at one another and at the door, and talked in whispers and started at the slightest sound. I glanced round. The one I sought for with eager yet shrinking eyes was not to be seen. I turned to Master Bertie, my face mutely calling on him to ask the question. "Where is the prisoner?" he said sharply.

A moment I hung in suspense. Then one of

the men said, "He is in there. He is safe enough!" He pointed, as he spoke, to a door which seemed to lead to an inner cellar.

"Right," said Master Bertie, still standing. "I have two pieces of bad news for you nevertheless. Firstly I have just been recognised by the Spanish Ambassador, whom I met in the courtyard above."

Half the men rose to their feet. "What is he doing here?" they cried, one boldly, the others with the quaver very plain in their voices.

"I do not know; but he recognised me. Why he took no steps to detain or arrest me I cannot tell. He rode away by the north road."

They gazed at one another and we at them. The wolfish look which fear brings into some faces grew stronger in theirs.

"What is your other bad news?" said Kingston, with an oath.

"A person outside, a friend of the prisoner, has a list of our names, and knows our meeting-place and our plans. She threatens to use the knowledge unless the man Clarence or Crewdson be set free."

There was a loud murmur of wrath and dismay, amid which Kingston alone preserved his composure. "We might have been prepared for that," he said quietly. "It is an old precaution of such folk. But how did you come to hear of it?"

"My friend here saw the messenger and heard the terms. The man must be set free by sunset."

"And what warranty have we that he will not go straight with his plans and his list to the Council?"

Master Bertie could not answer that, neither could I; we had no surety, and if we set him free could take none save his word. *His word!* Could even I ask them to accept that? To stake the life of the meanest of them on it?

I saw the difficulties of the position, and when Master Kingston pronounced coolly that this was a waste of time, and that the only wise course was to dispose of the principal witness, both in the interests of justice and our own safety, and then shift for ourselves before the storm broke, I acknowledged in my heart the wisdom of the course, and felt that yesterday it would have received my assent.

"The risk is about the same either way," Master Bertie said.

"Not at all," Kingston objected, a sparkle of malice in his eye. Last night we had thwarted him. To-night it was his turn; and the dark lowering looks of those round him showed that numbers were with him. "This fellow can hang us all. His accomplice who escapes can know nothing save through him, and could give only vague and uncertain evidence. No, no. Let us cast lots who shall do it, get it done quickly, and begone."

"We must wait at least," Bertie urged, "until Sir Thomas comes."

"No!" retorted Kingston, with heat. "We are all equal here. Besides, the man was condemned yesterday, with the full assent of all. It only remains to carry out the sentence. Surely this gentleman," he continued, turning suddenly upon me, "who was so ready to accuse him yesterday, does not wish him spared to-day?"

"I do wish it," I said, in a low tone.

"Ho! ho!" he cried, folding his arms and throwing back his head, astonished at the success of his own question. "Then may we ask for your reasons, sir? Last night you could not lay your tongue to words too bad for him. To-night you wish to spare him, and let him go?"

"I do," I said. I felt that every eye was upon me, and that, Master Bertie excepted, not one there would feel sympathy with me in my humiliation. They were driven to the wall. They had no time for fine feeling, for sympathy, for appreciation of the tragic, unless it touched themselves. What chance had I with them, though I was a son pleading for a father? Nay, what argument had I save that I was his son, and that I had brought him to this? No argument. Only the appeal to them that they would not make me a parricide! And I felt that at this they would mock.

And so, in view of those stern, curious faces, a new temptation seized me—the temptation to be silent. Why should I not stand by and let things take their course? Why should I not spare myself the shame which I already saw would be fruitless? When Master Kingston, with a cynical bow, said, "Your reasons, sir?" I stood mute and trembling. If I kept silence, if I refused to give my reasons, if I did not acknowledge the prisoner, but merely begged his life, he would die, and the connection between us would be known only to one or two. I should be freed from him and might go my own way. The sins of Ferdinand Cludde were wellnigh forgotten—why take to myself the sins of Clarence, which would otherwise never stain my name, would never be associated with my father or myself?

Why, indeed? It was a great and sore temptation, as I stood there before all those eyes. He had deserved death. I had given him up in perfect innocence. Had I any right to call on them to risk their lives that I might go harmless in conscience, and he in person? Had I——

What, was there after all some taint in my blood? Was I going to become like him—to take to myself a shame of my own earning, in the effort to escape from the burden of his ill-fame? I remembered in time the oath I had sworn, and when Kingston repeated his question, I answered him quickly, "I did not know yesterday who he was," I said. "I have discovered since that he is my father. I ask nothing on his account. Were he only my father I would not plead for him. I plead for myself," I murmured. "If you show no pity, you make me a parricide."

I had done them wrong. There was something in my voice, I suppose, as I said the words which cost me so much, which wrought with almost all of them in a degree. They gazed at me with awed, wondering faces, and murmured "His father!" in low tones. They were recalling the scene of last night, the moment when I had denounced him, the curse he had hurled at me, the half-told story of which that had seemed the climax. I had wronged them. They did see the tragedy of it.

Yes, they pitied me; but they showed plainly that they would still do what perhaps I should have done in their place—justice. "He knows too

much!" said one. "Our lives are as good as his," muttered another—the first to become thoroughly himself again—"why should we all die for him?" The wolfish glare came back fast to their eyes. They handled their weapons impatiently. They were longing to be away. At this moment, when I saw I had indeed made my confession in vain, Master Bertie struck in. "What," he said, "if Master Carey and I take charge of him, and escorting him to his agent without, be answerable for both of them?"

"You would be only putting your necks into the noose!" said Kingston.

"We will risk that!" replied my friend—and what a friend and what a man he seemed amid that ignoble crew!—"I will myself promise you that if he refuse to remain with us until midnight, or tries wherever we are to raise an alarm or communicate with any one, I will run him through with my own hand? Will not that satisfy you?"

"No," Master Kingston retorted, "it will not! A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!"

"But the woman outside?" said one timidly.

"We must run that risk!" quoth he. "In an hour or two we shall be in hiding. Come, the lot must be drawn. For this gentleman, let him stand aside."

I leaned against the wall, dazed and horror-stricken. Now that I had identified myself with him I felt a great longing to save him. I scarcely noticed the group drawing pieces of paper at the table. My every thought was taken up with the low door over there, and the wretched man lying bound in the darkness behind it. What must be the horror, the black despair, the hate and defiance of his mind as he lay there, trapped at last like any beast of prey? It was horrible! horrible! horrible!

I covered my face and could not restrain the cry of unutterable distress which rose to my lips. They looked round, two or three of them, from the table. But the impression my appeal had made upon them had faded away already, and they only shrugged their shoulders and turned again to their task. Master Bertie alone stood apart, his arms folded, his face grave and dark. He too had abandoned hope. There seemed no hope, when suddenly there came a knocking at the door. The papers were dropped, and while some stood as if stiffened into stone, others turned and gazed at their neighbours. It was a knocking more hasty and imperative than the usual summons, though given in the same fashion. At last a man found tongue. "It is Sir Thomas," he suggested with a sigh of relief. "He is in a hurry and brings news. I know his knock."

"Then open the door, fool," cried Kingston. "If you can see through a two-inch plank, why do you stand there like a gaby?"

Master Bertie anticipated the man, and himself opened the door and admitted the knocker. Penruddocke it was; he came in, still drumming on the door with his fist, his eyes sparkling, his ruddy cheeks aglow. He crossed the threshold with a swagger, and looking at us all burst into a strange peal of laughter. "Yoicks! Gone to earth!" he shouted, waving his hand as if he had a whip in it. "Gone to earth—gone for ever! Did you think it was the Lords of the Council, my lads?"

He had left the door wide open behind him, and we now saw in the doorway the sea-faring man who usually guarded the room above. "What does this mean, Sir Thomas?" Kingston said sternly. He thought, I fancy, as many of us did, that the knight was drunk. "Have you given that man permission to leave his post?"

"Post? There are no more posts," cried Sir Thomas, with a strange jollity. He certainly was drunk, but perhaps not with liquor. "Except good fat posts," he continued, smacking Master Bertie on the shoulder, "for loyal men who have done the State service, and risked their lives in evil times! Posts? I shall get so drunk to-night that the stoutest post on Ludgate will not hold me up!"

"You seem to have gone far that way already," my friend said coldly.

"So will you, when you hear the news!" Penruddocke replied more soberly. "Lads, the Queen is dying!"

In the vaulted room his statement was received in silence: a silence dictated by no feeling for the woman going before her Maker—how should we who were plotting against her feel for her, we who were for the most part homeless and proscribed through her?—but the silence of men in doubt, in doubt whether this might mean all that from Sir Thomas's aspect it seemed to mean.

"She cannot live a week!" Penruddocke continued. "The doctors have given up hope, and at the palace all is in confusion. She has named the Princess Elizabeth her successor, and even now Cecil is drawing up the proclamations. To show that the game is really up, the Count de Feria, the Spanish Ambassador, has gone this very day to Hatfield to pay his respects to the coming queen."

Then indeed the vaulted roof did ring—ring and ring again with shouts of "The Coming Queen!" Men over whom the wings of death had seemed a minute ago to be hovering, darkening all things to them, looked up and saw the sun. "The Coming Queen!" they cried.

"You need fear nothing!" continued Penruddocke, wildly. "No one will dare to execute the warrants. The Bishops are shaking in their mitres. Pole is said to be dying. Bonner is more likely to hang himself than burn others. Up and out and play the man! Away to your counties and get ready your tar-barrels! Now we will give them a taste of the Cujus Regio! Ho! drawer, there! A cup of ale!"

He turned, and shouting a scrap of a song, swaggered back into the shaft and began to ascend. They all trooped after him, talking and laughing, a reckless, good-natured crew, looking to a man as if they had never known fear or selfishness—as if distrust were a thing impossible to them. Master Kingston alone, whom his losses had soured and who still brooded over his revenge, went off moodily.

I was for stopping one of them; but Master Bertie directed my eyes by a gesture of his hand to the door at the far end of the cellar, and I saw that the key was in the lock. He wrung my hand hard. "Tell him all," he muttered. "I will wait above."



# Commons and Commoners.

FAR, far back into the good old times, into the uncertain twilight of the middle ages, into the days of knights and serfs and villeins, we must look for the origin of those common "rights," which, in spite of man's earth hunger, have secured us the possession of those beautiful open places known as Commons. Waste land! a term not infrequently applied to these stretches of country which know not the bright blade of the plough; waste land, forsooth, where man can breathe the pure air of heaven free from the contaminations of his own greed, where he can roam at will, getting from nature in spite of himself restful ease and soothing, refining influences; surely here is not only waste! Here in England that men should have fought, are fighting still, and will no doubt continue to fight, for these few acres of waste land, is an index to the character which gave origin to the Great Charter, and which has made the name of England a power. There is scarce a stretch of common land in England but what has been a battle-field; a bloodless one 'tis true, a struggle in many instances of the weak against the powerful, where now the loiterer wanders, little recking of the "unsung" warriors who fought for the blessed privilege of a right to a few acres of this earth's surface. And the wonder grows, when one considers the insignificant acreage of this small country with its teeming population, that so much land should have escaped the grasping hand of greed, backed up as it is by endless legal fictions.

We are told, for example, that the public in general have no *rights* whatever upon waste or what is known as common land; that the commoner may turn his cattle out to graze, but he himself or his children are in actual fact trespassers even though they be tolerated, if they go there for any other purpose. The highway, the foot-path, the lake, the flowing river even, are all "owned" by somebody; that there is no such thing as "no man's land," as is the common term for certain odd bits of land to which no one seems to be able to lay a just claim, and which in consequence are left waste. Even the shifting foreshore of the sea between high and low water-mark is the property of the Crown. In a general way, however, it signifies but little to the commoner as to who owns the common he

turns his cattle out upon, or the foot-path over which he walks, or the bed of the river upon the surface of which he plies his oar, or the stretch of sand where he listens to the pounding of the tireless wave. It is not the real surface, earthy or



"COMMON" FRUIT.

aqueous, he wants, but the right to traverse it freely and unincumbered. Let them keep their mouldy parchments, with claims set forth in the usual redundancy of legal words made obscure by their very effort at preciseness, as long as he preserves his right to the superficial enjoyment of the water or soil, which he wishes not either to divert or to plough. This ownership, which carries but little else with it than the empty title, although vested in the individual, is curious even to being amusing, and the seeming paradox is only explained when we look back long ages and trace the history of common land. To do this we must go back even as far as before the Conquest, when commonalty seems to have been the form of property in land.

The territory then occupied by the community was known as the "Mark," and over the waste or common land which was not used for cultivation there existed rights of pasturage, wood-cutting and the like. After the Conquest the manorial system arose, when the land was parcelled out into certain great manors, the rights concerning which were defined by the Norman lawyers, thus forming the legal basis of property in land. These manors were granted by the Crown to certain lords, who exercised over them both civil and criminal jurisdiction.

The land was regarded as the king's, and the lords who were his tenants were allowed to have tenants of their own. The lord granted the land to these free tenants in lieu of certain rents and services, thus originating the class of freeholder. The villeins or serfs who cultivated the lord's own land ultimately formed the class of copyholders.

The waste or uncultivated lands were left uninclosed, and over these the tenants as well as the lord enjoyed certain rights, such as are known as the common of turbary, that is, the right to cut turf for firing; the common of estover, meaning the right to cut furze for a similar purpose. There is also what is known as the common of piscary, being the right of fishing in certain waters. In addition to these was the general right of turning out cattle and sheep for pasturage.

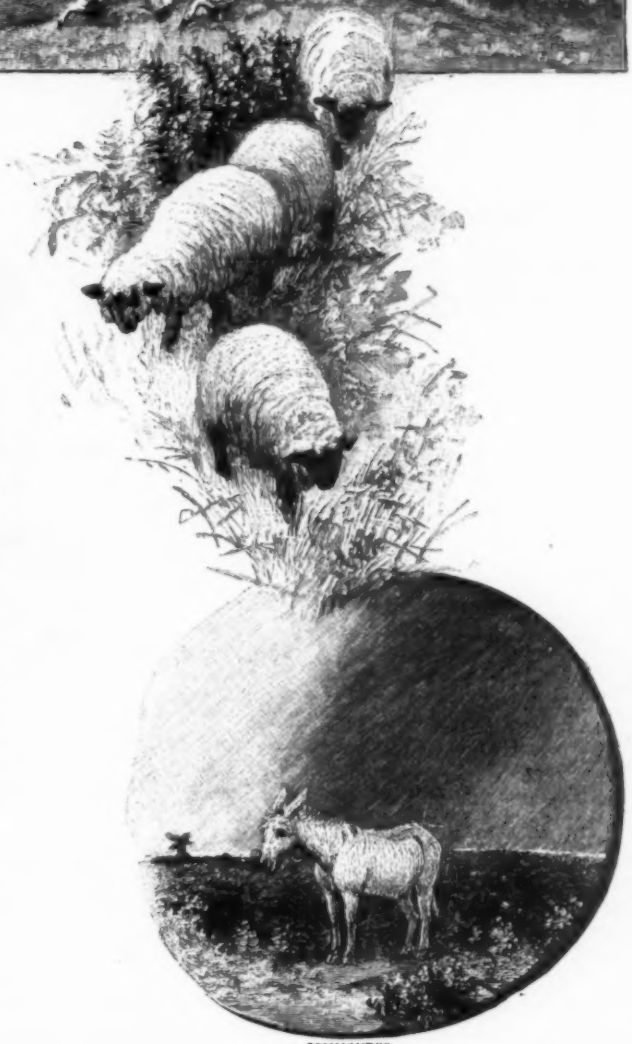
It would appear that in return for these Crown grants the lords were hampered with certain onerous duties, such as furnishing military assistance in time of war at their own expense, besides being under certain obligations to their tenants — the commoners. The king too at his pleasure could take possession of any wooded land to enable him to enjoy the pleasures of the chase—in fact, these forestal rights still exist in the neighbourhood of London and other large towns; but here, as in the case of the common and footpath, the same paradoxical state of things exists that the ownership of these appropriated lands still continues with the subject.

With the lapse of time, the increase of population, and the consequent alteration of these semi-feudal conditions, it is easy to understand the slow but sure aggressions made on the popular rights, not only by the lords of the manor, but even by the commoners themselves; volumes, indeed, might be written tracing up the gradual encroachments of the lord, the various statutes created to check or direct them, the endless litigation and struggles between the legal owner and the user of these waste lands. The first reliable statute concerning the right of the lord to "approve" or inclose common land seems to be what is known as the Statute of Merton, made in the reign of Henry III; but the difficulties of carrying into effect the purposes of this Act, owing to the conflicting rights of freeholders and copyholders, appear to have rendered it obsolete. With a view to obviating these difficulties and as a means of increasing the national wealth, Sir John St. Clair, as chairman of a committee of the House of Commons, in the years 1795, 1797, and 1800, was instrumental in passing the Enclosures Act, by which a vast extent of land formerly waste was enclosed and made suitable for cultivation. By the report of the committee it was estimated that in 1795 out of 73,000,000 acres of land in Great Britain nearly one third was waste land. Several other Acts followed this of 41 Geo.



111 ; the general Act now in force originating in the present reign, wherein the undesirability of enclosing open spaces is maintained. There was, of course, a period when every acre of land brought under cultivation counted as national gain ; but not only have the requirements of agriculture changed, the value of open spaces has greatly increased in view of the growth of the cities and the various needs of the people. Already in 1845, by the General Enclosure Act, village greens were declared exempt from enclosure, but it was not until 1866 that, by the Metropolitan Commons Act, the metropolitan commons enjoyed a like exemption. So that we now see a revulsion of feeling as to the advisability of the further restriction of common land ; and the rights of the commoner transcend even those of the lord, who is now to be bought out as any other encumbrancer. But this state of things has not been arrived at without a long struggle, and it is still only by extreme watchfulness that unlawful encroachments are prevented.

The Commons Preservation Society has in this particular done yeoman service, the reports of its transactions showing how, through the stand made by a few



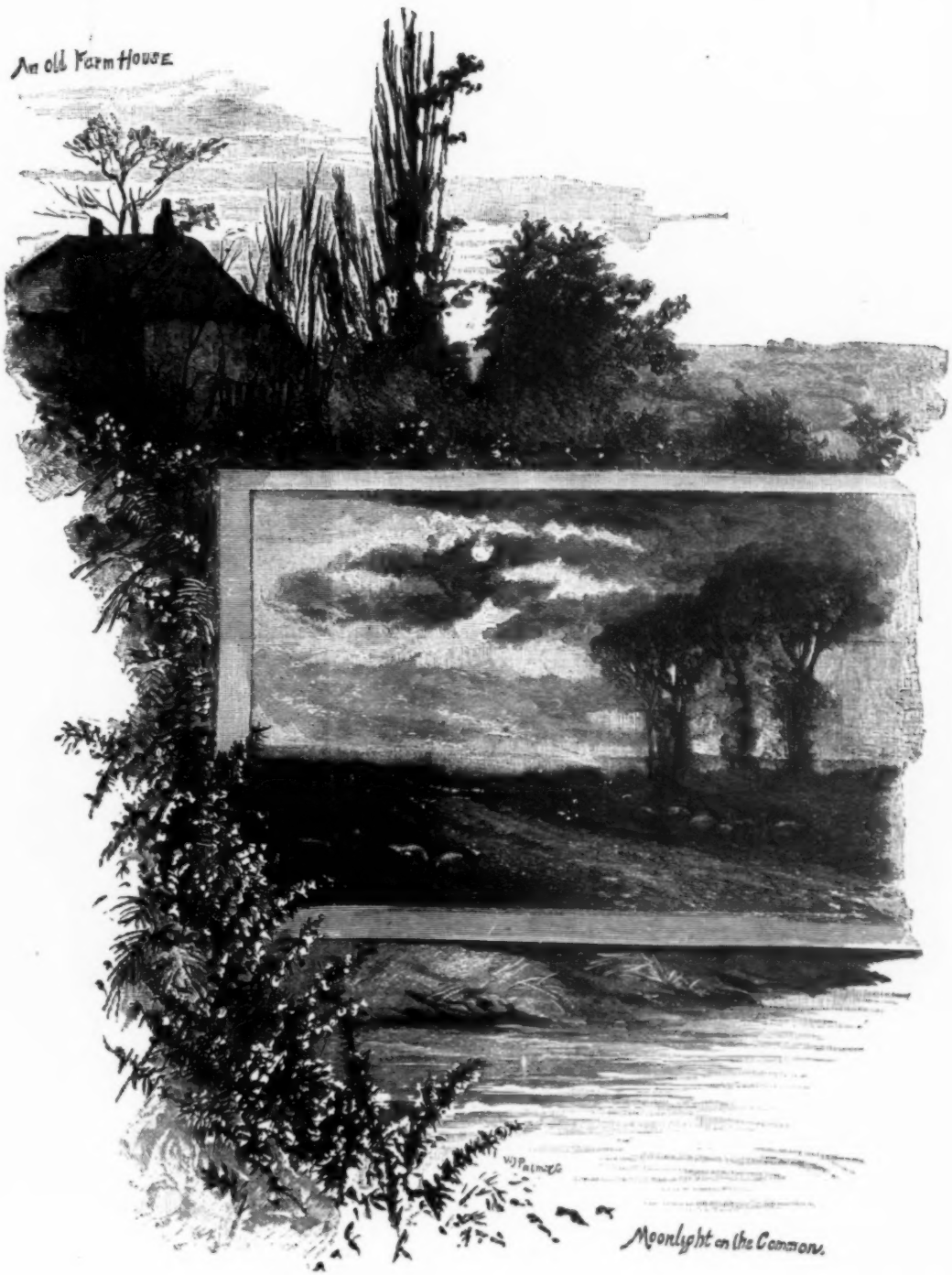
COMMONERS.

interested in the preservation to the public of various open spaces threatened with annihilation by the aggression of manorial lords or by the indifference of government, as in the case of forest lands, the rights of the commoner have been maintained, and thousands of acres preserved for ever as grounds for public recreation.




One notable instance of popular resistance is the case of Epping Forest, where, had the enclosing of the land been allowed to proceed at the rate that ruled up to 1865, there would soon have been scarcely an acre of common ground left. It has been often told how a labouring man was one of the first to resist these encroachments by bringing a suit in assertion of his right to lop trees in the forest. A case of a somewhat similar kind, in which an agricultural labourer was the champion of popular rights, was recently decided by the Court of Appeal. The question raised was one of right of way over certain footpaths, where obstructions had been placed by the owner of the soil and removed by the defendant labourer. A description of this case and the facts leading up to it will give a fair idea of the surroundings generally attending similar cases of encroachment, and concerning which dwellers in towns have usually but little idea.

Whatever may be said as to the indifference of the average peasant concerning political matters or social problems, there can be but one opinion as to his intense interest in the preservation of the rights of way or common enjoyed by himself and his ancestors. As he sits over his pint of beer in the Jolly Farmer, the intelligence of the fall of a government will scarcely call forth a look of surprise. But let him but hear of the blocking of an old footpath or the enclosing of a bit of common, and he rises at once to the seriousness of the situation. Now in this instance, the news was bruited about


An old Farm House
W.J. Palmer
Moonlight on the Common.



BLACKBERRYING.

that posts had been placed in a certain ancient and well-known footpath, thereby interfering with the free passage of the commoners. In the law as to commons one point seems to have been definitely settled, and that is, that the commoner is within his right in removing any obstruction placed by the lord with idea of illegal enclosure; so why not in the case of a right of way, where the rights of the owner are in the soil and not over it?

It is not to be supposed, however, that any such questions of legal *finesse* entered into the heads of the group of labourers as they proceeded on the first holiday to remove the objectionable posts. Picturesque, indeed, although they were from the point of view of realism,—in their rusty hats, and weather-stained garments, of the earth, earthy, their corduroys strapped at the knees, their hobnailed boots of the tone of the soil on which they trod—not even the most penetrating novelist would have been able to discern on those swarthy features, glowing with the colour begot of exposure, any play of expression betokening the import of the deed they were about to perpetrate.

The disputed ground is reached. A mob of onlookers cheer the exponents of their rights. And there, too, is the landlord: beyond remonstrances, he offers no opposition. Stalwart arms are soon clasped about the deep-fixed obstruction, which they only succeed in loosening; and then a great, stout, herculean labourer pushes aside his companions, and with one mighty tug draws the post

from its bed, and amidst cheers places it quietly by the side of the path.

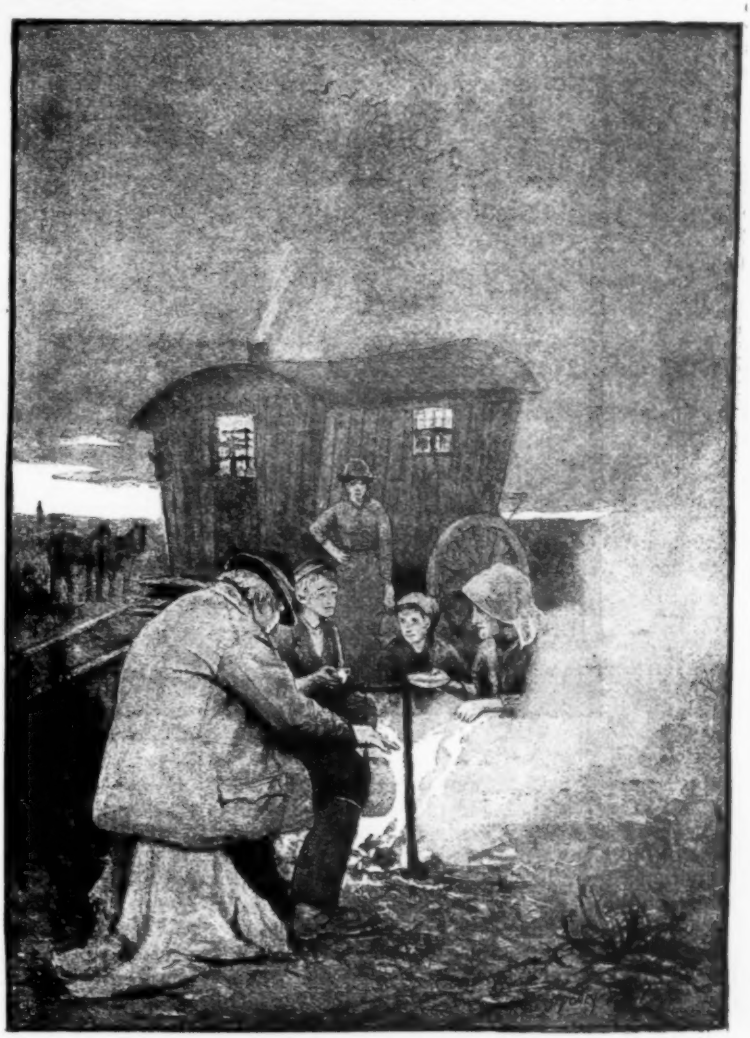
After this first declaration of right the crowd peaceably retires. Soon afterwards, for the "law's delay" is not apparent until after the law has been invoked, a summons is served on the labourer. In due course he is placed in the dock before the magistrates. In the small ante-chamber of the court-room is gathered a crowd of rustic friends, with here and there the better coat of some one who is interested in the proceedings, while the wife stands almost weeping in one corner, bewailing the day. The various legal formulæ are gone through with. But the labourer has not only a friend behind the scenes, but a friend at court in the person of an able barrister, who, although he is not able by his legal acumen to convince the Bench of the justice of his client's cause, succeeds, after the imposition of a fine, in getting them to state a case for a higher court. The fine is paid, and the labourer leaves the court with his trembling wife, who saw visions of the scaffold, or at least of transportation for life. In a few months' time the London papers produce a report of the case, and it then appears: Judgment of the magistrates reversed; all fines and costs to be refunded to plaintiff in appeal. And now, totally oblivious of the fact that he has immortalised himself legally, perhaps nationally, the man's "whoa back" rings out to his team as of yore, as he guides the glittering blade of his plough along the life-giving furrows.

As in the case of the labourer at Epping, this bloodless battle was fought with results of untold value to posterity, results of which the prime movers were in blissful ignorance.

Through the instrumentality of the Society, the New Forest, Dean Forest, and Burnham Beeches have been secured to the public, besides innumerable home and provincial commons which from time to time have been threatened by encroachments.

The Society has likewise taken up the interesting question of roadside wastes or strips, those pleasant bits of grass or furze-covered land which frequently line the highways and relieve their otherwise dusty monotony. The ownership of these strips is chiefly vested in the owners of the adjoining land, and not, as in the case of commons, in the lord of the manor. The generally received impression that all that can be claimed by the public as a highway is thirty feet is erroneous. In law the public have a right of way over the whole space between the hedges. The preservation to the public of these roadside strips may not seem a matter of great importance, but those who have walked or travelled the straight roads, say, of France or America, where scarce an accident of curve or grassy bank breaks the dull monotony, can estimate the value of these little waste spaces which contribute so much to the rural beauty of England.

A strict definition of rights is sadly wanting, founded as they chiefly are on conflicting testimony and the unwritten laws of immemorial usage. But these encroachments on common land have not only been perpetrated or attempted by the favoured of Mammon. The commoners themselves have not been guiltless in this respect, although their mode of procedure is as a rule more subtle than that of the lords. One of the simplest ways by which they aggrandise their property is by the



THE EVENING MEAL

slow advancement of a hedge. This pushing out of a hedge is a slow but a sure and simple process, given only a little labour and a great deal of time. At the first start of ownership a wooden fence surrounds the plot of ground facing, of course, on a bit of common. As the years roll on, stealthily and unobserved this fence moves gradually forward; then a hedge is started, and this too, by a process of ditching in front, is gradually advanced, until the small plot grows: so that in many districts, and these not many miles removed from London, inhabitants not of the oldest will point out to you trees now in the middle of a nice little piece of ground which they in their youth remember as having stood by the gate and outside limit of the demesne.

Another way by which commoners of the commonest sort have appropriated bits of waste land has been by a species of squatting. It seems scarcely credible in a country as old as England and of such small acreage, but it is nevertheless true, that many valuable pieces of common land have become private property owing to a period of years of undisturbed possession. Such a thing is impossible now; but in the rural districts the oldest inhabitant will point to now stately villas where as a youth he remembered some gipsy had paused with his caravan, paused indeed until the wheels rotted or were taken off the uncanny structure; and then a fence or earthen wall grew up round about, to be demolished now and again by the sparse neighbours, only to be replaced by the persistent squatter, who at last by his perseverance tired out the would-be exponents of common rights, and was left in peaceable possession of his deedless estate. There are many such places in the county of Berks,



BRINGING HOME GORSE FOR FIRING.

undoubtedly at one time waste or forest land, where the odd bits of road-side strips and common, and the small holdings interspersed here and there, point to this sort of appropriation of common land. The only titles to be found for these bits of property lay in the legal dictum that "possession is nine points of the law."

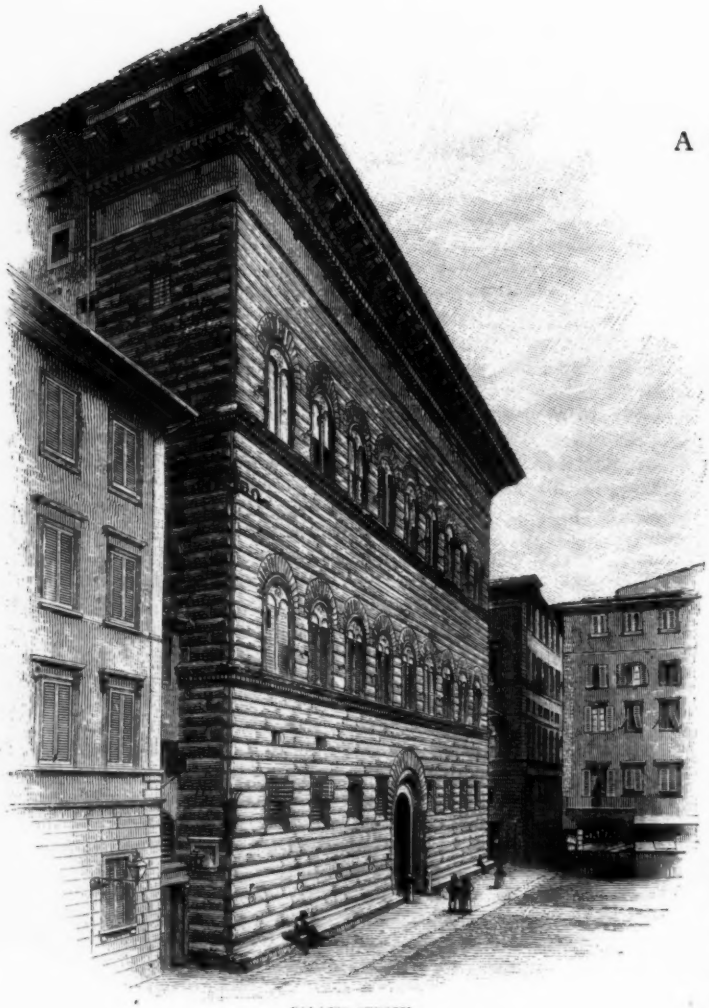
It is a pleasure to turn from the legal to the natural aspects of the Common, leaving behind the verbosity of Acts of Parliament and the wranglings of discontented commoners. To wander over these verdure-clad stretches of waste land, among the confused clumps of gracefully twining bramble, the prickly furze crowned with its golden bloom, the thistle with its silken cap, the great ferns with their delicately chiselled fronds; to hear the musical tinkling of the sheep bell coming from the quietly grazing flock; to see the ducks and geese mirrored on the unruffled pond; to hear the drowsy cropping of the horse or donkey; or listen to the strange note of the cuckoo's mate, or to hear from the neighbouring copse the mournful cry of the cuckoo himself; while overhead is a summer sky flecked with white messengers, to reach which the soaring, singing lark seems bent in his flight—these are familiar delights. What a glorious sense of freedom is here, what a fellowship with beast and bird, what a companionship even in the coarse wild growths.

To give more animation to the scene, there is the old commoner cutting the furze in the exercise of his right of estover, to bow still more his already bent back as he bears the huge bundle home for firing. Or on some autumn day there are the merry children peeping out from among the brambles in search of the juicy blackberry; or towards evening the gipsies' caravan rises dark against the lowering sky, while round the flickering fire is gathered a strange and motley assemblage of these wanderers on the earth, their faces strangely illumined by the warmth-giving flames.

Through all the varying seasons, from when first the spots of gold shine out here and there in the gorse, until the snow lies thick on spiky stem or prickly bough, these wastes are never-ending sources of pleasure. While this love of the country lasts, England will remain, as it is to-day, pre-eminent for the peaceful rural beauty of its landscape, to which in no mean way contributes that peculiar English institution of the Common.



# A NOBLE MOTHER.



PALAZZO STROZZI.

IT was a rainy day in Florence. The streets even of the Town of Flowers looked deserted and dismal, when, coming up from the Arno and the S. Trinità Bridge, our eyes were suddenly arrested by the great, soaring mass of the Strozzi Palace. We had passed it before many a time and oft, but by some strange chance seemed to see it now for the first time. Sombre in the sunlight, amid the throng of the street and the flower-sellers around its base, it rises up, looking, if possible, even more grandly calm in bad weather than in fine, its great grey blocks of rugged stone, dry under the far-projecting roof, harmonising with grey sky and wet pavements. A veritable fortress is this Palazzo Strozzi, yet so admirably proportioned, and designed with such artistic skill, as to convey a sense of extreme lightness and grace. It appears scarcely to rest on the ground, it seems to spring from it. The lower windows, high out of reach, are heavily grated ; the upper ones, of airy lightness, are delicately arched, and have a median shaft of white marble gleaming amid the surrounding gloom. At the corners hang the spiked iron lamps, familiar to all students of ironwork, and which are still used as patterns in Florentine shops and private houses ; while around its base, at about a man's height from the ground, are fixed the sockets for the torches which in past days girdled the stately mansion with leaping flames and threw weird lights and shadows up its overhanging eaves.

Such is the palace which Filippo Strozzi, the returned exile and rich banker, began to raise for himself as his private residence at the end of the fifteenth century. He died before it was completed, and was laid to rest in the glorious church of S. Maria Novella, the fashionable church of Boccacio's "Decamerone," surnamed by Michael Angelo "La Sposa" (The Bride) because of its beauty. In this church, of which our own Mrs. Browning has also sung the glories, Filippo Strozzi was buried, in the private chapel that still bears his name. Paintings by Filippino Lippi and sculptures by Benedetto da Maiano there attest to the wealth and artistic tastes that proved him a true member of the family already possessing, in the same church, a chapel which Andrea and Bernardo Orcagna covered with their world-famous frescoes of Heaven and Hell.

They were stirring times, historically and intellectually, in which Filippo Strozzi lived. Florence, a republic only in name, was on the point of rising, under the astute rule of the house of Medici, to its zenith of political, artistic, and literary radiance. Brunelleschi's wondrous dome already crowned the Cathedral ; and this immense temple—a poem of

beauty congealed into enduring marble—had been consecrated by the Pope in person. For the purpose he had passed from the steps of S. Maria Novella, where his residence added lustre to the glory of the city, to the very doors of the Cathedral, along a splendid causeway built for the occasion, a quarter of a mile in length, raised high above the crowd and covered with rich carpets and costly draperies. Cardinals, princes, bishops, ambassadors, the Eight Magnifici Signori, illustrious governors of the city, followed in his wake, and the highest officers of state, the Gonfaloniere, bore up his train.

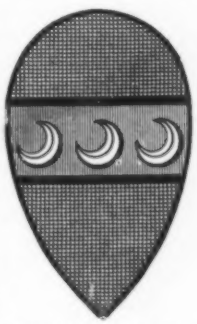
In those times even kings sought the alliance of the brilliant city, and were received with all pomp by the "Eight," who graciously deigned to come out on to the iron balcony perched high on the wall of the Palazzo Vecchio, and welcome their guest as he entered the city. A king or a king's son might return the welcome from his horse, one of meaner birth must dismount. Nay, the very Emperor of the West himself, hard pressed by the Turks, with the Patriarch of Constantinople and a long train of bishops, came to Florence to assist at a Synod which the Florentines had known how to draw away from Ferrara, where it had first met, and in which a reconciliation was effected between the Eastern and Western Churches—a reconciliation which naturally vanished together with the political necessities which had imposed it. Great were the rejoicings held in honour of such guests as these; dances, masks, tourneys, even hunts on the Piazza before the church of Santa Croce, whither, on one occasion, "there were led, besides the lions which the Republic was accustomed to rear, wolves and wild boars and gregarious wild beasts, and where a giraffe, a creature unknown at that time, was shown."

Florence in those days was perhaps the most active in the politics of the peninsula; allied first with one power, then with another; now carrying her arms by means of her mercenaries into the heart of Lombardy, now seeing her territory wasted up to her very gates, and her peasants with their cattle crowding into the town for safety. Her citizens, trained to statesmanship from childhood, were well versed in the arts of diplomacy, and were always ready to leave shop or counting-house to go on some embassy to Milan or Venice, say to soothe the ruffled spirits of a Visconti, or to persuade the Republic of the Adriatic to help them gain possession of Lucca. The Ferrarese expressed with some bitterness their sense of the all-invading spirit of the Florentines when they saw the Pope and Emperor break up the Synod and remove to Florence. "You want the Pope," they said, "you want the Council, you want Lucca; before long, you will want everything."

Certainly neither the literature nor the art of the day were unworthy of so splendid a republic. Greek works scattered at the fall of Constantinople were eagerly read and commented on by the citizens, who wrote Latin letters at their desks in the intervals of the business connected with their wool or silk weaving, and were willing to spend large sums for rare manuscripts, priding themselves on the value of their libraries. Painting was expanding, thanks to Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Lippo Lippi, Sandro Botticelli, Fra Bartolommeo, and a host of less known artists; while sculpture attained its perfect blossoming in the middle of this sixteenth century.

Yet while thus outwardly splendid, the Florentine Republic bore within itself the seeds of decay. The people were in fact held in chains—none the less chains that they were golden—and these chains had been forged for them by the great house of Medici. Cosimo and his descendants, making an astute show of liberality and love of freedom, had enlisted the support of the populace against the principal aristocratic houses, and ruled the city at their will. In every Italian court were to be found Florentine exiles of noble birth. Tax after tax was imposed on the town to maintain the costly wars and pageants of the ruling family, and they were imposed in such a manner as to weigh with crushing force on the families and relations of these unhappy exiles. The prisons were full to overflowing with State debtors. These would from time to time escape and have to be shot down, or, worse still, had often to be bought off to ensure their silence and support. Oppressed noble families at home, exiles abroad, were ever ready to take advantage of the discontent which showed itself from time to time, and to foment the riots, which, however, always failed to overturn the firmly seated Medici power.

Among those whom Cosimo banished at the very outset of his tyranny were two members of the Strozzi family, the celebrated Messer Palla Strozzi, and Matteo (who had "matriculated in the art of wool" in 1415, and who was a descendant of a different branch, but closely united in friendship with Palla's sons). Banished, like Aristides of old, from mere caprice (Cosimo was tired of seeing them about him, he said), both these men, citizens of high repute, accustomed to the most delicate missions of State, left Florence in 1434, and died out of sight of home and wife, knowing that their children would be wanderers on the face of the earth even as they were, and believing that their family were entirely ruined.



ARMS OF THE STROZZI.

That Matteo's branch of the family did but gain glory from their thirty-two years of banishment—indeed, that they returned to Florence at all, instead of settling abroad like their cousins, was due chiefly if not entirely to Matteo's wife, Alessandra Macinghi negli Strozzi, a young woman of rich and noble family, who finding herself alone in the world at the age of twenty-eight with five children to rear, and about again to become a mother, braced herself courageously to the life of struggle before her. When she died thirty-five years after, at the age of sixty-three, she had her reward. All her sons had been recalled to Florence; by her means all were rich and powerful; her widowed house was brightened by a pretty Florentine daughter-in-law and made glad by babbling grandchildren.

It was a brave heart that beat in this young widow's breast, and by a happy chance all knowledge of her has not passed away with her time. Among the archives of the Strozzi family are preserved a long series of letters written by her to her exiled sons, whose business she conducted in their absence, whose interests she had ever at heart. Enthralling letters they are to read, in their naïve simplicity, their native good sense, their mother-wit. In them this brave soul unconsciously lays bare all her active energy, her shrewd practical wisdom, her mother's fearfulness for her boys' morals, her patient longing to see them fraternally united. Every now and again, but rarely on the whole, across the calm of the fully occupied matron who finds in religion and in a clean conscience a very tower of strength, comes a wail for human sympathy, the sympathy of her children.



MEDAL OF THE STROZZI.

"You do right to remember me," she says to Filippo, thanking him for the caviare he had sent her, "for now I have need of *vezzi* (little caressing attentions) from you; but I wish you were near me! I pray God we may soon be near each other, that together we may find consolation as I desire."

And again:

"It is not you who should beg me to tend my life for love of you, but I who should beg you to tend your life for love of me, for I live in your life and your health. May it please God long to preserve you both, through His mercy, in that health which I desire for body and for soul.

"Truly, I gladly see your letters, so that I await Wednesday or Thursday, when the messenger should arrive, with pleasure, expecting a few lines from your hand; and when I do not receive them, my mind grows big with expectation awaiting the next messenger; and not getting anything, I send to the office for news. If I find they have letters from you, I take comfort that you are in good health.

"When I read yours I can never restrain tears of tenderness. May God grant you as many blessings as I have shed tears for you."

Such utterances, wrung from a hungry mother-heart, are all the more touching as occurring but here and there among the matter-of-fact narration of the activity of her life—an activity unswervingly directed to one end, the recall of her sons to Florence, and the preservation of the dignity of the family into which she had married. Very strange is it to follow the stream of this life flowing on beneath the eager civic life, in contact with it, yet never absorbed by it—the life of this mother, related by blood or marriage with nearly all the historic families of the time, who, when she chose to give an opinion on politics, did so with astonishing shrewdness and insight, and who yet kept herself entirely aloof from public matters. She looked on the Medici, the Pitti, the King of Naples, simply as men whose influence might give her back her sons; and with this sole object in view, and from the quiet home where the Palazzo Strozzi now stands, taught her son-in-law to play off in the most masterly and statesmanlike manner the dreaded Piero dei Medici against the irascible Luca dei Pitti. Her spelling is erratic, her style devoid of literary pretension; she mentions her husband's library only to speak of its sale; but her tact, her unflinchingness, her gentleness, the sweet resignation which never sapped her activity, even the slight and perfectly natural tendency apparent about the end of her life towards overmanagement of her son's intimate affairs,—all these things endear her to us. In her strength and in her weakness, she is a winning heroine.

The series of letters opens August 24, 1447. Filippo, then nineteen years of age, and his brother Lorenzo, seventeen, are engaged in their uncle's banks; Filippo in Naples, Lorenzo at Barcelona. Matteo, then eleven, is still at home with his mother, and is her darling, the child of her widowhood. Besides, there is Alessandra, a girl of thirteen, and Caterina, aged fifteen, and just about to be married. The first letter, which, like all the others, commences with the words, "In the name of God," tells Filippo of this marriage. The mother is delighted with her son-in-law, Marco Parenti, a silk weaver of good family, who, she says, seems as though he never could make enough of his bride.

"I could have put her into a nobler family," she writes, "but at the cost of a dowry of 1400 or 1500 florins, which would have been your ruin and mine; and even then I don't know if the girl would have been happy, for, except for the position, there

was nothing desirable, and a good deal that was undesirable. So, having considered the matter, I thought it was better to place her comfortably, and not trouble myself about so many things; and I think she will be as comfortable as any girl in Florence." Then, with motherly pride and indulgence, she adds, "She is never tired of having pretty things made; for she is really beautiful, and would like to seem even more so; for truly there's not another in Florence made as she is; and she has every attraction as many think." Caterina herself sends her brother a message, asking if he has any of "that soap," or if there is no water or anything else good for the complexion to make her beautiful, and if so she begs him to send it quickly, and by a trusty carrier who is not likely to change it for some inferior article on the road. "She will have the worth of 400 florins on her person when she goes to her groom," remarks the mother, proud to have done so well, in spite of all the difficulties of her position, for this her first marriageable daughter. She then describes the crimson velvet mantle lined with marten, the dress of the same stuff, "the finest cloth there is in Florence," the garland of peacock's feathers and pearls, and the two wreaths of pearls which Parenti had given his bride, whom it seemed to give him pleasure to adorn. The bridegroom gives further particulars in his journal, describing the crimson girdle ornamented with worked silver gilt and gold, the buckle with its sapphires and gold; and he enters the price of the shrine of carved wood for the bedroom, *all'antica*, with its painted Virgin cut in relief, the painted and gilded mirrors, cupboards, and chests.



BRACKET ON THE PALAZZO STROZZI.

The outburst of girlish vanity natural in a pretty, sixteen-year-old bride does not seem to have injured Caterina's character. She made an excellent wife, and died at the age of fifty much regretted by her husband, who had her buried with all pomp in the Cathedral. Marco, a man of good parts and great energy, attached himself warmly to the Strozzi family; kept the absent brothers well informed of the course of political affairs in Florence; advised and helped the mother in all business matters; joined her in her search and negotiations for brides for her sons; and exerted himself to the utmost to obtain the exiles' recall. His accounts of a couple of visits he paid to Luca Pitti in this last connection are very characteristic of the man's observation and caution.

On his first visit he is very much puzzled to know how to interpret Luca's change of colour at the reception of Filippo's letter. "When I looked up I saw him very red," he says, "and his extraordinary courtesy! He would not hear me unless I sat down by his side. I made great resistance—still, seeing it was his will, I did so." Then he discusses the reasons of Luca's perturbation, and thinks that it may have been the mention of Piero dei Medici's name, "since he might think that another would

earn the praise of the return of these exiles. Whatever it may be, the facts will clear it all up." On his second visit Marco gave Luca to understand that he was sorry not to have found him the day before, as he had wanted to see him before going to Piero.

"And there I stopped, to see what he would say. He asked me at once, with great good-humour: 'Bè! Haven't you said anything to Piero?' I answered No. He replied, as though half complaining: 'Perhaps it might have been better to have said something so that he might be better disposed when the time comes.' . . . When I first went into his presence there were a great many people; but he called me to him at once, and asked me, 'Bè! What has been done?' I answered him that I was very sorry he had been at his country-house, as I had not been able to have his advice earlier; and proceeded as I have just told you. . . . All this I did, thinking such to be the temper of this instrument, which, as you say, is very difficult to tune, and is much more so even than seems to you out there. And I am in great perturbation and fear, for he is more delicate than a harpsichord."

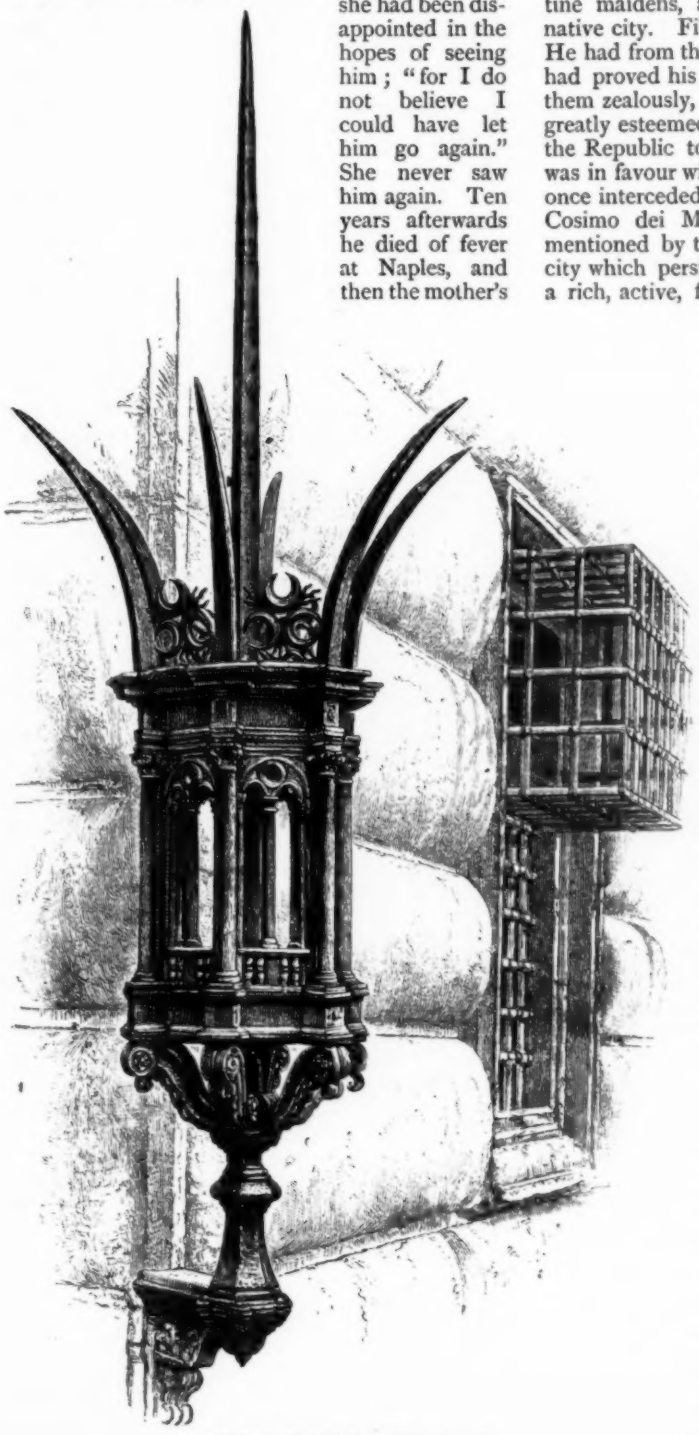
Marco and his friends tuned the instruments into harmony, however; for Filippo and Lorenzo were ultimately recalled by the united forces of Piero dei Medici and Luca Pitti.

The second daughter, Alessandra, was married three and a half years later "to Giovanni, son of Donato Bensi, who is a distinguished young man, and has so many good parts, that I am sure she will be as comfortable as myself." Giovanni was twenty-two years older than his bride, and seems, towards the end of his life at all events, to have been good-natured indeed, but shiftless and thriftless. Madonna Alessandra had to take him and all his family into her house, and his friends make fun of all the bottles of wine they will uncork at dinner. Our heroine remarks, too, in one of her letters, that when Alessandra wants to mend her dress she has to put on her mantle to cover herself. Giovanni's feelings on the question of his age are amusingly expressed in his first letter to his brother-in-law. "Filippo, you are too perfect a gentleman to address me with *voi* (the term of respect), and you should not do it for many reasons, and especially not so as to hurt Alessandra; because you would make her believe I am too old for her. So I beg you not to use it." Filippo accordingly used the more intimate *tu* (thou).

Thus Madonna Alessandra had placed both her daughters, and could turn her attention to the sons, on whom rested the future of her house. "If God gives me life for some years yet," she had written to Filippo, "and I get Alessandra off my hands, I will so furnish your house with linen, that you shall have all you want. For in truth, while one has the girls in the house, one only thinks of them; so that when she is gone I shall have only you three to attend to." Even before she found a husband for Alessandra, however, the mother watched most actively over her boys' bodily comforts. A very large proportion of the letters make mention of cheeses, fennel (probably dried for flavouring), shirts, handkerchiefs and towels of her own weaving. "The small ones are to put on when you have your hair done," she once remarks. For she was a notable housewife, who spun diligently, and found a ready market in Florence itself for her handiwork, which, according to the custom of the age, she saw no degradation in selling. Most characteristic are some of her letters in this respect. She will give her description of her relations with the government. "I have been bothered by no fewer than four offices for the 240 florins I have to pay as taxes," she says. "For the last six months I have done nothing but go now to this office, now to that. Now, with God's help, I have made an arrangement with them up to February; paying, all included, about nine florins a month." Then she will pass to a little discussion on politics, always in their bearing on the taxes, of course, and will probably finish up with directions for the despatch of fresh flax, a few words on the prospects of the year's crop, and information as to the price at which she had sold the last.

To Madonna Alessandra's great grief, the three sons for whom she was working were reduced to two, rather more than two years after Alessandra's marriage. From Matteo, her Benjamin, she had torn herself early in 1449. "I can't send him yet," she says in 1447; "when Caterina is married I shall be too lonely. I haven't the heart to send him now. . . . If he is good I will keep him here. . . . He is learning to write; and I will put him into the office and he will stay there this winter." He learnt to write well. A letter of his, written at eleven years of age, is a model of good sense and reflection. Madonna Alessandra had reason to cling to him, to keep him by her as much as possible. At last, persuaded by her son's letters and the representations of her relations, she decided "to keep of three sons not one to have near her in her need." And she put his wardrobe entirely in order, that is, "a new cloak of the shape that Goldo (his cousin) told me; and a purple tunic, and a doublet of the same, and shirts and other things which I think he will want; such as knives, and slippers, like the friars wear, and balls to play (*palle*), and everything that Matteo asked for has been bought." This was in July, however, and it was very hot. A fear of the plague was abroad, and, to Madonna's ill-dissembled joy, everybody advised her to put off the departure. "Have patience, then, for his health's sake, a month or two at the most; for if he died on the road, neither you nor I would have him." In the following February the wrench took place. Matteo went away with his uncle, and Madonna, writing a couple of days later, says, "I have not yet come to myself." Continually does she recommend her youngest born to Filippo's care. "Don't strike him, as you did Lorenzo," she says; "you'll get more out of him by kindness." "Show him little attentions; he does not know how to take care of himself." "See that he keeps himself clean. He has good habits, but he's such a child yet." Marco Parenti also writes to Filippo about him: "You must needs, for the great desire I see you have to make something of him, have patience to teach him, not what you would have him learn all at once, but what he can learn in several lessons. And I want to remind you of another thing, that there is no reproof less tolerable than that of a brother, because

it seems that they have almost the same rights in everything, and they want to have equal liberty in whatever they do together." Never did Madonna Alessandra cease hankering after this youngest son. "It is better, after all, that Niccolò (his uncle) could not bring him through Florence," she writes, when she had been disappointed in the hopes of seeing him; "for I do not believe I could have let him go again." She never saw him again. Ten years afterwards he died of fever at Naples, and then the mother's heart forgot its own grief in sympathy for Filippo who had nursed him.



LAMP AT CORNER OF PALAZZO STROZZI.

All Madonna's hopes rested now on Filippo and Lorenzo. Her great desire was to see them united in business and in fraternal love, married to Florentine maidens, and recalled with honour to their native city. Filippo had caused her little anxiety. He had from the first laid her maxims well to heart; had proved his gratitude to his uncles by serving them zealously, had risen high in their favour, was greatly esteemed by the numerous ambassadors of the Republic to the Court of the King of Naples, was in favour with the King himself, who more than once interceded in strong terms on his behalf with Cosimo dei Medici, was known and favourably mentioned by the most influential families of the city which persistently kept him in exile. He was a rich, active, flourishing merchant, keeping open house, and owning a large number of men- and women-servants. Madonna wonders what this household can be like, and no doubt figures to her thrifty mind the waste that must go on in it. "I hear from Francesco Strozzi," she writes before her loss, "that you will have no more need of boys just now; and that you have plenty of maids (slaves, she calls them) too; and if Matteo has to keep them in order, his duties will not be light. I expect you are a nice household."

For Lorenzo, who from Valenza had gone to Bruges, she had experienced more anxiety. He was a bright, witty young man, who worked more quickly than any other clerk in his uncle's office, but who made his employers anxious by his insatiable appetite for play and gaiety. The mother writes him one touching letter in 1452. He had written in a time of much difficulty to ask her to send him some bird-nets. She replies she has been to see about them, and finds they cannot cost less than six florins each. Then she makes a list of all she owes for taxes, and sums up.

"So, having to pay the Goverament, and carry on the last suit with Niccolò Soderini, I think we may leave the nets to themselves. Pay attention to matters of greater importance. It will be better for you. . . . You are old enough to behave better than you do, and by this time you ought to correct yourself, and give your mind to living virtuously; for up to this time you have lived a child's life; but now it should be no longer, both on account of your age, and because no one can attribute your misdoings to ignorance or to not knowing what you do; for you are of such good parts that you know good from evil; and especially when you are reproved

by your elders, I hear you do not behave as I should like you to; so that I am grieved, and live in great fear that some day you may be overtaken by ruin, and find yourself less than comfortable; for he who does not do what he ought, receives what he least expects. So that, of all the other troubles that I have, yours is the greatest."

The conclusion of the letter is very touching. "I remind you not to turn your back on my reproofs, for they are given with love and tears. And I pray God to dispose you to do what I desire."

One of their uncles being dead, and the other established at Rome, Madonna saw Filippo and Lorenzo realise her wishes, and set up a united business in Naples. She now turned her attention to finding brides for them, uneasy at their long life of celibacy in a house "that seemed an inn." "In good company a man finds consolation for body and soul," she writes to Filippo, urging him to bestow on her a pretty daughter-in-law and grandchildren before her death. She would come then, if their return was hopeless, to make one house in Naples, with the sons whom she seems to have half lost.

Interesting is the gallery of Florentine maidens whom Madonna Alessandra's letters pass in review before us; maidens with fair hair, oval face, darkish complexion, such as sat to Botticelli for Madonnas and Judiths, and such as we meet in portraits from Raphael's hand. One of these maidens Madonna saw for the first time in a church, whither she had gone to see another who had been mentioned to her. "Not knowing who she was, I placed myself beside her, and paid attention to this girl, who seemed to me to be beautiful and well-made; she is as tall as Caterina or taller; good complexion, not of those white ones; of pleasing appearance; the face long, not delicate features and yet not coarse; and in her movements and her visage she seems only half awake. The sum of it is that I think that, if other things are suitable, she would not disgrace the bargain; for she will be honourable." Long were the negotiations for this maiden; but they fell through as so many others did. It was in fact very difficult to find a good girl, of honourable family, with even a small dowry, whose parents would marry her out of Florence; and Madonna, in spite of all her efforts, saw one *partie* after another slip through her fingers. Even she was beginning at last to despair.

Four years of happiness, however, were to crown her life of sacrifice; four years of the domestic joys which she had struggled so bravely to obtain. In 1466 her two sons were recalled; in 1467 Filippo brought a charming bride, Fiammetta degli Adimari, to enliven the dark Strozzi house which stood on the site of the modern magnificent palace. One of Madonna's last letters to this son, famous at home and in Naples (whither he had gone on business), tells of the babbling grandson, Alfonso, who did not like learning to read, but who had a good memory, and climbed up one evening to whisper "Papa at Naples"; and of the birth of a daughter "like Fiammetta, as fair as she is, and featured like her."

Active and loving, Madonna Alessandra's life was fraught with importance to this famous Florentine family, many generations of which have risen up to call her blessed. Filippo tenderly records her death in his journal: "The 11th of March 1470. This day in the morning, between the hours of ten and eleven, Madonna Alessandra passed from this life with all the sacraments, dying most sweetly. She was buried most honourably in our sepulchre in Santa Maria Novella. She lived sixty-eight years. *Requiescat in pace.*" He goes on to give a list of the charities to which she left her private effects, incorporating even an interesting letter of thanks from the Superior of a convent to which Madonna Alessandra was specially attached.

Filippo had by this time risen to great importance in Florence. Avoiding rather than seeking public honours, his immense wealth, great liberality, and well-known excellent good sense made it impossible that he should live a retired life. Il Magnifico Lorenzo dei Medici called him to the Government, and entrusted him with delicate affairs of State. He appears, in fact, to have been one of the most splendid and powerful Florentine nobles, when in 1489 he resolved to build himself a fitting habitation. The story of the first inception of this house is quaintly told by his son and biographer:

"Filippo, then, having abundantly provided for his children, desirous rather of fame than of possessions, finding no better or safer way of leaving a memorial of himself, being by nature inclined to building, and having no little understanding of this art, resolved to construct an edifice which should give a name to himself and all his family both in Italy and abroad. But there was in this no small difficulty; for, since he who was reigning[1] might fear that another's glory should obscure his own, he was afraid to do anything which might excite envy. Therefore he began to spread abroad that he had so many children (he had eight in all), and so small a habitation, that he must, since he had generated them, think how he could house them, and that he could do this much better during his life than after his death."

So he began to talk with builders and architects, sometimes showing himself ready to begin at once, sometimes appearing undecided, continually repeating that he wanted a comfortable, good-looking house, useful and not showy, even proposing to have shops along the base for the convenience of his descendants. The architects, as their manner is, continually urged him to greater splendour. He opposed them, saying "that he would rather not have begun to build at all than find himself in such a labyrinth." Still he was by no means offended at their suggestions.

The matter soon reached the ears of the Magnifico himself (as Filippo had intended it should), who examined and approved the plans, inciting Strozzi to continue the work on the splendid scale on which he had begun it, and making suggestions for the exterior of the palace. Still Filippo apparently hesitated, but ended by letting himself be persuaded to build; and "with sagacity and industry accomplished that which otherwise would have been denied to him, or rather would have injured him not a little."

Not yet quite sure of the continuance of the Magnifico's good intentions, however, Filippo begged him, in his will, to superintend the build-

[1] Lorenzo il Magnifico.

ing, if he died before it was finished, and his sons had not completed it by 1496.

Indeed, Filippo did not live to see it completed. He died, as we know, shortly after its commencement, in 1491. At his funeral, "besides the ordinary crowd of citizens and representatives of the religious orders, with relations and servants dressed in black, there were present (a spectacle unheard of in our city) all the chief men and youths of his profession, together with the architects, carpenters, smiths, masons, stone-cutters, and all the rest of the low crowd which was working at the palace he had begun to build, clad also in black, and with so much devotion and grief as to move to tears all those who had come together to see the funeral pomp."

Thus Madonna Alessandra's life-work was accomplished. The influence of this one brave woman, thrown on her own resources in times of the greatest difficulty, young, beautiful, accustomed to protection and luxury, had not only saved from miserable extinction the noble house into which she had married, but had brought it about that the thirty-two years of exile which were to have crushed it, were but the cause and prelude of its more splendid blossoming. Of a truth this quiet Florentine gentlewoman was one of the strong ones of the earth.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

# For Once.

SHE was my friend of many years,
Glad for my joy, and sad for my tears;

And unto many as unto me
She gave the grace of her sympathy.

All our griefs and our joys she knew,
Suffering and rejoicing too.

Hers to give, and ours to take;
Tacit covenant nought should break.

None of us ever guessed or thought
Our Lady of Comfort needed aught;

For as for her, her soul was fed
From the very source of life, we said.

Before that lovely presence of hers
Our souls undid their barriers;

And the stonework of reserve fell low,
Even as the walls of Jericho,

When seven times seven the ark had gone
Around, and the trumpets' blast was blown.

But we never thought that she could swerve
From her gracious calm and sweet reserve;

She who walked with a stately mien,
Over herself and her world a queen.

But once this woman let me see
The quivering heart of her agony.

She laid her head upon my knees,
And spake in words like unto these:

"Let me weep for a little while;
Me who so long have worn a smile!

"Let me sob for my broken joy,
As a little child for its broken toy.

"I have laughed with friends and cheered their way:—
Oh, let me weep for myself to-day!

"I have not suffered mine heart's distress
Upon the heart of the world to press.

"I have taught my lips to be bravely dumb
About the gone that no more may come.

"But to-day the big tears blind mine eyes;
I have but played at being wise.

"To-day my sobs are deep and long;
I have but played at being strong.

"God, give me mine own, own drink and food!
I have but played at being good."

Strong and calm through good and ill,
I had thought her before, and I think her still;

None the less great because I saw
The tears that awed as a man's might awe;

And heard her low full voice sustain
A weight that was heavier than pain.

And when she rose and kissed my cheek,
I knew she knew I would not speak

Concerning aught I had seen that day:
And she went upon her wonted way.

And I was just as I used to be;
Except that now I had learned to see.

So there was never fear nor pride
Betwixt us twain till the day she died.

E. H. HICKEY.

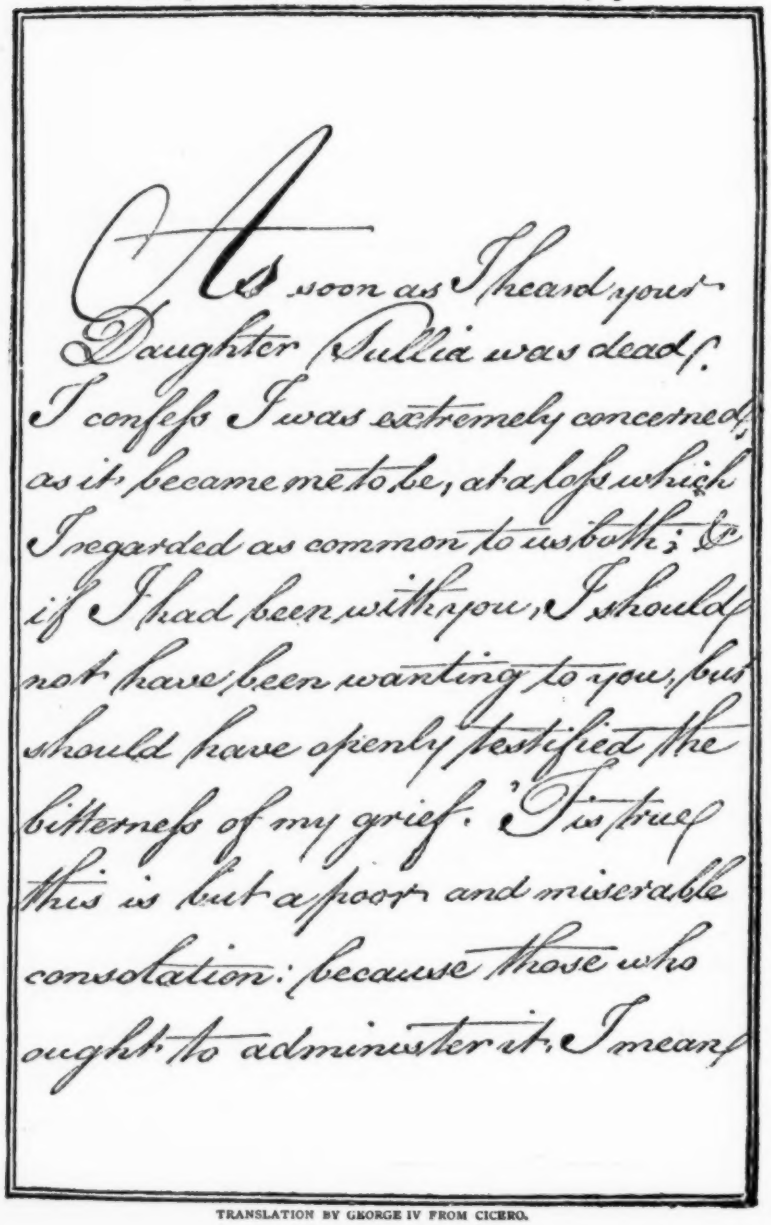
# THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

## GEORGE IV, QUEEN CAROLINE, AND THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

GEORGE IV was born about a year after his parents' marriage. Both he and his brother Frederick, born in 1763, were, in 1771, placed under the governorship of Lord Holderness, who, after holding this appointment for five years, seems to have been glad to resign it. The reports he sent from time to time to George III revealed the difficulties of his situation, not, it should be said in fairness to the boys, wholly owing to their troublesomeness, but quite as much to the want of unanimity existing amongst the teachers as to the best course of study to be adopted. Still, despite these disadvantages, the boys—especially the Prince of Wales—picked up a good deal of knowledge, though they had little application. How much of the translation of Letter XVII in the Fourth Book of Cicero—which was sent home for the King's perusal when George was about fifteen—is the boy's own work, and how much it was "touched up" by his tutors, we shall never know, but the following facsimile of the first page of the MS. shows that the Prince wrote a good plain hand (*see Facsimile P*).

*Facsimile P.—British Museum. Additional MSS.* 20,023.



As soon as I heard your
Daughter Tullia was dead;
I confess I was extremely concerned;
as it became me to be, at a loss which
I regarded as common to us both; &
if I had been with you, I should
not have been wanting to you, but
should have openly testified the
bitterness of my grief. 'Tis true
this is but a poor and miserable
consolation: because those who
ought to administer it, I mean

TRANSLATION BY GEORGE IV FROM CICERO.

As he grew up, the Prince showed signs of an inclination to embrace and follow a moral code very different from that of his father; hence the quarrel between the King for the time being and the Prince of Wales for the time being, which the English people must have taken as a matter of course, since they had witnessed a similar disagreement, though not for the same cause as this, between the Sovereign and his eldest son ever since the House of Hanover had come to reign over them. George III's Ministers showed the Prince every mark of disapprobation of his conduct; and it was with some reluctance that the

Regency Bill, after the commencement of the King's last illness in 1810, was agreed to. His signature as Prince Regent appears below.

*Facsimile Q.—Original on Royal Warrant. Public Record Office.*

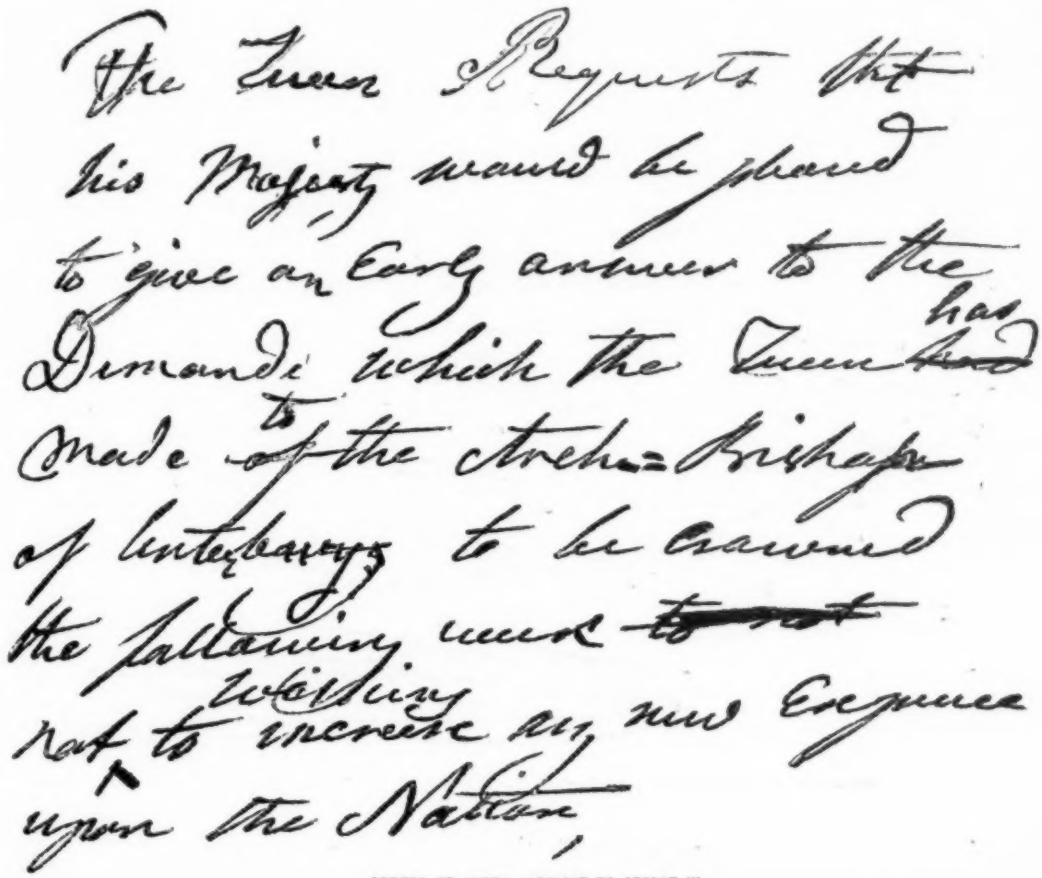


GEORGE IV WHEN PRINCE REGENT.

On the next page is his signature as King attached to the coronation oath. How far he kept that oath towards his country is a matter unnecessary for discussion here.

To turn the Prince of Wales from the course of life he was following, George III and his Ministers were for ever urging him to contract a royal union, but the Prince as often rejected all proposals of the kind, till at length, driven almost to distraction by the state of his finances, he yielded to the tempting offer made by the King of a liquidation of his debts, and an increased income if he would marry his cousin, the Princess Caroline of Bruns-

*Facsimile R.*



LETTER OF QUEEN CAROLINE TO GEORGE IV.

wick. The marriage, we know, turned out as might have been expected, though perhaps the lengths to which the Prince carried the indignities heaped upon his wife may have astonished even those most nearly acquainted with him. There is

upon the Nation the Queen must trust that after the Publik insult her Majesty has Received to day, the King will grant her just Rights to be crowned as next Monday, and that his Majesty will command the Arche-Bishop of Cantibury to fulfill the Queen's particular desire to confer uppon her that Sacred and August Ceremony.

*Facsimile S.*



GEORGE IV WHEN KING

no need to recall the incidents of this treatment, which culminated in George IV's refusal to allow the Queen to take part in, or even be present at, the ceremony of his coronation at Westminster, July 19, 1821. The accompanying letter was evidently written on her return from the Abbey, from the doors of which she had been actually forced back.

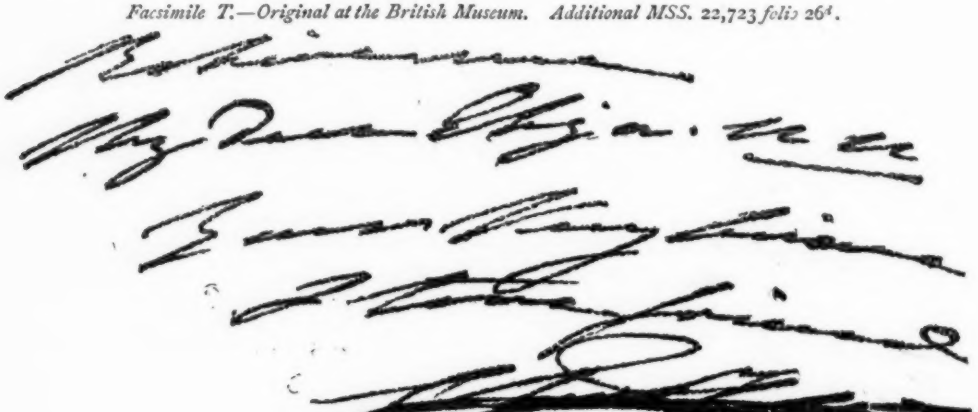
*Holograph. Draft. Original at British Museum. Additional MSS.* 24,182, *folio* 17. *See facsimile R.*

The Queen Requests that his Majesty would be pleased to give an early answer to the Demande which the Queen has made to the Arche-Bishop of Canterbury to be Crowned the following week, not wishing to increese any new Expense

The Queen also communicates to His Majesty that during the King's absence in Irreland Her Majesty intends visiting Edinburgh.

The Queen's request was refused, and under this last mortification she rapidly sank, dying on August 7 following. The chief comfort of her life was her only child, the Princess Charlotte, who was born in 1796. The Princess's learning and charity are matters that need no enlargement upon here. In May 1816 she became the wife of the late King Leopold of Belgium, and died in childbed the following year. Below is an example of her handwriting in the conclusion of a letter, written in 1813, to her friend Mrs. Wightman.

*Facsimile T.—Original at the British Museum. Additional MSS.* 22,723 *folio* 26[1].



SIGNATURE OF LETTER BY PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE IV, TO MRS. WIGHTMAN.

# THE TRIAL OF MARY BROOM.

BY MRS COGHILL.

## CHAPTER V.— TO THE RESCUE.



THE TRAITOR DISCOVERED.

IT was late in the afternoon when Mary saw a certain Tom Wheeler, a friend of her brother Wat, come swinging up the lane at a brisk pace, and go straight to the yard where Wat was busy packing pots into a crate. It was after ordinary working hours, but there were crates to be sent off next day, and the Brooms, while they were sober, were not men to leave work undone rather than do it themselves. So Wat was packing, and working with such haste that he did not even stop for a moment when Tom Wheeler walked into the yard. After a few words exchanged, Tom perched himself on a pile of empty crates and settled down for a chat.

All this Mary could see from the window of the dairy, where she had been busy with the afternoon's milk. And it occurred to her that very likely the two young men in their talk might have something to say about the Elers. She knew how she could probably hear this talk, and in her anxiety she determined if possible to do so.

She walked out of the dairy and, crossing the farmyard in full sight of the two, went into the cowhouse. She did this very openly, for she said to herself: "I'll give them the chance of not talking secrets. Wat would not tell me right out if there's mischief afoot, but he may speak to Tom, even if he knows I'm within hearing."

They took no notice of her as she passed near them, but went on joking and laughing as if something delighted them very much; and she had hardly entered the cowhouse before she knew that they were in reality talking of the Elers. The wall of this cowhouse formed one side of the yard of the pottery, and as Wat's work was under a rough shed adjoining, every word penetrated the ill-joined stones and reached Mary's ears.

"Father didn't want to go," said Wat. "He had a hankering after those fellows from the first. If John Elers had not put some affront on him he'd have stood by them all the time."

"Well, there'd be plenty without him," answered

Tom; "but it will be fun to see their solemn faces when we're inside their castle. Hey for a smash!"

"A smash! Ay, and they'd better take it quietly. There's more than one will be half drunk, and our pottery lads have no light fists when they take to 'em."

"Well, it won't hurt you or me if there's broken bones about. But I'm for making a bonfire of the place."

"I suppose we're sure to get in?" said Wat. "That Elers is a sturdy rascal."

"No fear. Come, when shall you have done?"

"Presently. You did not see Ralph, did you?"

Mary's heart stood still. Ralph? Oh, not her Ralph, of course. There were plenty of others—the name was common enough in that region.

"No," Tom answered. "You see, Mr. Wainwright being the biggest man and paying the most of the money, Ralph settled——"

"Yes, I know all that," said Wat; "and he threw the packet out of window yesterday, and Bob got it and kept it till he could get out. But I thought he expected to get to the Wheatsheaf last night?"

"Not he. And all he said was: 'Be in the lane as soon as it's dusk, and listen. When you hear a cat mew inside close to the wall, strike *there* and nowhere else, for I've got all ready for you.'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Wat. "A cat indeed. 'When the cat's away the mice may play,' eh? He's a clever fellow, deaf Hugh."

"Ha! ha! ha!" giggled Tom in chorus, "and they never once thought such an innocent was finding out all their secrets. But what does Mistress Mary think of him? Is not she proud of him? He's her sweetheart, isn't he?"

"I've done it now!" cried Wat. "Mary! Mary!" he shouted, and getting no answer hastily put down the mugs he was packing and hurried out of the yard towards the door of the cowhouse.

"I'm a precious fool!" he said as he went. "I saw her go into the cowhouse and clean forgot it afterwards."

He reached the farmyard. There was no sign of Mary. He hurried into the cowhouse. "I promised Ralph," he said to himself, and called again, but all was silent. "She must have gone back to the house," he thought; "there's no harm done after all," and he hastened to finish his work and start with Tom Wheeler to Burslem.

"Is not she proud of him?" A cry burst from Mary's lips which Wat might have heard but for his own loud exclamation. And but for the loudness of that exclamation she would certainly have been caught. It steadied her senses and sent her flying swiftly and silently. Leaving the cowhouse she ran close to the wall as far as the shelter of a large empty dog-kennel and crouched behind it. Daylight was growing dim, and the corner where the kennel stood was shadowy. Wat passed near, but never saw her, and when he entered the cowhouse she fled again, as she had done many a time when they were both children, slipping from shelter to shelter and gaining the house at last to rush to her own bedroom, and fling herself down breathless, stunned, and wretched, to think of what must next be done.

What *she* must do, for she knew perfectly well that she could not sit still and endure this monstrous wrong. There was no advice and no help for her, for Mrs. Broom had gone to the town. It was she only who must hinder what still remained of the wickedness of deaf Hugh—of Ralph—her lover, whom she had loved.

There was but little time for thought. Of one thing Mary was clear—clearer even than of that other thing: that the man she had loved had vanished from the world into which her faith had created him. If the two brothers would fly and save themselves they must have the chance. Men who had sat at her father's board, and whom she and her mother had treated as friends, should not be hunted to death without a word of warning. She troubled herself very little about John Elers' proposal; her father had spoken to her of it as only one of the terms of a treaty having his profit for object, and she had put it aside with but little feeling of personal interest, certainly not enough to make her hesitate now about what she was to do. She went quietly into her mother's room and took from its chest a long and full cloak of dark grey cloth with a hood, which she knew would serve her purpose. Slipping downstairs and out of doors with this on her arm, she paused in a sheltered corner to put it on and draw the hood well over her face. So dressed she might have passed any mere acquaintance in full daylight without being recognised, and in the early twilight, which was now creeping up from the valleys, she would not have feared to pass her father himself.

Faster and faster she went down the long slope and up towards the scattered town, but when she drew near to houses and began to meet here and there a stray passenger, she dropped into an ordinary pace and gathered her courage and her ideas together as best she could. And all the while, flying along the lonely roads or walking steadily in the frequented ones, there was a horrible iteration going on in her brain: "Deaf Hugh—Ralph, Deaf Hugh—Ralph—" so it went on. She knew now that she had mistrusted Ralph before this revelation. There came back to her with a shuddering recollection certain moments when he had seemed to change before her eyes, and when it had required all the charm of his real love for her to make her resume her content. She knew now that there had been falsehood in the very truth of his love—poison in the pleasantness of her cup; and her overmastering terror was lest, by failing to warn the brothers, she should become an accessory to the wrong done them. She hurried on in the growing darkness till she turned partly aside from the outskirts of the town towards the less known neighbourhood of Bradwell.

In her childhood she had more than once been with her father when some errand had taken him to the old Bank at Bradwell, but the recent changes put her a little astray, and she wasted a few minutes before she found the door. This done, she took up a stone from the road and knocked sharply, trembling, in the interval of silence that followed, with a thrill of nervous excitement and fear that almost deafened her.

"Must she knock again?" she thought; and

then there was a step close to her, and Frank Elers himself opened the door. She could see him plainly enough, and also with one quick glance could make sure there was no one else about the yard. But he was puzzled for a moment by the tall figure loosely muffled in grey, and held the door open indeed, but not quite so that she could pass it.

"Mr. Francis," she said, in a low quick tone, "is your brother here?"

"Mistress Mary!" he cried, but she interrupted him.

"Let me in; I must see you both—alone."

He drew back in no small astonishment, and, when she had entered, locked and bolted the door. "Across there," he said, and without waiting for him she sped across the yard to where a gleam of light was shining out from John Elers' office. She went quickly to the threshold, but there she paused. Suddenly there came upon her a rush of self-consciousness. This man whom she was seeking alone, and in the dusk of evening, was the same who, only a month ago, had desired to make her his wife. The door that had admitted her into his precincts was already locked behind her. She drew a deep breath; it was for an innocent man's life that she was there, and her face was calm if it was pale as she crossed the second threshold.

She had kept the hood closely over her face, but now, seeing that no one was in the little room but John Elers, and that the two other doors were shut, she pushed it back and moved hurriedly forward to his desk.

He started up with an exclamation, but she raised her hand for silence.

"Are your workmen gone?" she asked in a low voice; "your English workmen?"

"All but Deaf Hugh," he answered, too amazed to do anything but reply promptly and directly; "and he sleeps on the works."

"Where is he?"

"Probably in there," pointing to the second door; "asleep by this time."

"Not asleep," she said quickly, "nor deaf. Can you and your brother seize him and tie him fast?"

"That can we," said Francis, close behind her. "But why?"

"Oh!" she cried, but still in an undertone, "stop for no questions, but do it."

She was wringing her hands together in her desperate earnestness. Her eyes had fallen upon a clock, and it was later than she expected. There was no time!

"We will," John Elers said. "Franz, there is a rope in the packing-shed; get it and come. We will hear why afterwards."

They went out and Mary remained alone. She had seen the start with which John Elers had heard her say "Nor deaf." For a moment she thought she had done enough in betraying the traitor, and might go; then she remembered this was but half her task. Besides, how could she go? Francis Elers had the key of the door. She heard a sound of voices and of something being dragged along. They had him then, and at least there would be a pause before the drama could go further. The door flew open, and, with hands fast bound, "Deaf Hugh" was thrust into the room. He had ceased to resist, but at the sight of Mary he fell to the ground, and with a smothered cry dropped his head upon his breast so that the matted hair might fall and partly veil his face. "Deaf Hugh," the filthy, degraded object she had seen on Sunday, a squalid beaten traitor, that was Mary's thought of him. Scarcely a gleam of recollection for the moment in her mind that this was her lover, her hero! Nay, if there was a hero here at all it was John Elers, standing calm and grave in the presence of an unknown danger, waiting for her to speak.

"Do you know who he is?" she said, and her voice sounded strange to herself from the quick beating of her heart. "He belongs to us. He offered to come here, to deceive you, to find out your secrets, and he has done it. They know everything—what you use and how you make your ware. My father and brothers have learned it all from him. My people have stolen your secrets, through him."

She was speaking to the two brothers, but her eyes were fixed on the prisoner. He had turned away as far as he could, but he raised his head sharply and looked at her as John Elers now came to her side and took her hand.

"Hush!" he said; "why hurt yourself by saying all this? If our secrets are gone, they are gone; perhaps we may find out new ones yet."

"Oh, not here!" she cried passionately. "There is more. He has found some way by which he can let them in, and they are coming to-night—to-night as soon as it is quite dark. Even without him they may get in. They are half drunk, they hate you, and my father does not hold them back now. Make haste; I can show you a way they will not take. You must get away, both of you, *now*, without wasting a minute."

She had snatched her hand from John, she had turned to Francis, and then back to the elder, pleading with all her might. It was most strange to her, in the intense excitement of her own mind, to see them stand, not unmoved certainly, but unflurried, glancing at each other.

A loud voice from outside broke upon the stillness just as she uttered the last word, and she gave a cry: "Too late! They are come!" But it was only the shouted song of a drunken wayfarer, and she dropped into the chair Francis had put for her many minutes ago.

"Franz," said John, "can we hold our castle, think you? The paling is high and strong."

"But of wood—and wood burns."

"Will they try to burn us out, Mistress Mary?"

"Yes."

"Then the first thing to think of is your safety, our sweet and brave ally."

"I am perfectly safe. Do you think you two can fight fifty?"

"We can shut ourselves up and keep them out, I think. We shall try, at any rate."

"I came here," she said, "to save you. Do you think I should have done that if I had not *known* you could not save yourselves? You may lose all you have, and be killed as well. Is that better than losing all but your lives?"

"No, John," said Francis. "Why should we refuse her help? I give my voice for flight. Tell us, sweet mistress, which way must we go?"

"Franz," John interrupted, "you may fly if you like. It will be quite dark in a few minutes. I will see you and Mistress Mary safely through the gate, and then arrange my fortress."

"If one stays, both stay," said Francis, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Are you sure," he went on, turning to Mary, "that you can reach home safely? I fear we should be a bad escort."

John had gone to the door and was looking anxiously into the deepening darkness of the yard. He would have given much to have known Mary safe in her father's house; he would willingly have given everything he possessed in the world if he could have fled from this inhospitable England with her as his companion. But he had accepted fully the fact that she loved another man, and he thought that other man would surely be among his assailants, and would see that she came to no harm. Since he himself might not have her and protect her, he had no mind to fly from the one who might. No; let him be killed if such was his fate; prosperity had been stolen from him and love denied him; why should he care for life?

He had stood but a second or two with these thoughts in his mind, and his eyes raised to the bit of sky over the yard, where stars were now beginning to show faintly, when he felt a gentle touch upon his arm. Mary stood beside him full of an anguish of anxiety.

"They must be quite near now," she said. "Don't you see that you are sacrificing your brother? They will go to the other side first, where he was to let them in. The lane here is still clear. Come, Mr. Elers—oh come, for my sake at least."

"For your sake? Why?" he cried.

"Think," she answered. "It is *my* people who have done this—those I loved. How can I ever forgive them or myself unless you are safe?"

He turned round towards her with a sudden change in his whole look and attitude.

"There is one of them you love and will forgive even if they kill us," he said.

"Never," she cried. "Why should you think it of me?" Then she suddenly remembered the prisoner, who had once been her lover, and stopped breathless; but he answered her quickly:

"Mary, if that man had not been between us, would you have thought of me? Speak truth, even if it be 'no.'

"How can I tell?" she faltered; "and now there is no time."

"John!" cried Francis, from the further door of the office. "They are there, in the lane outside. Peter and Jacob are on guard with their pistols. I am going to them. Keep watch on this side."

"I will watch," John called back. "Now," he said, in a lower tone, "I am going to open the gate. Run quickly to the left. The moment you turn the corner you are safe, and I shall stand at the gate till then."

He ran across the yard and began to draw back the bolts.

"Your brother has the key," Mary said, standing beside him.

"One of two," he answered, as he took the duplicate from his pocket.

The door was unfastened—was just beginning to open, when she laid her hand upon it.

"Will you come?" she said, "and call the others to come?"

"No!"

"Then I stay. Fasten the door again, and I will speak to them from the window on the other side."

"This is madness!" he cried. "Your warning has saved us, for we are armed; but you shall risk yourself no further. Stay," he added; "yes, come with me to the other side."

He made lock and bolts safe again, and then led her back to the office.

She could not speak, but was trying to think how best she could make her father hear her voice and listen to her entreaties, as she followed John Elers through a passage adjoining the office, and then into a small sitting-room. The room was bare, and, being situated in the very heart of the pottery works, had no window but a skylight. A bright fire burned on the hearth and made the place warm and cheerful; but Mary thought they were simply going to pass through it.

"Wait for me here," her guide said, as he stood aside for her to pass into the little room, and in another moment he was gone and the door closed. She heard a bolt drawn and flew to an opposite door. That yielded, but beyond it was nothing but a cupboard, where there had apparently once been an opening to the lane. As she drew back, dismayed to find herself imprisoned, she heard a murmur from outside which she knew must be the sound of many voices suppressed, but gradually rising in excitement.

The little crowd of assailants was there, and she guessed they were growing impatient of their spy's delay in admitting them.

She ran once more to the door by which she had entered, and knocked loudly on it. There was no answer, and she knew now what it meant. Elers, seeing no other safety for her, had shut her up in the safest part of the place, surrounded by the solid walls of the old farmhouse. And here she must stay until the event of the night should be decided, until the men she had come to save should be utterly vanquished or the men of her own household confounded.

She walked up and down the small room with agitated steps. "Had she done right?" she asked herself; and her conscience said "Yes;" but, having done it, what now remained for her? At that thought she broke down. Falling into a chair by the table, she hid her face on her arms, and the bitterest weeping she had ever known shook her from head to foot. What should she do? Where were her love, her quiet life, her happiness and her self-respect? Everything had been shattered in the stress of that day's storm. Ralph existed no longer; he had become "Deaf Hugh." He would never dare to come near her, and if he did she

would never again look at the man who had almost tricked her into receiving the wicked wages of treachery.

Outside, while she wept, there were fitful sounds of voices, but no such noise as should betoken an onslaught, and gradually she sobbed herself into silence. Would anyone come to her? Where was John Elers? and what was that he had said to her: "Speak truth!" Had he really cared so much then? Oh, if she could get away now and hide herself from them all! He did care, and yet he had never troubled her.

### CHAPTER VI.—A TREATY OF PEACE.

MEANTIME John Elers, from the moment when, determined she should run no further risk except at the cost of his life, he had turned the key upon her, was prompt and swift in what he had to do. He went back to his office and took from a case in one corner a gun of one of the best kinds then in use. He rapidly looked to the loading, and then with it in his hand joined his brother and the workmen in a shed whose wall, as they both judged, must be that through which "Deaf Hugh" had prepared to make an opening for the entrance of the invaders. Francis had found a place where part of the masonry had been cautiously picked away, leaving the wall so thin that half a dozen blows of a crowbar would send it crashing inwards. Over this he was standing sentinel himself, keeping meantime absolute silence, since their momentary safety depended on those outside not knowing where to make their attack.

John understood the position instantly when he saw the half-destroyed wall, and the pile of pieces of plank and other things with which the mischief had been concealed. He went to the spot.

"Go to the door on the other side," he said softly to his brother, "and if they come round there whistle loudly. Peter must take your place here."

Francis obeyed without a word, and, as Peter took his place, disappeared in the direction of the office. John gave an order to each of the men, and then hastened back into the small dwelling-house, and upstairs. In a bedroom there was the only window belonging to the place which opened upon the back lane; and, without kindling a light, he went to this and very softly opened it. The narrow lane or alley seemed to be full of men. True a small number would fill it, but he guessed that there must be forty or fifty, and ten to one against his little garrison was terrible odds. They were growing impatient, and every now and then one would tap sharply on the wall. There were one or two lanterns among them, the wavering smoky lights showing now one group of rough figures and now another, and it was evident from their speech and their gestures that many of them were very far from sober.

But they had clearly no idea that any alarm had been given, nor any doubt as to success in their savage purpose. And if it had been a mere question of driving them off for the moment, John Elers felt sure that he and his three helpers, all possessed of and used to firearms, could have done it. But this would not satisfy him. A retreat from Staffordshire might be inevitable, but at least he would try to retreat with the honours of war.

After his rapid survey he spoke:

"Is anything the matter down there?" he said in the most matter-of-fact tone possible.

There was a kind of howl in response, and then a voice said:

"Is that one of the Dutchmen?"

"It is John Elers, at any rate. What do you want?"

"To do for thee and thy gang," said the same voice.

"Very well. But we are peaceable men in our own house. Do Englishmen generally try to break into their neighbour's house at night and murder him?"

"Thou'rt no neighbour of ours," began one man; but another cried:

"We'll thrash thee, but we donna want to murder thee."

"Thank you, but I don't want to be thrashed. And we are armed, and don't intend to be thrashed."

A roar of mingled voices rose at this, but Elers could presently make himself heard again:

"We can defend ourselves. Look; I will prove it."

A man at a little distance was holding up a lantern, trying to see the speaker. The lantern thus became an excellent mark. In a moment a shot from Elers' gun had dashed it from the owner's hand in shivers.

Firearms are serious things to face. It was half comic to see the way in which a small circle was cleared round the wreck of tin and horn. This was so very different from what they expected.

"Is Mr. Broom there?" Elers called out before the effect subsided.

"I am here," a sulky voice answered, and the burly figure of Mary's father stepped into the light of another lantern. "I am here to punish the man that stole my trade."

"If we talk of punishing," Elers said, "how should I punish your spy? I have him safe, and I promise you his life shall pay for any one of ours. If we must fight we will; but I have been a soldier and had enough of it. I am willing to bargain for peace."

"No peace as long as thou and thy outlandish crew stay amongst us!" cried a fresh voice.

"It is not a Paradise to live in," said Elers. "But Mr. Broom has been my best friend and my worst enemy. If he chooses to speak for the rest of you, I'll see what can be done. Hold, there!" he cried, for at that moment he saw a crowbar approaching the long since disused and fastened door of Mary's prison. "I shoot any man who tries to force a way into my house."

The crowbar fell, and again George Broom showed himself. He was sober now; sober enough, at any rate, to be conscious that a beginning of failure had made their enterprise look even more mean and unfair than he had ever fancied it could do. In the bottom of his heart he despised Ralph, and wished Mary had married this man. Now all the neighbourhood knew the Elers' process, but the

secret, if it had been between the brothers and himself, would have made his fortune.

"Well?" he said, more sulkily than before.

"Mr. Broom," Elers began, "you and your friends have now possession of my method of making earthenware. It cost me many months of hard work to discover the method, and you have robbed me of it. This is one reason why I do not care to live among you; and the other is, that I object to having to protect myself as if I were in an enemy's country. Therefore I propose to leave this place, but only after I have had reasonable time to sell my property here and make fresh plans. Secondly, I propose either to give your spy the thrashing you intended for me, or to hand him over to the nearest magistrate. And, thirdly, I have another condition, which I can only talk over with you in private, and which does not concern any one here except you and myself."

"And how if we will have no conditions?" shouted one of the crowd.

"Then my friend here must speak for me," Elers answered. "Your white smock, Master Harper, is nearly as good a mark as the lantern."

Old Harper shrank back, and a roar of laughter rose round about him. The crowd were, in fact, no longer ferocious; the cold and darkness, the calm voice and prompt action of the man assailed, even the length of parley, had cooled them down, and one or two had actually dropped off, feeling that the alehouse fireside was more desirable than this dismal lane.

"You're ready to go, are you?" said Broom, round whom a cluster of the ringleaders had formed itself while Elers was speaking.

"Not ready by any means. I said I required time to sell my property."

"Who dost think will buy it?" cried a voice.

"Not you, at any rate, Master Gosling. I must sell to a man who can pay."

A jeering laugh again followed the retort, and John could see that the crowd was now beginning to divide itself. The nucleus was more compact, but stragglers were continually dropping away from the outer ends, lounging off as if tired of the business now the exciting prospect was growing tamer. They seemed to be going away, but they might be only going to the door which Francis was guarding alone. A pang of apprehension quickened Elers's words:

"Come, Mr. Broom, do you agree?"

"What say you, masters?" Broom asked of those surrounding him. They were genuine potters, and it was their decision which would rule the rest.

There was a minute's discussion in gruff tones before any audible answer came.

"How long do you want to stay?" Broom asked presently.

"Until I sell my property," John Elers answered. "I have said so before. One week, or three, or four."

"Will you sell at once if I find you a buyer?"

"Yes, at a fair price."

"You must give us Deaf Hugh," called another voice.

"That I will not. I will give him up to none of you."

"Dost thou know he's a friend of Broom's?"

"More's the pity. If I give him up to any one it shall be to Mr. Broom or his family."

"Wilt thou give him up safe and sound?"

"I will, if we come to terms."

"Swear it."

"I swear it."

Again there was a consultation. Then the voice that had lately spoken said again:

"Broom shall speak for us. What he settles we'll stand to. Talk away."

"Not here," said Elers. "Mr. Broom, are you afraid to come inside?"

"I'll come if you let me in peaceably."

"Bid these kind neighbours go away *peaceably* then, and when they are all gone come round to the door. If you like to bring two to protect you, do so; but you are perfectly safe alone."

"I believe I am, Master Elers, and any way I'll bring none," said Broom, and walked slowly away towards the front of the pottery. All those who had surrounded him moved off also, and in two or three minutes the lane was empty.

John Elers waited till the whole crowd had dispersed. Then he went downstairs, and, calling Peter, bade him stand at the window, and, in case of any one returning, fire his pistol not at but over the marauder. Next he hurried to the door where his brother, unmolested, still stood sentinel, and told him very shortly what had happened.

"Broom will be here directly," he said. "When he comes bring him to the office, and I will be with you in a minute or two."

And then, with a tremor of the nerves he had known nothing of during the last quarter of an hour, he opened the door of the room where he had left Mary.

She was sitting at the table with her head buried in her hands, but she looked up quickly at his entrance, so quickly that he saw the tears in her eyes and on their dark lashes.

"Forgive me," he said, standing before her, suddenly abashed by these tears and not knowing what else to say.

"Are they gone?" she cried, rising from her seat, and seeing no signs of harm upon him. "What has happened?"

"Thanks to you, they are gone," he said. "Will you not forgive me for locking you up? Indeed, it might have been safest. Now your father is here alone. Will you go to him? or shall Franz take you home?"

"My father here?" she repeated. "But he was one of them?"

"We have made a treaty. Only there are one or two things he and I have to settle."

Her face glowed with delight.

"Really a treaty?" she said. "Are you friends?"

"If we are not," he said—and then hesitated. "Would you like to make us friends?" he said, with a quick look at her.

"Oh yes," she answered, and wondered why she must needs blush at that moment.

"Come, then, I will put you where you can hear all that is said, and show yourself or not, as you please."

The passage outside the room was quite dark. He took her hand and guided her a few steps, then through a door; and then, by a gleam from a half-dead fire, she saw they were in the workshop adjoining the office. They could hear the voices of Broom and Francis speaking on the other side of the door, and Mary trembled.

"Will you stay?" Elers whispered, "or shall Franz come and take you away?"

"I will stay," she said, for she could not understand what all this meant.

Elers passed into the office, leaving the door ajar, and she stood in the shadow and listened.

"Well, Mr. Broom," Elers said, "the disturbance is over for to-night, I suppose? I must ask you to give me your word that we shall not be attacked again."

"I have said you shall not," Broom answered. "The business has been bungled."

"On our side? We have allowed your spy to outwit us, it is true. However, we may as well let the fellow go now."

He went to the corner where "Deaf Hugh," unable to rise without help, still lay bound, and concealed from Broom by the high desk. "Get up," he said, and with Francis's help dragged him to his feet.

"So thou'rt caught, Ralph?" cried Broom contemptuously.

"'Ralph'!" said John Elers under his breath, but only his brother heard.

"Ay, fortune of war," "Deaf Hugh" answered, with an uneasy laugh.

"Untie his legs, Franz!" said John. "Mr. Broom, what is this man's name?"

"Ralph Leader, to be sure; or 'Deaf Hugh,' if you like it better."

"The man you preferred to me?"

"Nay, he's a clever fellow; but I'd have had Mary take thee. He's her choice, not mine."

"He was her choice," Elers said; and, in spite of his self-control, he could not help a look of contempt resting on the unsightly figure of the spy.

"And he has shown himself clever enough to outwit me, and earn, I daresay, a handsome wage; but yet I think I would rather be myself than him, Master Broom, for good women do not love those they despise."

"Thou knowest little about them, I'm thinking, friend," Broom answered with an angry laugh, and then Ralph spoke:

"Let me go," he said. "I've played my cards and I'm beaten, though I've got one stake to take up. The Dutchman is right; Mary will never look at me again."

"So much the better," Broom growled; "but I'm not so sure. Thou'lt not be fool enough to tell her, I reckon?"

"No need to tell her; 'twas she found it all out."

Broom turned quickly to Elers

"Is that true?" he said.

The door behind which Mary had been standing was pushed open, and with white cheeks and glowing eyes she stood in the room.



SHE TURNED HER EYES RESOLUTELY AWAY.

"Father, it is true," she cried in a trembling voice. "It was so late, I had only just time."

"Am I mad?" shouted Broom. "How does my girl come here, Master Elers?"

"It was all my doing," Mary went on, gathering courage. "I heard all, and I came. Oh, father, I had to come and tell them, and then it was too late to get away, and now I can go home."

Elers had placed a chair for her, and she sat down panting and trembling. But she turned her eyes resolutely away from Ralph, and he knew it.

"Let me go," he said hoarsely.

"Mistress Mary," Elers said, "this man is your prisoner; have you anything to say to him, or shall he go?"

"Let him go," she echoed faintly, and covered her face with her hands.

Ralph staggered to the door. He was a little cramped by the ropes that had been tied round his ankles, and he wanted to vanish quickly from this scene of humiliation. Franz opened the door and

not ungently helped him down the steps and went away with him across the yard.

The three were left alone. Broom stood leaning on his stick and looking stolidly at Mary, who still kept her face covered. Elers was the first to speak.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Broom?" he said.

"Nay, there's none too much satisfaction that I can see," Broom answered. "All Burslem has got thy secrets, and I—seems I've lost my daughter."

"Why? Because she has saved bloodshed and mischief? Nay, Mr. Broom, I have been robbed of the profit of years of work, and I shall lose in solid money besides, but if your daughter would but go with me on my wanderings, I should think the day when I was robbed the luckiest day of my life."

"More fool you, then. Though she's not a bad wench—has not been a bad wench till now, any way. But you should have had her with my goodwill."

"Father! Father!" Mary implored, rising from her chair. "Let me go home."

"Mary!" Elers said suddenly, and his voice was so deep and thrilling with earnestness that it sounded in the depths of the girl's heart. "You know what our fate is—Franz's and mine. Though you have saved our property, and perhaps our lives, yet we are impoverished and banished. We shall not leave England; there are other places than this where we can set up our pottery, and we shall do well, I am certain; but I want more. I want to see you again. I am slow and dull at saying what I mean, but let me come and say it to you before I go. Mr. Broom, if I had your goodwill before, speak a word for me now!"

"Ay, Mary," Broom said gruffly. "Thou'st been a wilful lass, and now all thou canst do is to follow good counsel. I'll take thee home, and thou'lt keep to thy mother's apron-string for awhile. My missis has always been a friend of yours, Master Elers; you'll come to say good-bye to her?"

Mary had drawn her hood closely over her face, and Elers could not see her eyes.

"I will come," he answered, "unless Mistress Mary bids me not."

But Mary was silent; this new wooing was too sudden. It was a *new* wooing truly, for she was now first realising her value to the man she had saved. Only she could not say, "Do not come."

And perhaps this was all Elers hoped for just then. As he opened the door and let her and her father pass out, she raised her head for a moment, and he saw her eyes shining through tears; but yet he thought there was a lovely softness in them that was for him, and watched the two figures move away into the darkness with a strong assurance that this evening that was to have been so fatal to him, had really brought him the happiness of his life.

This was the story Mary Elers' grandchildren knew, and it was told to them in the parish of Lambeth about the year 1740.

## Sunset.

Oh for to seize this moment ere it flies,
Breathe it in verse, as with a painter's skill
On canvas bid it stand for ever still,
Embalm it in mysterious harmonies!

Far in the glow of sunset nature lies,
Her features all—the ocean, earth, and air—
Fired and aglow as with the sudden glare
Of some transcendent joy, some great surprise.

Can she have heard what we of Adam's race
Have listened for, until our hearts grow sore
And sick and all seems misty and unreal?
The chariot wheels of Him who from her face
Shall smile away the tears that heretofore
Have dimmed the beauty of the pure Ideal?

B. W.

# THE GREAT CANADIAN.



John Alexandonald

ON June 6 died Sir John Alexander Macdonald, the greatest of colonial statesmen. Even in these days, when the mourning for a politician ceases with his funeral, the nation he made still mourns his loss. That nation is not more numerous than the Dutch, the Danes, the Swedes or the Swiss, but its territory is as large as Europe, its possibilities are at least as large, and the man to whose ability and enterprise the vast federation was due will not easily be replaced. With many opportunities of wealth, he died comparatively poor. Inconsistent as he was in the details of his politics, he was consistent in his patriotism, and his long public life was devoted to his country's good.

Born in Glasgow in the year of Waterloo, he sailed with his family to Canada in 1820, and first went to school at Kingston in Ontario. Ontario ought to be the most cherished of our colonies. Settled by the Americans who refused to live under Republican institutions when the United States gained their independence, and who moved across the frontier to follow the old flag, rejecting the Stars and Stripes with scorn, it has always been loyal in its leanings and was the fittest home for him whose boast was to have been born a British subject and whose hope was to die one.

Of "John A." at school there are the usual contradictory accounts from his schoolfellows, who look back through partisan spectacles. The intelligent lad, with pleasing face and prominent nose and strange, fuzzy-looking hair, was, according to some, distinguished in mathematics and penmanship, and was quite the pride of the school; while, according to others, he excelled in classics, and was not very great in them, and, indeed, was mainly noted for his adroitness in escaping punishment, so much so that his master advised him to become a lawyer. A lawyer he became, and from sixteen to twenty-one spent his time on an office stool as the most diligent of students. Skilful, courteous, attentive, and persevering, and above all things wide-awake, he from the first began to make way. Called to the bar in 1836 as soon as he had attained his majority, he had only to wait two years for his chance. It came appropriately enough in the defence of a cause in which he did not believe, and the miserable Pole with his gang of invaders or marauders from the United States border is now only remembered for having been defended by young Macdonald with an eloquence and ability that won both praise and employment.

Three years after the Schultz case Kingston became the capital of Canada, and it was as Progressive-Conservative M.P. for that limestone city that Macdonald began his Parliamentary life. He had a cordial reception, and soon his wonderful knack of pouring oil on troubled waters led to his being put on the Standing Orders Committee, and

three years afterwards to his appointment as Receiver-General, with which his long run of office began. But his first experience of official life was not lengthy, and when the Draper Ministry was thrown out, Macdonald found himself in opposition as one of nineteen against eighty-four. It was a fortunate thing for him that among so few he was easily conspicuous; and in fighting the uphill battle he gained his mastery of Parliamentary tactics and procedure, and perfected himself in the management of men. The narrow party man was often enough disgusted at Macdonald's lack of consistency or "singular fluidity of mind," as it was called, but to the onlookers there was much that was admirable as well as amusing in the way in which he would give credit to all for honesty, and act with any one who could help him at the moment; Englishman, Frenchman, Rebel, Annexationist, Ultra-Protestant, Roman Catholic or Secessionist, singly and collectively and in many curious combinations, all felt the influence of the magnetism of opportunity which has been rather unfairly described as his chief characteristic.

When the Liberals or "Grits" were defeated in 1854, Macdonald returned to office as Attorney-General in the MacNab and Morin combination, which was pledged to settle the then burning question of the secularising of the Clergy Reserves. Two years afterwards the mantle of MacNab fell on the shoulders of Macdonald, and for the following thirty-three years "the Chieftain" was the leader of the Canadian Conservatives. In 1858 came the "capital" crisis, which, although it shook Macdonald out of office, also shook him in again within forty-eight hours.

Owing to local jealousies, the capital of Canada had become the despair of geographers and school-children. In 1841, as we have seen, Kingston was the seat of government. In 1844, just before Macdonald's first election, a move had been made to Montreal; in 1849 the mob of Montreal broke into riot, smashed the Governor's carriage, and burnt the Parliament buildings, and, in consequence, a move was made to Toronto. Four years afterwards a move was made to Quebec, whence, after four more years, another move was to be made to Toronto, and so on, until in fact the absurdity of this perpetual motion became irresistibly apparent, and it was decided to settle the capital question once for all. But it was not so easy to do so. Lower Canada had claims, and Upper Canada had claims, and the several towns had claims, and jealousy made agreement so hopeless that it was resolved to refer the matter to Queen Victoria and abide by her selection.

As is well known, the Queen chose Ottawa. The slighted cities were angry at the choice, and George Brown, the leader of the "Grits," thought he saw an opportunity of damaging the Macdonald Government on Macdonald lines, by rallying together the discontented. He carried by a majority of six what was practically a vote of censure on the Queen. The House immediately saw its error, and on a motion for adjournment defeated the Liberals; but Macdonald insisted on resigning, and George Brown became Premier, to be routed in the first division that was taken, so that he had to resign and give place to the astute "Chieftain," who had thus seated himself firmly for another four years, when the Militia question threw him out. Two years afterwards he was back in office under Taché, who led the Lower Canadians, and soon he had to face another difficulty greater by far than that of the clergy reserves, the choice of the capital, or the militia.

When the two Canadas were united in 1841, Lower Canada had the larger population, but it was agreed that it should have the same number of members as Upper Canada. Upper Canada, however, went ahead at a much faster rate, and with the increase of population demanded an increase in her representation. But the French province refused to revise the written constitution. When George Brown complained that the county of Bruce, with 80,000 people, had no representative, Cartier retorted that if heads were to be counted the codfish in the St. Lawrence would give Lower Canada the majority; and Brown, instead of capping the fish joke with an allusion to Ontario's per-headage in birds and insects, and consequent superiority in numbers and intelligence, betook himself to obstructions and deadlocks which rendered legislation impossible. Macdonald found the solution of the difficulty in Federation; but although he has been called the Father of the Dominion, he really only availed himself of other men's work—as is the custom of the modern statesman.

The subject had been mooted by Uniacke in 1808, and as far back as 1849 the British American League had been in existence for the purpose of bringing about the union of the North American colonies which Macdonald now made the work of his life. He saw his opportunity; the question was ripe, and he brought it into practical politics; and, whatever may be said against him—and much has been said against him, owing to his calling himself a Conservative and favouring Protection—there can be no doubt that all he did was for Canada's prosperity. He found her a group of isolated provinces almost at war with each other, and mere clearings in a wilderness, and he made her a nation, showed her the only way in which she could hope to become a power, knit her together with railways and canals, and gave her a high-road from ocean to ocean. Convinced that she was not yet strong enough to walk alone, he was never weary of pointing out how she would lose all individuality by absorption in the United States. To him her only hope was, at present at all events, as a satellite of Britain. "Why," he was wont to say, "it will be but an hour in the lifetime of nations before we in Canada number twenty millions, and the same may be said of the other colonies. The present danger of England is her limited area; but with England as a central Power, with Canada, Australia, and South Africa as auxiliaries, united for offence and defence, where would there be a possibility of international war?"

The first step was to get the leaders of both parties in the Canadian Parliament to agree as to

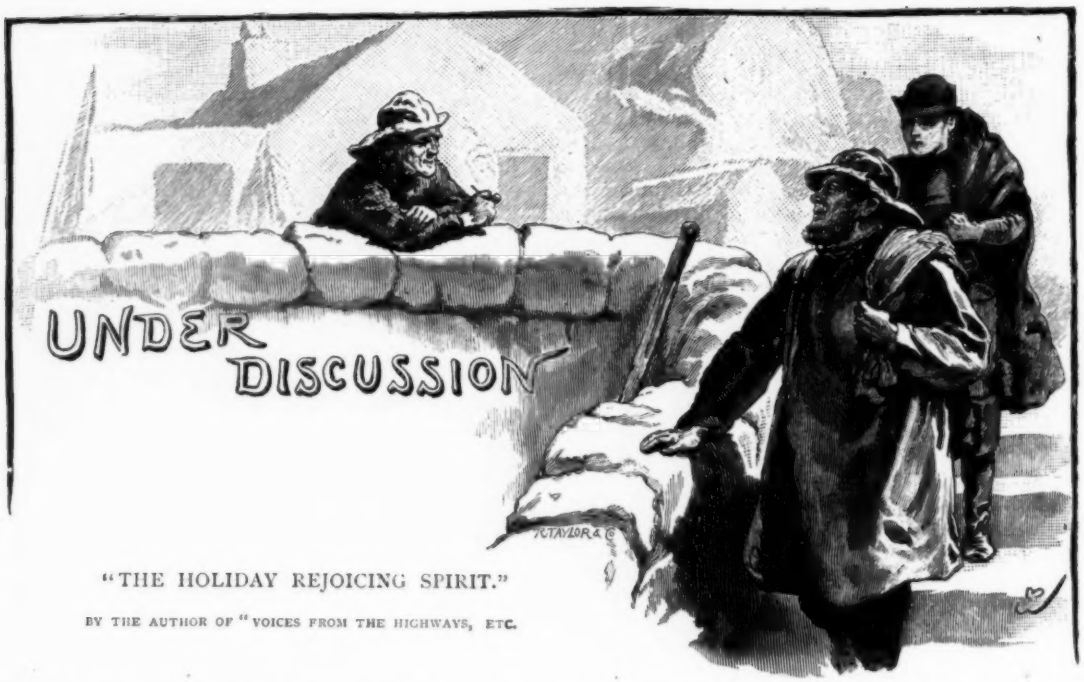
the general advisability of the Federation proposal. This was easily accomplished by Macdonald, who was always great at coalitions and compromises. The next step was to stop the partial Federation of the maritime provinces; and to the Conference at Charlottetown, held for the purpose of a purely maritime confederation, Macdonald was sent as delegate from the Canadas. By his tact and persuasive eloquence he and his associates managed to convince the seaboard colonies that the larger union of all the North American provinces was by far the better plan; and a few months afterwards a convention of the delegates of all the colonies was held at Quebec and the plan of union formed. In the Canadian Parliament the political deadlock, and the consequent commercial depression, made union imperative, and the proposal was carried by ninety-one to thirty-three. We need not trace the development of the movement step by step. Suffice it to say, that Macdonald was the president of the London Colonial Conference, and the real author of the British North America Act which, in 1867, united the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territories joined the Dominion in 1870; the Hudson Bay Territory, under the name of Manitoba, was added in the same year. Next year British Columbia came in, and in 1872 the present Dominion was completed by the inclusion of Prince Edward Island.

Macdonald entered the new Dominion Parliament in 1867 as member for Kingston, and was appointed Minister of Justice and Attorney-General. Two years afterwards he became Premier of Canada, and thenceforward Canadian politics resolved themselves into keeping "the Chieftain" in or getting him out; and, though there might be Liberal majorities in the different local legislatures, yet, with one eclipse, he held a majority in the Dominion Parliament for the rest of his life, and in his last long turn of office achieved the distinction of winning four contested elections in succession.

"Sir John"—he received the K.C.B. for his work in founding the Dominion, and the G.C.B. followed—was the one strong man of Canadian politics, the one statesman of world-wide fame the colony has produced. Not unlike Disraeli in feature—"Disraeli with a dash of Milner Gibson"—he rather resembled him in his Parliamentary methods. As a debater he was unrivalled. The lithe figure was never still, the bright, birdlike eyes were observant of every sign given by his audience and instantly noted every change of feeling. Beginning low and indistinctly, he seemed to hold himself on the alert ready to score off an opponent at any interruption—which he would do as pleasantly and considerately as if he were scoring off himself—and then, having made sure of his ground, he would warm up to eloquence, and with much gesture and variation of voice make the most of his case and give not the ghost of an advantage. A tough antagonist was "Old To-morrow," as his opponents called him. Plucky, cheery, resourceful, well-read and widely informed, apt at jest and repartee, and always on the winning side, "many," as the Marquis of Lorne says, "seemed to have an idea that, however much they disagreed with him, there was no use opposing Sir John."

In constructive statesmanship his work of the Dominion speaks for him, but in diplomacy he took almost as high a rank. At the Washington Convention of 1871 he was the ablest representative of Great Britain, and a difficult position he was in, for the interests of Canada were not identical with those of the mother-country. Bitterly was he attacked when the treaty came on for ratification, and perhaps the best speech he ever made was that in which he replied to his assailants, who had very little to complain of after all, inasmuch as the result of the subsequent commission was an award in favour of Great Britain of £1,100,000 as representing the value of the fishery privileges granted to the United States, over and above the concessions made to Canada under the Washington Treaty.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is his monument. It was Macdonald's line from the commencement, and one of his last public acts was the subsidising of the armed steamers from Hong Kong to Vancouver so as to carry the mails under the British flag the short way round the world. But he did something more than found the Dominion, secure the payment of a million of money from the States, build the best of trans-continental railroads and establish direct steam communication across both the Atlantic and Pacific. He improved the Canadian criminal law, consolidated the statutes, extended the franchise and the municipal system, introduced the inspection of reformatories, prisons and asylums, reorganised the Civil Service, and organised the Canadian defensive forces. These are all solid achievements, and he took his time about them—a Minister can do much in the third of a century—but he did them well, and they are really remarkable, considering the conflicting interests with which he had to deal.




## "THE HOLIDAY REJOICING SPIRIT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS, ETC.

WE all began to get the benefit and joy of that holiday from the moment that Pleasance and Penelope resolved to take it, though it did not come off for more than a fortnight afterwards.

For any place grows real to one when one begins to think one may soon be there! Then one realises what quaint old cities there are—what lovely villages—each with its own history deeply rooted in the Past, and its own social interest strong and lively to-day. It was not that the holiday-makers set themselves any very wide horizon. At the very first, while all lay under the mere mist of suggestion, there was a hint of Norway, or Normandy. But these were swiftly put aside. The time available was too short, and they wanted to "make the most" of it, in the true sense of rest and genuine enjoyment, not of rushing over the greatest number of miles. Besides, the sea lay between us and these countries not only in going out but inevitably in coming back, and Pleasance was not very sure of herself as a sailor, and did not want to waste half of her outing in recovering from the effects of *mal de mer*, and the other half in dreading its return! Besides, as neither Pleasance nor Penelope were very skilful linguists, a visit to any foreign country would have involved either keeping to very beaten tracks, or else encountering a good deal of worry and excitement. Pleasance had heard, too, that for those suffering from nervous exhaustion or excitability, the constant sound of an unfamiliar tongue is in itself an unwholesome strain, and she was quite determined not to expose Penelope to this discomfort.

She had her own holiday-prescriptions for Penelope, but, like all wise healers, she did not discuss these with her patient. Pleasance held that what one knows is intended to do one good never does as much good as it should. But she let me into her confidence.

"We must not go to a very solitary place," she said, "for Penelope's whole nature is so tired out that she won't be able to begin to rest till she has first been cheered and soothed. You know sick people or wearied children get the better sleep after you have shown them some pictures or sung to them, and this is the same sort of thing."

"But at this time of year," I remarked, "all the 'resorts' are so over-crowded, that I cannot imagine either of you finding peace or pleasure in any of them."

Pleasance laughed and shook her head. "We are going to none of those," she assured me. "Why, that would be the last straw to break poor Pen's heart! The sight of crowds of rich people who might have the best of life, but have no taste for it, is even more distressing and distracting than the sight of throngs of poor folk who seem to have no chance in life at all. Why, if you took Pen to a fashionable spa, where the ladies don three different 'toilettes' every day, and spend the hours in walking up and down to the enlivening strains of a brass band, she would be haunted all the while by the ghosts of the weary sewing women and starving

children, and all the other Lazarus forms who are perishing for lack, not so much of what Dives uses, as of what he does not care to use or carelessly wastes. I remember reading somewhere that Lazarus faints, not for the cordial which refreshes Dives, but for that with which Dives surfeits himself. The sensitive heart is not comforted concerning misery and need by the mere sight of luxury and wealth. Rather it seems to add the last drop to the cup of woe in an element of human cruelty and regardlessness! No, I must take Penelope where she will see some simple, hard, happy living, unhandicapped by anything but the wholesome disciplines of Nature. I think we will go first to the outskirts of some little Northern coast town, where we can see the herring fleet go out!"

Before the decision was finally made, Penelope herself joined in a more impersonal discussion as to whether mountains, woods, or coasts had the strongest influences of healing and refreshment.

"I love woods," she said. "I used to dream whole forests out of the rather sparse trees in the old Bloomsbury Square where I played when I was a little child. I loved to lie down against a tree trunk, and hold my head back, and gaze up, up, up, through the interlaced green boughs, at the blue sky beyond. You can't think what woodland visions I used to get! I've been in many 'real forests' since those days, but I've never seen one that quite came up to what my imagination could do, with that slight basis to work from.

"And yet," she went on, "whenever I have been ill or very weary, I have noticed that it is a vision of the sea—or at least of some great water—which rises like a mirage before me." And even as she spoke there came upon her face a mysterious, far-gazing expression. The sea stands to us for symbol of so much. And of what is it the symbol when we are told that in the great Home Land "there shall be no more sea"?

"Oh, we have quite made up our minds that we will go to the coast!" Pleasance reassured her. "That does not mean that we leave all the trees behind. I know plenty of places where there are pine woods on the very shore—ay, of northern seas too. But we won't go where we can't see a coast beyond. I have discovered that it is the distant limit which gives width to the horizon. I found that out when I went across the Atlantic years ago. One was steaming at a great rate across a boundless ocean, and yet, after the first novelty wore off, one's own impression was rather of stagnation without any outlook. Since then I have found the feeling put into words by the American naturalist, Burroughes. Let me read to you what he says. 'A voyage at sea is more impressive to the imagination than to the actual sense. The world is left behind: all standards of size, of magnitude, of distance, are vanished. There is no size, no form, no perspective; the universe has dwindled to a little circle of crumpled water that journeys with you day after day, and to which you seem bound by some enchantment. You cannot see or realise the vast and vacant surrounding; there is nothing to define it or set it off. . . . A voyage across the Atlantic is an eight or ten day sail through vacancy. . . . Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow you are in the same parenthesis of nowhere. . . . The eye becomes ahunger for form, for permanent lines, for a horizon wall to lift up and keep off the sky, and give it a sense of room.'"

Penelope looked up with a bright glance. "In what you are saying I seem to see all sorts of spiritual applications," she said. "Do you remember Miss Bushnell's poem, 'Horizons'? I think I can give you the last verse:"

> "I thank thee, Lord, that thou dost lay
> These near horizons on my way.
> If I could all my journey see
> There were no charm of mystery,
> No veiled grief, no changes sweet,
> No restful sense of tasks complete.
> I thank Thee for the hills, the night,
> For every barrier to my sight,
> For every turn that blinds my eyes
> To coming pain or glad surprise,
> For every bound Thou settest nigh,
> To make me look more near, more high,
> For mysteries too great to know,
> For everything thou dost not show.
> Upon thy limits rests my heart,
> Its safe horizon, Lord, Thou art."

And all the while we were talking we were busily preparing the travellers' wallets, the question always being, as Pleasance expressed it, "not what we must have, but what we can possibly do without." When that is one's aim it is wonderful to what simple elements one can reduce one's "necessities."

Pleasance regarded no detail as too small for serious consideration. "The infinitesimal is very important in creation, and so it is in comfort," she was wont to say. Each lady was resolved to take but one portmanteau, of a size which she could, at a pinch, lift in her own hands—not a difficult thing, since the contents were only the light alpaca or beige skirt, which was to be an evening or wet day change from their trim serges with capes made *en suite*, one or two jersey bodices, bright and simple, edged at neck and sleeves by fine handmade crochet, which could be kept fresh and dainty by being washed in a bedroom basin, "pulled out" by deft fingers, and dried in the sun at the window. Each was to travel in a dark straw hat, light on the head and shady to the eyes, and to carry dainty little "toques" of the same serge as the dresses, made so that they would fold flat among the luggage, and fall into shape when put on the head. These were for showery or gloomy days, while the addition of a tiny lace veil and the pinning on of one or two yards of good ribbon would transform them into quite presentable "Sunday bonnets," if there should be any need for such homage to the conventionalities. A full change of linen, sundry pairs of stockings (of varied thickness), and a very easy pair of slippers, with a waterproof shawl, and small umbrella packed up in a strap, completed each little outfit.

"And to tell you the plain truth," observed Pleasance, in a stage whisper, "I think that if we arranged our wardrobes at other seasons rather

more on these travelling principles, life altogether would be much easier and lighter. One heaves many a sigh that life is too full and too short for the accomplishment of much one wants to do or to be, yet for those purposes we could make it longer by months counting up even into years, if we would set free the time and strength which we now spend on planning, and purchasing, and making up, and folding away, and shaking out, and fighting with moths, and saving from fire and thief! And speaking of 'the duty of beauty,' of course, I won't say anything about myself;" she laughed, "but I never saw Penelope look more bewitching than she does in the garments she is just trying on. They seem to belong to her and to her life, like the feathers to the swallow or the fur to the seal."

"The Russian novelist, Dostoieffsky," said I, "goes so far as to declare that even worn dress only makes ladies look more dignified, and that this is always the case with women who know how to arrange humble attire."

"And yet some women who are very careless as to the trim charm of the clothes in which they do their true work, or take their genuine pleasure among those whom they really love," returned Pleasance, "are often the very ones to preach about the 'duty' of presenting a 'pleasing appearance.' The practice they tag on to their preachment means 'fashionable' dress, however ill-suited to their personal age or looks, and often secured by a disproportionate expenditure in cash, and a reckless waste of time, nerve, and temper."

"I wonder," said I, "how many middle-class women lay out in any one year on books, for the enjoyment and instruction of their households, as much as they spend in the same time on frippery of that kind which can be only worn at those unentertaining 'entertainments' when people who don't care a straw for each other go to eat or to dance together, and to exchange, not convictions and consolations, but plagiarisms and platitudes!"

"I suppose it is very naughty of me," laughed Penelope. (She had begun to laugh again already!) "But when I see women—and I have seen myself in days gone by!—who I know have very real lives and get through a great deal of work, who yet will burden their scanty leisure with the trifles you speak of, and then go forth in evening glory, with yards of silk dragging behind them, as if, alas, their dresses were falling from them (since the material is rather on the floor than on the shoulders!) I never can help thinking that they look like useful hens bedizened with peacocks' tails, or singing birds borrowing parrots' plumage! And this type of women always look so worn out and worried in finery, for you know nothing discordant can ever be restful. I remember once, in a crowded and smart soirée, being struck by the atmosphere of sweetness and repose which surrounded one lady who, belonging to some religious working guild, stuck loyally to her uniform of plain dark grey stuff, with dainty cap and fichu of simple lawn. She had been toiling all day, in face of some of the bitterest problems and tragedies of the world, but when one looked at her, one felt only an impression of rest and strength. If one could have imagined her in trains and chiffons and diamonds, possibly she would have looked as fagged and flurried as did the surrounding wearers of those luxuries."

"We should save ourselves much worry in our lives," said Pleasance, "if we would realise that it is no mere metaphor, but a simple truth, that here we have 'no continuing city,' but are on the 'journey' of life, in which the chief aim is to keep ourselves disentangled from everything that will hinder us in our real progress. As it is, in our times of prosperity, we are often like children out for a summer holiday, who in the sunny hours tear up great bunches of wild flowers (though they wither almost as soon as they are gathered) and load themselves with boughs of trees and shells, and even with stones which look so pretty while they are lying wet on the sea-shore! And when it is time to be moving onward, there are cryings and frettings to know what may be taken and what must be left, and finally a great deal too much is taken. The walking homeward is so weary, and the poor draggled flowers which might have been still growing in the wood are dropped off one by one along the dusty road; and the shells fall and are smashed, and when they look at the stones that were so rich in colours and so quaint in markings, lo, they are all dry and dull and drab, fit only to throw down from hands already weary of their weight, and by the time home is reached, the boughs of trees are fit for nothing but to light the fire. And meantime, there have been sharp words spoken, and everybody has been tired and cross, and nobody has taken much notice of the sunset sky and the evening lights upon the hills; and all this for the sake of things that were so happy and sweet in their place, only not fit to be brought into the Home!"

"You have made a very complete parable, Pleasance," said I, "and I must say that I have known many instances in which human life has been made poorer instead of richer because of 'the things which a man hath.' We see this when considerations of 'furniture,' of mere dead matter of some sort, are allowed to cripple healthy action, or to overbalance the claims of living love. The American Thoreau says that such things are truly 'traps,' and that if we have got to drag one of them, we shall be wise to take care that it is at least a light one, that does not nip in a vital part. I have thought much over this," I added rather pensively, "because I am very sensitive to the charm of old associations and memorials of affection. But the longer I live, the more plainly I see the wisdom of what my husband always said, that we must not allow the feelings and emotions of immortal love to cling too much about anything less immortal than itself, and that such 'mortal longing' as may not go quite unsatisfied should be steadily limited to the least mundane of all our possessions, say, to our wedding rings, the best of our books, and perhaps a picture or two, being the very last things of which the changes of life or fortune are likely to deprive us."

There were a few other little arrangements to be discussed. Each traveller took a Bible, Penelope

having her Revised Version, and Pleasance a little leathern bound copy she had carried all her life, so that thus, as she said, they represented intellectual progress, and reverence for old "use and wont." They had one Common Prayer-book with its hymns, and for books they took a little translation of Epictetus and Wordsworth's Poems. Pleasance said those were certainly quite enough to save them from intellectual vacuity, and of lighter literary fare they would provide themselves on the spot.

"I have been disgusted," she said, "at the sight of travellers and holiday folks reading illustrated papers in the midst of the grandest scenery, or poring over novels and 'shockers,' while they know nothing of the legends or ballads of the country of their sojourn. Why, I have come across some of the choicest artistic and literary work which even in these days is scarcely known outside its own particular district! No, no! Penelope and I mean to get as much fresh air and change as possible, both for our minds and our bodies."

She used the same plea to set aside the strip of crewel work for which Penelope pleaded on the score that it would take such little room, and she was always happier with something in her hand! Naturally, Penelope does not do much fancy-work, and that strip of embroidery has been got out, again and again, for the last two years. She did some when she had sprained her foot. She did some more during the week that she spent with a dear relative in a sick room which was soon a death chamber. She had added to it at every season of depression or indisposition which has come upon her since she began it. "No," decided Pleasance, "do not take it. If we wish, we will find something to do wherever we go. Then I mean you to be our provider and planner, because at home housekeeping is my work, but as it is not yours, it can be your holiday. And above all, remember that in the words of an old Scotchwoman, 'We are going to do our resting.' Let us even be lazy! There is some truth in the old negro's saying that 'Laziness is the bery life o' critters.' That is a homely paraphrase of Wordsworth's asseveration that:

> "We can feed this mind of ours,
> In a wise passiveness."

Half of work lies in knowing how to be idle. A friend of mine, who has done far more than most of us, was once told that she was 'a perfect mistress of the art of doing nothing.' And she knew it was true and accepted it as a compliment."

Aside to me, Pleasance went still further. "There can be nothing worse," she said, "than when we go for rest and change, to carry with us any hint of an occupation that is associated with those trials and sufferings which have made us need refreshment. This is to keep the jaded senses in their worn groove, and then they are apt to drag the sentiments after them! What I want Penelope to do is to start forth as if there was no 'yesterday!' I want this for the very sake of 'to-morrow.'

> "We for the year to come may take
> Our temper from to-day."

Holidays should be epochs from which we return to our old life enriched with all the experience of its Past, and yet purified from the stain and dust in which we acquired that experience."

And then at last they were off. For I must have made it understood by this time that I was not going with them. My share of this holiday was only in its preparation, and in the letters which would come home, and in the welcome back! And let me assure you, there is a great deal of holiday in all this. One person may stay at home in a household where all stay at home, and another in a household where everybody else comes and goes, and nobody can imagine there is no difference in the experience and outlook of those two stay-at-home people! As a witty American writer has said, "When you've found exactly what there is to go for, as you only do find out when somebody is really going, why, then you've almost been. And when the letters have come back, you're as good as there."

And while they were gone, I carried out some household re-arrangements and repairs and "clearings away," so that when they came back, Pleasance and I might enjoy together a sort of prolongation of "holiday rejoicing."

The very first letter that came bore the post-mark of the far-away little north-eastern fishing town. The travellers had found a resting-place in a house on the hill behind the old burgh, and from the windows they could look down upon the bay, and see the herring fleet going in and out with sunlight on its sails. They could watch all the bustle of the fishing quarter. Even lying in their beds they could see the sun rise over the sea and flood their chambers with his red morning smile. And they could look across the Frith, and dream about the unknown lands whose misty hills rose beyond its blue waters. Their lodgings were very homely, scantily set forth with out-of-date furniture and old chintz washed almost to rags. Penelope enjoyed purveying, puzzling out the quaint speech of the people, and appreciating the frank personal interest they took in strangers. Their landlady gave most willing attendance, but she was so old and frail that they liked to help her, and doing so was their best opportunity for making her acquaintance, which they soon found was something well worthy of cultivation. For she was brimful of traditionary lore, and of interesting family histories abounding in valuable suggestions. A woman, too, with a story of her own: the one sister of nineteen brothers, all of whom she had survived: the widow of a skipper who had been drowned off his own coast one stormy night, while his wife lay praying at home: the mother of three little children all buried among the old trees of the little inland churchyard where the people liked to walk on Sunday afternoons. Absolutely alone in the world now, but loved and honoured by her neighbours, and holding up her old head with an honest independence and even a certain gentle grace, though she owned nothing in the world but the crazy cottage and the ancient furniture. "A bracing woman," wrote Penelope. "She makes one ashamed of being afraid of anything that Life—or Death—can bring."

"As Pleasance prophesied," added Penelope, "I

have 'found some work as I go along.' My landlady is teaching me to knit stockings! She was quite shocked to think that I, professing to help people in London, did not know how to do that.

"'Woven stockings can be bought so cheaply,' I urged. 'But they're no sae guid,' said she. 'They're aye rinnin' down. An' what do the lassies do wi' their hands in their spare time; but maybe they've na spare time, puir bodies.' 'Oh yes, they have,' I told her, 'and they mostly amuse themselves with crochet-work.' 'Crochet-wark,' she said thoughtfully; 'weel, it's weel enough, but they could do without crochet-wark, and it's the first duty o' ony human body to learn to do for themselves wi' their ain hands what they canna vera weel do without.'"

The second letter said: "Our landlady won't hear about the former times being better than these—a text I have been inclined to take from her own fine, old-fashioned ways. 'Hoots, na,' she says. 'I'm going to show you our gran' castle, and there you'll see a big chamber, where they put in scores o' people to get on how they could for air and decency, and ye'll see the holes in the walls whaur they fixed up the hands o' some o' them, and a wee hole in the floor, whaur they whiles dropped one through, to die his lane i' the dark. An' I'm no saying that them who bore those things might na ha' done something unco' like them, gin their turn came, though I think they were the Lord's people, and doubtless His grace would do muckle to keep down their human nature. But we dinna want those times back again—we want to get awa frae them further and further, for if the auld dungeons themselves are stannin' yet i' the land, I reckon it's no likely that the spirit that built them is a'thegither vanished frae the heart o' man. But its gaein', an' it's boun' to gae.'"

Then again: "There are one or two larger houses, higher on the hill, which are rented furnished for the summer by middle-class families who bring their own servants. And the sole ambition of some of these seems to be to live here as nearly as possible as they do at home. They bring scores of packing-cases with them, from which they produce all their accustomed elaborated arrangements of plate and napery, and they buy or hire luxurious chairs and lounges to supplement the simpler appointments they find prepared for them. They do not care for the delicious fish fresh from the sea, or the fruit they can gather in the garden with their own hands. They may make a great point of these for the first few days, but they soon tire of them, and make a business of getting down by rail consignments of exotic fruits and all sorts of potted and preserved luxuries and wines and liqueurs. We do not see much of these people, because they seldom come out to sit among the rocks or to stroll on the beach, but usually stay in their own gardens except when they go for their daily drive. I don't think they care much for this place; it has none of the 'amusements' which attract this type of humanity, and I think they come here only when it suits some convenience of business, or when some member of the family has been ill and has been ordered 'quietness.' They are too few here to make a very harmful impression on the inhabitants. But they tend in that direction. They seldom go to any of the churches; if they do, they go in, looking about and whispering as if they were at a show. And they delight to jingle all sorts of flippant airs on their pianos when the congregations are dispersing, and to tempt the fisher lads to take them out in boats on Sunday.' Our landlady sees grandly ahead on that matter. 'If working men gie up their Sundays connivin' at sic pleasurin',' says she, 'they'll soon fin' the pleasurin' turn into grindin' wark, and they willna get their Sunday again till they've maybe paid dear for it wi' blood an' tears.' She tells us that once a very great lady was staying beside a remote Northern loch, and she ordered some of the boatmen to row her about on Sunday afternoon, and they sent back the glorious answer that they were in her service all the week, but on the Sabbath they were in the service of the King of kings. 'And there was nobody honoured them more for this than did the great lady herself,' says our landlady, 'for she saw quick eno' that it wasna the rowin' i' the loch that was the wrang—that might ha' been done for necessity or for luve—but it was the selling for hire o' the few hours that God wills every man to hae for Himsel'.'"

The next letter reported: "We have made friends with such delightful people. They actually live in one of the furnished houses on the hill, but they are quite different from those I wrote about last time. They are a brother and two sisters, who come with an old servant who has lived in their family for many years, and is like one of themselves. They have been here before, and so of course they know our landlady, and it was through her we were introduced. They have all seen a great deal of the world, and known many interesting people. The brother is a great naturalist, and he has imparted some of his tastes to many of the young folk here, who keep up a correspondence with him all the year round. They send him specimens, and he answers their questions, or tells them where they can get information. He has given two or three lectures in the parish schoolroom, and the people are so glad to pay a trifle to hear him that the 'takings' have been a great help in forming a little parish library. The sisters are charming women, very cultured and domestic, and we have got such a good idea from them! We mean to put it in practice ourselves (though it is rather late in our day), and we should like to suggest it to all the young people we know. When these ladies were girls they began keeping blank books, which they lettered outside 'Our Holidays.' They have quite a collection of these now. They took these books with them wherever they went, and jotted down notes of everything interesting—the way about, and what it cost, the nice lodgings, and the 'moderate' hotel, what they did day after day, and who they met, the quaint character, or the great man—now an anecdote they heard, then a memorandum from a sermon. They put in little sketches too, and one sister can strike off a portrait very happily, and the other excels in landscape, while the brother made botanical and zoological observations. This practice of theirs has now extended over nearly twenty

years, so that the books contain records of visits to great historic cities, to the quaintest old-world English villages, to the farthest Highlands and Islands, to Orkney and Shetland and Jersey, to all parts of Ireland, to Iceland, to Canada, and a few places on the Continent. Not a much wider range than many people have taken in these travelling days, but how much more these have made of it! Unlike the lady in the Yankee story, who remembered Rome as the place 'where she bought the cheap stockings,' these ladies can recall the tiniest quiet village in the light of some strong human interest, or sometimes illumined by a spark of very genius! I believe such a holiday record could be kept with advantage by everybody, even those whose holidays mean but a day's outing on a cheap excursion."

Pleasance wrote the next letter. "Through those acquaintances of whom Penelope wrote," she related, "we have made another friend, a most remarkable man, who lives in a rather important city not very far from our quiet resting place. They took us with them to visit him. He had written books which we poor Londoners do not hear of, because, like the faithful artist that he is, he has devoted himself to write of what he knows, so that few of us can appreciate his descriptions of ways of life and thought of which we know nothing (though they are the ways of life and thought of thousands of the most weighty and worthy of our fellow-subjects). He has made such a perfect record of customs and modes of speech which are now passing away that competent judges declare his works will be mines of wealth for the antiquaries of the future. Our friends enthusiastically declare that he is in literature what Millet is in art, the uncompromising and yet tender delineator of the life of working men and toiling women. He is certainly a power in his place, the friend of the friendless, the universal counsellor, the stand-by against the oppressor. They have told us many stories of what he has done in these directions, and one of them adds that, for her, he is the human illustration of Isaiah's words: 'And a man shall be an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water by a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' We found him in his own quiet house among his neighbours, who all know how good he is, but who do not all understand that he is also great. There he was, surrounded by the most affectionate household reverence, seated in his big arm-chair, with his favourite cats at his feet; a man of over threescore years, but with the bloom of his country youth still strangely mingling with the sagacity of the philosopher and the prophet, the whole lit up by the humour flashing in the eyes, deep-set beneath penthouse brows. We shall never forget the evening we spent in his house. The world is the warmer and the richer for knowing such a man is in it, and we feel as if Father Time had let us into the secret of one of the treasures which he has hidden where it will take more than one generation to discover it."

Penelope wrote the last letter of the holiday.

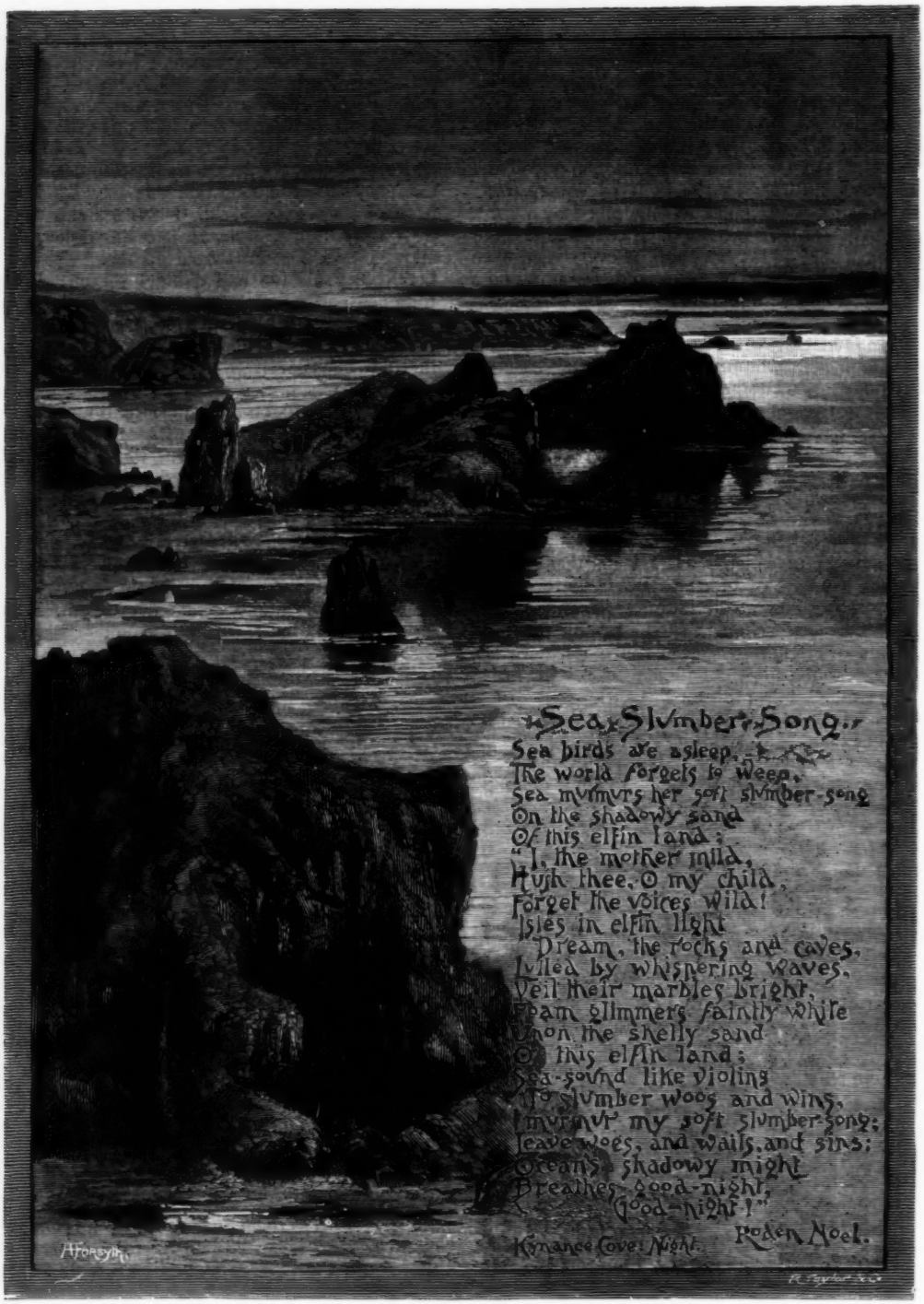
"Dear friend," she said, "we are coming home, and I feel like a new creature. I realise now how entirely true and right was all that Mrs. Yeldham said to me. It does one so much good to live awhile among people one can look up to, and to have time and opportunity to look into one's own heart, and to find that one has more need to despair of it than of the world, but that one may safely trust both of them with God! I can scarcely confess to you how much, in my zeal to be 'doing,' I had allowed myself to drift from all that helps us 'to be.' Now, I have had a brief season of quiet thinking and reading—of quiet talks both with my fellow-creatures and my Heavenly Father. What I called 'my work' had grown, to my own morbid consciousness, to occupy all creation. Whatever was not in some way associated with it seemed to me to be little more than nothing. Of course the Nemesis came with my own hours of disheartenment, for when that which I had made into everything was darkened, then all was dark indeed! I think now that I have grown wise enough to see that what I called 'my work' is, in God's Providence, as the life-labour of one of those infinitesimal creatures whose fossilised remains we trample in the dust beneath our feet. And the moment one can take in that deep truth, one can also enter into the high consolation:

> "Of broken shells He maketh when He wills
> The everlasting marble of His hills."

I think I am returning home in the spirit of Miss Waring's hymn:

> "My heart is resting, O my God,
> I will give thanks and sing;
> My heart is at the secret source
> Of every precious thing. . . .
>
> And I long to do some work of love
> No spoiling hand could touch,
> For the poor and suffering of Thy flock
> Who comfort me so much.
>
> But the yearning thought is mingled now
> With the thankful song I sing,
> For Thy people know the secret source
> Of every precious thing.
>
> The heart that ministers for Thee
> In Thy own work will rest,
> And the subject spirit of a child
> Can serve Thy children best."

I was only too delighted to prepare for the home-coming. For I had had an adventure of my own during their absence, and had a great deal to tell them.




## Sea-Slumber-Song.

Sea birds are asleep.
The world forgets to weep,
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song
On the shadowy sand
Of this elfin land;
"I, the mother mild,
Hush thee, O my child,
Forget the voices wild!
Isles in elfin light
Dream, the rocks and caves,
Lulled by whispering waves,
Veil their marbles bright,
Foam glimmers faintly white
Upon the shelly sand
Of this elfin land;
Sea-sound like violins
To slumber woos and wins,
I murmur my soft slumber-song;
Leave woes, and wails, and sins;
Ocean's shadowy might
Breathes, Good-night,
Good-night!"

Roden Noel.

Kynance Cove: Night.

# THE CRICKET OF THIS YEAR.

HEALTHY exercise out of doors means health indoors, and sanitarians are naturally pleased at the increased official recognition given to the people in their playtime. Now that the London County Council have taken outdoor sports more thoroughly in hand, and charged themselves with the care and regulation of match-grounds for summer and winter games on the different open spaces under their control, the cause of health has made a distinct advance.

The accommodation, however, is notoriously inadequate, although it is not easy to see what more the Council could do unless they were to subsidize some quasi-public undertaking; and to expect them to do that would be unreasonable even if Parliament had given them the powers. Were the excellent London Playing Fields Committee more generally supported, we should have a few more playgrounds, but the extension would have to be on a very large scale to ameliorate the "congestion" and meet the constantly growing demand. We should be all the better for a ring of playground surrounding London, a neutral zone on which the builder should cease from building and the grass should be at rest during working hours; but how this is to be brought about is a problem which the future may or may not solve.

Our great summer recreation is cricket, and it is only natural that most of the public spaces should be devoted to pitches for our national game; but from all sides we hear of really deserving clubs being crowded off their old haunts and unable to get a place on the new match-grounds, every yard of which seems to be engaged for the season; for not only do more people play cricket now than ever did, but the numbers are greater in proportion to the population; and notwithstanding the great men who lived before our cricketing Agamemnons, the standard of play all along the line from first-class downwards is assuredly no worse than it used to be.

Though all Englishmen are not cricketers, the majority affect, if they do not feel, a liking for the game, and the current season is not without attraction to outsiders, although we have neither Australians nor Americans to visit us. One of the chief events has been the publication of Dr. Grace's book.[1] The book was, of course, inevitable. It was not likely that a few stray articles and part of a small manual were all we were to have from the "champion" who has made 37,000 runs in first-class matches at an average of 42 an innings, and taken 2,300 wickets for only 16 runs apiece in the same high grade company.

Never was there a treatise with such a weight of authority behind it; and although it might have been better had it consisted entirely of the personal and practical, it is undoubtedly one of the most noteworthy volumes on any game we know. Dr. Grace has for a quarter of a century been cricket personified, and by his personal effort has done more than any man, present or past, for a people's healthful pastime. He, of all men, should be held responsible by the London County Council for the congested state of their playgrounds on Saturday afternoons in the summer-time. Even the Greek lawgivers who officially fostered the games of old did less than this man has done by his example. To none but him has it been given to make 93 first-class "centuries," but how many are there who have been led into cricket, and on in cricket, by the magic of his name?

There are thousands more nowadays paying at the gates of our cricket-grounds than visited the Nemean, Olympian, Pythian, and Isthmian Games all put together; and considerably more play cricket than took part in the old athletics. How old and yet how young we are! Even in the Olympiads people were busy over the great question of amateur and professional, the winners at the national games being nearly always professionals, although an amateur occasionally had a chance. And it is delightful to discover—unless we have been all too willingly misled—that Pythagoras was none the worse for being amateur two-hundred-yards' champion, nor Plato for having in his year also held the Amateur Championship of the stadic sprint—or whatever it was—nor Cleanthes, of the noble hymn to Zeus, for having also been an Amateur Champion of some dolichic course of unknown laps; though Cleanthes must have had some difficulty in establishing his claim to amateurship, and probably slipped through on showing that he only worked at water-drawing in the darkness of the night, and consequently earned his living by invisible labour.

Cricket, like the Greek athletics, will only flourish on certain soils. As Fulvius tried, and failed, to permanently establish athletics in Rome, so have many moderns tried to introduce cricket abroad. It is only in England and the Australian colonies that the game really thrives. Our men-o'-war's men take it all round the world, but it seems to defy chronology, and in no case can a date be given for its introduction. One thing is certain, it has been encouraged but never introduced by the travelling teams, who have in all cases found players to meet them on arrival.

At the end of this season we are to have a grand cricket expedition to Australia under the command of Lord Sheffield.

Eleven of these expeditionary elevens have now been to Australia, eight to America, one to South Africa, and one to India, that is, twenty-one elevens in all from George Parr's American trip in 1859

[1] "Cricket." By Dr. W. G. Grace. (Arrowsmith.)

to Mr. Vernon's Indian trip in 1890, and of these at least half have consisted of the pick of the cricketers of their day. Of many of these men, and of many more of equally extended reputation, Dr. Grace has something to say in a pleasant chapter of "ana," in which even the most unsympathetic footballer or lawn-tennis enthusiast would take delight.

Here is a glimpse of Mr. Hornby which is not without interest :

I should say Mr. Hornby, with the exception of myself, has gone in to bat first man oftener than any man in England or out of it, and his record for first wicket down in the matches he has played—Lancashire county matches in particular—should be exceptionally high. He has a wonderful eye, and at his best was very quick on his legs for a short run, at times accomplishing extraordinary things which electrified his opponents and the spectators. I know he used to be the terror of some batsmen who were in with him, and one or two have said they never knew whether they were on their head or their legs while the partnership continued ; but I never had any difficulty with him. If I said "No" he was prompt to respond ; and no matter how far up the wicket he might be, he could always get back in time. On one occasion, at Prince's, when we were in together, instead of trying to punish the bowling and make as many runs as we could, we played tip and a run for half an hour, and completely demoralised the bowlers and fieldsmen. Each tried to outdo the other in desperate endeavour, and I should say that that half hour was about the liveliest seen on a cricket field. One run was a curiosity. I played a ball in front of me, and, without looking where it was going, yelled "Come on, Hornby!" I had no need to say "Come on" to him, for he was up like a flash of lightning, and had crossed before the words were out of my mouth. The ball travelled straight up the pitch to Willsher, the bowler, who ran up a yard or so to meet it, and I thought it was all over with me ; for I was not more than half way when he picked it up. I had the sense to keep running, and Willsher hearing my feet thundering behind him lost his head, and instead of putting the wicket down quietly, as he might have done, let fly with all his force and missed it by yards !

The Carlylean idea of genius was a capacity for taking pains. Dr. Grace's notion of his gift is much the same. He tells us how his father, during his student days, used to be up on Durdham Downs playing cricket between the hours of five and eight in the morning, that being the only time he could be absent from work, and how, when he married and the children came, he realised that he would be compelled sooner or later to make time to help them if he desired to keep in touch with them physically and mentally. "He was strong in the belief that if you want to educate and influence a boy thoroughly, it is as important to play with him as to work with him." And so he took time by the forelock, and had a cricket pitch laid in front of the house—not much of a pitch, nor full size, but large enough to teach the rudiments on. "My memory carries me back to my sixth year. Most boys at that age have more to do with the nursery than a cricket-ground, but it must be remembered that my family was a cricketing one in every sense of the word, and a cricket-ground in front of one's home at that time rare and exceptional." And further, as to his uncle's teaching : "I did all that—in my own mind—as conscientiously and persistently as any boy works at anything he loves ; but somehow I could not make the progress I longed for. Too soon would come a ball on the blind spot, and I was beaten. I should like to be able to say that I had no difficulty in learning, and that proficiency came to me much easier than it comes to other boys. The reverse is the truth. I had to work as hard at learning cricket as I ever worked at my profession or anything else. Very quickly I learned that there was no royal road there, and that if I wanted to be a good cricketer I must persevere. I was fortunate in having a good tutor and a strong gift of perseverance." And there we will leave the doctor at a very early stage, in order that the result of this perseverance may be read in the book itself.

Yet one more note before we end, as to what is, perhaps, the most important feature in the matches of the season. Cricket in 1891 is, as far as the counties are concerned, in a continuation of the healthy state of chaos in which it has for some time flourished so amazingly, the pretty little scheme of classification proposed last year having been adjourned *sine die* with the County Cricket Council which proved unable to make up its mind concerning it. And under the circumstances the gallant effort of Somerset to make its way into first-class company in the good old style by playing first-class matches and proving itself worthy of the position it seeks, is an event of interest.

As the first-class counties now stand, Nottinghamshire has been at the top seven times, Surrey and Yorkshire each four times, Gloucestershire and Lancashire each twice, and Middlesex and Sussex each once ; while Sussex has been at the bottom ten times, Surrey and Gloucestershire each four times, Kent twice, and Middlesex once. Kent has never been champion county since county cricket really took shape ; and neither Lancashire nor Nottinghamshire nor Yorkshire has ever been last. Of the 1,642 matches played by these counties, between 1870 and 1890, Surrey has won 112, Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire 108 each, Lancashire 91, Gloucestershire 67, Kent 60, Middlesex 48, and Sussex only 39. The difference is so marked that the dead-set made against the weak member of the eight is only natural, but it remains to be seen if the old county will not, after all, play up to its old reputations, and, even if it be only as one of nine, hold its own against the rising county of the west.






THE latter part of the eighteenth century presents us with an unusual number of remarkable personages, but they are, for the most part, remarkable rather for the ill than for the good which they wrought upon their fellow men. Only here and there from out the seething mass of humanity, each unit of which seems struggling for personal ends of advancement or glory, do rare exceptions stand forth, bright with the radiance of unselfishness.

Philanthropists in every age are scarce. In the venal and corrupt eighteenth century they are perhaps rarer than at any other time of the world's history; but in any period such a life as was that of Jean Frederick Oberlin must compel the admiration of all honest-minded men. And his name has been handed down with respect even by those who in many vital points differed from him.

He may fitly be called the apostle of Alsace. The work which he did there was purely missionary work; for until the time when he took up his post as pastor of Ban de la Roche, the inhabitants of that remote and isolated district were almost as heathen and uncivilised as though they had been South Sea islanders, born and bred.

Alsace had nearly a hundred years before the time referred to been annexed to France by the treaty of Nimeguen; but in feeling, in language, in ideas, and in faith she still remained completely alien. In Strasbourg and the larger towns this was sufficiently evident, but it was still more plain in the remote and rural districts, which were for the most part completely cut off from outside influences. Enclosed within their own living fortresses of mountains and forests, they were through the greater part of the year absolutely inaccessible by reason of the entire absence of roads.

The condition of an ignorant peasantry thus left to itself for nearly a hundred years may be to some extent imagined. They were not, to begin with, a wild and lawless people, or they would have developed in the interval into a tribe of bandits. They had a good deal of the solid German character about them. Crimes of violence were of course not unknown among them, but with these they did not trouble the outside world. Had they done so, a crusade might have been raised against them. But if not aggressive, they had sufficient reputation for savagery to keep them safe from intrusion in their unexplored mountain fastnesses. They were acknowledged to be Protestants by religion; but the dragoons of Louis XIV made no attempt to ravage their wild valleys, even at the time when religious persecution waxed so rampant in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The people of Alsace were indeed protected by certain treaties as to the exercise of their religion; but it is probable they owed their immunity less to such provisions than to the general feeling that they were too savage and uncivilised to have any religious opinions worth the trouble, or rather the danger, of combating.

Now, as generation after generation had passed away, they were sinking deeper and deeper into absolute barbarism. The instincts of the savage were growing upon them. They had ceased to build, to till their fields, to plough, or to sow. They were becoming content to live on such prey as their forests afforded, or on such wild roots and herbs as came to them without labour or skill. Books were altogether unknown among them, and their very language was becoming an unintelligible jargon. The wildest superstitions were rampant; immorality was wellnigh universal, and the few families or

tribes which composed each scattered village were separated by the deadliest feuds.

Such was the unpromising district of Ban de la Roche when, in the year 1767, Jean Frederick Oberlin was appointed pastor to the five widely-scattered villages which were included under that name. These hamlets, through which the river Brusche tumbled and tossed, were situated in the most rocky and inaccessible valleys of the Vosges, and were so completely isolated that there was actually no road or pathway between one village and the others.

Oberlin was of course no stranger to the character of the people to whom he was called upon to minister. Indeed, he had himself applied for the charge. Born at Strasbourg, he had lived all his life there, where his father was a professor in the university; and he was a man whose attainments as a scholar might well have procured him a very different position. But the neglected and miserable condition of his fellow-countrymen in these secluded mountain valleys, so near and yet so far off, appealed very strongly to his nature, in which the missionary instinct was largely developed. It seemed horrible to him that behind the barrier of forest-clad rock whose jagged outlines were always present to his eye, there should exist ignorance as dense and manners as corrupt as in some distant undiscovered clime. And he resolved that no difficulties should deter him from the task of humanising and Christianising these poor forsaken sheep on the mountains.

In this noble resolution he was warmly supported by one from whom he might naturally have expected, if not opposition, at least dissuasion. Salome Witter, the young girl to whom he had been for some years affianced, was the very person who was most eager in urging upon him the duty of undertaking this missionary labour; declaring from the first that, for her own part, she was willing to be his companion and helpmeet in the good work, and was ready to take her full share of both dangers and difficulties. This pledge she most nobly redeemed through many years of cheerfully-borne privation and hardship.

Possibly, however, Oberlin himself was scarcely prepared, even after all the accounts which he had received of the wretchedness, the squalor, and the want of the most ordinary necessaries of life, for that which met him when first entering on this very unpromising vineyard. Nothing daunted, however, he took up his abode in a ruinous stone hut which had been assigned him, and employed his first energies in making it decently habitable.

Such of his new flock as passed by stood and stared with scornful amazement at the labours of the new pastor. What more could any man want, they wondered, than a roof under which to shelter, and a hole to carry off the smoke. After a while, however, he induced some of the more intelligent to assist him in cutting down and planing wood; and being himself a somewhat skilful mechanic, he was able to direct them in their work.

Again and again he made the toilsome and perilous journey backwards and forwards to Strasbourg—a pathless journey over absolutely trackless rocky wastes and through thick forest—in search of such materials as he had need of; and by-and-by his hut stood forth a wonder to all beholders, actually fitted with doors and windows, a chimney, and a division which separated it into four rooms. He then began to clear the bit of rough forest ground which surrounded it, and to plant it out into a garden.

It seemed to him absolutely necessary, first of all, that these wild people should have some ideas instilled into them of decency and order, before any attempt could be made to influence them spiritually. On Sundays, and as often as he could collect them round him, he would talk to them of higher things; but it was evident that the meaning of his words failed in great measure to reach their dulled understandings. He must proceed gradually in his self-appointed task of evangelisation. He had great hopes of the influence which would be exerted by the example of a happy Christian home—such as he trusted his would be—established in their midst; and both he and Salome were naturally anxious to begin their life together as speedily as might be.

Many anxious talks and consultations were held on this matter between the pair during Oberlin's expeditions to Strasbourg. Salome's friends were, as may be supposed, somewhat terrified for her sake at the prospect of her future, and did all in their power to delay, and indeed to dissuade her altogether from the marriage. Salome, on her side, was patient, but equally determined that no inducement should make her break faith with Oberlin.

At length, about a year after taking up the charge of Ban de la Roche, the wedding-day was fixed; and for a time Oberlin remained in a state of blissful anticipation. Then a revulsion of feeling took place. All at once it seemed borne in upon him what a frightful sacrifice he was demanding from this gently nurtured girl in thus separating her from all that was pleasant and bright in her life. He looked round with dismay at the bare walls and earthen floor of his rude stone hut; he groaned as he criticised with unfriendly eyes the dwelling which to the view of his parishioners appeared such a palace. He compared it mentally with the comfortable, well furnished, and spotless home to which Salome had been used; and at last, driven by remorse, he started off one summer's morning, as the sun was rising, on a perilous journey over crag and cliff, never stopping until he reached the deep-gabled old house where Salome lived. He had come, not to claim his bride, but to beg her in the most solemn manner to give up the idea of uniting herself to him. His prayers do not, however, seem to have met with a favourable response, for when Jean Oberlin was found tempting the difficulties and dangers of the way back to Ban de la Roche, his wife was there to bear him company.

She was fortunately, like himself, strong and active, a good climber, and full of enterprise. Armed with a long stout stick, and with the help of her husband's arm, she made light of many difficulties which he would have thought insurmountable by her. Oberlin had himself been backwards and forwards so many times now, that he had in a measure mastered the worst dangers of the road where road there was none; but in order to avoid these it was necessary to take a very

circuitous route, and even then the mountain fastness could not be reached without a good deal of hard climbing. In some places they were obliged to follow the course of a torrent, wading backwards and forwards many times, to say nothing of crossing the deep and rapid river Brusche which flowed through the Ban de la Roche, and which was provided with neither ford nor bridge nor boat. The inhabitants of the valley were proud of this river, which, as they believed, afforded them security from all attack from the outside ; and they were exceedingly jealous of the secret means which they had of crossing it, viz. by some slippery stepping stones which were at all times covered by the water, and were not infrequently several feet beneath its surface. Fortunately for Salome the river was low at this time, so that this last obstacle was passed with discomfort rather than danger ; but the home-coming of the pastor's wife was certainly a strange one, and when at last, in dripping and torn garments, she reached the door of her husband's hut, it needed all the bravery of her brave and true nature to enable her to look forward hopefully.

To a woman the absence of every home comfort and nicety is necessarily far more of a trial than to a man. Oberlin had been shocked by his cottage in its roughest state ; but he had come by this time to feel even a little pride in it on his own account, unworthy though he felt it to be as the home of his love.

To Salome it seemed—well, perhaps it was well for Oberlin's peace of mind that he could not at the moment look into the depths of his young wife's heart as he first led her over the threshold of her new home. But she was in truth, as has been said, a brave and good woman ; and after a brief moment of abject despair, she set to work, bringing all her woman's wit into play ; and gradually she managed to turn the dreary little hut into something like a home, though a home of the humblest sort. All Oberlin's hopes and expectations in this matter were fully realised, and the parsonage became in very truth that candle set upon a hill which, shining steadily and bright, sheds light all around in a dark place.

It soon, however, became evident to Oberlin that very little could be done to humanise his flock so long as they maintained an obstinate separation from the rest of the world ; and he strongly urged upon them the necessity of making roads, not only from one hamlet to another, but even to Strasbourg itself. The idea was at first scoffed at as an impossibility. The distance was not great, but the obstacles were pronounced to be insurmountable. Moreover, there was a prejudice against such an innovation. That it would be unlucky to any who should begin it, was the popular conviction. Possibly the feeling that isolation had in former times procured the inhabitants of the district immunity from religious persecution, may have had something to do with this idea. Still Oberlin combated it by every means in his power. And at last, finding argument useless, he determined to try what example would do. If any ill-luck was to come, he was at least resolved to draw it down upon his own head. So one day he and his wife, shouldering pickaxe and spade, set to work together, and began to clear what was afterwards to be the high road to Strasbourg. This example was not without its effect, and in a short time a strong contingent of active young peasants gathered about the energetic pastor, who continued to work with them and direct their efforts.

At first a foot or bridle-path only was designed, for the very good reason that the inhabitants of Ban de la Roche, or the greater number of them, had never seen a cart, and could not possibly be brought to understand the use of such a thing. Indeed, no wheeled vehicle could possibly have been brought over the river, with its water-washed stepping-stones. And as for building a bridge, no sort of arguments on the part of Oberlin could persuade these primitive people to entertain the idea. Thus to throw open the door of their rock-bound home to all the world, seemed to them simply an invitation to violence and robbery.

Some years later the bridge was actually made, and under Oberlin's direction ; but not until the pastor, whom his flock had by this time come to love and reverence with no common love, had narrowly escaped drowning by falling into the river at flood-time, while trying to cross it in order to visit a sick parishioner.

In the meanwhile, however, Oberlin's efforts were mainly directed towards teaching these backward pupils of his some of the lost arts of civilisation ; above all, he was anxious that they should learn to cultivate their land. A plot of ground near his own house he turned into a potato field, to the intense amazement and wonder of all beholders. When the potatoes were actually grown and dug up, the admiration and astonishment of the people were unbounded. As it appears, the cultivation of this humble article of food had formerly been known among the inhabitants of Ban de la Roche, but had, with every other kind of industry, been allowed to fall into disuse, and become forgotten.

Early and late, at every spare moment, Oberlin and his indomitable wife were to be seen hard at work in their field or garden, sowing, planting, weeding, reaping, according to the season,—always busy, cheerful, and contented. As time went on they were accompanied by one, then by two, then by three toddling little helpers, whose hearts were more willing than their hands ; and they also found a co-labourer, as willing and more efficient, in Louise Scheppler, who by this time formed one of their little household.

This young girl was taken by the Oberlins into their family at the age of thirteen, after the birth of their fourth child. Pastor Oberlin, feeling that his wife was now overweighted with domestic cares, looked about for some means of relieving her. The idea of a servant naturally suggested itself. But what servant, coming from any civilised community, could be found willing to endure the hardships and discomforts of such a life as that patiently borne by the missionary and his wife. Help, if it was to be had, must be found within the charmed circle of Ban de la Roche ; but there was no young woman in the district whose training or morals could permit of her entrance within the pastor's

house. "I think," said Madame Oberlin, laughing, one day, when the matter was under discussion, "that if we want a servant we shall have to make one."

"Exactly," returned her husband; "that is what you must do." Later on he added, "And I think I shall be able to find you the material. There is the orphan child of that poor Scheppler." He it was in whose behalf Oberlin was nearly drowned in the swollen waters of the Bensche. "She seems a bright little creature," the pastor went on, "and since her father's death I think she has been grossly ill-treated by the other relatives. It might be a good plan to try her."

Madame Oberlin laughed softly. "My dear," she said, "if the child is being ill-used, by all means let her come to us, and I will treat her as one of my own children; but as for her being of use, why even you, you simple-hearted man, ought to know that it is as hard to get anything out of these poor ignorant people, as it is to put anything into them."

In spite of this, however, or rather in consequence of little Louise's distressed state, it was resolved by Oberlin and his wife, after further consultation, to take her into their household.

Louise, as she made her first entrance into the parsonage, in her one scanty cotton garment, which reached little below her knees, with bare legs and feet, and dishevelled hair through which neither brush nor comb had ever been passed, looked, it must be confessed, somewhat unpromising as the material out of which a good and useful servant was to be made. But Madame Oberlin having, not without success, attempted to make the wilderness about her blossom, was not to be daunted by mere appearances. There was something about the girl's face which attracted her, as it had done her husband; while the story of her loneliness and her devotion to her father through a long illness appealed to the motherly heart of the pastor's wife.

In truth Oberlin had, in choosing Louise Scheppler as an inmate of his home, given only one among many proofs of his rare discrimination and insight into character. Under the kindly and refined influence of the Oberlin family, the little Louise very soon lost a great deal of her native roughness; but the sterling good qualities which the pastor had observed in her remained, and under the guidance of her kind friends developed day by day. Louise was by nature industrious and gentle. She was humble and patient, and most anxious to be of use. Under Madame Oberlin's teaching it was therefore not wonderful that she gradually became not only a capable servant, but something far beyond and above this.

We hear very little about her in the years of her apprenticeship. Indeed, of her early girlhood, after her first introduction into the pastor's family in the year 1778, we are told little or nothing. We learn more about this period of her life later on from the grateful reminiscences of the pastor's seven children, to whom she had always been as a second mother. It is not surprising to hear that Madame Oberlin's health gradually failed under the weight of maternal and family cares, and the continual privations of her life. In the year 1786 she died, and dying laid her hand in that of Louise Scheppler. "Stay with my children if you can," she pleaded, "and teach them as I have taught you."

Louise, bathed in tears, and with a voice choked with sobs, gives a promise out of a full heart. "I will never leave them," she cries. "I will talk to them of you. I will try to make them worthy of you." From this time the serious work of Louise Scheppler's life begins. She is now twenty years old, and she suddenly finds herself at the head of her master's household, with a family of seven children—the youngest an infant in arms—to rear and care for, with all the daily needs to supply; with the fields to till, and the cattle to tend; with the bread to bake, the butter to churn, and the clothes to wash;—but besides all this, with the whole parish, as it were, upon her shoulders, since the pastor's household was in a sort the pivot upon which the entire social life of the district turned. And for a time Oberlin was so depressed and overwhelmed by his terrible grief that he was unable to rouse himself, or to bear the friction of contact with the rude uncultured souls about him. It was to Louise that he too looked, not only for the control of his household, but virtually for counsel and help in the affairs of his parish.

Fortunately, Louise was equal to all the strain which was put upon her. Never a more willing, never a more purely unselfish soul could have been found than was possessed by this untutored young peasant. That she was a woman of some genius, too, is evident from the clear grasp which she laid upon every subject presented to her, and from the extraordinary influence which she was able to exert upon those around her. More and more, as time went on, she came to be the central figure to whom each member of the family group was tied by tenderest bonds of gratitude and affection, and to whom each one in turn looked for guidance. Her active brain was never idle any more than were her active hands. Advising and encouraging here, restraining there, if need were, softening differences, smoothing difficulties, suggesting new schemes of usefulness—these were the labours in which she delighted and in which she excelled. And all was done with such great humility, with such an utter absence of self-consciousness, that the ruling never galled, the advice never seemed obtrusive, the suggestions never savoured of impertinence.

Had she not been a woman of most ingenuous and simple mind, one would say that she must have been possessed of extraordinary *tact*; but in truth there are so many better qualities which tact only simulates, that it would be unfair to identify her with such a doubtful quality. She held a position in which only true honesty of purpose and purity of heart could have kept her free from reproach, and she lived a long life through, honoured and loved by those among whom she made her home, and revered by all with whom she was brought into less close relationship.

The chief sentiment of her life was a devoted attachment to the memory of her dead mistress; for while, as far as was possible, supplying her place to the children, she never failed to keep the memory of their dead mother green within their hearts. As to the pastor himself, she maintained through all

the years of their long and necessarily intimate intercourse the most absolute deference and respect, never allowing herself to be treated in any other manner than as a servant, although, from the simplicity of their manners, her place was naturally at the head of his table.

As years rolled on, the people of the Ban de la Roche had become in a measure civilised and Christianised by the labours of the brave pastor. Yet he was always spending himself in the endeavour to still further improve their material or intellectual condition. He had established schools for both boys and girls. In these, especially in the girls' school, Louise was his constant helper, as his wife had been during her life. And Louise delighted in teaching these future wives and mothers of the hamlets all the useful domestic arts which her beloved mistress had taught her. In Louise's class, sewing, darning, washing, ironing, and cooking were held to be of even greater consequence than the abstruse sciences of reading and writing, though these were by no means neglected. The boys Oberlin attempted to lead a little farther along the thorny road of learning, but to them also the teaching given was eminently practical; one of his favourite methods of instruction being to take the lads out for a walk into the woods and fields, and while endeavouring there to open out to them some of the wonders and beauties of natural history, to guide their minds at the same time to a reverent contemplation of the Creator's power and goodness as shown in even the meanest and most ordinary of His works.

Oberlin established a book-club and lending library in the Ban de la Roche, and was actually the first foreign correspondent of the Bible Society of London, by whom he was supplied with copies of the Scriptures for the use of his people. He also put a dispensary in working order, he himself being able from his intimate knowledge of herbs and simple drugs to give valuable practical assistance on this head.

These were, of course, somewhat beyond the sphere of Louise Scheppler, but two, at least, of the most useful public works which engaged Pastor Oberlin in the later years of his life were directly due to her suggestion and quick powers of observation. She noticed, for example, that the villagers were keenly alive to praise in their efforts after civilisation, that they scarcely considered the fruit of their labour as sufficient reward for the toil involved without some added incentive; and it occurred to Louise that it would be well if, like children, they could be encouraged by the hope of gaining a prize. This idea, which was carried out by Oberlin in the Ban de la Roche, was the beginning of what has since developed into enormous proportions throughout the world, producing who shall say what remarkable results in the shape of international competitions and monster exhibitions? The germ of the whole, evolved from the shrewd practical brain of the Alsatian peasant girl, is to be found in the little agricultural show which Pastor Oberlin instituted in his wild valley, and where year after year the progress in tillage, in the use of agricultural implements, in the production of vegetables and cereals, and in the rearing of cattle and poultry, was duly registered, and at the conclusion of which prizes were, with much solemnity, awarded to those whom the pastor decided worthy of the highest distinction.

The old order had changed and given place to a new. Instead of an uncultivated waste of rocky desert, or a tangle of pathless forest, inhabited only by beasts of prey, and human beings little removed from them in manners or morals, there was now an industrious, orderly, peaceable community, living in decent houses, and in some measure of comfort, since by the cultivation of the potato and flax, together with various vegetables and fruits, their material wealth had been enormously increased. In course of time the valley was able not only to supply its own wants, but even to export, by means of the new road to Strasbourg, various productions, in return for which actual money, the use of which had not been known in Ban de la Roche within living memory, found its way into the hands of the astonished peasants.

In order to urge his people along the road to progress Pastor Oberlin constituted himself a sort of agricultural agent, selling to them at cost price, or sometimes at less, the more necessary implements of labour, in the use of which he gave practical lessons. He was also ready to supply the peasants with seed for sowing their land, and indeed with almost all the necessaries of their simple lives, even down to that necessity of modern existence *ready cash*, of which they quickly began to feel the need.

To meet this want Louise Scheppler's active brain was called into play, and with the pastor's consent she established what is known in France as a *Mont de Piété*, by us less reverently called a pawn-shop; but which in this case was surely deserving of the more dignified title. The peculiarity of the establishment presided over by Louise was, that sums of money were lent to those requiring them upon the security of certain articles deposited; but the loan was a loan, pure and simple, and when the money was repaid, the pledges were returned without any interest being required for the accommodation. By this means money was made to circulate in the hamlet, and the prosperity of the little community was largely increased.

The community itself was also growing in a remarkable way. At the time when Oberlin first began his work in Ban de la Roche, the entire population had consisted of eighty households. Less than forty years later the number of families had risen to six hundred. Not only was the district now brought into a state of cultivation which compared favourably with other parts of France; not only did the fields produce good crops of potatoes, flax, and corn; not only were the newly planted orchards and fruit gardens giving an ample return for the labour bestowed on them, but various other industries, such as cotton-spinning, weaving, and dyeing, straw-plaiting and clock-making, were now carried on in the valley, under Oberlin's supervision. Still there seemed constantly to arise a need for further employment; and in the year 1814 a Swiss manufacturer named Legrand, an old friend of Pastor Oberlin's youth, came at his earnest request to the Ban de la Roche and estab-

lished a ribbon factory there. This opened out a new life and a new source of wealth to the rising population of the hamlet; and here again we find Louise Scheppler foremost in learning the more delicate manipulation of the industry, ready to instruct others, charging herself with the care of the women and young girls employed in the mill, providing for their intellectual advancement, and carefully watching over their moral as well as their physical health.

It was in connection with this phase of her work that Louise conceived and carried out one of her most remarkable ideas, an idea which, like her notion of the agricultural prizes, has since been adopted in many other lands. The "idea" came to her in this way. She noticed that in their eagerness for work and wages, the young married women of the district were tempted to leave their infant children either without any care at all or in the hands of other children scarcely old enough to take care of themselves. So it occurred to her to set up a public nursery in which the little ones should receive all due attention. The idea once started, it was not long before Louise's energy carried it into execution. The first *crèche*, and indeed we may also say the first *Kindergarten*, were thus established at Ban de la Roche. An empty cottage was obtained, and fitted up for the reception of the little ones. It was furnished with cradles, cots, and toys, and plentifully adorned with gay-coloured pictures for the amusement and instruction of its future occupants. Two or three girls from Louise's school, and carefully selected by her, were appointed as nurses; and here all the neglected little ones were gathered together, literally from the dustheaps and gutters, which had previously been their playground, while many mothers who had been unwilling to leave their children untended were thankful to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them of earning good wages with a quiet mind.

The great principle of Louise's nursery was that the children must be made happy. Those who were old enough to be taught received instruction, but it was under the guise of amusement. Picture-books, stories, games, which were accompanied by little songs, set to the rhythmic movement of sturdy little limbs, whiled away the winter hours, while in summer-time the children were taken into the forest, where they were encouraged in small efforts at gardening and in rough healthy exercise, Louise taking a special delight in teaching them the names of common plants and wild flowers, and in showing them how to distinguish useful from noxious herbs.

Many years later England adopted the idea of the *crèche*, and from England it travelled back again to France. It is now, to the comfort of many a hardworking mother, firmly established in countless towns and villages; but few of those who advocated these public nurseries, and few of those who have shared in their benefit, know to whose kindly instincts they are indebted for them. Curiously enough, it is to one whose maternal instincts were all expended upon the children of others. For Louise never married. Indeed, her life seemed too full of anxiety and care for the well-being of others to have any room left in it for considerations of a personal kind. She found her best happiness in diffusing happiness all around her.

In the year 1826 Pastor Oberlin died, at the age of eighty-six, and after having spent almost sixty years in labouring among the people of Ban de la Roche. His funeral was attended not only by the whole of his congregation, but by many civic dignitaries from various parts of France, and even by representatives from foreign countries, for his reputation as a philanthropist, as a reformer, and as a man of most noble and self-denying life, had spread far and wide, and earned him well-merited honours.

By this time Louise Scheppler was herself becoming an old woman, for she was now past sixty, and in his will Oberlin makes her a special subject of bequest to his children. "I leave you," he says, "my faithful helper the indefatigable Louise. Since her thirteenth year, when your good mother first took her into our house, she has laboured unceasingly for us. When that tender mother was taken from us, all too soon, Louise's cares for us redoubled. In my service and in the service of God she has spent not only her time and talents, but her very life and health. You may think that she has been duly repaid by the good wages which I have paid her. On the contrary she has always refused to accept anything from me, not even her clothes, which she has always bought with the proceeds of her own strip of land. Judge then, my children, to what an extent you and I are indebted to her, and how impossible it would be for us ever to repay her. How could we ever compensate her for the care and devotion which through so many sicknesses, of yours and mine, she has shown—for her wakeful nights, for her anxious watchings, for her devotion! I can but leave her to you, and feel sure that you will, in your turn, each one of you, be to her, as occasion may arise, all that she has been to you, and show by the care which you take of her your respect for the last wishes of your father."

The family of Pastor Oberlin unanimously desired that Louise should take a daughter's share of the property left by him; but this she absolutely refused to do, and begged only to be allowed to remain in the position she had held for so many years among the children she had brought up, and whose children's children were by this time toddling about her knees. She also desired that the public nursery might still be left in her hands, and up to the day of her death she devoted herself unremittingly to it.

In the year 1829 the career of this remarkable woman was brought before the notice of the Evangelical Synod, and by that means came to the knowledge of the French Academy. A prize of five thousand francs was at once voted to Louise Scheppler from the Montyon fund, in recognition of her exalted character and lifelong services in the cause of civilisation and religion. It was a grant which from its unsectarian character did perhaps as much honour to the august body who voted it as to the noble woman whom it designed to honour.

L. G. SÉGUIN.

# REBECCA AND HER DAUGHTERS.

WHAT were known as the "Rebecca riots" took place in South Wales about fifty years ago, and form a curious and exciting chapter in the history of that portion of the Principality.

Far beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant the people there had been going on in a quiet way, attracting little notice and giving no trouble. All of a sudden, however, they developed into moonlighters, running wild between supper and breakfast time, taking the law into their own hands, and demolishing public property in a wholesale fashion.

There was a good deal that was comic about their proceedings, and the impression made on the rest of Great Britain was much what would be produced in ourselves if some of our decorous friends were, without any preliminary intimation, to take to playing the part of clowns and mountebanks. The rioters at first were almost frolicsome, and if peaceful districts were turned upside down it was done with such good-humour that outsiders felt more inclined to laugh than regard it seriously.

Those who took an active part were invariably headed by a man dressed in woman's clothes, who went by the name of Miss Rebecca. The costume might have been assumed because it made a good disguise, but ill-natured people were not wanting who held it to be a concession to the popular notion that there is a woman at the bottom of every mischief. Many of those who accompanied Rebecca were disguised in the same fashion, so that they looked like a family party, and came, naturally enough, to be known as "Rebecca and her daughters."

The first cause of all the disturbance was toll-gates. These were objects of Rebecca's hatred, and to pull them down and smash them in pieces was the end of her midnight expeditions. She got her name, indeed, through this destructive occupation. They called her Rebecca in allusion to Genesis xxiv. 60—"And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Thou art our sister, . . . . and let thy seed *possess the gate* of those which hate them."

It was no imaginary grievance. The tolls then levied in South Wales constituted an unfair and intolerable burden. Every town and almost every village was approached by a gate, the road trusts of South Wales being eager to lay hands on money, for through bad management they were, without exception, deep in debt.

The people lived in a perfect network of toll-gates and bars, and going even a few miles meant sometimes a heavy expense. Farmers and dealers making their way to fair or market, not unfrequently found by the end of their journey that they had paid away in tolls more than the value of their load. One man trading in the neighbourhood of Merthyr Tydvil told that he had four turnpike gates to pass through within six miles.

There were five different trusts leading into the town of Carmarthen, and it was stated by the clerk of one of these, that any person passing through the town in a particular direction would have to pay at three turnpike gates in a distance of three miles. This might not seem objectionable to a man driving to see his sweetheart, but no one can wonder at hard-working people in pursuit of business finding it a hardship. It was all the worse because times were bad and the greater number of those using the roads had little capital to boast of except their own industry.

Who first suggested making war on these gates is unknown. The first act in the campaign occurred in the summer of 1839. Four gates had been erected in a trust called the Whitland Trust, on the borders of Pembroke and Carmarthen, and it was generally held that the erection was illegal. It might have been so, but the trustees had large powers, and in Carmarthenshire at least they would have been within their rights had they established a gate and demanded toll at intervals of a hundred yards each throughout the country.

The gates had not been up a week when the country people assembled one fine evening about six o'clock and pulled them down "amidst all sorts of noise and disturbance and great jollity." The fun of the thing seems to have been considerable, and the rioters made no attempt at concealment. No one interfered with them, and when the gates were demolished they dispersed quietly to their homes.

The trustees resolved to re-erect the gates, but a number of noblemen and gentlemen of the county who sympathised with the people qualified as trustees, and by their votes overturned this decision. Peace was now secured for a time, but the enemies of toll-gates felt they had scored a victory, and laid their heads together to plan destruction on a grand scale.

The plot took some time in hatching, and nothing happened till the early part of 1843. Rebecca then began operations with a large following, well mounted and sometimes armed.

The demolition of gates began in Carmarthenshire, and the infection quickly spread, extending first to the neighbouring counties of Pembroke and Cardigan, and then to Radnorshire and Glamorganshire. The only one of the south Welsh counties that escaped the influence of Rebecca was Brecknock.

Gate after gate disappeared before the axe and hatchet. In what was known as the Three Commons Trust in Carmarthenshire there were twenty-one gates and bars, and all were made an end of but two. In many other trusts the damage done

was on the same scale; some had not even a single gate left standing. When the outbreak began there were in the county of Carmarthen alone between a hundred and a hundred and fifty gates. Of these between seventy and eighty were soon swept away.

The method adopted was a rough-and-ready one, and as cheerful as Rebecca and her lively family could make it. The toll-collector and his family, all snug in bed, are wakened about midnight by a clattering of horses' hoofs outside. Then half a dozen horns blow a blast, and a thundering knock comes to the door.

The collector, knowing too well that it announces the end of his occupation, looks out, and by the light of the moon sees a considerable troop of horsemen. There are a few men on foot, but the greater number are mounted. One dressed as a woman seems to be taking the lead—that is Rebecca. About her is a bodyguard, with shirts over their clothes and faces blackened, and wearing bonnets or the tall hats of their Welsh wives.

The door being opened, they assure the inmates that they mean no personal harm, Rebecca making war not against people, but against toll-bars. "Get out your furniture," says that mysterious commander, "and then be off with you!"

They set to work to remove the furniture, Rebecca's troop meanwhile devoting attention to the gates. The strong oak posts are sawn off close to the ground, and then with hatchets and handbills the gates themselves are broken in fragments.

Tables, chairs, beds, and bedding are soon piled up by the wayside, after which the word of command is given, and willing hands begin the destruction of the house, and never leave off till nothing remains but a dusty heap of bricks, laths, and plaster.

Their work ended, they make the gatekeeper kneel down and swear never again to earn a living by collecting tolls on the Queen's highway. They mount their horses, there is a triumphal performance on the horns, and off they gallop, leaving the *débris* of the toll-gates and toll-house littering the road, and the collector, with his wife and children, watching over their "bits o' sticks" and wondering whether the whole affair is not a dream.

Who the destroyers of gates were and whence they came no one knew, and whither they went when their work was done no one knew either. They left no trace any more than if they had been spirits of the air and their leader the queen of ghosts and shadows. The country day by day, after their midnight pranks, was as quiet as one could wish it to be. It was evident that they were well organised and disciplined, and fully aware of the importance of keeping their own counsel.

Many guesses were hazarded on the subject of Rebecca. Some said she was a "disappointed provincial barrister"—an improbable solution of the mystery. Others would have it that she was a political agitator, bent on making the abolition of tolls the seventh point in the Chartist programme, and "dark hints were dropped and mysterious stories told of strangers seen here and there, and men in gigs, of suspicious appearance and without ostensible business, who were, beyond all doubt, connected with the movement."

"But," says a contemporary writer, "the supposed sole chief and director of the campaign must have been gifted with ubiquity, for Rebecca was in three or four counties at the same moment—

'Methinks there be *two* Richmonds in the field!'

With one hand she smote an obnoxious toll-gate in Radnorshire, and with the other she cleared a free passage for the traveller to the wild coast of Pembroke."

The probability is that each district had its own Rebecca, who planned the various enterprises, and was recognised as chief by the rest of the band. Whether the districts worked independently, or had a common centre of action, is uncertain.

The forces of Rebecca for a while had pretty much their own way; indeed, the contest with the authorities was a very unequal one. Of all the counties affected, only Glamorganshire at that time possessed any paid constabulary, or any force that could be of service.

When a gate had been pulled down it was labour thrown away to re-erect it, for Rebecca was sure to pay another visit and level it to the ground again. One gate was destroyed five times in succession.

Finding that restoring gates, rebuilding houses, and offering large rewards for the apprehension of the rioters failed to produce any satisfactory result, the trustees lost heart. Roads were left free of toll, and people went to and fro without having any longer to put their hands in their pockets every two or three miles.

This was a popular triumph, and brought to a close the first act in the comedy of Rebecca.

The appetite for agitation grew by what it fed on. One subject for discontent suggested another, and so on, till many of the imaginative natives of South Wales began to consider themselves the most ill-used people under the sun.

The cry of down with toll-bars had added to it down with a dozen other grievances. For the discussion of these, meetings were held on hillsides, by mountain streams, and in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. They were attended chiefly by small farmers, an industrious and thrifty class but almost entirely without education, and incapable of estimating at their true value any assertions that might be made to them.

Amongst the subjects of complaint were the operation of the Poor Law Amendment Act, the cost and difficulty of recovering small debts, and the payment of tithes. Then Englishmen in office in South Wales were objected to, so were high rents, so were increased county rates, so were fees paid to magistrates' clerks in the administration of justice—in short, Rebecca was called upon to deal with everything inconvenient and unpopular.

Their growing confidence and excellent spirits now induced Rebecca and her daughters to vary their midnight exploits by showing what they could

do by the light of day. A demonstration was planned for the 10th of June, and the scene of it was to be the ancient town of Carmarthen.

About noon on that day a large body of rioters was seen approaching Water Street gate from the country beyond. Fear multiplied their numbers, and the news ran like wildfire through Carmarthen that there were thousands of them. A band of music came first, thundering forth the warlike strains of "The Men of Harlech." Next came Rebecca's regiment of infantry, an irregular host, in which some bore inflammatory placards, and others cudgels, saws, axes, and hatchets, whilst a few carried brooms to let people know how they intended to sweep away every sort of grievance. After these rode Miss Rebecca, and the rear was brought up by about three hundred farmers on horseback.

At Water Street Gate they met with no obstacle: the gate, in fact, had been cleared out of the way by them some time before. They swarmed up the narrow steep streets, gathering in numbers as they went. All the loafers joined them, so did all the mischievous and all the discontented of the town. Scores of women, too, fell into the ranks.

When they reached the Guildhall the magistrates were there consulting as to what steps should be taken for the public safety. The mob hooted at them and then turned away to execute the main business that had brought them together. That was the destruction of the Union Workhouse.

They found the lodge-gate and porter's door of the unpopular edifice securely fastened, and there was a high wall running right round the building. A few of the more nimble climbed the wall, got possession of the keys, and let in the rest. As they did so the clangour of the alarm bell, tugged at by the governor of the workhouse, was added to the martial music of their own band. The horsemen rode into the yard, whilst the rioters on foot entered the building and began pulling down doors and partitions and throwing beds out of the windows.

But they were not going to get it all their own way for long. Information of the intended rising had been obtained by the authorities some days before, and in consequence a troop of the 4th Light Dragoons had been ordered to march to Carmarthen from Cardiff.

The morning of the 10th saw them on the road. Just after passing through Neath, thirty-six miles from their destination, an express met them with an entreaty to make haste, for the demonstration had been fixed for that very day. They pushed on, riding the last fifteen miles in an hour and a half. Two horses fell dead from fatigue just as they entered Carmarthen.

The rioters were warming to their work when the dragoons arrived. With the dragoons came a magistrate, who pulled out the Riot Act, and charged all present "immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably to depart to their habitations or to their lawful business."

Rebecca's children made answer by a rush on the soldiers. But they got the worst of it. The dragoons charged, using the flat of their swords, and the rioters soon took to their heels, many who were in the courtyard finding it wise to escape over the wall. About a hundred were taken prisoners, and amongst the spoils were several horses abandoned by their riders. Some of the prisoners were afterwards tried and convicted.

Ill-disposed and designing people now got the upper hand in the councils of Rebecca, and the movement, as every lawless movement is sure to do, went from bad to worse. Under pretence of exposing public wrongs, those who had any private grievances contrived to gratify their spite. Every man who had fallen out with his neighbour and wished to do him an ill turn had now an opportunity.

Letters signed "Rebecca," or "Becca," or "Rebecca and her Daughters," began flying about, conveying hints of vengeance to those who refused to comply with the demands of the writers. They were directed to tithe-owners, turnpike commissioners, toll collectors, magistrates, landlords, and all who for any reason had incurred popular displeasure.

The vice-lieutenant of Carmarthenshire, for example, was informed that a grave had been dug for him in the park of his father, Lord Dynevor, and that he would be laid in it before a day named. To the vicar of two small rural parishes on the coast of Cardiganshire, Rebecca sent word that if he did not make restitution of a sum he had unjustly received he would soon find the balance on the wrong side.

"Unless you give back the money," she wrote, "I, with five hundred or six hundred of my daughters, will come and visit you and destroy your property five times to the value of it, and make you a scorn and reproach throughout the whole neighbourhood."

This clergyman states that his existence was rendered miserable by the letters he received, and that it had nearly killed his wife. "We never," he says, "go to bed without having a wardrobe moved to the window as a protection against fire-arms."

Besides firing shots in at windows, the discontented followers of Rebecca embarked in incendiarism and set many a haystack in a blaze. One farmer in Carmarthenshire had five fires in one week, in addition to having a horse shot and agricultural machinery broken and thrown into a pit.

They took to dictating to landlords the terms on which they were to let ground to tenants, and to tenants the terms on which they were to rent ground from landlords. The leaders, too, began to levy blackmail on farmers who took part in the riots. A note would come—"You must send such and such a contribution to Rebecca on such a night," and the farmer who declined knew what to expect.

The humour of Rebecca was at an end. From being a humorist she had become a tyrant. Even the destruction of toll-gates lost its grotesque side and grew to be little else than a matter of ruffianism. Previously, the gate-keepers had been

very leniently dealt with, no attempt, except in rare instances, being made either to injure them or to destroy or plunder their property. Now, however, they had a bad time of it, for when a gate was demolished a beating for the man who had kept it came to be the customary termination of the proceedings.

An encounter marked by some ugly features took place at a gate on the borders of Glamorganshire and Carmarthenshire. Something was suspected, and eight policemen had been told off to hide in a neighbouring field.

About midnight the forces of Rebecca, including a hundred horsemen, made an attack on the gate. It was soon in pieces, but before the work of destruction was finished the eight constables jumped over the hedge and rushed forward, hoping to secure the ringleaders.

The rioters at once discharged a volley. The police in turn drew their pistols and fired, wounding several and killing the horse of the captain of the gang.

A tough fight followed, ending in Rebecca's men running off. Six prisoners were left in the clutches of the police, two of them severely wounded. One of these prisoners was a young farmer, who on being tried was sentenced to transportation for life.

A still more unfortunate incident happened at a gate between Llanelly, in Carmarthenshire, and Pontardulais. It was kept by an old woman—she was over seventy years of age. Numerous letters had been received by her to the effect that if she did not leave the gate her house would be burned over her head; but she took no notice of them, and stuck to her post.

About three o'clock one Sunday morning she awoke to find that the threat was being put in execution—the thatch of her dwelling was in a blaze. She jumped out of bed and ran to a cottage close by, calling on the inmates for help to put out the fire. They, however, would do nothing — for fear, they said, of Rebecca's vengeance.

The old woman hastened home to save what little she could of her humble furniture, but had hardly reached the door when a shot struck her, fired apparently by one of the band who had set alight to the thatch. She died within a few minutes.

It was asserted afterwards—but the evidence is not conclusive—that the fatal shot was "the random act of a lad who accompanied the party, and was fired without any previous or deliberate intention to take her life." What is certain is, that this was the first life sacrificed in Rebecca's raids.

Quiet people began to feel uncomfortable, for there was no saying what might happen next. Government was appealed to and urged to do something by way of restoring order. As a first step in that direction troops were sent down to South Wales, and the command of the disturbed districts was entrusted to an officer of experience.

Soldiers were now quartered in the neighbourhood of every remaining toll-gate; they gave protection to those who had excited popular ill-will, and kept an eye on all suspected persons. Select companies of London police also appeared on the scene, and were dotted about in villages and hamlets.

This brought to a close some of the more objectionable doings of Rebecca, but did not end her crusade against toll-bars. She and her daughters knew the country a great deal better than those who had been sent to circumvent them, and under cover of night could swoop down on a gate and demolish both it and the collector's dwelling, without a single soldier or policeman in the vicinity being aware of their goings on.

The military and police were not even wise after the event, for the sympathies of the country people, not to speak of their interests, being with Rebecca, one and all when questioned assumed an impenetrable air of ignorance and reserve. The in-comers too were sadly hampered in their inquiries by not knowing a word of Welsh. Occasionally, Rebecca, by way of a joke, would circulate false reports, and troopers would be sent in hot haste over hill and dale to protect gates that were in no danger, finding on their return that the real point of attack had been at the other end of the district.

The restoration of order was greatly helped by the appointment of a Government Commission of Inquiry, whose business it was to investigate on the spot the various grievances of the natives of South Wales.

This Commission began its sittings in Carmarthen on the 25th of October, and in the beginning of the following year issued a report, which, by its temperate statement of the hardship of the toll-gate, secured the passing of an Act known as the South Wales Turnpike Act, its chief provision being that no gate should be erected within seven miles of another unless they freed each other. This satisfied most people. Rebecca and her daughters retired into private life, and the lively chapter they had contributed to the history of the Principality came to a close.

JAMES MASON.

# NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

## EDISON'S LATEST INVENTION: THE KINETOGRAPH.

MR. THOMAS A. EDISON, the famous American inventor, has just launched upon the world a description of the highly sensational feat he believes he has accomplished in the hopeful sphere of photo-electric kinematics. By means of a highly composite mechanism which is to be known as the "kinetograph," or motion-picture, he proposes to combine the agency of electricity, photography, and the phonograph for the purpose of reproducing sights and sounds which have their origin far beyond the range of our natural vision. He promises even more than the ingenious dervish of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," whose magic mirror, it will be remembered, was only pledged to reveal to the spectator the scenes in the inner room of the distant palace at Bagdad, and not to reproduce the strains of the Caliph's band. According to the account he has given to a correspondent, the great American electrician would seem in the first place to have solved one of the chief problems of the last fifteen years of science, that of "visual telegraphy," or seeing by electricity, an idea which had already been independently conceived, and prematurely announced as an accomplished fact in more quarters than one. It is a striking tribute to the high standing of Mr. Edison, and no small evidence of the unique reputation of this marvellous man, that as soon as the problem was known to be in his hands, it was at once regarded as being, if not within measurable distance of success, at least within the range of serious and practical science. As we shall have occasion to scrutinise the claims which Mr. Edison makes for his kinetograph, and to ask the nature of the advance which he has made upon an interesting and well-known line of experiment, it will be right to give a description of the apparatus in the inventor's own words.

"The kinetograph is a machine combining electricity with photography, so that a man may sit in his drawing-room and see reproduced upon a screen the stage of a distant theatre, may observe the actions of the actors exactly, and also hear the voices of the players or the music of an opera. So exact is the instrument that every muscle of the face and every expression is faithfully reproduced. The machine will, for instance, reproduce a boxing match. The whole scene is reproduced, every blow struck is seen perfectly, and even the sound of the blows can be heard. The kinetograph has only to be placed upon a table in front of the stage. The machine photographs the scene, and records the minutest sound. It begins to work as soon as the curtain is raised, recording the motions of the actors at the rate of forty-six impressions per second. This is sufficient to give a continuous picture of what is happening. The photographic slips are then developed and replaced in the machine and a projecting lens is substituted for the photographic lens. Now, by adjusting the phonograph and by means of a calcium light, the whole scene may be reproduced in your drawing-room. As the impressions are permanently taken, the scene may be reproduced years later and as many times as any one desires to see it. The photographs are reproduced in miniature or in life-size, so that nothing of the performance need be lost."

This is a very straightforward account of the general nature of the apparatus employed, so far as the photographic method is concerned, and those who have followed the development of photography during the last few years, especially if they were present at the *soirée* of the Jubilee Penny Post in London last winter,[1] and saw Messrs. Preece and Hughes's electrophonoscope at work, will have no difficulty in understanding what it is that Mr. Edison claims to have done. As one of his most friendly and competent critics at once remarked on reading the letter: "Except for the combination of the phonograph with the projecting apparatus there was really nothing shown which has not been accomplished in America, in this country, or on the Continent, by several different workers." Of course it remains to be seen whether Mr. Edison's apparatus is not, as it very well may be, a great improvement on those of his predecessors.

The kinetograph, according to the correspondent, is a camera arranged in a new manner to do new work. In a small box containing the camera, Mr. Edison places a roll of gelatine film $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide, and of any length desired. The interior of the camera is arranged in the ordinary way. The gelatine strip is unrolled from one spindle and re-rolled upon another, and it is in passing from the first spindle to the second that it is carried before the lens of the camera. The shutters of the camera are arranged to be worked by a shaft attached to a cylinder of a phonograph. This shaft also works the spindles which carry the rolls of film, and the mechanism of the camera is so arranged that when the shutters are open the spindles stop, and the gelatine film is fixed before the lens. In less than the forty-sixth part of a second the photograph is taken, the shutters snap, and the spindles turn the gelatine strip, which moves on for a new photograph. Upon this point Mr. Edison said:

"The trouble in all attempts heretofore made to reproduce action and motion by photography was that the figures were not taken in a series with sufficient rapidity to get accurately the motion it was desired to reproduce. Mr. Hemment, the man who photographs running horses in the thousandth part of a second, had the idea, but he failed because he could only take half a dozen photographs at a time, and these photographs, if reproduced in

[1] "Leisure Hour" for 1890, p. 783.

a series, would have shown a jerky and imperfect motion. My idea was to take a series of instantaneous photographs of motions so rapidly that in the reproduction photographic representations would become dissolved in pure motion instead of a series of jerks."

The photograph shown to the correspondent represented one of the boys employed in Mr. Edison's laboratory. The pictures were about half an inch square, taken on the film at intervals of about one inch. They represent the boy in the act of taking off his hat and bowing. Between the first view and the last of the series, the complete motion of removing the hat and making the bow was clearly discernible, and there was no apparent change of position between any two consecutive views. The boy's hat was upon his head in the first view, and his hand was at his side. The hand was gradually raised towards the head, which gradually inclined forward, the hat was removed, and the bow completed, after which the hat was placed upon the boy's head.

This is admirably described, and is quite convincing. But so far we are told nothing new. By the recent visits of Mr. Muybridge to England during the last three years, large audiences in all our great towns have been familiarised with the same kind of phenomena as shown on the lantern-screen, some of his feats being more complex than the one here described. Mr. Muybridge's pictures of animals in motion were taken with a number of different cameras operating in very close succession to each other, so as to record every phase of the action of a trotting horse or a somersault-thrower in a circus. These, when combined in the well-known toy called the zoetrope, or when thrown on the screen by the inventor's zoopraxiscope, were perfectly successful, and the law of continuity of vision which asserts itself when the eye is looking at a close succession of moving objects gave absolutely correct representations of the movements of animals. A very slight jerkiness in the motion left perhaps just the margin for further successful manipulation of which a man of Edison's genius would probably avail himself. Mr. Muybridge's success has since been equalled by operators in France, Germany, and England, but in no case had the resulting pictures, produced at the rate of forty-six per second, been more than mere silhouettes of the figures reproduced, unless indeed they were sunlit scenes. The practical photographer (see "Engineering," June 6) at once meets Mr. Edison with the reminder that when he comes to the magic lantern representation of stage plays, he will find that no artificial light at present available, and no daylight which can get into an interior, will give detailed photographs at the rate of forty-six per second. Until further advance is made in the sensitiveness of photographic plates, Mr. Edison will have to content himself with sunlit scenes for pictures taken at the rate in question.

The employment of electricity for transmitting a picture to a distance, or recomposing its various parts in a room, is a part of the invention in which contemporary science is largely concerned, and it would have been interesting to know what Mr. Edison has accomplished in this direction. It is now some fourteen years since physicists began to realise the means which had gradually come into their possession for the construction of apparatus which should reproduce a luminous image at a distance, with no link of connection but electric conductors. The transmission of a mere sketch by such means is of course a simpler problem, and the method has recently been described in these pages.[1] But in this arrangement light plays no part. The science of telephotography which is used by Edison for his purpose has for at least ten years past given rise to a number of ingenious devices for solving the problem, and for seeing as in a mirror a scene which is not only distinct but is cut off from the observer by opaque obstacles. It would be impossible in a short space to describe the successive experiments which now seem to have ripened the problem for practical solution.[2] It may be enough to state that in nearly all of them advantage is taken of the well-known sensitiveness of the selenium cell to the action of light, and the diminished resistance it offers under such circumstances to the electric current. The resistance of the selenium cell becomes less in proportion as a brighter light shines upon it, and therefore the amount of electric current passing will have a certain ratio to the intensity of the light shining on the cell. With a sufficient number of transmitters sensitive to various degrees of illumination, and of receivers in sympathy with them, the resulting picture is seen as a kind of mosaic, in which the lights and shadows of the original are more or less adequately reproduced. But the number of line wires required is considerable, and the experiment, as hitherto conducted, is both cumbrous and costly. Nevertheless, the successive improvements which have been recorded seem to show that the experiments have been made upon the right lines.

To sum up. Edison's kinetograph adds nothing to our knowledge of the production of moving pictures on the system familiarised to us by Muybridge. It is, however, probable that he has succeeded in increasing the sensitiveness of the photographic plate, and it is certain that his great mechanical ingenuity and command of mechanical appliances would otherwise improve the apparatus hitherto in use. What is chiefly lacking in his own report of the apparatus is an account of the transmission of his pictures by electricity, and the nature of his photo-electro motive cell. This is the most critical part of the kinetograph, upon which its claims will stand or fall. As a scientific amusement or recreation, perhaps, nothing on so ambitious a scale has ever been contemplated, and here, as in other cases, recreative science may prove to be a rehearsal of means which shall hereafter find utilitarian and beneficent employment.

### THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S SOIRÉE.

The annual summer conversazione of the Royal Society, always an interesting index to the scientific

[1] "Leisure Hour," 1887, p. 571; and 1888, p. 65.

[2] A useful summary of these will be found in the "British Journal of Photography" for May and June, 1891, and a more exhaustive account in Liesegang's "Beitrage zum Problem des electrischen Fernsehens. Düsseldorf, 1891.

horizon, was on the last occasion quite worthy of its traditions and of the repute of the distinguished President, Sir William Thomson. Inevitably the names of the older and more famous of our British leaders of science figure less frequently year by year; but the newer generation of workers, more especially in electricity, physics, and biology, are showing themselves admirably competent, remarkably well equipped, and in active possession of the newer and larger field which their elders have bequeathed to them. At the meeting under notice, the branches of science chiefly represented were electricity (statical), optics, anthropology, astronomy, botany, geology, and metallurgy, with a few of their applications. A tour round the rooms, and a brief glance at the more remarkable of the exhibits, will bring before the mind some of the lines of research which are now occupying the newer generation of our scientists.

The prettiest and most popular exhibit in the rooms was unquestionably the chameleon top worked by one of Mr. James Wilmshurst's electrical influence machines, and presenting the first example ever seen of a motor operated by static electricity. Hitherto it has been a reproach against influence machines that they belong to the past age of mere electro-statics—the age of resin, and sealing-wax, and glass, and other means of producing mere frictional electricity. It is quite true that these machines are now overshadowed by the enormous success of the more powerful apparatus for producing current electricity, as employed in commercial and industrial life—by batteries, as in the electric telegraph, and by dynamo machines, as in electric lighting. Yet the influence machine is a remarkably instructive and beautiful apparatus, and its phenomena are by no means yet fully understood. It is *par excellence* the electric machine for the class-room or for private use, and it is often made for home use by intelligent mechanics at the cost of a few shillings. To enter a workman's cottage, and pass into a dark room where the machine is in motion, giving off streaks of harmless lightning, is one of the most pleasing of experiences of science in humble life. The two large, well-varnished glass discs, placed vertically face to face, rapidly rotating, and the whole machine bristling with electricity, present a most beautiful appearance, the entire apparatus being literally bathed with brush discharges. The motor revolving the chameleon top by means of the current obtained from the machine is, as already stated, the first that has ever been constructed to be operated by static electricity, and attracted a very large amount of attention.

The alternating current influence machine is the latest and most improved type of the Wilmshurst plate apparatus. It consists of a varnished glass disc, mounted on an axis, and rotating within a square wooden frame fixed in the plane of the disc. The frame carries four square glass plates, each of which has one corner cut away so as to clear the boss of the disc: these plates are placed one at each corner of the frame, alternately on the two sides, and the disc revolves between them. There are thus two plates on one side of the disc situated at opposite ends of a diagonal of the frame, and two on the other side of the disc, at opposite ends of the other diagonal. Tinfoil sectors fixed to the outer sides of the plates act as inductors, and wire brushes connected with them touch the disc about 90° behind the centre of the inductors. The alternations occur about every three-quarters of a revolution, the suspended paper discs used as an electroscope remaining apart for that period, and collapsing during the next quarter of a turn. Plain varnished glass is the best as regards the quantity of electricity produced. The machine can be used to produce direct as well as alternating currents by removing two of the inductors. When it was first put in motion, Professor Sylvanus Thompson congratulated the inventor on the most interesting machine he had ever brought before the Society, and there can be no doubt that it will lead to considerable modification of the numerous influence machines now in use in all public institutions, and for educational and private purposes.

Professor John Perry's new speed-indicator for steam engines will be found practically useful. In the very fast engines now in vogue the trepidations bring in most extraordinary and untrustworthy figures. In the new instrument, the steam pressure acts on an elastic metal disc, the slight motions of which are magnified by a little mirror, after the fashion of a Thomson galvanometer. The diagram thus produced can be photographed. Professor Carus Wilson's simple optical instrument for examining the strains in bent glass beams seems likely to attain real practical usefulness. It is well known that in existing mathematical calculations the influence of the direct load is sometimes omitted. The action of the strained glass on polarised light enables the precise state of strain all over the beam to be ascertained. In the meldometer Mr. Joly has produced a method of determining the melting points of minute quantities of substances by comparison with bodies of known melting points. The method consists in measuring the thermal expansion of a ribbon of pure platinum when a minute quantity of the substance to be melted is dusted on its surface and observed through a microscope. Quartz, and indeed most or all of the silicated minerals, may be melted on the meldometer.

Mr. Francis Darwin, pursuing the patient researches of his father, exhibited a cup-micrometer, for measuring the rate of growth of a plant. A thread is attached to the upper end of the plant, passes over a pulley, and is fastened to a weight. The descent of the weight (which is a measure of the growth of the plant) is estimated by adjusting a micrometer screw carrying a small cup of oil until a needle point on the weight touches the surface of the fluid. The method, a modification of that used by physicists to measure the rise or fall of a fluid surface, was designed by Mr. H. Darwin, of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company.

Mr. Edward Whymper exhibited some of the beautiful engravings to his "Travels among the Great Andes of the Equator," a book which has been expected for years. The work, with 200 illustrations and four maps, will be published in the present year by Mr. John Murray. In these days of poor and abundant simulacrum in the illustration

of books, it is gratifying to find that Mr. Whymper still maintains the almost long-lost art of wood engraving.

A curious optical illusion was shown by Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S. On two rotating discs, A and B, were spiral patterns in black and white, which seemed to move radially inwards and outwards respectively. The observer gazes fixedly for about one minute at the centre of A, and then suddenly transfers his gaze to any object—say, the face of a friend; he will see that object apparently enlarging from the middle outwards. After similarly gazing for a minute at B, and then looking at any object, he will see it apparently diminishing. This experiment disproves the theory of M. Javal (Director of the Opthalmological Laboratory of the Sorbonne), that the complementary subjective illusions of motion are due to involuntary slipping of the muscles of the eyeballs. They cannot slip radially in all directions at once. This interesting exhibit again showed the power of Professor Sylvanus Thompson to adapt himself to a popular audience by showing an optical illusion that can be readily appreciated.

Professor Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., showed some important photographs of the great Egyptian Temples at Karnak and Edfou, intended to illustrate the very striking line of inquiry which he is now working out. They were taken in January 1891, in the first instance with reference to the "orientation" of the temples; but they are now likely to reveal other and perhaps more interesting facts. The photographs show that a long covered way extended through the entire length of the chief temple at Karnak, 600 yards in extent. The orientation of this passage is such that the Naos, or Holy of Holies, would at the summer solstice be illuminated at sunrise. A beam of horizontal light coming through the central door would enter over the heads of the people flocking into the temple, and pass uninterruptedly into the Sanctuary. Mr. Lockyer's interpretation of the interior structure of the temple is so interesting as to lead us to give it in his own words:

"From one end of the temple to the other we find the axis marked out by narrow apertures in the various pylons, and many walls with doors crossing the axis. There are seventeen or eighteen of these limiting apertures, and in the other temple, which is back to back to this one, we have pylons in exactly the same way limiting the light which falls into the Holy of Holies or the Sanctuary. This construction gives one a very definite impression that every part of the temple was built to subserve a special object, viz. to limit the sunlight which fell on its front into a narrow beam, and to carry it to the other extremity of the temple—into the Sanctuary—which extremity was always blocked. There is no case in which the beam of light can pass absolutely through the temple.

"The idea is strengthened by considering the construction of the astronomical telescope. Although the Egyptians knew nothing about telescopes, it would seem that they had the same problem before them which we solve by a special arrangement in the modern telescope—they wanted to keep the light pure, and to lead it into their Sanctuary, as we lead it to the eyepiece. To keep the light that passes into the eyepiece of a modern telescope pure, we have between the object-glass and the eyepiece a series of what are called diaphragms; that is, a series of rings right along the tube, the inner diameters of the rings being greatest close to the object-glass, and smallest close to the eyepiece; these diaphragms must be so made that all the light from the object-glass shall fall upon the eyepiece, without loss or reflection by the tube. These apertures in the pylons and separating walls of Egyptian temples exactly represent the diaphragms in the modern telescope."

On the summer solstice (Midsummer Day) observations were to be made to see whether the axis of the Temple of Karnak is directed exactly on to the point of sun-rising—in fact, to see if the sun rises exactly in the same spot as it did 6,000 years B.C. If the axis were originally laid out on that line it would have been displaced in the interval owing to the precession of the equinoxes, but it would be possible to compute at what approximate date it was in the exact position. It will be interesting if the date given can be confirmed, although the astronomical calculations leave room for a margin of error of 500 years. At the present moment Mr. Lockyer has observations going on at Karnak and Stonehenge, while similar observations are being made in Mexico. There is no doubt that Mr. Lockyer has here initiated a line of inquiry which may lead to interesting results.

Another exhibit of historical interest was the collection of iron tools and utensils of the Roman period, found together in a pit in the Romano-British city at Silchester, Hants, in September 1890. These objects, about sixty in number, include an anvil, a pair of blacksmith's tongs, hammers, axes, gouges, chisels, adzes, a large carpenter's plane (the only example yet found in Britain), two shoemaker's anvils, two plough coulters, a standing lamp, a gridiron or portable cooking stove, a bronze scale-beam, etc. These were kindly exhibited by the Executive Committee of the Silchester Excavation Fund (by permission of the Duke of Wellington).

Professor Sekiya's model of a Japanese earthquake was a striking example of ingenious apparatus by a young Japanese *protégé* of Professor J. A. Ewing. The model is a copy, executed in bent wire, of the highly complex path pursued by a particle on the surface of the ground during an actual earthquake. The earthquake was felt at Tokyo, on January 15, 1887, and the motion of the ground was recorded by Professor Ewing's three-component seismograph.[1] From the seismographic records of the three components, Professor Sekiya has reproduced the actual motion, and shows it in the model magnified fifty times. Numbered labels, attached to points on the wire, marked the successive seconds of the time during which the disturbance lasted.

[1] A figure of an earlier form of earthquake register, Professor Ewing's pendulum seismograph for automatically registering the motion of the ground during earthquakes, will be found in the "Leisure Hour" for 1887, page 210.

# Varieties.

## Forez and its People.

"Neere the Ancient Cittie of Lyons, towards the West, lieth that part of the Country called Forrests, which in its little circumference comprehends more varieties than the rest of France: for being divided into Plaines and Mountaines, both of them so fertile, and seated in such a temperate Aire, that the soile is capable of whatsoever the industrious Husbandman can expect or desire. In the heart of the Country is a most pleasan plaine circled about as with a strong wall by its Neighbour hills, and watered with the River Loyre; which from its (not farre off) originall, glides gently through the midst of it, without any swelling pride. Many other Rivulets doe in divers places bestow their chrystall streams, the chiefe of which is Lignon, which though extravagant in its course, as well as delectable in its Scource, runs Meander-like through the plaine neere unto the lofty mountains of Servieres and Chalmafel unto Feures, where the Loyre receiving it, and swallowing up its name, carrieth it as tribute unto the ocean.

"Upon the bank of these delighting Rivers are continually to be seene abundance of shepheards, who though little beholding to fortune, yet by reason of the aires naturall sweetness and the soile's fertilitie do live in abundance of contented happiness." [1]

Thus commences a celebrated romance of the seventeenth century, of which the scene is laid in that part of France whence we get our frontispiece. Forez is a region of some extent, and lies in three departments, Puy de Dome, Loire, and Haute-Loire, mainly however in the first two. It is in the neighbourhood of the volcanic region of the Auvergne, and is mainly a land of granite mountains, well wooded, with winding fertile valleys through which gentle streams find their way into a large plain of meadow-land, shut out from the rest of the world by a circle of mountains. The population in the Puy de Dome portion is almost entirely rural, but in the Loire district it tends to change by the ever-increasing development of the coalfields of St. Etienne, and the manufactures dependent on them.

Puy de Dome affords an example of a people steadily diminishing in numbers under conditions of material progress. Statistics show that Puy de Dome stands, in the order of absolute wealth, thirty-fifth among the eighty-five departments of France; nevertheless, the population has been decreasing since 1846, so that in 1881 its numbers had fallen to the extent of 35,530. The immediate cause is the infrequency of marriages and the few children born of those which take place.

There is a parallel case, only still more striking, in the department of Eure in Normandy, one of the most prosperous in France. In 1848, 430,000 inhabitants; in 1872, 378,000 inhabitants, a loss of 52,000 in twenty-four years. This is stated by Reclus in his Geography of France. He says it is the same with the rest of Normandy, and the cause is the same as in Puy de Dome, abstinence from marriage. In "La France Pittoresque," it is said concerning the department Puy de Dome that, "from statistics going back fifteen years from 1881, it appears that out of 1,000 men and 1,000 women only 66 marry, and that out of 1,000 couples only 161 children were born."

This unwillingness to incur the responsibilities of family life arises from an overwhelming dread of poverty, due to the new era of individual competition supplanting and destroying the age-long communistic society which prevailed even to a recent period in some parts of Forez.

As late as 1788 there were several village communities in the neighbourhood of Thiers, where all the property was in common, and where the people governed themselves, electing as their ruler one whom they styled Father of the Village. He was the treasurer of the common fund, and directed all the business and public affairs of the little republic. A Mother was also chosen to direct all domestic affairs, but it was unconstitutional to choose her from the same family as the Father. It was feared, no doubt, that as husband and wife, or as brother and sister, they might become too powerful. The community, moreover, retained power to depose either at any time, and no hereditary claim was allowed. At the same time the Father was honoured in so far that the marriage of his eldest son was made a general festival, to which neighbouring village communities were invited. In this primitive democracy there was aristocracy of sex—the males dined first, the women only eating after they had finished, and then standing. If a girl married out of the village, she received a dowry of 600 livres, but after that had no further claim on the community. Common prayer was customary every evening in the chapel. Thus for many generations the old time passed peacefully away. And so it may be that Messire d'Urfé's romance was not altogether imaginary when he speaks of the numerous shepherds to be seen on the banks of the charming rivulets of Forez, living in abundance of contented happiness. For the soil was fertile, the air delightful, and there was enough for all and to spare.

> "And thus, as happy as the day,
> These shepherds wore their time away."

Now that the era of individual competition has come, and each one must look out for himself or herself, a much greater amount of wealth is produced, but everybody is far more anxious, and consequently much less happy.

> "Mostly men's many-featured faces wear
> Looks of fixed gloom or else of restless care."

The Forezians in Loire are said to be naturally sweet and good, loving their homes and families, and inclined to be religious, or as some might say, superstitious. They are conservative by nature, love old customs, evidenced, for example, by never wearing anything but the "sabot." Shoes in Forez are a luxury only well-to-do peasants indulge in, and that only on Sunday. But with railways ever increasing in traffic, and the certainty of more lines, all the old-world life of Forez must quickly pass away, and such quiet bits as this painted by M. Christian Roullier become more and more rare.

R. HEATH.

[1] "Astrea," by Messire Honoré D'Urfé, translated by a Person of Quality. Lond. 1657.

## Benefit Clubs and Societies for Mutual Succour: Should Women be Admitted as Members?

The question of the admission of married women as participating members of mutual benefit clubs has been often discussed.

In England the vast majority of such societies exclude women, for the following alleged reasons: 1st, that they would occasion larger demands on the funds than men; 2nd, that they are able to earn less and contribute less than male workers, and that allowances to them would involve disproportionate demands on the fund; and 3rd, that their wants and their claims would be troublesome in the administration of the fund, and that they would be more likely to abuse the conditions for relief.

It may be briefly stated that the benefit societies here referred to deal mainly with these circumstances—the right to medical attendance and medicine in sickness; payment of money during sickness or disability to work; and burial expenses. In relation to these circumstances let us consider the objections to the membership of women.

First, as to the greater expense for sickness. It is true that women have slight illnesses more frequently than men, but the duration of the maladies is on the average shorter, and they are less exposed to serious accidents. Official statistics have demonstrated this. In a report obtained of the authorised *Sociétés de Secours Mutuels* in Paris, it was found that the average number of days of sickness in a year was in the proportion of 5·71 for males, and only 4·66 for female members.

As to the other objections, the entrance fees and assessment of contributions can in each society be regulated by special laws, provided only that the principle is admitted of the wives as well as the husbands having right to medical attendance and other benefits common to all members. With regard to difficulties in the administration, men are often at least as troublesome, and as prone to frauds as women are, and on the whole more likely to come on the sick fund by misconduct than the wives are. Female visitors as well as male visitors must watch against occasional faults; but the general experience in such societies shows an honour and a loyalty which women are as capable of as men.

The veteran French statesman and economist, Jules Simon, in his work "L'Ouvrière," while saying that women have even more need of societies for mutual help than men, utters eloquent and sensible words as to the advantages of wives being associated with husbands in the same benefit clubs. "When we think of the number of homes," he says, "where the husbands for one or for two days in the week do not work, but depend on the work and the thrift of the wives, it seems a barbarous arrangement to reserve for men alone the benefit of association for mutual help. The husband receives in his illness the visits of the doctor, and the medicines, and also pay during his rest from toil. If his wife who has nursed him, and attended on him, and sat up at nights during his illness, is herself laid down with the fever, she is left on her bed of sickness and suffering, alone, and without remedies or attendance, to which she might have a right through membership. What is the equity of married life, and what the solidarity of weal or woe which consecrates that life? The society for mutual succour becomes a selfish and one-sided institution, and separates instead of more strongly uniting those who ought to be as one. The wife, being a member, ought rather to strengthen the family bond by encouraging and fostering the tenderness of the husband and father. From this community of interest and of feeling, the sanctuary of the family receives its moral greatness and grace."

Whatever may be the arrangements practicable or desirable as to the admission of women as participating members of particular benefit clubs, the generous words of Jules Simon may suggest reflections as to the share belonging to wives in the strength and the happiness of homes.

In London and large towns, where there are so many workshop and factory clubs, and "house funds," the majority of the members being young and unmarried, the admission of women is not often practicable. In cases like the post-office or telegraph services there is no reason why the mutual benefit should not be for all who are employed. In villages, and definite districts of towns, the principle of common interest in family life is carried out usefully in "Medical Provident Institutions," of which there are several in London. These ought to be multiplied, and by the help of contributions from "honorary members," the working classes can be liberally helped, without any compromise of their independence; their payments as participating members giving them claim to assistance, and for all branches of the family, in accordance with the rules of each institution

**British Association.**—The sixty-first meeting of the British Association is held at Cardiff from August 19 to 26, under the presidency of Dr. Huggins, F.R.S., whose researches on light, molecular motion, and other departments of science are well known. The Mayor of Cardiff, the Marquis of Bute, is head of the reception committee. No county is superior to Glamorgan for interesting excursions, and as geological and archæological matters abound for observation and discussion, there is every reason to expect a successful meeting. The geology of the region will be seen in the accompanying map.




2. Upper Silurian. 3. Mountain Limestone. 4. Devonian. . Coal-measures. 10. Millstone grit. 12. Marl.

**"Mithering" the Prisoners.**—The late Mrs. Frederick Hill, *née* Martha Cowper, sister of Professor Cowper of King's College, London, took great personal interest in prisoners, her husband, Mr. Frederick Hill, having been H.M. Inspector of Prisons in Scotland, previous to his appointment as Assistant Secretary to the General Post Office. She visited, along with her husband, the prisons in Edinburgh, and took delight in restoring many male and female convicts to honest labour after their release. This was fifty years ago, before "Prisoners' Aid Societies" became popular and notable. She often quoted the saying of one man, who attributed his changed life to the prison matron, who, he said, "so *mithered* him that he could not go wrong." Mr. Hill introduced useful work in place of treadmill labour: and overtime work for wages, with other improvements, in Scottish prisons. Mr. and Mrs. Hill were deeply interested in Sheriff Watson's Industrial Schools in Aberdeen, the beginning of many "ragged schools" and other beneficent work. The last thirty years of her bright useful life were spent at Hampstead, where her venerable husband still lives an active life as a magistrate, and in the performance of official duties with wonderful public spirit in one so advanced in years.

**Seljuks.**—We are indebted to a Cambridge correspondent, E.B.C., for pointing out a misprint in the June Varieties, p. 575. Seleucidæ is printed for Seljukidæ, in the paragraph on "Mussulman Inscriptions in Asia Minor." The division of the ancient Turkish empire of the Seljuks is described in Gibbon, ch. 57. One of its branches fixed itself in Roum, i.e. Anatolia.

**Scio Cui Credidi.**—I know in whom I have believed; I am not ignorant whose precious blood hath been shed for me. I have a shepherd full of kindness, full of care, and full of power: unto Him I commit myself; His own finger hath engraven this sentence on the tables of my heart, "Satan hath desired to winnow thee as wheat, but I have prayed that thy faith fail not." Therefore the assurance of my hope I will labour to keep as a jewel unto the end, and by labour, through the gracious mediation of His prayer, I shall keep it.—*Richard Hooker.*

**Handel and a Gloucester Canon.**—The following anecdote of Handel is told by Dr. Edward Miller (the composer of the tune "Rockingham") in his "History of Doncaster" (1804). "During the latter part of Handel's life, when a boy," says Miller, "I used to perform on the German flute at his oratorios. About the year 1753, a minor canon of Gloucester Cathedral offered his services as a singer, which Handel accepted, and he was employed in the choruses.

Not satisfied with this department, Handel acceded to the canon's request that he should sing a solo, so that his voice should appear to better advantage. But he sang so badly that the audience hissed him. When the performance was over, by way of consolation Handel made him the following speech: 'I am sorry, very sorry for you, indeed, my dear sir; but go you back to your church in de country. God will forgive you for your bad singing; dese wicked people in London, dey will not forgive you.'"

**Diamond cut Diamond.**—In his fables, the Russian Kriloff tells how the rogues in the "thieves' market" cheat one another: "See, cousin," says one, "how God has helped me to-day. I have sold for three hundred roubles some Polish cloth that was not worth half the money; it was to an idiot of an officer, whom I persuaded that it was fine Dutch. See, here is the money—thirty fine red bank notes, absolutely new." "Show me the notes, friend. They are every one of them bad! Out upon you, fox! Do you let yourself be cheated by a wolf?"

**Emigration and the Poor Law.**—As long ago as January 19, 1850, it was said in a leader of the *Times*, "We have no doubt that before a long time has elapsed the organisation of a continuous system of emigration will become the most useful, as it certainly will be one of the most rational, developments of the Poor Law." After forty years, and after many discussions and reports of committees, the relief of overpopulation continues still to be left to the struggling and straggling efforts of societies and of "agencies," instead of by an organised system, whether by the Government, or by local Boards by help of rates. Let us hope that County Councils and Poor Law Guardians will take up the question, daily becoming more urgent.

**Twenty Storeys High.**—For the Grandest Show in the Universe, to be opened in May 1893, at the Columbus Anniversary, at Chicago, the Temple of twenty storeys or stages in height is being busily constructed. The upper storeys will be reached by lifts, and at the top is to be a garden and an observatory.—*Revue de Travail National.*

**Thanksgiving for Victory.**—The Governor-General's notification of December 25, 1845, calls upon the troops to render acknowledgments to God, and the ecclesiastical authorities in Calcutta subsequently circulated a form of thanksgiving. The feeling which prompted the troops of Cromwell or Gustavus to kneel and return thanks to God on the field of victory must ever be admired and honoured, for it was genuine, and pervaded all ranks, from the leader downwards, and it would equally have moved the soldiers to reproaches and humiliation had they been beaten. But such tokens of reverence and abasement come coldly and without a vital meaning in the guise of a "general order" or "circular memorandum;" and perhaps a civilised and intelligent government might with advantage refrain from such tame and passionless assurances of devotion and gratitude, while it gave more attention to religious exercises in its regimental regulations. God should rather be kept ever present to the minds of the armed servants of the State by daily worship and instruction, than ostentatiously lauded on the rare occasion of a victory.—*History of the Sikhs, by Captain J. D. Cunningham.*

**Canadian Farm-Life.**—In the report of the deputation of English farmers, sent to examine the condition and prospects of agricultural life in Canada, many practical hints are given. Of the actual life of a young settler, here is a picture: This gentleman, the son of a clergyman in Dorsetshire, England, when with me as a pupil led quite an easy life, riding round the farms, and merely carrying out my orders to the respective foremen under him. Here I found him with his farm of 320 acres, at a cost of five dollars an acre, nearly all cropped, a good house and buildings well placed, but no soul in the house to cook or do any kind of housework save himself and a single man-servant. The first thing was to run about a mile to get extra bread to carry us over Sunday, when we cooked our supper, and to bed on the floor. My object in recording this is simply to show that, in spite of all these apparent drawbacks, Canada has charms. Here you have a man in every respect, by education at Oxford, a gentleman, ploughing his own land, cooking his own food, washing up, making beds, &c., with the help of one man-servant, making a fairly good living and thoroughly enjoying the life.

**Potato Disease.**—Sulphate of copper has been found in Belgium the most certain remedy for the diseased potato. The plant was not injured, and the percentage of unsound roots was reduced from 30 to 7 per cent. If it is the sulphate that is efficacious, trial with sulphate of iron would be much cheaper than sulphate of copper.

**Channel Islands Trade with London.**—According to statistics contained in the annual report of the Guernsey Chamber of Commerce, the exports of stone from the ports of that island to London in 1890 showed an increase of 17,710 tons as compared with the preceding year, the respective quantities being 246,519 and 256,229 tons. The export of fruit, flowers, and vegetables, the culture of which has become the insular staple industry, also shows a very large increase on the year, amounting in the aggregate to 26 per cent. over that of 1889, the number of packages in 1890 totalling nearly half a million (493,391), as compared with 391,906. In the seven years 1882–9 this source of trade nearly trebled itself, while in one month (August) of last year the number of packages exported was 120,000, or more than the total output of 1882. The returns of passenger traffic, too, consequent on the improved service of the Great Western and South-Western Companies, show that the island was in 1890 visited by some thousands more tourists than in any preceding year.

**The Generosity of Dumas.**—A regiment of needy people sponged on him always: he could not listen to a tale of misery but he gave what he had, and sometimes left himself short of a dinner. He could not even turn a dog out of doors. At his Abbotsford "Monte Cristo," the gates were open to everybody but bailiffs. His dog asked other dogs to come and stay; twelve came, making thirteen in all. The old butler wanted to turn them adrift, and Dumas consented and repented. "Michel," he said, "there are some expenses which a man's social position and the character which he has had the ill-luck to receive from heaven force upon him. I don't believe these dogs ruin me. Let them bide! But in the interests of their own good luck see that they are not thirteen, an unfortunate number!" "Monsieur, I'll drive one of them away!" "No, no, Michel; let a fourteenth come. These dogs cost me some three pounds a month," said Dumas. "A dinner to five or six friends would probably cost thrice as much money, and, when they went home, they would say my wine was good, but certainly that my novels were bad."—*From "Essays in Little," by Andrew Lang.*

**Maple Sugar-making.**—Professor Cook, of the Michigan State Agricultural College, states that the annual expense of working a twenty-acre "sugar-bush" of 600 trees is about £36, this sum including 10 per cent. interest on the £260 invested in land, building, and machinery. The annual yield of sugar being worth £48 to £60, there is a profit of from £12 to £24 per annum. Professor Cook impresses upon American farmers the need of fostering this profitable industry, and protests against the reckless manner in which the maple trees of the United States are being destroyed by settlers.

**Hellenic Studies.**—At the Annual Meeting of the Hellenic Society a summary was given by Professor Jebb of the unusually rich discoveries and researches of the past year. In archæology, many explorations had been carried on, in Eubœa at Eretria, at Megalopolis in the Peloponnesus, in Asia Minor, Cyprus, and in Egypt. As to literary events, the discovery of Aristotle's treatise on the Constitution of Athens was the most notable, and discussion is abundant since the publication by the British Museum of this lost treasure of history. Another important discovery is that of a defence of Christianity, addressed, early in the second century, to the Emperor Hadrian by an Athenian named Aristides. This Apologia is contained in a manuscript

romance, "The Life of Barlaam and Josaphat," found in the Convent of St. Catherine at Mount Sinai. A full report of Professor Jebb's address will be found in the "Times" of June 25. He concluded by expressing regret that the exploration of Delphi had not fallen to British hands, but wished all success to the French savants who had undertaken the work under permission of the Greek Government. The obituary record of the year includes not a few learned and zealous Hellenists: Archbishop Thomson; Dean Church; Canon Liddon; Samuel Lewis, of Cambridge; Anthony Rich, of the "Dictionary of Antiquities"; Sir Robert Fowler, Bart., one of the founders of the Society; and Dr. Schliemann. Reference was made to the third edition of Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," the second edition of which appeared in 1848, and has now to be almost wholly re-written.

**Stoke Poges in 1818.**—The most remarkable thing here is Mr. Penn's house at Stoke. It has an air of magnificence in its architectural appearance, its library, and its ornamental grounds. He has raised a fine monument to the poet Gray, with a very fortunate inscription, for it stands in the midst of the scenery which is identified with his poetry. Gray resided at Stoke, and the churchyard, in the midst of Mr. Penn's grounds, is the one which inspired the Elegy. In the churchyard is the tombstone raised by the poet to his aunt and his mother.—*Isaac D'Israeli to John Murray.*

**Irish Holdings.**—The following statistics may be useful for future reference in regard to the state of Ireland. A Parliamentary paper gives a return of the holdings, their number and valuation. The total number is 552,349, valued at £10,136,493. The following list shows the several numbers and valuations of the holdings:—£4 and under, 151,901, at an aggregate valuation of £326,902; over £4 and not over £15, 232,084, of £1,958,895; over £15 and not over £30, 88,361, of £1,871,204; over £30 and not over £50, 38,731, of £1,497,459; over £50 and not over £150, 34,497, of £2,769,394; over £150 and not over £200, 3,051, of £526,834; over £200, 3,724, of £1,185,805. A second Parliamentary paper gives a return showing, to March 31, 1891, the amount of advances made for the purchase of holdings under the Purchase of Land (Ireland) Acts, 1885 and 1888. The total amount of advances was £6,235,033, and the total number of purchasers 14,657. If these numbers be classified according to the valuation of the holdings, it will be found that to 11,665 purchasers of holdings not exceeding £30 an average of £208 was advanced; up to £50, 1,465 purchasers—average £738; up to £100, 1,039 purchasers—average £1,347; up to £150, 308 purchasers—average £2,271; over £150, 180 purchasers—average £3,431.

**A Social Magazine.**—A veteran worker on social questions, the Rev. Henry Solly, is issuing a monthly magazine—"Our Magazine" he calls it (Simpkin & Co.)—for discussion of questions on political economy, labour and capital, and other subjects of kindred class. Mr. Gladstone and others heartily wish success to Mr. Solly's attempt to deal with the industrial questions in his programme.

**Swiss Military Administration.**—At the beginning of 1891 the active army numbered 127,937 men, the Landwehr 80,272, and the Landsturm 272,124; a small army compared with that of the great European Powers, but efficient for defensive warfare. The Engineers and Artillery are excellent.

**Ivory-carving at Dieppe.**—The British Consul at Dieppe in his last report refers to the art of ivory-carving as carried on there for now about 200 years. "The exquisite delicacy of the carving is in many instances surprising; indeed, the talent of some of the artists entitles them to rank with genuine sculptors. They range from clocks and albums, ornamented with carved flowers and armorial bearings or representations of bacchanalian scenes, hair-brushes, Prayer-books, looking-glasses, paper-knives, cigar-boxes, watch and spill stands, candlesticks, figures, fans, hand-mirrors, thermometers, etc., to carved vases, crucifixes, and statuettes, sculptured after the most perfect art models. Many of the crucifixes are worth £30 to £40, and there are ten or twelve workmen employed all the year round doing nothing else but carving crucifixes. The ivory-work of the Chinese, Japanese, and Indians is well carved and worked, and is in many respects very fine, but it is not comparable with the composition and elegance of execution of models of the best working sculptors of Dieppe."

**Clive "shaking the Pagoda Tree."**—Lord Clive was one of the first who returned to England laden with the spoils of India. Mr. Boswell in his "Life of Dr. Johnson" says that Brown, the famous landscape-gardener and architect, "Capability Brown," was once at the seat of Lord Clive, who showed him at the door of his bedchamber a large chest which he said was once full of gold, upon which Brown observed, "I am glad you can bear it so near your bed-chamber." Before the Committee of the House of Commons, when examined as to his Indian exactions, Clive exclaimed, with an oath, "Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation."

**George Fox.**—Nothing becomes George Fox more in his whole character than his perfect self-possession. Sometimes it was outwardly winter with him, and sometimes it was summer, but it was always the same with him inwardly. I cannot detect him unbelievingly depressed. I cannot find him unduly exalted. If he is bound in prison, he does not despise a poor girl who is there detained for execution, but draws up a petition on her behalf that her life may be spared; and when he visits Oliver Cromwell—let me say a right royal man, a true king—he is not at all abashed before the Protector, but speaks to him just as plainly as he speaks to the poor girl in the jail at Derby; he does not forget the little, or fear the great. When he writes to "Friend Charles II"—who, by the bye, scarcely deserves so honourable a title—it is just in the self-same bold but courteous style. There is not a grain of the fear of man about him. He is humble before God, but there is no affectation of humility in the presence of kings or princes. He never held men's persons in admiration because of advantage, but spoke to men as his fellow mortals, and as God's servant he was bold to tell them the Lord's mind concerning them.—*C. H. Spurgeon's Lecture on George Fox.*

**Serjeant Maynard's Happy Compliment to William III.** Serjeant Maynard, born in 1602, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, survived till 1690, two years after the Revolution which placed William of Orange on the British throne. He took his Oxford degree under James I in 1620; was called to the Bar under Charles I in 1625; was made Serjeant-at-law under Cromwell in 1654, and the Lord Protector's Serjeant in 1658; Solicitor-General under Richard Cromwell; knighted by Charles II in 1660; appointed King's Serjeant by James II in 1685; and Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal by King William in 1689. In that year, when eighty-seven years of age, he had a conversation with the king, who said: "At your age you must have outlived all contemporary lawyers." Maynard replied as a courtier and patriot, "Yes, and I was like also to have outlived the law itself, if your Majesty had not come to the rescue."

**Garrick's Generosity.**—Dr. Johnson often said that, when he saw a worthy family or person in distress, it was his custom to collect charity among such of his friends as he knew to be rich; and on those occasions he received from Garrick more than from any other, and always more than he expected.

**Scott's "Waverley."**—The following statement is made by Sir Richard Phillips, the author of that extraordinary book "A Million of Facts":—"Scott's 'Waverley' was offered anonymously to the editor of that volume. The price asked for it was refused. It then appeared as 'W. Scott's'; but in a few days the name and placards were withdrawn, and the author said to be *unknown*." That Scott made some difficulty about the price is evident from Lockhart; Constable offering £700, Scott suggesting £1,000—the former declining the suggestion, and ultimately publishing the work "on the footing of an equal division of profits between himself and the author."—*Notes and Queries.*

**Mr. Gladstone on Public Libraries.**—At the opening of the Public Library of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields this spring Mr. Gladstone made one of his happiest speeches. He said that his presence was due to his being almost the oldest parishioner, for, though not now resident, he had lived in St. Martin's from 1837 to 1876 inclusively. He paid a just tribute to the memory of Mr. Ewart, by whose exertions the Act of Parliament was carried in 1850, establishing these useful institutions. Referring frequently to the Handbook of Mr. Thomas Greenwood, where all the history and statistics of public libraries are found, he stated that from 1850 to 1886 there were 133 places which availed themselves of the benefits of that Act. Since 1886 the progress of enlightenment has been more rapid; up to 1890 no fewer than seventy-seven new libraries have been opened, a ratio of seventeen new places each year instead of four as in the early period. In London there were in 1886, thirty-six years after the passing of the Act, only two free libraries in the metropolis; there are now nineteen. Other projects now under consideration will probably soon increase the number, without the necessity of resorting to a rate. The city of London, and two or three of the largest parishes, still refuse to establish them. We are glad to learn that another edition of Mr. Greenwood's valuable book is being published. Mr. Greenwood is inclined to advocate grants from the Government for rural districts, but Mr. Gladstone says there are few parts of the kingdom where the wealthy could not give their poorer neighbours the benefit of a library. He has shown a very splendid example on his own property at Hawarden. In less populous districts they might affiliate themselves with town libraries.

**Liquid Oxygen.**—At a lecture by Professor Dewar at the Royal Institution, chiefly on the researches of Faraday, there was exhibited the rare spectacle of liquid oxygen, boiling, at a temperature of 400° below the freezing point of Fahrenheit. This was achieved by subjecting oxygen gas to extreme cold (produced by ethylene) and enormous pressure. This was an experiment suggested by Faraday, but which in his time he was unable to accomplish.

**Increase of Population.**—The returns of the census of 1891 give about 29,000,000 as the population of England and Wales, as against 26,000,000 in 1881. The increase is in the ratio of nearly eleven and a half per cent. in the decade. Scotland has increased from 3,735,573 to 4,033,103 in the ten years. Ireland, which at no remote period had eight millions, is now reduced to less than five millions, and if the same ratio relatively is continued of increase and decrease, Scotland will pass Ireland before the next census! The number of representatives in Parliament ought certainly to be reconsidered for the two countries.

**Canadian Forest Fires.**—During the summer of 1891 the extent of forest fires has been beyond all former precedent. In the Mivamichi Valley seas of flames have extended for dozens of miles, and hardly a house or barn is left standing. Railways have in many places been destroyed, stations, telegraph poles, and carriages all consumed. In June, navigation on many parts of the St. Lawrence was suspended. The steamers were unable to proceed through the dense smoke, both sides of the river having fires raging for 200 miles. Near Lake St. John, ten square miles of timber land was at one time ablaze, and immense damage done. It is said that not a tree, house, or farm has been left between Beaudet and Macignac Station, a distance of sixty miles.

**Writing Experts.**—An amusing anecdote is told of the self-confident audacity of writing experts. In a certain case the directors of a company declared certain signatures to be forgeries. This declaration had no effect upon the expert, who asserted their genuineness. "But," suggested Lord Coleridge, "suppose the directors swear they did not sign them, would that alter your opinion?" "Not the slightest," was the reply. The Lord Chief Justice next tried, "Suppose they were men of high character?" "Then I am sorry for them," was the unabashed rejoinder. "I suppose," suggested the judge, "the judgment of a judge and jury would not alter your opinion?" "Not the slightest," said the witness!

**Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead.**—At the 86th anniversary meeting this summer, under the presidency of Field-Marshal Sir J. Lintorn Simmons, it was stated that there were 191 children in the Home, every one present, not a single girl on the sick list. This speaks well for the care taken of the inmates as well as for the healthiness of Hampstead. The average cost of maintenance per head is under £20 10s. Some of the regiments of the army do not help this excellent institution, but the majority do, and the Royal Engineers support nine boarders in the Home.

**Cart and Weighing-Machine combined.**—At the last Smithfield show, where implements as well as animals are exhibited and rewarded, a novel and useful machine was seen, a combination of cart and weighing. The delay in transmission of goods, whether dead packages or live stock, has been often complained of, as well as the increased cost from the necessity of unloading to get weighed. The machine invented by Mr. Jenner, of Taunton, allows of freight being weighed without removal from cart or truck, and by adding a crate for loose commodities or a pen for live-stock, the weight is readily obtained. The bottom of the vehicle forms the platform of the weighing machine, the steelyard, and index being visible on the outside. The transit of goods, especially by rail, ought to be facilitated by this invention.

**Swiss Revenue.**—The financial accounts of the Federation of the Cantons of the Swiss Republic show the receipts for 1890 to amount to 67,621,251 francs, and the expenditure to 66,688,381 francs. This is of course only the Federal revenue, each canton having its local taxation and expenditure.

# Household Queries.

**Killing a Cat.**—*I have more than once seen it stated that the most humane way of killing a cat is by chloroform. But no directions were given. I should be much obliged if you would insert the information.*—Chloroform or morphia is the kindest way. Of morphia, get the chemist to make a pill or bolus of ten grains with some extract of liquorice. The only trouble is giving this: the animal will never wake again. To chloroform her, pour some chloroform on a handkerchief; hold this close to her nose, and as she begins to be quieter, wrap all around the nose so that she inhales the vapour nearly pure. There is no sure sign of death for an ordinary person; but if you keep the handkerchief supplied with chloroform for two or three minutes, you may be sure. An ounce bottle would be plenty and to spare. If the cat is restive, and you can get her to take two teaspoonfuls of syrup of chloral in milk, that will send her to sleep, and you can then apply the handkerchief easily. Any chemist's assistant would do it.

**Skeleton Leaves and Ceramic-Mosaic Work.**—*Can you enlighten me as to how to prepare the former, also to mount them, and any information as regards the latter will be most acceptable?*—Leaves are best prepared naturally, by laying selected perfect specimens in shallow pans full of rain-water, and exposing to the sun for periods ranging from three weeks to three months, until the fleshy portion is soft enough to come away. The water becomes offensive, but must not be changed, only filled up now and then as it evaporates. The rays of the sun as long as possible are important in this method. A quicker method is to dissolve five ounces of soda in a quart of boiling water, adding two ounces quicklime, and boiling together for twenty minutes. When cool and settled pour the clear liquid off, and stew the leaves in it gently for an hour, adding boiling water as the fluid boils away. When soft and pulpy the leaves are taken out and soaked and washed in clean water, but are more brittle and easily injured than by the other process. In either case the softened leaves are lifted carefully with a china or glass slice something like a fish-slice, held just under the surface of clean water, and "dabbed" with a brush to remove the flesh, occasionally washing the particles off. Camel-hair thick brushes are used for very delicate leaves, and bristle- or tooth-brushes for stronger ones. Both sides are treated in turn, and of course care must be taken not to injure the skeleton. The skeleton is finally dried between blotting paper. The skeletons are afterwards bleached in a solution of chloride of lime, and then well washed and finally dried. If the stems have broken off, stems of fine covered wire are glued on them at the back, and the various portions of a bouquet are attached together by cotton to sprays of covered wire, or even a nice branching twig from a hedge; a touch of gum on the cotton keeps it from unwinding again, as tying is dangerous to the fragile leaves. For further details you must consult some book on decorative pursuits, or an article, which the subject really requires to treat fully: there is a good one in Cassell's "Book of the Household." The only mosaic work we have ever come across suitable for domestic practice is with coloured beads, or coloured glasses broken into small fragments. Such work would also require an article to treat fully, and we can only say here that the beads or fragments are best laid on mastic cement, made by dissolving mastic in as little alcohol as will keep it fluid, and mixing this under heat with isinglass dissolved in brandy; finally dissolving also a little gum-galbanum. The ground is covered with this hot, and a little is again applied with a small brush where work is being done, from time to time, the bottle of cement being kept in hot water while in use. When the design is complete, a sheet of paper is laid on it and the whole flattened with a hot flat-iron. Finally linseed oil is laid over all and allowed to run in, and fine whiting sprinkled over and well worked with a brush into the interstices, which cleanses the surface and at the same time solidly embeds the beads or fragments. The whole is finally wiped with a soft rag. We should think this process might be used for any mosaic work on a small scale. Either mahogany or metal should be used for the groundwork, unless the mosaic is done on a piece of wall.

**Sweet Walnuts.**—*I should be glad to know how to pickle walnuts sweet, said to be good for digestion, and recommended by a physician.*—You probably mean what is sometimes known as walnut jam or preserve, which has gentle laxative properties, and in small quantities may be regarded as a digestive tonic, and in larger as a pleasant domestic medicine. Take, say, fifty nuts in which the shell has not begun to form, prick them well and deeply all over, and boil in water till quite soft. Throw this water away, put a clove in each nut, and stew over them two ounces bruised ginger. Make a syrup of half a pint of water and 2½ lbs. coarse brown sugar, stirring over the fire till all is well dissolved; then put in the walnuts and boil or simmer gently for twenty to thirty minutes, stirring constantly to prevent them burning. Pot off as usual.

**Tarnish on Silver.**—*Kindly inform the writer of the best method for removing tarnish (so dark as to be nearly black) from silver and silver-plated articles. Have tried ammonia at several stages of strength, and used whiting without success.*—Ammonia would be no use; but if you use whiting with methylated spirit, we know by experience that it is perfectly effectual. Of course bad tarnish may need a great deal of rubbing. Any of the non-mercurial plate-powders, or ordinary jewellers' rouge, may also be used.

**Smell of Onions.**—*I would like to know how to get the taste of onions out of silver forks after they have been used for stews, or salads containing onions. Have tried many things recommended, but all in vain.*—Stick them into the earth and leave them twenty-four hours: then wash and clean thoroughly. This plan is well tested and thoroughly effectual.

**Pigeons.**—*Would you mind telling me if dyeing pigeons under the wings would hurt them or interfere with their flight, also if Homing Pigeons should be fed at stated hours, or have their food always by them?*—Dyeing will not injure them in any way. Homing Pigeons are best fed at stated times, fancy pigeons do better with food by them.

**Cockroaches.**—*Could you advise me as to the best method of putting away black beetles?*—Leave about a few slices of cucumber, or cucumber rind; and every night put some powdered borax down their holes. This last has been found the most effectual means of any, and if persevered in daily for three weeks, generally answers.

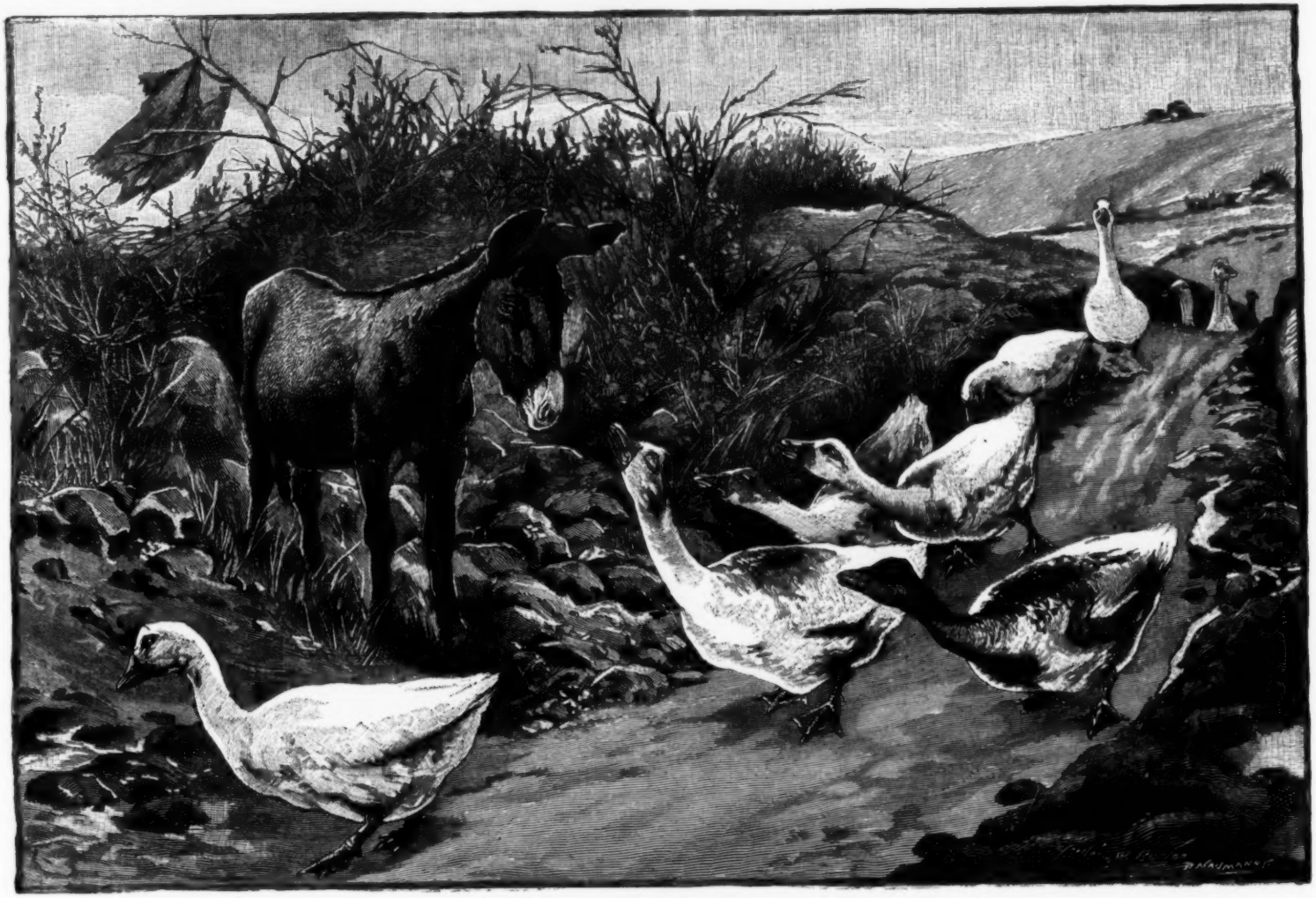
**Jackdaw's Plumage.**—*I have a poor jackdaw, picked up, badly used by someone, the head feathers plucked out, the wings cut; it seems a weakling. I have had it just one year and there seems no sign of new wings or tail. The head is nicely clothed. Do you think the wings will grow; they tell me the old wing-feathers must be pulled out ere the new ones grow. Is that so? He has no signs of a new tail either.*—If he had been ill-used and weak, the abnormal season might prevent his moulting properly. Plucking would be no use, but a little pinch of powdered sulphur two or three times a week and a little scraped cuttle-fish bone may probably help him to moult soundly this autumn. He will have the best chance if you can let him be loose, and see that he has some live insect food.

**Albo-Carbon Light and Paint.**—*Will carbon, burnt with gas to get a purer light, have an injurious effect upon painted walls, in such a way that it prevents any future coats of paint from properly drying, and causing it to go discoloured? If so, how can it be remedied?*—The carbon has no such effect; on the contrary, so much less gas is burnt that things are less affected. It is possible that if there were bad leakage in the vessels so as to let out vapour unburnt, it might have some effect, but the intolerable smell would soon betray this. We have known cases of paint not drying where carbon was never used; but the cause is in the paint itself. Not necessarily the painter's fault, but in these cheap days, when "things are not what they seem," what he buys may be faulty.

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## Astronomical Almanack for August.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | ☉ rises 4.25 A.M. | 16 | ♋ | 12 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 2 | ♋ | 10 SUN. AFTER TRINITY | 17 | M | Capricornus S. 10.28 P.M. |
| 3 | M | Bank and Genl. Holiday | 18 | T | Length of Day 14h. 25m. |
| 4 | T | New ☽ 5.12 P.M. | 19 | W | Full ☽ 9.28 P.M. |
| 5 | W | ☉ sets 7.41 P.M. | 20 | T | ☽ least distance from ⊕ |
| 6 | T | Clock before ☉ 5m. 41s. | 21 | F | Daybreak 2.38 A.M. |
| 7 | F | Jupiter an evening star | 22 | S | Twilight ends 9.26 P.M. |
| 8 | S | ☽ greatest dist. from ⊕ | 23 | ♋ | 13 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 9 | ♋ | 11 SUN. AFTER TRINITY | 24 | M | Aquila S. 9.34 P.M. |
| 10 | M | Jupiter rises 8.25 P.M. | 25 | T | Draco in zenith 8.0 P.M. |
| 11 | T | Half-Quarter Day | 26 | W | ☽ 3 Quarter 0.9 P.M. |
| 12 | W | Trinity Law Sitt. end | 27 | T | Lyra S. 8.10 P.M. |
| | | [☽ 1 Quarter 9.12 P.M. | 28 | F | Clock before ☉ 1m. 9s. |
| 13 | T | Saturn sets 8.27 P.M. | 29 | S | ☉ rises 5.9 A.M. |
| 14 | F | ☉ rises 4.45 A.M. | 30 | ♋ | 14 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 15 | S | ☉ sets 7.22 P.M. | 31 | M | ☉ sets 6.48 P.M. |



THE SALUTE.

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC.



"THE QUEEN IS DEAD!"

### CHAPTER XXI.—MY FATHER.

TELL him all? I stood thinking, my hand on the key. The voices of the rearmost of the conspirators sounded more and more faintly as they passed up the shaft, until their last accents died away in the room above, and silence followed; a silence in strange contrast with the bright glare of the torches which burned round me and lit up the empty cellar as for a feast. I was wondering what he would say when I told him all—when I said "I am your son! I, whom Providence has used to thwart your plans, whose life you sought, whom, without a thought of pity, you left to perish!—I am your son!"

Infinitely I dreaded the moment when I should tell him this, and hear his answer; and I lingered with my hand on the key until an abrupt knocking on the other side of the door brought the blood to my face. Before I could turn the key the hasty summons was repeated, and grew to a frantic, hurried drumming on the boards—a sound which plainly told of terror suddenly conceived, and in an instant full-grown. A hoarse cry followed, coming

dully to my ears through the thickness of the door, and the next moment the stout planks shook as a heavy weight fell against them.

I turned the key, and the door was flung open from within. My father stumbled out.

The strong light for an instant blinded him, and he blinked as an owl does brought to the sunshine. Even in him the long hours passed in solitude and the blackness of despair had worked changes. His hair was greyer: in patches it was almost white, and then again dark. He had gnawed his lower lip, and there were bloodstains on it. His moustache, too, was ragged and torn, as if he had gnawed that also. His eyes were bloodshot, his lean face was white and haggard and fierce.

"Ha!" he cried, trembling, as he peered round, "I thought they had left me to starve! There were rats in there! I thought——"

He stopped. He saw me standing holding the edge of the door. He saw that otherwise the room was empty, the farther door leading to the shaft open. An open door! To him doubtless it seemed of all sights the most wonderful, the most heavenly! His knees began to shake under him.

"What is it?" he muttered. "What were they shouting about? I heard them shouting."

"The queen is dying," I answered simply, "or dead, and you can do us no more harm. You are free."

"Free?" He repeated the word, leaning against the wall, his eyes wild and glaring, his lips parted.

"Yes, free," I answered, in a lower voice—"free to go out into the air of heaven a living man!" I paused. For a moment I could not continue. Then I added solemnly, "Sir, Providence has saved you from death, and me from a crime."

He leaned still against the wall, dazed, thunderstruck, almost incredulous, and looked from me to the open door and back again as if without this constant testimony of his eyes he could not believe in his escape.

"It was not Anne?" he murmured. "She did not——"

"She tried to save your life," I answered; "but they would not listen to her."

"Did she come here?"

As he spoke, he straightened himself with an effort and stood up. He was growing more like himself.

"No," I answered. "She sent for me and told me her terms. But Kingston and the others would not listen to them. You would have been dead now, though I did all I could to save you, if Penruddocke had not brought this news of the queen."

"She is dead?"

"She is dying. The Spanish ambassador," I added, to clinch the matter, for I saw he doubted, "rode through here this afternoon to pay his court to the Princess Elizabeth at Hatfield."

He looked down at the ground, thinking deeply. Most men would have been unable to think at all, unable to concentrate their thoughts on anything save their escape from death. But a life of daily risk and hazard had so hardened this man that I was certain, as I watched him, that he was not praying nor giving thanks. He was already pondering how he might make the most out of the change; how he might to the best advantage sell his knowledge of the government whose hours were numbered to the government which soon would be. The life of intrigue had become second nature to him.

He looked up and our eyes met. We gazed at one another.

"Why are you here?" he said curiously. "Why did they leave you? Why were you the one to stop to set me free, Master Carey?"

"My name is not Carey," I answered.

"What is it then?" he asked carelessly.

"Cludde," I answered softly.

"Cludde!" He called it out. Even his self-mastery could not cope with this surprise. "Cludde," he said again—said it twice in a lower voice.

"Yes, Cludde," I answered, meeting and yet shrinking from his questioning eyes, "my name is Cludde. So is yours. I tried to save your life, because I learned from Mistress Anne——"

I paused. I shrank from telling him that which, as it seemed to me, would strike him to the ground in shame and horror. But he had no fear.

"What?" he cried. "What did you learn?"

"That you are my father," I answered slowly. "I am Francis Cludde, the son whom you deserted many years ago, and to whom Sir Anthony gave a home at Coton."

I expected him to do anything except what he did. He stared at me with astonished eyes for a minute, and then a low whistle issued from his lips.

"My son, are you! My son!" he said coolly. "And how long have you known this, young sir?"

"Since yesterday," I murmured. The words he had used on that morning at Santon, when he had bidden me die and rot, were fresh in my memory—in my memory, not in his. I recalled his treachery to the Duchess, his pursuit of us, his departure with Anne, the words in which he had cursed me. He remembered apparently none of these things, but simply gazed at me with a thoughtful smile.

"I wish I had known it before," he said at last. "Things might have been different. A pretty dutiful son you have been!"

The sneer did me good. It recalled to my mind what Master Bertie had said.

"There can be no question of duty between us," I answered firmly. "What duty I owe to any one of my family, I owe to my uncle."

"Then why have you told me this?"

"Because I thought it right you should know it," I answered, "were it only that, knowing it, we may go different ways. We have nearly done one another a mischief more than once," I added gravely.

He laughed. He was not one whit abashed by the discovery, nor awed, nor cast down. There was even in his cynical face a gleam of kindliness and pride as he scanned me. We were almost of a height—I the taller by an inch or two; and in our features I believe there was a likeness, though not such as to invite remark.

"You have grown to be a chip of the old block," he said coolly. "I would as soon have you for a son as another. I think on the whole I am pleased. You talked of Providence just now"—this with a laugh of serene amusement—"and perhaps you were right. Perhaps there is such a thing. For I

am growing old, and lo! it gives me a son to take care of me."

I shook my head. I could never be that kind of son to him.

"Wait a bit," he said, frowning slightly. "You think your side is up and mine is down, and I can do you no good now, but only harm. You are ashamed of me. Well, wait," he continued, nodding confidently. "Do not be too sure that I cannot help you. I have been wrecked a dozen times, but I never yet failed to find a boat that would take me to shore."

Yes, he was so arrogant in the pride of his many deceits that an hour after Heaven had stretched out its hand to save him, he denied its power and took the glory to himself. I did not know what to say to him, how to undeceive him, how to tell him that it was not the failure of his treachery which shamed me, but the treachery itself. I could only remain silent.

And so he mistook me; and, after pondering a moment with his chin in his hand, he continued:

"I have a plan, my lad. The Queen dies. Well—I am no bigot—long live the Queen and the Protestant religion! The down will be up and the up down, and the Protestants will be everything. It will go hard then with those who cling to the old faith."

He looked at me with a crafty smile, his head on one side.

"I do not understand," I said coldly.

"Then listen. Sir Anthony will hold by his religion. He used to be a choleric gentleman, and as obstinate as a mule. He will need but to be pricked up a little, and he will get into trouble with the authorities as sure as eggs are eggs. I will answer for it. And then——"

"Well?" I said grimly. How was I to observe even a show of respect for him when I was quivering with fierce wrath and abhorrence? "Do you think that that will benefit *you*?" I cried. "Do you think that you are so high in favour with Cecil and the Protestants that they will set *you* in Sir Anthony's place? You!"

He looked at me still more craftily, not put out by my indignation, but rather amused by it.

"No, lad, not me," he replied, with tolerant good-nature. "I am somewhat blown upon of late. But Providence has not given me back my son for nothing. I am not alone in the world now. I must remember my family. I must think a little of others as well as of myself."

"What do you mean?" I said, recoiling.

He scanned me a moment with his eyes half-shut, his head on one side. Then he laughed, a cynical, jarring laugh.

"Good boy!" he said. "Excellent boy! He knows no more than he is told. His hands are clean, and he has friends upon the winning side who will not see him lose a chance, should a chance turn up. Be satisfied. Keep your hands clean if you like, boy. We understand one another."

He laughed again and turned away; and, much as I dreaded and disliked him, there was something in the indomitable nature of the man which wrung from me a meed of admiration. Could the best of men have recovered more quickly from despair? Could the best of men, their plans failing, have begun to spin fresh webs with equal patience? Could the most courageous and faithful of those who have tried to work the world's bettering, have faced the downfall of their hopes with stouter hearts, with more genuine resignation? Bad as he was, he had courage and endurance beyond the common.

He came back to me when he had gone a few paces.

"Do you know where my sword is?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone, as one might ask a question of an old comrade.

I found it cast aside behind the door. He took it from me, grumbling over a nick in the edge, which he had caused by some desperate blow when he was seized. He fastened it on with an oath. I could not look at the sword without remembering how nearly he had taken my life with it. The recollection did not trouble him in the slightest.

"Now farewell!" he said carelessly, "I am going to turn over a new leaf, and begin returning good for evil. Do you go to your friends and do your work, and I will go to my friends and do mine."

Then with a nod he walked briskly away, and I heard him climb the ladder and depart.

What was he going to do? I was so deeply amazed by the interview that I did not understand. I had thought him a wicked man, but I had not conceived the hardness of his nature. As I stood alone looking round the vault, I could hardly believe that I had met and spoken to my father, and told him I was his son—and this was all! I could hardly believe that he had gone away with this knowledge, unmoved and unrepentant: alike unwarned by the Providence which had used me to thwart his schemes, and untouched by the beneficence which had thrice held him back from the crime of killing me—ay, proof even against the longsuffering which had plucked him from the abyss and given him one more chance of repentance.

I found Master Bertie in the stables waiting for me with some impatience. Of which, upon the whole, I was glad. For I had no wish to be closely questioned, and the account I gave him of the interview might at another time have seemed disjointed and incoherent. He listened to it, however, without remark: and his next words made it clear that he had other matters in his mind.

"I do not know what to do about fetching the Duchess over," he said. "This news seems to be true, and she ought to be here."

"Certainly," I agreed.

"The country in general is well affected to the Princess Elizabeth," he continued. "Yet the interest of the Bishops, of the Spanish faction, and of some of the council, will lie in giving trouble. To avoid this, we should show our strength. Therefore I want the Duchess to come over with all speed. Will you fetch her?" he added sharply, turning to me.

"Will I?" I cried in surprise.

"Yes, you. I cannot well go myself at this crisis. Will you go instead?"

"Of course I will," I answered.

And the prospect cheered me wonderfully. It gave me something to do, and opened my eyes to the great change of which Penruddocke had been the herald, a change which was even then beginning. As we rode down Highgate Hill that day, messengers were speeding north and south and east and west, to Norwich and Bristol and Canterbury and Coventry and York, with the tidings that the sombre rule under which England had groaned for five years and more was coming to an end. If in a dozen towns of England they roped their bells afresh; if in every county, as Penruddocke had prophesied, they got their tar-barrels ready; if all, save a few old-fashioned folk and a few gloomy bigots and hysterical women, awoke as from an evil dream; if even sensible men saw in the coming of the young queen a panacea for all their ills—a quenching of Smithfield fires, a Calais recovered,



"SUCH A FAIR YOUNG QUEEN, MEN REPORT."

a cure for the worthless coinage which hampered trade, and a riddance of worthless foreigners who plundered it—with better roads, purer justice, a fuller Exchequer, more favourable seasons—if England read all this in that news of Penruddocke's, was it not something to us also?

It was indeed. We were saved at the last moment from the dangerous enterprise on which we had rashly embarked. We had now such prospects before us as only the success of that scheme could have ordinarily opened. Ease and honours instead of the gallows, and to lie warm instead of creaking in the wind! Thinking of this, I fell into a better frame of mind as I jogged along towards London. For what, after all, was my father to me, that his existence should make me unhappy, or rob mine of all pleasure? I had made a place for myself in the world. I had earned friends for myself. He might take away my pride in the one, but he could never rob me of the love of the others—of those who had eaten and drunk and fought and suffered beside me, and for whom I too had fought and suffered!

. . . . . .

"A strange time for the swallows to come back," said my lady, turning to smile at me, as I rode on her off-side.

It would have been strange, indeed, if there had been swallows in the air. For it was the end of December. The roads were frost-bound and the trees leafless. The east wind, gathering force in its rush across the Essex marshes, whirled before it the last trophies of Hainault Forest, and seemed, as it whistled by our ears and shaved our faces, to grudge us the shelter to which we were hastening. The long train behind us—for the good times of which we had talked so often had come—were full of the huge fire we expected to find at the inn at Barking—our last stage on the road to London. And if the Duchess and I bore the cold more patiently, it was probably because we had more food for thought—and perhaps thicker raiment.

"Do not shake your head," she continued, glancing at me with mischief in her eyes, "and flatter yourself you will not go back, but will go on making yourself and some one else unhappy. You will do nothing of the kind, Francis. Before the spring comes you and I will ride over the drawbridge at Coton End, or I am a Dutchwoman!"

"I cannot see that things are changed," I said.

"Not changed?" she replied. "When you left, you were nobody. Now you are somebody, if it be only in having a sister with a dozen serving-men in her train. Leave it to me. And now thank Heaven we are here! I am so stiff and cold, you must lift me down. We have not to ride far after dinner, I hope."

"Only seven miles," I answered, as the host, who had been warned by an outrider to expect us, came running out with a tail at his heels.

"What news from London, Master Landlord?" I said to him as he led us through the kitchen, where there was indeed a great fire, but no chimney, and so to a smaller room possessing both these luxuries. "Is all quiet?"

"Certainly, your worship," he replied, bowing and rubbing his hands. "There never was such an accession, nor more ale drunk, nor powder burned—and I have seen three—and there was pretty shouting at old King Harry's, but not like this. Such a fair young queen, men report, with a look of the stout king about her, and as prudent and discreet as if she had changed heads with Sir William Cecil. God bless her, say I, and send her a wise husband!"

"And a loving one," quoth my lady, prettily. "Amen."

"I am glad all has gone off well," I continued,

speaking to the Duchess, as I turned to the blazing hearth. "If there had been blows, I would fain have been here to strike one."

"Nay, sir, not a finger has wagged against her," the landlord answered, kicking the logs together—"to speak of, that is, your worship. I do hear to-day of a little trouble down in Warwickshire. But it is no more than a storm in a wash-tub, I am told."

"In Warwickshire?" I said, arrested, in the act of taking off my cloak, by the familiar name. "In what part, my man?"

"I am not clear about that, sir, not knowing the country," he replied. "But I heard that a gentleman there had fallen foul of her Grace's orders about church matters, and beaten the officers sent to see them carried out; and that when the sheriff remonstrated with him, he beat him too. But I warrant they will soon bring him to his senses."

"Did you hear his name?" I asked. There was a natural misgiving in my mind. Warwickshire was large; and yet something in the tale smacked of Sir Anthony.

"I did hear it," the host answered, scratching his head, "but I cannot call it to mind. I think I should know it if I heard it."

"Was it Sir Anthony Cludde?"

"It was that very same name!" he exclaimed, clapping his hands in wonder. "To be sure! Your worship has it pat!"

I slipped back into my cloak again, and snatched up my hat and whip. But the Duchess was as quick. She stepped between me and the door.

"Sit down, Francis!" she said imperiously. "What would you be at?"

"What would I be at?" I cried with emotion. "I would be with my uncle. I shall take horse at once and ride Warwickshire way with all speed. It is possible that I may be in time to avert the consequences. At least I can see that my cousin comes to no harm."

"Good lad," she said placidly. "You shall start to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" I cried impatiently. "But time is everything, madam."

"You shall start to-morrow," she repeated. "Time is not everything, firebrand! If you start to-day what can you do? Nothing! No more than if the thing had happened three years ago, before you met me. But to-morrow—when you have seen the Secretary of State, as I promise you you shall, this evening if he be in London—to-morrow you shall go in a different character, and with credentials."

"You will do this for me?" I exclaimed, leaping up and taking her hand, for I saw in a moment the wisdom of the course she proposed. "You will get me——"

"I will get you something to the purpose," my lady answered roundly. "Something that shall save your uncle if there be any power in England can save him. You shall have it, Frank," she added, her colour rising, and her eyes filling, as I kissed her hand, "though I have to take Master Secretary by the beard!"

### CHAPTER XXII.—SIR ANTHONY'S PURPOSE.

LATE, as I have heard, on the afternoon of November the twentieth, 1558, a man riding between Oxford and Worcester, with the news of the queen's death, caught sight of the gateway tower at Coton End, which is plainly visible from the road. Though he had already drunk that day as much ale as would have sufficed him for a week when the queen was well, yet much wants more. He calculated he had time to stop and taste the Squire's brewing, which he judged, from the look of the tower, might be worth his news; and he rode through the gate and railed at his nag for stumbling.

Half way across the Chase he met Sir Anthony. The old gentleman was walking out, with his staff in his hand and his dogs behind him, to take the air before supper. The man, while he was still a hundred paces off, began to wave his hat and shout something, which ale and excitement rendered unintelligible.

"What is the matter?" said Sir Anthony to himself. And he stood still.

"The queen is dead!" shouted the messenger, swaying in his saddle.

The knight stared.

"Ay, sure!" he ejaculated after a while. And he took off his hat. "Is it true, man?"

"As true as that I left London yesterday afternoon and have never drawn rein since!" swore the knave, who had been three days on the road, and had drunk at every hostel and at half the manor-houses between London and Oxford.

"God rest her soul!" said Sir Anthony piously, still in somewhat of a maze. "And do you come in! Come in, man, and take something."

But the messenger had got his formula by heart, and was not to be defrauded of any part of it.

"God save the queen!" he shouted. And out of respect for the knight, he slipped from his saddle and promptly fell on his back in the road.

"Ay, to be sure, God save the queen!" echoed Sir Anthony, taking off his hat again. "You are right, man!" Then he hurried on, not noticing the messenger's mishap. The tidings he had heard seemed of such importance, and he was so anxious to tell them to his household—for the greatest men have weaknesses, and news such as this comes seldom in a lifetime—that he strode on to the house, and over the drawbridge into the courtyard, without once looking behind him.

He loved order and decent observance. But there are times when a cat, to get to the cream-pan, will wet its feet. He stood now in the middle of the courtyard, and raising his voice, shouted for his daughter. "Ho, Petronilla! do you hear, girl! Father! Father Carey! Martin Luther! Baldwin!" and so on, until half the household were collected. "Do you hear, all of you? The queen is dead! God rest her soul!"

"Amen!" said Father Carey, as became him, putting in his word amid the wondering silence which followed; while Martin Luther and Baldwin, who were washing themselves at the pump, stood with their heads dripping and their mouths agape.

"Amen!" echoed the knight. "And long live the queen! Long live Queen Elizabeth!" he

continued, having now got his formula by heart. And he swung his hat.

There was a cheer, a fairly loud cheer. But there was one who did not join in it, and that was Petronilla. She, listening at her lattice upstairs, began at once to think, as was her habit when any matter great or small fell out, whether this would affect the fortunes of a certain person far away. It might, it might not; she did not know. But the doubt so far entertained her that she came down to supper with a heightened colour, not thinking in the least, poor girl, that the event might have dire consequences for others almost as dear to her, and nearer home.

Every year since his sudden departure a letter from Francis Cludde had come to Coton: a meagre letter, which had passed through many hands, and reached Sir Anthony now through one channel now through another. The knight grumbled and swore over these letters, which never contained an address to which an answer could be forwarded, nor said much, save that the writer was well and sent his love and duty, and looked to return, all being well. But, meagre as they were, and loud as he swore over them, he put them religiously away in an oak-chest in his parlour; and another always put away for her share something else, which was invariably enclosed—a tiny swallow's feather. The knight never said anything about the feather; neither asked the meaning of its presence, nor commented upon its absence when Petronilla gave him back the letter. But for days after each of these arrivals he would look much at his daughter, would follow her about with his eyes, be more regular in bidding her attend him in his walk, and more particular in seeing that she had the tit-bits of the joint.

For Petronilla, it cannot be said, though I think in after times she would have liked to make some one believe it, that she wasted away. But she did take a more serious and thoughtful air in these days, which she never, God bless her, lost afterwards. There came from Wootton Wawen and from Henley in Arden and from Cookhill gentlemen of excellent estate, to woo her. But they all went away disconsolate after drinking very deeply of Sir Anthony's ale and strong waters. And some wondered that the good knight did not roundly take the jade to task and see her settled.

But he did not: so possibly even in these days he had other views. I have been told that, going up once to her little chamber to seek her, he found a very singular ornament suspended inside her lattice. It was no other than a common clay house-martin's nest. But it was so deftly hung in a netted bag, and so daintily swathed in moss always green, and the Christmas roses and snowdrops and violets and daffodils which decked it in turn were always so pure and fresh and bright—as the knight learned by more than one stealthy visit afterwards—that, coming down the steep steps, he could not see clearly, and stumbled against a cook-boy, and beat him soundly for getting in his way.

To return, however. The news of the queen's death had scarcely been well digested at Coton, nor the mass for her soul which Father Carey celebrated with much devotion been properly criticised, before another surprise fell upon the household. Two strangers arrived, riding late one evening, and rang the great bell while all were at supper. Baldwin and the porter went to see what it was, and brought back a message which drew the knight from his chair, as a terrier draws a rat.

"You are drunk!" he shouted, purple in the face, and fumbling for the stick which usually leaned against his seat ready for emergencies. "How dare you bring cock-and-bull stories to me?"

"It is true enough!" muttered Baldwin sullenly: a stout dour man, not much afraid of his master, but loving him exceedingly. "I knew him again myself."

Sir Anthony strode firmly out of the room, and in the courtyard near the great gate found a man and a woman standing in the dusk. He walked up to the former and looked him in the face. "What do you here?" he said, in a strange, hard voice.

"I want shelter for a night for myself and my wife; a meal and some words with you—no more," was the answer. "Give me this," the stranger continued, "which every idle passer-by may claim at Coton End, and you shall see no more of me, Anthony."

For a moment the knight seemed to hesitate. Then he answered, pointing sternly with his hand, "There is the hall and supper. Go and eat and drink. Or, stay!" he resumed. And he turned and gave some order to Baldwin, who went swiftly to the hall, and in a moment came again. "Now go! What you want the servants will prepare for you."

"I want speech of you," said the new-comer.

Sir Anthony seemed about to refuse, but thought better of it. "You can come to my room when you have supped," he said, in the same ungracious tone, speaking with his eyes averted.

"And you—do you not take supper?"

"I have finished," said the knight, albeit he had eaten little. And he turned on his heel.

Very few of those who sat round the table and watched with astonishment the tall stranger's entrance knew him again. It was thirteen years since Ferdinand Cludde had last sat there; sitting there of right. And the thirteen years had worked much change in him. When he found that Petronilla, obeying her father's message, had disappeared, he said haughtily that his wife would sup in her own room; and with a flashing eye and curling lip, bade Baldwin see to it. Then, seating himself in a place next Sir Anthony's, he looked down the board at which all sat silent. His sarcastic eye, his high bearing, his manner—the manner of one who had gone long with his life in his hand—awed these simple folk. Then, too, he was a Cludde. Father Carey was absent that evening. Martin Luther had one of those turns, half-sick, half-sullen, which alternated with his moods of merriment; and kept his straw pallet in some corner or other. There was no one to come between the servants and this dark-visaged stranger, who was yet no stranger.

He had his way and his talk with Sir Anthony, the latter lasting far into the night and producing

odd results. In the first place, the unbidden guest and his wife stayed on over next day, and over many days to come, and seemed gradually to grow more and more at home. The knight began to take long walks and rides with his brother, and from each walk and ride came back with a more gloomy face and a curter manner. Petronilla, his companion of old, found herself set aside for her uncle, and cast, for society, on Ferdinand's wife, the strange young woman with the brilliant eyes, whose odd changes from grave to gay rivalled Martin Luther's; and who now scared the girl by wild laughter and wilder gibes, and now moved her to pity by fits of weeping, or dark moods of gloom. That Uncle Ferdinand's wife stood in dread of her husband, Petronilla soon learned, and even began to share this dread, to shrink from his presence, and to shut herself up more and more closely in her own chamber.

There was another, too, who grew to be troubled about this time, and that was Father Carey. The good-natured, easy priest received with joy and thankfulness the news that Ferdinand Cludde had seen his errors and re-entered the fold. But when he had had two or three interviews with the convert, his brow, too, grew clouded, and his mind troubled. He learned to see that the accession of the young Protestant queen must bear fruit for which he had a poor appetite. He began to spend many hours in the church—the church which he had known all his life—and wrestled much with himself—if his face were any index to his soul. Good, kindly man, he was not of the stuff of which martyrs are made; and to be forced, pushed on, and goaded into becoming a martyr against one's will—well, the father's position was a hard one. As was that in those days of many a good and learned clergyman bred in one church, and bidden suddenly, on pain of losing his livelihood, if not his life, to migrate to another.

The visitors had been in the house a month—and in that month an observant eye might have noted much change, though all things in seeming went on as before—when the queen's orders enjoining all priests to read the service, or a great part of it, in English, came down, being forwarded by the sheriff to Father Carey. The missive arrived on a Friday, and had been indeed long expected.

"What shall you do?" Ferdinand asked Sir Anthony.

"As before!" the tall old man replied, gripping his staff more firmly. It was no new subject between them. A hundred times they had discussed it already, even as they were now discussing it on the terrace by the fish-pool, with the church which adjoins the house full in view across the garden. "I will have no mushroom faith at Coton End," the knight continued warmly. "It sprang up under King Henry, and how long did it last? A year or two. It came in again under King Edward, and how long did it last? A year or two. So it will be again. It will not last, Ferdinand."

"I am of that mind," the younger man answered, nodding his head gravely.

"Of course you are!" Sir Anthony rejoined, as he rested one hand on the sundial. "For ten generations our forefathers have worshipped in that church after the old fashion—and shall it be changed in my day? Heaven forbid! The old fashion did for my fathers; it shall do for me. Why, I would as soon expect that the river yonder should flow backwards as that the church which has stood for centuries, and more years to the back of them than I can count, should be swept away by these Hot Gospellers! I will have none of them! I will have no new-fangled ways at Coton End!"

"Well, I think you are right!" the younger brother said. By what means he had brought the knight to this mind without committing himself more fully, I cannot tell. Yet so it was. Ferdinand showed himself always the cautious doubter. Father Carey even must have done him that justice. But—and this was strange—the more doubtful he showed himself, the more stubborn grew his brother. There are men so shrewd as to pass off stones for bread: and men so simple-minded as to take something less than the word for the deed.

"Why should it come in our time?" cried Sir Anthony, fractiously.

"Why indeed?" quoth the subtle one.

"I say, why should it come now? I have heard and read of the sect called Lollards, who gave trouble a while ago. But they passed, and the church stood. So will these Gospellers pass, and the church will stand."

"That is our experience certainly," said Ferdinand.

"I hate change!" the old man continued, his eyes on the old church, the old timbered house—for only the gateway tower at Coton is of stone—the old yew-trees in the churchyard. "I do not believe in it, and, what is more, I will not have it. As my fathers have worshipped, so will I, though it cost me every rood of land! A fig for the Order in Council!"

"If you really will not change with the younger generations——"

"I will not!" replied the old knight, sharply. "There is an end of it!"

To-day the Reformed Church in England has seen many an anniversary, and grown stronger with each year; and we can afford to laugh at Sir Anthony's arguments. We know better than he did, for the proof of the pudding is in the eating. But in him and his fellows, who had only the knowledge of their own day, such arguments were natural enough. All time, all experience, all history and custom and habit as known to them, were on their side. Only it was once again to be the battle of David and the Giant of Gath.

Sir Anthony had said, "There is an end of it!" But his companion, as he presently strolled up to the house with a smile on his saturnine face, well knew that this was only the beginning of it. This was Friday.

On the Sunday, a rumour of the order having gone abroad, a larger congregation than usual streamed across the Chase to church, prepared to hear some new thing. They were disappointed. Sir Anthony stalked in as of old, through the double ranks of people waiting at the door

to receive him; and after him Ferdinand and his wife, and Petronilla and Baldwin, and every servant from the house save a cook or two and the porter. The church was full. Seldom had such a congregation been seen in it. But all passed as of old. Father Carey's hands shook, indeed, and his voice quavered; but he went through the ceremony of the mass, and all was done in Latin. A little change would have been pleasant, some thought. But no one in this country place on the borders of the forest held very strong views. No bishop had come heretic-hunting to Coton End. No abbey existed to excite dislike by its extravagance or by its license or by the swarm of ragged idlers it supported. Father Carey was the most harmless and kindest of men. The villagers did not care one way or the other. To them Sir Anthony was king. And if any one felt tempted to interfere, the old knight's face as he gazed steadfastly at the brass effigy of a Cludde, who had fallen in Spain fighting against the Moors, warned the meddler to be silent.

And so on that Sunday all went well. But some one must have told tales, for early in the week there came a strong letter of remonstrance from the sheriff, who was an old friend of Sir Anthony, and of his own free will, I fancy, would have winked. But he was committed to the Protestants, and bound to stand or fall with them. The choleric knight sent back an answer by the same messenger. The sheriff replied, the knight rejoined—having his brother always at his elbow. The upshot of the correspondence was an announcement on the part of the sheriff that he should send his officers to the next service, to see that the queen's order was obeyed; and a reply on the part of Sir Anthony that he should as certainly put the men in the duck-pond. Some inkling of this state of things got abroad, and spread as a September fire flies through a wood; so that there was like to be such a congregation at the next service to witness the trial of strength, as would throw the last Sunday's gathering altogether into the shade.

It was clear at last that Sir Anthony himself did not think that here was the end of it. For on that Saturday afternoon he took a remarkable walk. He called Petronilla after dinner, and bade her get her hood and come with him. And the girl, who had seen so little of her father in the last month, and who, what with rumours and fears and surmises, was eating her heart out, obeyed him with joy. It was a fine frosty day near the close of December. Sir Anthony led the way over the plank-bridge which crossed the moat in the rear of the house, and tramped steadily through the home farm towards a hill called the Woodman's View, which marked the border of the forest. He did not talk, but neither was he sunk in reverie. As he entered each field he stood and scanned it, at times merely nodding, at times smiling, or again muttering a few words such as, "The three-acre piece! My father enclosed it!" or, "That is where Ferdinand killed the old mare!" or, "The best land for wheat on this side of the house!" The hill climbed, he stood a long time gazing over the landscape, eyeing first the fields and meadows which stretched away from his feet towards the house; the latter, as seen from this point, losing all its stateliness in the mass of stacks and ricks and barns and granaries which surrounded it. Then his eyes travelled farther in the same line to the broad expanse of woodland—Coton Chase—through which the road passed along a ridge as straight as an arrow. To the right were more fields, and here and there amid them a homestead with its smaller ring of stacks and barns. When he turned to the left, his eyes, passing over the shoulders of Barnt Hill and Mill Head Copse and Beacon Hill, all bulwarks of the forest, followed the streak of river as it wound away towards Stratford through luscious flood meadows, here growing wide, and there narrow, as the woodland advanced or retreated.

"It is all mine," he said, as much to himself as to the girl. "It is all Cludde land as far as you can see."

There were tears in her eyes, and she had to turn away to conceal them. Why, she hardly knew. For he said nothing more, and he walked down the hill dry-eyed. But all the way home he still looked sharply about, noting this or that, as if he were bidding farewell to the old familiar objects, the spinneys and copses—ay, and the very gates and gaps and the hollow trees where the owls built. It was the saddest and most pathetic walk the girl had ever taken. Yet there was nothing said.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—THE LAST MASS.

THE north wall of the church at Coton End is only four paces from the house, the church standing within the moat. Isolated as the sacred building, therefore, is from the outer world by the wide-spreading Chase, and close-massed with the homestead, Sir Anthony had some excuse for considering it as much a part of his demesne as the mill or the smithy. In words he would have been willing to admit a distinction; but in thought I fancy he lumped it with the rest of his possessions.

It was with a lowering eye that on this Sunday morning he watched from his room over the gateway the unusual stream of people making for the church. Perchance he had in his mind other Sundays—Sundays when he had walked out at this hour, light of heart and kind of eye, with his staff in his fist and his glove dangling, and his dog at his heels; and, free from care, had taken pleasure in each bonnet doffed and each old wife's "God bless ye, Sir Anthony!" Well, those days were gone. Now the rain dripped from the eaves—for a thaw had come in the night—and the bells that could on occasion ring so cheerily, sounded sad and forlorn. His daughter, when she came, according to custom, bringing his great service-book, could scarcely look him in the face. I know not whether even then his resolution to dare all might not, at sound of a word from her, or at sight of her face, have melted like yesterday's ice. But before the word could be spoken, or the eyes meet, another step rang on the stone staircase and brother Ferdinand entered.

"They are here!" he said in a low voice. "Six

of them, Anthony, and sturdy fellows, as all Clop ton's men are. If you do not think your people will stand by you——"

The knight fired at the suggestion. "What!" he burst out, turning from the window, "if Cludde men cannot meet Clopton men the times are indeed gone mad! Make way and let me come! Though the mass be never said again in Coton church, it shall be said to-day!" And he swore a great oath.

He strode down the stairs and under the gateway, where were arranged, according to the custom of the house on wet days, all the servants, with Baldwin and Martin Luther at their head. The knight stalked through them with a gloomy brow. His brother followed him, a faint smile flickering about the corners of his mouth. Then came Ferdinand's wife and Petronilla, the latter with her hood drawn close about her face, Anne with her chin in the air and her eyes aglow. "It is not a bit of a bustle will scare her!" Baldwin muttered, as he fell in behind her, and eyed her back with no great favour.

"No—so long as it does not touch her," Martin replied in a cynical whisper. "She is well-mated! Well-mated and ill-fated! Ha! ha!"

"Silence, fool!" growled his companion angrily. "Is this a time for antics?"

"Ay, it is!" Martin retorted swiftly, though with the same caution. "For when wise men turn fools, fools are put to it to act up to their profession! You see, brother?" And he deliberately cut a caper. His eyes were glittering, and the nerves on one side of his face twitched oddly. Baldwin looked at him, and muttered that Martin was going to have one of his mad fits. What had grown on the fool of late?

The knight reached the church porch and passed through the crowd which awaited him there. Save for its unusual size and some strange faces to be seen on its skirts, there was no indication of trouble. He walked, tapping his stick on the pavement a little more loudly than usual, to his place in the front pew. The household, the villagers, the strangers, pressed in behind him until every seat was filled. Even the table monument of Sir Piers Cludde, which stood lengthwise in the aisle, was seized upon, and if the two similar monuments which stood to right and left below the chancel steps had not been under the knight's eyes, they too would have been invaded. Yet all was done decently and in order, with a clattering of rustic boots indeed, but no scrambling or ill words. The Clopton men were there. Baldwin had marked them well, and so had a dozen stout fellows, sons of Sir Anthony's tenants. But they behaved discreetly; and amid such a silence as Father Carey never remembered to have faced, he began the Roman service.

The December light fell faintly through the east window on the Father at his ministrations, on his small acolytes, on the four Cludde brasses before the altar. It fell everywhere—on grey dusty walls buttressed by grey tombs which left but a narrow space in the middle of the chancel. The marble crusader to the left matched the canopied bed of Sir Anthony's parents on the right; the Abbess's tomb in the next row faced the plainer monument of Sir Anthony's wife, a vacant place by her side awaiting his own effigy. And there were others. The chancel was so small—nay, the church too—so small and old and grey and solid, and the tombs were so massive that they elbowed one another. The very dust which rose as men stirred was the dust of Cluddes. Sir Anthony's brow relaxed. He listened gravely and sadly.

And then the interruption came. "I protest!" a rough voice in rear of the crowd cried suddenly, ringing harshly and strangely above the Father's accents and the solemn hush. "I protest against this service!"

A thrill of astonishment ran through the crowd, and all rose. Every man in the church turned round, Sir Anthony among the first, and looked in the direction of the voice. Then it was seen that the Clopton men had massed themselves about the door in the south-west corner—a strong position, whence retreat was easy. Father Carey, after a momentary glance, went on as if he had not heard; but his voice shook, and all still waited with their faces turned towards the west end.

"I protest in the name of the queen!" the same man cried sharply, while his fellows raised a murmur so that the priest's voice was drowned.

Sir Anthony stepped into the aisle, his face inflamed with anger. The interruption taking place there, in that place, seemed to him a double profanation.

"Who is that brawler?" he said, his hand trembling on his staff; and all the old dames trembled too. "Let him stand out."

The sheriff's spokesman was so concealed by his fellows that he could not be seen; but he answered civilly enough.

"I am no brawler," he said. "I only require the law to be observed; and that you know, sir. I am here on behalf of the sheriff; and I warn all present that a continuation of this service will expose them to grievous pains and penalties. If you desire it, I will read the royal order to prove that I do not speak without warrant."

"Begone, knave, you and your fellows!" Sir Anthony cried. A loyal man in all else, and the last to deny the queen's right or title, he had no reasonable answer to give, and could only bluster. "Begone, do you hear!" he repeated; and he rapped his staff on the pavement, and then, raising it, pointed to the door.

All Coton thought the men must go; but the men, perhaps because they were Clopton, did not go. And Sir Anthony had not so completely lost his head as to proceed to extremities except in the last resort. Affecting to consider the incident at an end, he stepped back into his pew without waiting to see whether the man obeyed him or no, and resumed his devotions. Father Carey, at a nod from him, went on with the interrupted service.

But again the priest had barely read a dozen lines before the same man made the congregation start by crying loudly, "Stop!"

"Go on!" shouted Sir Anthony in a voice of thunder.

"At your peril!" retorted the intervener.

"Go on!" from Sir Anthony again.

Father Carey stood silent, trembling and looking

from one to the other. Many a priest of his faith would have risen on the storm and in the spirit of Hildebrand hurled his church's curse at the intruder. But the Father was not of these, and he hesitated, fumbling with his surplice with his feeble white hands. He feared as much for his patron as for himself; and it was on the knight that his eyes finally rested. But Sir Anthony's brow was black: he got no comfort there. So the Father took courage and a long breath, opened his mouth and read on, amid a hush of suppressed excitement, and of such anger and stealthy defiance as surely English church had never seen before. As he read, however, he gathered courage, and his voice strength. The solemn words, so ancient, so familiar, fell on the stillness of the church, and awed even the sheriff's men. To the surprise of nearly every one, there was no further interruption: the service ended quietly.

So after all Sir Anthony had his way, and stalked out, stiff and unbending. Nor was there any falling off, but rather an increase in the respect with which his people rose, according to custom, as he passed. Yet under that increase of respect lay a something which cut the old man to the heart. He saw that his dependents pitied him while they honoured him; that they thought him a fool for running his head against a stone wall—as Martin Luther put it—even while they felt that there was something grand in it too.

During the rest of the day he went about his usual employments, but probably with little zest. He had done what he had done without any very clear idea how he was going to proceed. Between his loyalty in all else and his treason in this, it would not have been easy for a Solomon to choose a consistent path. And Sir Anthony was no Solomon. He chose at last to carry himself as if there were no danger—as if the thing which had happened were unimportant. He ordered no change and took no precautions. He shut his ears to the whispering which went on among the servants, and his eyes to the watch which by some secret order of Baldwin was kept upon the Ridgeway.

It was something of a shock to him, therefore, when his daughter came to him after breakfast next morning, looking pale and heavy-eyed, and, breaking through the respect which had hitherto kept her silent, begged him to go away.

"To go away?" he cried. He rose from his oak chair and glared at her. Then his feelings found their easiest vent in anger. "What do you mean, girl?" he blustered, "Go away? Go where?"

But she did not quail. Indeed she had her suggestion ready.

"To the Mere Farm in the Forest, sir," she answered earnestly. "They will not look for you there; and Martin says——"

"Martin? The fool!"

His face grew redder and redder. This was too much. He loved order and discipline: and to be advised in such matters by a woman and a fool! It was intolerable!

"Go to, girl!" he cried, fuming. "I wondered where you had got your tale so pat. So you and the fool have been putting your heads together! Go! Go and spin, and leave these matters to men! Do you think that my brother, after travelling the world over, has not got a head on his shoulders? Do you think if there were danger, he and I would not have foreseen it?"

He waved his hand and turned away, expecting her to go. But Petronilla did not go. She had something else to say, and, though the task was painful, she was resolved to say it.

"Father, one word," she murmured. "About my uncle?"

"Well, well! What about him?"

"I distrust him, sir," she ventured, in a low tone, her colour rising. "The servants do not like him. They fear him and suspect him of I know not what."

"The servants!" Sir Anthony answered in an awful tone.

Indeed it was not the wisest thing she could have said; but the consequences were averted by a sudden alarm and shouting outside. Half a dozen voices, shrill or threatening, seemed to rise at once. The knight strode to the window, but the noise appeared to come, not from the Chase upon which it looked, but from the courtyard or the rear of the house. Sir Anthony caught up his stick, and, followed by the girl, ran down the steps. He pushed aside half a dozen women who had likewise been attracted by the noise, and hastened through the narrow passage which led to the wooden bridge in the rear of the buildings.

Here, in the close on the far side of the moat, a strange scene was passing. A dozen horsemen were grouped in the middle of the field about a couple of prisoners, while round the gate by which they had entered stood as many stout men on foot, headed by Baldwin and armed with pikes and staves. These seemed to be taunting the cavaliers and daring them to come on. On the wooden bridge by which the knight stood were half a dozen of the servants, also armed. Sir Anthony recognised in the leading horseman Sir Philip Clopton, and in the prisoners Father Carey and one of the woodmen; and in a moment he comprehended what had happened.

The sheriff, in the most unneighbourly manner, instead of challenging his front door, had stolen up to the rear of the house, and, without saying with your leave or by your leave, had snapped up the poor priest, who happened to be wandering in that direction. Probably he had intended to force an entrance; but he had laid aside the plan when he saw his own retreat menaced by the watchful Baldwin, who was not to be caught napping. The knight took all this in at a glance, and his gorge rose as much at the Clopton men's trick as at the danger in which Father Carey stood. So he lost his head, and made matters worse. "Who are these villains," he cried in a rage, his face aflame, "who come attacking men's houses in time of peace? Begone, or I will have at ye!"

"Sir Anthony!" Clopton cried, interrupting him, "in heaven's name do not carry the thing farther! Give me way in the queen's name, and I will——"

What he would do was never known, for at that last word, away at the house, behind Sir Anthony, there was a puff of smoke, and down went the

sheriff headlong, horse and man, while the report of an arquebuse rang dully round the buildings. The knight gazed horrified; but the damage was done and could not be undone. Nay, more, the Coton men took the sound for a signal. With a shout, before Sir Anthony could interfere, they made a dash for the group of horsemen. The latter, uncertain and hampered by the fall of their leader, who was not hit, but was stunned beyond giving orders, did the best they could. They let their prisoners go with a curse, and then, raising Sir Philip and forming a rough line, they charged towards the gate by which they had entered.



THE REPORT OF AN ARQUEBUSE RANG ROUND THE BUILDINGS.

The footmen stood the brunt gallantly, and for a moment the sharp ringing of quarter-staves and the shivering of steel told of as pretty a combat as ever took place on level sward in full view of an English home. The spectators could see Baldwin doing wonders. His men backed him up bravely. But in the end the impetus of the horses told, the footmen gave way and fled aside, and the strangers passed them. A little more skirmishing took place at the gateway, Sir Anthony's men being deaf to all his attempts to call them off; and then the Clopton horse got clear, and, shaking their fists and vowing vengeance, rode off towards the forest. They left two of their men on the field, however, one with a broken arm and one with a shattered knee-cap; while the house party, on their side, besides sundry knocks and bruises, could show one deep sword-cut, a broken wrist, and half a dozen nasty wounds.

"My poor little girl!" Sir Anthony whispered to himself, as he gazed with scared eyes at the prostrate men and the dead horse, and compre hended what had happened. "This is a hanging business! In arms against the queen! What am I to do?" And as he went back to the house in a kind of stupor, he muttered again, "My little girl! my poor little girl!"

I fancy that in this terrible crisis he looked to get support and comfort from his brother—that old campaigner, who had seen so many vicissitudes and knew by heart so many shifts. But Ferdinand, though he thought the event unlucky, had little to say and less to suggest; and seemed, indeed, to have become on a sudden flaccid and lukewarm. Sir Anthony felt himself thrown on his own resources. "Who fired the shot?" he asked, looking about the room in a dazed fashion. "It was that which did the mischief," he continued, forgetting his own hasty challenge.

"I think it must have been Martin Luther," Ferdinand answered.

But Martin Luther, when he was accused, denied this stoutly. He had been so far along the Ridgeway, he said, that though he had returned at once on hearing the shot fired, he had arrived too late for the fight. The fool's stomach for a fight was so well known that this seemed probable enough, and though some still suspected him, the origin of the unfortunate signal was never clearly determined, though in after days shrewd guesses were made by some.

For a few hours it seemed as if Sir Anthony had sunk into his former state of indecision. But when Petronilla came again to him soon after noon to beg him to go into hiding, she found his mood had altered. "Go to the Mere Farm?" he said, not angrily now, but firmly and quietly. "No, girl, I cannot. I have been in fault, and I must stay and pay for it. If I left these poor fellows to bear the brunt, I could never hold up my head again. But do you go now and tell Baldwin to come to me."

She went and told the stern, down-looking steward, and he came up.

"Baldwin," said the knight when the door was shut, and the two were alone, "you are to dismiss to their homes all the tenants—who have indeed been called out without my orders. Bid them go and keep the peace, and I hope they will not be molested. For you and Father Carey, you must go into hiding. The Mere Farm will be best."

"And what of you, Sir Anthony?" the steward asked, amazed at this act of folly.

"I shall remain here," the knight replied with dignity.

"You will be taken," said Baldwin, after a pause.

"Very well," said the knight.

The man shrugged his shoulders, and was silent.

"What do you mean?" asked Sir Anthony, in anger.

"Why, just that I cannot do it," Baldwin answered, glowering at him with a flush on his dark cheek. "That is what I mean. Let the priest go. I cannot go, and will not."

"Then you will be hanged!" quoth the knight warmly. "You have been in arms against the queen, you fool! You will be hanged as sure as you stay here!"

"Then I shall be hanged," replied the steward sullenly. "There never was a Cludde hanged yet without one to keep him company. To hear of it would make my grandsire turn in his grave out there. I dare not do it, Sir Anthony, and that is the fact. But for the rest I will do as you bid me."

And he had his way. But never had evening fallen more strangely and sadly at Coton before. The rain pattered drearily in the courtyard. The drawbridge, by Baldwin's order, had been pulled up, and the planks over the moat in the rear removed.

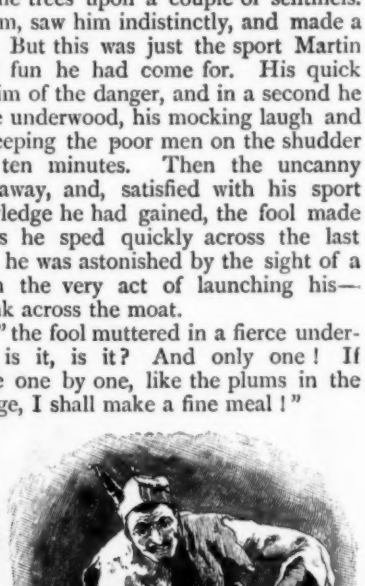
"They shall not steal upon us again!" he muttered. "And if we must surrender, they shall see we do it willingly."

The tenants had gone to their homes and their wives. Only the servants remained. They clustered, sullen and sorrowful, about the hearth in the great hall, starting if a dog howled without or a coal flew from the fire within. Sir Anthony remained brooding in his own room, Petronilla sitting beside him silent and fearful, while Ferdinand and his wife moved restlessly about, listening to the wind. But the evening and the night wore peacefully away, and so, to the surprise of everybody, did the next day and the next. Could the sheriff be going to overlook the matter? Alas! on the third day the doubt was resolved. Two or three boys, who had been sent out as scouts, came in with news that there was a strong watch set on the Ridgeway, that the paths through the forest were guarded, that bodies of armed men were arriving in the neighbouring villages, and that soldiers had been demanded—or so it was said—from Warwick and Worcester, and even from a place as far away as Oxford. Probably it was only the sheriff's prudence which had postponed the crisis; and now it had come. The net was drawn all round. As the day closed in on Coton and the sun set angrily among the forest trees, the boys' tale, which grew no doubt in the telling, passed from one to another, and men swore and looked out of window, and women wept in corners. In the Tower-room Sir Anthony sat awaiting the summons, and wondered what he could do to save his daughter from possible rudeness, or even hurt, at the hands of these strangers.

There was one man missing from hall and kitchen, but few in the suspense noticed his absence. The fool had heard the boys' story, and, unable to remain inactive under such excitement, he presently stole off in the dusk to the rear of the house. Here he managed to cross the moat by means of a plank, which he then drew over and hid in the grass. This quietly managed—Baldwin, be it said, had strictly forbidden any one to leave the house—Martin made off with a grim chuckle towards the forest, and following the main track leading towards Wootton Wawen, presently came among the trees upon a couple of sentinels. They heard him, saw him indistinctly, and made a rush for him. But this was just the sport Martin liked, and the fun he had come for. His quick ear apprised him of the danger, and in a second he was lost in the underwood, his mocking laugh and shrill taunts keeping the poor men on the shudder for the next ten minutes. Then the uncanny accents died away, and, satisfied with his sport and the knowledge he had gained, the fool made for home. As he sped quickly across the last field, however, he was astonished by the sight of a dark figure in the very act of launching his—Martin's—plank across the moat.

"Ho! ho!" the fool muttered in a fierce undertone. "That is it, is it? And only one! If they will come one by one, like the plums in the kitchen porridge, I shall make a fine meal!"

He stood back, crouching down on the grass, and watched the unknown, his eyes glittering. The stranger was a tall big fellow, a formidable antagonist. But Martin cared nothing for that. Had he not his long knife, as keen as his wits—when they were at home, which was not always. He drew it out now, and under cover of the darkness crept nearer and nearer, his blood glowing pleasantly, though the night was cold. How lucky it was he had come out! He could hardly restrain the "Ho! ho!" which rose to his lips. He meant to leap upon the man on this side of the water, that there might be no tell-tale traces on the farther bank.



MARTIN CROUCHED DOWN ON THE GRASS AND WATCHED.

But the stranger was too quick for him in this. He got his bridge fixed, and began to cross before Martin could crawl near enough. As he crossed, however, his feet made a slight noise on the plank, and under cover of it the fool rose and ran forward, then followed him over with the stealthiness of a cat. And like a cat too, the moment the stranger's foot touched the bank, Martin sprang on him with his knife raised—sprang on him silently, with his teeth grinning and his eyes aflame.

# ROBERT BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING, the most subtle thinker if not the greatest poet of our time, lived his poetical life for years without public recognition. Genius, when it rejects familiar forms of expression, is a puzzle rather than a delight, and it really seemed, though we now know that this was not the case, that Mr. Browning delighted in eccentricities of style. There can be no doubt that he wrote frequently in what one may call poetical shorthand, which it needed time and patience to interpret. That to the last, with his great and ever-growing fame, he did stand in need of an interpreter is proved by the existence of the Browning Society—a strange and somewhat humorous necessity for a living poet, which he appears in the frankness of his heart to have gratefully acknowledged.

Criticisms upon this great writer abound, and we do not propose to add to them except incidentally in this paper, but a recent publication affords an opportunity for relating very briefly the story of his life.[1]

The poet's father, like his grandfather, was a clerk in the Bank of England, in days when the position was far more profitable than it is now. In youth he showed his conscientiousness by throwing up a lucrative employment, which he had held for a short time on his mother's West Indian property, in disgust at the system of slave labour which was still in force there. The father was indeed worthy of the son, and never was parent better beloved. A scholar, a lover of art, and a great reader, "he never personally cared for money except as a means of acquiring old, that is, rare books, for which he had, as an acquaintance declared, "the scent of a hound and the snap of a bull-dog." A man of a healthy, joyous nature, he lived to be eighty-five, cheered by the love and friendship that should accompany old age. The poet's mother, to use his own words, was a "divine woman." He loved her so much that "even as a grown man he could not sit by her otherwise than with one arm round her waist." As long as he lived under his mother's roof it was his rule never to go to bed without giving her a good-night kiss. Thus he began life blessed with the immeasurable advantage of parents whom he could both reverence and love.

Robert Browning was born at Camberwell, May 7, 1812, "soon after," as his biographer is careful to observe, "a great comet had disappeared from the sky." The anecdotes related of his childhood are not remarkable. His love of animals is a love shared by most sensitive children, and his eagerness in acquiring knowledge has been felt by many a boy whose manhood is not especially remarkable for intellectual development. It is more significant of his destiny that he composed verses long before he could write, and, like Pope, may be said to have lisped in numbers. Like Pope, too, Browning was privately educated, and never enjoyed the advantages of a University training. How far a poet is likely to benefit by such a training is a question difficult to answer. We know, however, that, with two or three exceptions, all the great English poets from Spenser to Lord Tennyson have received a University education; and we know, also, that the poet, like the man who is less gifted, can best gain his mental freedom through discipline, and is likely to suffer from "the weight of too much liberty." That Browning should have been allowed to leave school altogether at fourteen, and to depend from that early age on private tutors or his own self-directed industry, seems to show that the father's faith in his son was for once stronger than his judgment.

Home education had, however, its peculiar advantages. The study of music and of French was pursued more thoroughly than would have been possible at college, but mathematics and logic appear to have been neglected, and he lost the clash of mind with mind so needful for a clever young man conscious of his powers. That this isolation had a bad effect on the poet he acknowledged in after-years, and was "always ready to say that he had been worth little in his young days." According to his sister, he had outgrown his social surroundings and chafed under them. He had some friends while living in the Camberwell home, but he needed society.

When Milton chose poetry for his vocation his father sanctioned his choice, and when Robert made a similar choice it was also with the full consent of the elder Browning, at whose expense his early works were published. The young man began his literary career "by reading and digesting the whole of Johnson's Dictionary."

In 1833 appeared the poet's first poem, "Pauline: a Fragment of a Confession." It was published anonymously, and, although recognised as a work of genius by one or two critics, made no impression on the public. A three months' visit to Russia is the next fact to be recorded in Browning's biography, and a more important one was the publication two years later of "Paracelsus," a poem as characteristic, perhaps, of the writer's analytic skill as any of his later works. Then, as in after-years, Browning showed that he had much to say, but found it difficult to express himself. The imaginative power that moulds poetic art into a perfect form of beauty was frequently denied to him; while, at the same time, his abundant command of language encouraged a too copious and familiar use of words. Unfortunately the poet's admirers have been apt not only to tolerate, but to praise the defects which so long retarded, and will

[1] "Life and Letters of Robert Browning." By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. (Smith, Elder & Co. 1891.)

probably always in some measure obstruct, the full recognition of his genius. If these remarks apply to such early poems as "Paracelsus" and "Sordello," they are also true with regard to the poems of his old age, but when in his highest mood no poet has ever written in a more luminous style.

A removal from Camberwell to Hatcham is the next incident to be noted in the even tenour of the Browning family. Here the poet gained, we are told, a humble friend in the person of a toad, which became so much attached to him that it would follow him as he walked.

"He visited it daily, where it burrowed under a white rose tree, announcing himself by a pinch of gravel dropped into its hole; and the creature would crawl forth, allow its head to be gently tickled, and reward the act with that loving glance of the soft full eyes which Mr. Browning has recalled in one of the poems of 'Asolando.'"

Although unknown to the general public, the young poet had now obtained a footing in literary society, and some of the first men of the day recognised his genius and ranked themselves among his friends. In the winter of 1835 Browning was introduced to Macready, who notes in his diary that he was much pleased to meet the author of "Paracelsus," whose face was "full of intelligence." And he added after reading the poem, "the writer can scarcely fail to be a leading spirit of his time." So greatly was Macready struck by the young poet's genius that he spoke or wrote of it frequently, and at length he asked him to write a drama for the stage. "Shall it be historical and English," was the reply; "what do you say to a drama on Strafford?"

The drama raised its author's reputation, but its performance was only partially successful, despite the consummate ability of Macready and of Miss Helen Faucit.

A voyage to Italy, the fair, rare land which was ultimately destined to be the home of his brightest and saddest hours, took place in 1838. The weather was stormy, and Browning suffered greatly, yet he was able before reaching land to write one of the most vigorous of his lyrics,—"How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and also "Home Thoughts from the Sea." Mrs. Orr states, and the fact is indicative of the poet's genial nature, that "by the time they reached Trieste, the captain, a rough north-countryman, had become so attached to Mr. Browning that he offered him a free passage to Constantinople; and after they had parted, carefully preserved, by way of remembrance, a pair of very old gloves worn by him on deck."

At the age of twenty-eight Browning published "Sordello," a poem describing the development of a soul in eleven thousand lines, the greater number of which are incomprehensible without much weariness of thought even to intelligent readers.

"Twenty-three years after its appearance," writes Mr. Stedman, "he owned that its 'faults of expression were many,' and added, 'but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted.' The acknowledgment was partial. 'Sordello' is a fault throughout, in conception and execution; nothing is expressed, not even the 'incidents in the development of a soul,' though such incidents may have had some nebulous origin in the poet's mind. It is asking too much of our care for a book or a man that we should surmount this chaotic mass of word-building. . . . I cannot persuade myself to solicit credit for deeper insight by differing from the common judgment with regard to this unattractive prodigy."

A strange contrast to "Sordello" is the lovely dramatic poem of "Pippa Passes," published a year later. A quarrel with his friend Macready, in which the great actor does not show to advantage, led to a failure, or partial failure, of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," a drama for which Charles Dickens expressed "almost passionate admiration." This play, like "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," and "The Return of the Druses," is perhaps better fitted for quiet reading than for presentation on the stage.

It will not do to say that Browning is too intellectual for general appreciation, or how can we account for the wide recognition of Shakespeare's genius? but what may be termed the popular element is never lacking in Shakespeare, and in this Browning is deficient. His depth is more conspicuous than his breadth.

In 1841, writing to Miss Haworth, one of his dearest friends, Browning says: "I dined with dear Carlyle and his wife (catch me calling people dear in a hurry, except in letter-beginnings!) yesterday. I don't know any people like them." Yet on another page of the biography we read that he always thought Mrs. Carlyle a hard and unlovable woman, and that he felt aggrieved with Carlyle for warmly praising his work in private, and never publicly expressing his admiration. "If only," he once said, after mentioning a eulogium received from Carlyle in earlier days—"If only those words had been ever repeated in public, what good they might have done me!"

Another visit to Italy must be recorded, and then the reader reaches the chapter which is the most significant and the most beautiful in the story of Robert Browning's life.

In telling it we must go back to 1839, when the poet met, for the first time, Mr. Kenyon, a schoolfellow of his father's, and a friend of Wordsworth, Southey, and Landor. "He was," says Professor Knight, "one of the best of human beings, with a general sympathy for excellence of every kind." Kenyon was a cousin of Elizabeth Barrett, whose writings had already gained for her a high place among the poets of her country. In 1844, when Browning returned to England, Wordsworth had still six years more to live, but as a poet he might be accounted dead, and, with the exception of Tennyson, Miss Barrett was the best known and the best loved of living poets. Browning was deeply impressed by her poetry, and Mr. Kenyon begged him to write and tell her so. "My cousin," he added, "is a great invalid and sees no one, but great souls jump at sympathy." Browning did write, a correspondence followed, and after a time he begged to be allowed to visit her. "There is nothing to see in me," she replied, "nothing to hear in me. I am a weed fit for the ground and darkness;" but her objections were overcome, and we are told that the first interview sealed Browning's fate. At this time Elizabeth Barrett was so great

an invalid that she could not sit up, and lived in a darkened room, in complete isolation from things and persons without. "I lie all day, and day after day, on this sofa," she writes, "and my windows do not even look into the streets." Her doctor had said that her only chance of even comparative recovery lay in spending the coming winter in the South. Her father, however, although devoted to his daughter, would not hear of this, and probably regarded her case as hopeless. Yet love was destined to enter the room which she had lost the hope of leaving, and with love came new life and the invigorating sense of joy. What Elizabeth Barrett felt may be read in the wonderful series of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," in which the ardent love of the woman gave wings to the inspiration of the poet. Listen to one of them—

"Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine,
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
I marvelled, my Beloved, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
But—*so* much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range!
Then love me, Love! look on me—breathe on me!
As brighter ladies do not count it strange
For love to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of heaven, for earth with thee!"

If love lifted Elizabeth Barrett into a new world, not less absorbing and complete was its influence on her poet-lover.

"There is no cause for surprise," his biographer writes, "in the passionate admiration with which Miss Barrett so instantly inspired him. To begin with, he was heart-whole. It would be too much to affirm that, in the course of his thirty-two years, he had never met with a woman whom he could entirely love; but if he had, it was not under circumstances which favoured the growth of such a feeling. She whom he now saw for the first time had long been to him one of the greatest of living poets; she was learned as women seldom were in those days. It must have been apparent, in the most fugitive contact, that her moral nature was as exquisite as her mind was exceptional. She looked much younger than her age, which he only recently knew to have been six years beyond his own; and her face was filled with beauty by the large, expressive eyes. The imprisoned love within her must unconsciously have leapt to meet his own. It would have been only natural that he should grow into the determination to devote his life to hers, or be swept into an offer of marriage by a sudden impulse which his after-judgment would condemn. Neither of these things occurred. The offer was indeed made under a sudden and overmastering impulse. But it was persistently repeated, till it had obtained a conditional assent."

The responsibility of secretly marrying Miss Barrett, and of conveying his invalid wife safely to Italy, rested upon Browning, and a mariner sailing upon unknown seas could not feel more keenly the peril of his position. Never was there a more genuine passion, and never had lovers a more difficult part to play. When he made his offer, he only knew that the lady he had chosen was regarded as a confirmed invalid, and "his very ignorance of her condition left him without security for her ever being able to stand." Elizabeth Barrett knew also that her father would never sanction the marriage, and no home-loving woman of thirty-seven, even if blessed with health, could regard a runaway match with a light heart.

"Mr. Barrett," we quote once more from the biography, "was one of those men who will not part with their children; who will do anything for them except allow them to leave the parental home. . . . His attitude was the same, under the varying circumstances, with all his daughters and sons alike. There was no possible husband or wife whom he would cordially have accepted for one of them."

The lovers were privately married at St. Pancras Church on September 12, 1846, and a week later Mrs. Browning, accompanied by her maid and by Flush, the little dog immortalised in her verse, stole away from her father's house while the family were at dinner. Browning was, of course, at hand, and that night they sailed for Havre on their way to Paris. A little time previously Miss Barrett's friend, Mrs. Jameson, had left England for the French metropolis, and Elizabeth had written regretting her inability to call and say good-bye, as she was "forced to be satisfied with the sofa and silence." Great, therefore, was Mrs. Jameson's astonishment, soon after reaching Paris, to learn that the chronic invalid of Wimpole Street had risen from her couch to undertake a wedding journey.

"I have here," she wrote to a friend, "a poet and a poetess—two celebrities who have run away and married under circumstances peculiarly interesting, and such as render imprudence the height of prudence. Both excellent; but God help them! for I know not how the two poet-heads and poet-hearts will get on through this prosaic world. I think it possible I may go on to Italy with them."

Mrs. Jameson did so, and her niece, then a girl of sixteen, remembers how they visited Vaucluse, and how Browning took his wife up in his arms and, carrying her across the shallow water, "seated her on a rock that rose throne-like in the middle of the stream. Thus love and poetry took a new possession of the spot immortalised by Petrarch's loving fancy."

The winter was spent in Pisa—a city which they both liked extremely—and in the spring of 1847 they removed to Florence, and found a cheerful home in the Guidi Palace. In the spring of 1849 a son was born; but to Browning the joy was greatly marred by grief, for his mother was dying at the time. "My husband," his wife wrote several weeks later, "has loved his mother as such passionate natures only can love, and I never saw a man so bowed down in an extremity of sorrow—never. Even now, the depression is great—and sometimes when I leave him alone a little and return to the room, I find him in tears. I do earnestly wish to change the scene and air—but where to go? England looks terrible now. He says it would break his heart to see his mother's roses over the wall and the place where she used to lay her scissors and gloves—which I understand so thoroughly that I can't say, 'Let us go to England.'"

The depression seems to have lasted for months, and we read of loss of sleep and of appetite. With great difficulty Mrs. Browning allured him from home, and rooms were taken at the Baths of Lucca,

where they had "mountain air without its keenness sheathed in Italian sunshine." There the babe's great cheeks, according to his mother's report, grew rosier, and her own health improved wonderfully. She was able to climb the hills with her husband, and became stronger and stronger. "Where it is to stop," she writes, "I can't tell really."

In 1851 Mrs. Browning published her fine poem, "Casa Guidi Windows," and in the same year her husband mustered courage to accompany her to England. Mrs. Orr writes :—

"Then, as on each succeeding visit paid to London with his wife, he commemorated his marriage in a manner all his own. He went to the church in which it had been solemnised and kissed the paving-stones in front of the door. It needed all this love to comfort Mrs. Browning in the estrangement from her father, which was henceforth to be accepted as final. He had held no communication with her since her marriage, and she knew that it was not forgiven ; but she had cherished a hope that he would so far relent towards her as to kiss her child, even if he would not see her. Her prayer to this effect remained, however, unanswered."

From London they went to Paris, accompanied by Carlyle, who, in his ignorance of French, would have been miserable without Browning's help. He could not ask for anything, he said, but they brought him the opposite. In Paris they made the acquaintance of George Sand—"a noble woman under the mud" in Mrs. Browning's judgment ; and there, too, her husband won the friendship of M. Joseph Milsand, a distinguished man of letters worthy of his regard.

In the summer of 1852 the twin poets were once more in London, enlarging their circle of acquaintance. Before the winter, however, they returned to the peaceful seclusion of their Italian home. Mrs. Browning was not strong enough for society engagements, and it is said that during the fifteen years of his married life her husband never, except on one occasion, dined from home. When they went, in the summer of 1853, for a second time to the Baths of Lucca, it was with "a stiff resolve of not calling nor being called upon." The next winter was spent in Rome, which was spoilt, to Mrs. Browning at least, by the loss of a friend's child. The first day in Rome was spent by a death-bed, the first drive-out, to the cemetery, and Mrs. Browning confessed that she was horribly weak about these things. "I can't look on the earth-side of death—I flinch from corpses and graves, and never meet a common funeral without a sort of horror. When I look deathwards, I look *over* death, and upwards, or I can't look that way at all."

In 1855 Browning and his wife were once more in London, where a furnished house was taken ; and there Tennyson read "Maud" to Mrs. Browning, while Rossetti privately drew his likeness in pen and ink. Mr. Ruskin, whom they liked much, was one of the valuable acquaintances made this year in England.

In 1856 Mr. Kenyon died, leaving 10,000 guineas to the Brownings in his will, and this loss of a true friend was followed by the death of Mr. Barrett.

We must not linger over the fifteen years of domestic happiness, which were also full of the keenest intellectual life. The only serious difference which ever arose between Browning and his wife was on the subject of Spiritualism, in which Mrs. Browning believed, while her husband laughed it to scorn and "absolutely denied the good faith of all the persons concerned. . . . Mr. Browning never denied the abstract possibility of spiritual communication with either living or dead ; he only denied that such communication had ever been proved, or that any useful end could be subserved by it."

It was a drawback to the life in Italy that the Brownings found it impossible to remain long in one place, and Florence—much as they loved it—was probably too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter. It was not a cruel punishment, however, as Mrs. Browning observes, to have to go again to Rome in the winter of 1859-60. In a letter written probably at that time, she gives such an interesting account of her husband that space must be found for a portion of it even in this brief narrative. After saying that he had been copying busts from the antique, she adds :—

"Reading hurts him ; as long as I have known him he has not been able to read long at a time—he can do it now better than at the beginning. The consequence of which is that an active occupation is salvation to him. . . . Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him and hear him breathe. For the peculiarity of our relation is, that he thinks aloud with me and can't stop himself. . . . His treatment in England affects him, naturally, and for my part I set it down as an infamy of that public—no other word. . . . Ah, dear Sarianna—I don't complain for myself of an unappreciating public. *I have no reason.* But just for *that* reason, I complain more about Robert—only he does not hear me complain—to *you* I may say, that the blindness, deafness, and stupidity of the English public to Robert are amazing."

Browning himself always maintained that *she* was the poet and he the clever person by comparison, who had been helped by uninterrupted health and strength, and by practice with the world. And when a lady once said that she preferred his poetry to hers, he exclaimed, "You are wrong—quite wrong. She has genius ; I am only a painstaking fellow. The true creative power is hers, not mine."

Mrs. Browning's fragile health suffered severely during the winter of 1860. The loss of a beloved sister weighed heavily upon her, and in the ensuing summer the death of Cavour, "that great soul which meditated and made Italy," gave her the final blow. She died, smilingly and happily, in her husband's arms, her head upon his cheek. "God took her to himself," he wrote, "as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark, uneasy bed into your arms and the light. Thank God . . . . Her last word was when I asked, 'How do you feel?' —'Beautiful!'" Mrs. Orr, who notes the disappearance of a great comet upon Browning's birth, relates also that his wife's death was signalised by the appearance of another brilliant comet which passed so near the earth as to come into contact with it.

For a time Browning seemed to be wholly crushed by the blow. "I want her, I want her," was his pathetic cry—a cry inwardly uttered by many a bereaved one who does not, like the poet, express

the desolation of the heart in words. He left Italy shortly afterwards, and never saw Florence again. After spending some time with his father and sister in France he came to London, where his wife's sister was living, and took a house near to her in Warwick Crescent. If all joy had for a while at least gone out of his life, the strong sense of duty remained. He had his son to care for and to educate; he was still in the full vigour of manhood, and had long years of poetical work before him. Some of his finest poems—"The Ring and the Book," for example—were written after his wife's death; he won new friendships, and gained by degrees what had been so greatly denied to him in her lifetime—the fame which a poet loves. Then, too, he became a lion in London society, and not his gifts alone but the extreme affability of his manners made him everywhere a welcome guest. He was born for society rather than for the lonely contemplation of Nature in which some poets delight, or, perhaps, imagine they delight. Nature has indeed a soothing influence, an exhilarating strength, and there are moments when in the joy of Nature we cease to be alone. But few of us can feed long on natural beauty without human love, and we are told that Browning during his residence in London cared chiefly for the country as a means of regaining health. "You have not a great love for Nature, have you?" asked a friend. "Yes, I have," was the reply, "but I love men and women better." In his later years, however, he found, we are told, increasing enjoyment in the beauties of Nature, "above all as they opened upon him on the southern slopes of the Alps." In 1878 he carried his sister to Italy, avoiding Florence and Rome, and this he did for several succeeding summers. All this time he was not only adding to his laurels by some very fine and exceedingly characteristic work, but writing also poems sufficiently difficult to give zest to the labours of the Browning Society.

In 1885 he was joined in Venice by his son, and proposed purchasing a house there which might serve as a home for both; but the Manzoni Palace, which he had chosen, was pronounced insecure, and the negotiations were not carried out. Then the autumn was spent at Llangollen, within easy reach of Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, and a memorial tablet in the parish church of Llantysilio now marks the spot where "the sweet grave face and the venerable head were so often seen." And this may be the place to say that the biographer's account of Browning's religious belief is coloured apparently by her own. No one can read his poetry with the seriousness it demands without being assured of his devout belief in God, not only as our Creator and Sustainer, but as revealed in Jesus Christ. In this respect chiefly, and in other respects also, the volume is disappointing. A wise reticence is indeed a virtue in days like these when all that is most sacred in a great man's life is too often regarded as public property, but it can scarcely be doubted that more might have been told of Browning than Mrs. Orr has deemed fit to tell, without injury either to the living or the dead. Apart from Mrs. Browning's delightful letters the biography is almost wholly without charm. It may be read for information, but scarcely, as a poet's life should be, for delight.

A few more words must conclude this short narrative. In 1887 the poet removed from Warwick Crescent to De Vere Gardens, and in the same year his son married an American lady. During the following winter his friends saw that a change had come over him, and that he had at last grown old. In the spring of 1888 he began revising the latest edition of his works, and in August he left for Venice. The winter and spring of 1889 were, however, spent in England, and in the summer he revisited his beloved Asolo, and then, accompanied by his sister, he moved on to Venice as the guest of his son and his wife, of whom he writes as "most dear and precious to us all." Six weeks later, on December 12, owing to a bronchial attack and to an enfeebled heart, he breathed his last. All our readers know that the poet was buried in the great Abbey, where among the English poets of three centuries his place is with the worthiest. "Asolando," his final volume, was published on the day in which Browning breathed his last; and thus his poetical life, which began almost in boyhood, ended only with his death.

The time is not yet come to estimate Browning's genius with complete impartiality; it will not, perhaps, be accounted extravagant praise if we say with Landor that, since the time of Chaucer,

> "No man hath walked along our roads with step
> So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
> So varied in discourse."

JOHN DENNIS.

# STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

## HUNGARY.



COUNT SZECHENYI.



LOUIS KOSSUTH.



FRANCIS DEÁK.

THE THREE PATRIOTS.

"THE England of the East" was for many years the favourite denomination of Hungary by complaisant Magyars, desirous to impress upon foreigners that sense of their own importance in the rank of the nations which has ever been a characteristic of this proud and somewhat ostentatious people. And in a sense this epithet was just: Hungary, amidst all the storms that have ravaged Europe in the last centuries, was the only Continental State that managed to uphold unimpaired its uninterrupted traditions of legal freedom. Like England, Hungary could point to an unbroken continuity of ten centuries of constitutional development, with a flexible unwritten constitution capable of alteration by the regular methods of legislation. As in England, the all-pervading,

deep-rooted feeling of the supremacy of the national interest is the keynote of the life and thought of the people; nevertheless for twelve years the very name of Hungary as a State was erased from the map of Europe. Ground down as the country was under the heel of Austria's bureaucratic absolutism, it was not till the collapse of that system at Sadowa, when the centre of gravity of the Austrian Empire was thrown southward and eastward, that the ardent aspirations of the Hungarians at last found favourable hearing, and that the present dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary was constituted.

The representative committee of the diet which conducted and completed the new constitutional arrangements was headed by Deák, and the presidency of the first Ministry was given to Count Andrássy.

It is indeed to three patriots that Hungary owes her political regeneration. The first of these is Count Szechenyi, who with rare disinterestedness consecrated his life and his fortune to the material and moral progress of his country, and who placed himself at the head of all the reforms for social ameliorations. Himself the representative of the aristocracy, he made common cause with the revolutionary government. Francis Deák, who died in 1876, and was called "the Solomon of Hungary," was the second. A distinguished lawyer, as deputy he became chief of the opposition, as Prime Minister he had the courage to propose a tax upon the property of the nobles, who had up to that time been exempt from all taxation. He was essentially the representative of the middle classes, the presiding master spirit of the party of reformers. Last, but not least, was Louis Kossuth, who, rising from the ranks of journalism, communicated the fire of his enthusiasm to the whole country, and decided the constitutional contest in favour of the emancipation and enfranchisement of the lower orders, and the adoption of a system of responsible parliamentary government.

These three men personified modern Hungary and their country's triumph in the struggle for independence. Two are dead, the third lives in exile; but their influence survives; and above all Deák seems still to survive. It was Deák who persuaded the Emperor of Austria to have himself crowned King of Hungary at Buda-Pest, a ceremony that flattered the pomp-loving, semi-oriental nation of Hungary. To this day, though Deák died in 1876, his party survives, and bears his name. Yet though while living Deák had the parliamentary majority with him, he always resolutely refused absolute power; he knew his vainglorious, innately aristocratic Magyar countrymen, and judged rightly that they would prefer a noble to a simple burgher as their representative man. Count Andrássy was therefore chosen, with the full consent of Deák, as the first Prime Minister, and the land made great advances under his ægis. When he was called away to Vienna to fill the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, three several ministers succeeded him, without being able to command a parliamentary majority.

At last choice fell upon Koloman Tisza, the man who for fifteen years was to hold this post, and whose fall in 1890 occasioned almost as much surprise as had that of Bismarck. Yet originally Tisza was entrusted with office by way of a stop-gap. He was tolerated by the Hungarian nobility as one who might enjoy office until they had settled among themselves as to the proper person to wield power. He was welcomed by the Austrians because they hoped for the breakdown of the dual government, and thought him too weak to avert its collapse. By a curious irony of fate both the haughty Magyars and the vindictive Austrians found their master where they looked only for a tool.

Koloman Tisza von Borosjemö, landed proprietor and politician, was born on the 16th December, 1830, at Geszt, in the Comitat of Biharer.



COUNT TISZA.
(*From a photograph by Ellinger Edc.*)

He was the son of a nobleman owning vast estates, and both his parents were Calvinists. At the University he followed legal studies, and in 1848 he obtained employment in the Ministry of Education. After the outbreak of the Revolution he retreated to Geszt for a while, and then travelled extensively throughout Middle Europe. In 1855 he was chosen assistant Curator in the reformed parish of Nagy-Szalontaer; in 1859 he made his first public speech, defending the autonomous Protestant Church organisation against the attacks of the Austrian Minister of Religion, Count Leo Thun. In 1861 he was elected to represent in the Reichstag the town of Debreczin, known as the "Calvinistic Rome," and after the suicide of Count Ladislaus Teleki, he became the leader of the left centre, an opposition post he maintained until 1872. In 1875 he finally resigned his attitude of opposition, and so made it possible for the left centre to combine with the Deák party, which henceforward was simply named the Liberal party. Under the ministry of Wenkheim, instituted in 1875, he was entrusted with the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, and on the 21st of October of the same year, after the splendid victory achieved by the new Liberal party at the

general elections, he became Prime Minister himself.

Tisza has not only made the Dual Empire work, but he has won for the Hungarians a very large share of its benefits, and a powerful voice in the direction of the Imperial policy. Certainly nothing at the outset of his premiership indicated that he could ever wield solid power. To begin with, he was not one of the combatants of '48, and so enjoyed none of the prestige which belonged to the heroes of the War of Independence. Then, in neither opinions, character, nor manner of living has Tisza a trait in common with the mass of Hungarians. A Calvinist, a Liberal, a man of bourgeois simplicity, modest in his surroundings and petty in his expenditure, he is the exact opposite of those dashing, spend-thrift, cavalier magnates whom he governed with so light but firm a touch. He came to the Premiership at a time of great political confusion and financial distress—during the Turkish wars with Servia and Russia. Hungary longed to join her ancient Mahomedan enemies, and was with difficulty restrained from so imprudent a step. Tisza was made the scapegoat by these impatient Magyars for seconding Austria in withholding them from this mad enterprise.

Thus, to begin with, he had against him all the aristocratic, Catholic, and feudal elements of the monarchy. Abused, misunderstood, derided, left defenceless and often with the slenderest of parliamentary majorities, Tisza, however, quietly plodded on his tranquil way, undaunted by his unpopularity, unobtrusively making his will felt, his influence acknowledged, until public opinion suddenly woke to find that this man whom they had despised was making their land a pattern of a free nation; that he not only upheld but extended its dignity; that on all occasions when it was needful for him to appear at Vienna he did so, not as the simple servant of a monarchy, but as the spokesman of a free parliament, and obtained for his country substantial advantages; so much so that under his leadership the Austrians seem almost justified in grumbling that in the partnership between the two halves of the monarchy, Hungary always stickles for the biggest share of the profits and the smallest share of the risks.

Indeed, in commercial matters Hungary's attitude under Tisza's government has been one of rare sharp practice towards its Austrian partner. In the renewal of commercial treaties, for instance, it seems doubtful justice that Austria's interests as a manufacturing country should yield to those of Hungary. Thus Roumania closed her frontiers to Austrian goods to the value of 50,000,000 gulden annually, because Hungary would not allow the free export of Roumanian cattle. But in this, as in other matters, such as the aggrandizement of the port of Fiume at the expense of Trieste, Tisza always bargained with dogged inflexibility. To the joy of his countrymen, he followed a line of policy which tended to give them absolute sovereignty in all custom questions, an attitude which was entirely contrary to the initial pact entered into between the dual States. By skilful diplomatic management, the Hungarians gradually acquired for themselves even the financial control of the great railway systems which traverse, and therefore concern, the whole Empire. If Austria did not rebel against this want of good faith on the part of her co-partner, it was because, since the advent of Count Taaffe to power, she found herself too much embarrassed by her reconciliation policy, which had alienated the Germans of the Empire and flattered and fostered Slav aspirations.

Now Hungary, although it has representatives in Parliament, and its voice in the imperial policy belongs entirely to the Magyars, consists nevertheless of a most heterogeneous population. There is perhaps no place in the world where people belonging to more varied and distinct stocks live together side by side than in Hungary, where on an area of equal extent more languages, entirely unconnected, are spoken, where the allegiance to faith is divided among more numerous religions. Speaking in rough numbers, there are six and a half million Magyars, two and a half million Roumans, nearly three million Croato-Serbs, two million Germans, nearly the same number of Slovacks, 350,000 Ruthenes, and about 100,000 of diverse motley minor nationalities, such as Wends, Italians, Armenians and Gipsies; while the list of religions includes Roman, Greek, and Armenian Catholics, Calvinists, Lutheran Protestants, Unitarians, and Jews. The interests of all these people must be regarded; at the same time the dominant sentiment of the country is and cannot but be Magyar, not in virtue of any privilege in law, but simply because it is the Magyar element that has formed and upheld the Hungarian nation, because it has been the nucleus around which the other parts of the populations have rallied.

Having to deal with such mongrel elements, Tisza looked on with no displeased eye at the dissensions aroused by Count Taaffe's policy. It prompted him to pander to Magyar chauvinism and love of dominion, reckoning, and rightly, upon the fact that a government which was at feud with the Austro-Germans could not afford for the sake of its very existence to arouse the anger of the Magyars also. While Taaffe was vainly trying to reconcile the irreconcilable in Austria, the Magyarisation of the Slovacks and Germans was carried on at high pressure. Tisza recognised the dangers that might arise at any moment to the Hungarian monarchy, should the numerical majorities awake to a sense of their power, a power which grows more rapidly in so far as it depends upon numbers, than that of their Magyar masters. If by a change, which might easily be effected, they were admitted to a full share of political influence, the united front which is now presented by Hungary to Austria and the world would disappear for ever. This heterogeneous population differs profoundly in education, in political ideals, and in susceptibility to foreign influence, from the Magyar rulers of the land. In some far-off future they might perhaps be trusted to develop a sense of loyalty to existing arrangements, but nothing can be much clearer than that their appearance under present conditions as claimants for their full share of political power would be fraught with so much danger to the Dual Monarchy that its chances of survival would be small. The aim of Tisza has been to avert that catastrophe by

impressing moderation upon Magyar pretensions, while striving at the same time to destroy in these various elements the too strong and preponderant sense of their racial differences. For a time all went well; but racial feelings are not so easily destroyed, and seem to be among the strongest factors of our human nature. The more the administration was placed upon a Slav basis in the western half of the monarchy, the higher rose the resentment of the Hungarian Slavs; the more their patriots obtained power in Austria, the more the attempts to Magyarise them increased in the domain of St. Stephen's Crown. That the Cabinet of St. Petersburg fostered these dissensions is beyond question. A rebellion even broke out in Croatia, of which the influences are still felt.

While Tisza was thus busy raising the Hungarian State to a position of leading factor in the Dual Monarchy, he somewhat neglected the humdrum duties of government, especially that department of administrative reform absolutely needful for Hungary, if it was to become in reality a modern State. For Hungary is politically much as England was a hundred years ago; the great landowners are very lords upon their estates, pocket boroughs abound; there is no ballot, but open voting, subject to the attentive supervision of land-stewards. In the boroughs bribery and treating are the rule at elections, and when these agencies are likely to fail, the administrative screw is applied without compunction to every voter who has anything to fear or to hope from the government. The power of the local *Comitat*, which had already at the outset of Hungarian independent life been stigmatised by one of the Ministers as "the bulwark of Asiatic barbarism," increased mightily under Tisza's *régime*. Repeatedly was his attention drawn to this circumstance in the House, and by no one more energetically than by Désiré Szilagyi. It was especially the Croatian portion of the monarchy which was to give Tisza much trouble. Encouraged by the success of the Czechs in Austria, the Croatians demanded an autonomy of their own, and a reconstitution of the old kingdom: Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, in conjunction with Bosnia and Herzegovina, which together with the Carniola and the Adriatic Littoral should be regarded as a large independent sovereign Slavonic group, putting into the place of the dualism which had hitherto existed a triple government. These Slavs never ceased their efforts in their patriotic aim for the realisation of their dreams of unity and ambition.

"The Roman and German people," sings the poet of Panslavism, Kollar, "walk in a beaten path; we follow them with a slow step, for the road is strewn with difficulty; but we are a young people, we know, and we see what others have done, but they cannot tell what we are destined to become in the annals of humanity."

With great adroitness Tisza has played off the different nationalities against each other, and held in check their discontent. Fiume has been a special bone of contention. Geographically it really belongs to Croatia, but Hungary will never willingly resign her only seaport; and the inhabitants of the city, notwithstanding their Croatian nationality, sympathise with Hungary, which neglects no opportunity of raising this port at the expense of Trieste. Beyond question it is owing to Tisza that Hungary has really become an independent Hungarian State. In future history Tisza will stand out as a firm, determined statesman, true to his principles, who never departed a single hair's breadth from the rules which he had laid down, as a wholesome influence towards the consolidation of his fatherland. He ever went on fearlessly towards the realisation of his aims; he neither toadied for the approbation of the great, nor truckled for popularity with the masses; even *vis-à-vis* of the Crown he did not abate his demands one jot.

This man, who for many years has filled a large place in the public life of his country, was by his personality in no ways suited to inflame their ardent Oriental imaginations. Whoever has beheld the small thin figure, clad in curiously fitting garb, with its long flowing hair, thin beard, and large blue spectacles, would imagine with difficulty that he saw in this undignified form the Prime Minister of a people devoted to show and pomp. Tisza has neither the glowing temperament of Gladstone, nor the wise moderation of Deák. He does not possess the art of winning over the crowd; he is not a great man, and nevertheless he is a remarkable one. In order to get to know him, it was necessary to frequent Parliament and the party clubs; both here and there he showed himself ever ready for combat, a debater who was never at a loss for a reply, surveying his domain with sure looks, detecting in cool blood the weaknesses of his adversary, and utilising them with patience and self-possession. He always improvised his speeches; their main construction was clear and logical, but their language left much to be desired. Thus parenthesis succeeded parenthesis, until, when his periods were finished, they were a very labyrinth. Tisza can therefore be called a skilful, remarkable, and thoughtful speaker, but he was certainly not an orator. His voice, too, especially in later years, was so low and quavering, that the whole House had to be hushed to hear him. He was undeniably a master in the art of truthful evasion. He spoke often, and was always ready relentlessly to expose any loose statements that might be made by his colleagues or adversaries. He intimately knew every pulse-beat of his party, and he instinctively understood what influence the parliamentary speeches would have upon the nation. He surveyed with a master's eye the intricate interests which reign in the party programmes of a Chamber. Thus it came about that he so often found the right word to characterise a situation; and this is why his speeches, notwithstanding their polemical character and their involved grammar, are so frequently the mirror of the most intimate feelings of his supporters. Tisza was not alone the leader, he was also the friend of his party; with wise tact he represented their aspirations at the steps of the throne; he never denied their tenets; he was patient to their faults; he was grateful for every political sacrifice that was made to him. The hem of his garment sometimes touched pitch because he could never resolve to let fall

a member of his party. He held that he had formed their principles, and that therefore he was not justified in departing from them. He was a truly Liberal minister who refused to combat with force even riotous expressions on the part of the masses. He shrank from curtailing in any manner the liberty of speaking, writing, or meeting, even when these were violently directed against himself. He would reply from his place in the Chamber to public criticism, but he would never call for the public prosecutor to defend him, for he was true to his motto, "They may beat me as much as they like, but Hungary they must not touch." Tisza was above all else a Hungarian.

What was his fatherland when he took up the reins of power, and what is it to-day? Dualism has been carried out to its last consequence, the aspirations toward a polyglot State have vanished. Hungary has become a factor in Europe; a net of railways traverses the land; a policy of well-being favours the population; the country has become richer and economically stronger. Tisza has saved Hungary from financial ruin: he has raised its credit. It fell to him twice to renew the *Ausgleich*, or ten years' treaty which binds Hungary to Austria, and on both occasions he obtained substantial advantages for his country. He was justified in his proud complacency when he said, on his retirement from public life, that the lines of Hungary's policy have now become so deeply grooved that every ministry must govern as he has done, and that consequently he can well be spared.

Whether he is right in this assertion the future will decide. It seems improbable that Hungary's position in the Monarchy could be maintained under a succession of weak Cabinets; and it must ever be remembered that Austrian bureaucrats watch the liberties of Hungary with a jealous eye.

One of the main problems a Hungarian minister has to solve is how to avoid conflicts with Austria. The only serious mistake Tisza ever made was that he did not earlier bring into his Cabinet some of the many statesmen of great ability which Hungary can boast. Like many other statesmen, his wish to be served by pliant instruments led him for a long time to choose men of second-rate capacities as his colleagues, and when his loss of popularity consequent upon the Army Bill made him turn to stronger men, these proved unamenable to discipline. Until the entry of men like Weckerle, Baross, Szapary, and Szilagyi into the Cabinet, Tisza had been accustomed to see himself the true chief of all the departments for the transaction of public business. On a smaller scale, he was a sort of Bismarck, who resumed in himself all the government, and to whom his colleagues were but so many aides-de-camp, popularisers, and distributors of his policy.

In 1889, Tisza proposed to take in hand the administrative reform which had become such a crying necessity in Hungary. He succeeded in prolonging the legislative period to five years, and in modernising the old-fashioned or traditional organisation of the House of Magnates. In foreign affairs Tisza was a stout supporter of the Triple Alliance; and it was in a large measure due to his support that Austria upheld a peace policy. He was not, however, to carry out the reforms that he had planned; the fact is, that Tisza had for some time outlived his power. The circumstance that led to his fall was rather an accident; the times were ripe for his retirement, and for the entry of other men into office who should bring in new ideas. It was on March 7, 1890, that Tisza gave up his post. A debate concerning Kossuth's right of citizenship had been brought forward in the House, because in Hungary, as in Germany, those who live for ten years abroad lose their right of citizenship, unless they go through certain formalities in the presence of an ambassador, or of a legal delegate from their country. This Kossuth had always refused to do, because he would never recognise the kingdom of Hungary as it had been constituted under Francis Joseph; he was a partisan for a republic or a federal union; nevertheless many Hungarian cities had bestowed upon him their honorary citizenship. Tisza had contended in the Chamber that this made him a Hungarian citizen, and that the question need not be mooted. The fact was, he held that it was better to leave the subject alone, seeing that Kossuth had spoken disrespectfully of the constitution and of the Crown, and that it was not advisable to make a special law in favour of one man, even if that man were one of Hungary's greatest patriots. And this exceptional law was the less requisite, as Kossuth had repeatedly declared that he had no intention whatever of returning to Hungary, as he did not wish to be a subject of Francis Joseph. Pressure being put upon Tisza, he finally, to please the populace, promised that a Bill should be presented to the House making an exception in favour of Kossuth. When, however, he wanted to bring it forward, he found that his colleagues in the Cabinet were not with him. They resented the Prime Minister making an engagement without consulting them, and, rather to assert their right to individual opinion than from opposition to Kossuth, they refused to accord Tisza their support. Tisza, who had so long ruled unhampered, was unaccustomed to meet with checks of this nature. He contended, however, that he could not break the promise he had given to the House, and that therefore nothing else remained for him to do but tender his resignation to the King. He recommended Count Julius Szapary as his successor.

Tisza knew well that the cause of his fall had been a mere pretext, that it was the clerical aristocracy who had wielded this weapon against him, angered at the law concerning mixed marriages that he had allowed to pass. The aristocracy, the clergy, highborn ladies, all agitated against this law, which, though it passed the House, has remained a dead letter. This agitation gave a new power to the aristocracy, who had ever been irreconcilable foes of the Cabinet, and of the rigid Calvinist at its head, who remained apart from all the social diversions of the rich landowners, whose frugal, modest mode of living contrasted unfavourably with that of the spendthrift nobles with whom he was surrounded. Tisza loved work; they loved idleness,

and those intrigues were spun around him whose victim he at last became.

Count Apponyi, Tisza's strongest opponent in the House, took part with the Kossuth group; the casinos sought adherents in the street; the opposition grew to the point of insult. Tisza was affronted; his personal safety was threatened; he was daily subjected to gibes and jeers; and he therefore sought for a pretext to resign the power whose attractions had so long held him captive. The patriotic disinterestedness which the reigning Prime Minister had shown at all times also characterised the departing Minister. On March 7, he laid before the Chamber the full reasons for his retirement; he explained that he had not been able to fulfil the promise he had given to Parliament with regard to the Kossuth question, and added that it was a personal promise, and that therefore his colleagues were in no wise bound by it, since he had given it without their knowledge. The leadership of the Liberal party which was offered him he declined in correct and loyal terms, explaining that in a Governmental party there must not be two leaders, because such an arrangement must conduce to splitting up the party into factions. The "General," as Tisza was popularly called by the people, retired entirely from public life to become a simple soldier in the ranks of his party. Never had he seemed greater or more dignified than at the moment of this self-imposed renunciation.

The new Minister-President is no *homo novus*; he had already been Finance Minister under Tisza, and afterwards Minister of Agriculture, and he represents in his person that which according to custom has to be represented in every Hungarian Cabinet, that is to say, the Magnate caste. Neither



COUNT JULIUS SZAPARY.
*(From a photograph by Ellinger Edr.)*

Szilagyi, a simple professor of jurisprudence, nor Weckerle, whose family has been Magyar for scarcely a generation, and who has behind him only a simple bureaucrat career,—neither Csaky nor Teleky, two noblemen it is true, but without any political past,—could pretend to the presidency. Szapary gives his name and the weight of his high social influence to the present Cabinet; and Szilagyi, Weckerle, and Baross, give their talents and their work. As at Vienna, in the times of Prince Auersperg, Szapary will be in a certain sense the representative man, and the others provide the ideas, the words, and the parliamentary force of this illustrious figure-head. It is, however, just to Szapary to note that if he may not perchance shine as Prime Minister, he certainly distinguished himself as Minister of Agriculture. To him in a large measure was due the economical regeneration of Hungary after the wars of liberation. In the eleven months that he filled the post he instituted some remarkable reforms, and if he had been allowed to continue in the office, it is probable that the agricultural condition of Hungary would have been greatly improved. In his place there is now the Transylvanian Count, Andreas Bethlen; this was the only change made in the last reconstructed Tisza Cabinet, all the other Ministers retained their portfolios.

Szapary's first public office had been one of some difficulty and delicacy; he had been chosen as Royal Commissioner to regulate affairs in the Heveser Comitat, that most Magyar bit of the whole Magyar land, the home of the fieriest Hungarian wine and of the loveliest Hungarian women; the most irreconcilable of all the districts which held by the doctrines of the Extreme Left, and refused to acknowledge a single Act passed by the Hungarian parliament. To Szapary fell the task of recalling them to their constitutional duties. He accomplished his enterprise with such tact that when he was afterwards chosen as Minister of the Interior the superintendence of the Comitat of the whole Monarchy was confided to him.

The most remarkable man in the present Cabinet is the Minister of Justice, Désiré Szilagyi, born in 1846, who before he took the portfolio as Minister of Justice had already distinguished himself as Professor of Juridic Science at the University of Buda-Pest. He is certainly a man of exceptional gifts, but he has certainly also been the person who must bear the chief responsibility of having disgusted Tisza with office-holding. Count Andrássy once described him as a wedge, who would split up any Cabinet or party into which he was introduced. In the eleven years in which he sat in the ranks of the opposition he was continually harassing Tisza with interpellations; and the members of the governing party looked upon him as their most dangerous, because their most able, opponent. Nevertheless, however bitterly and passionately the parliamentary battle was raging, he never opposed the Liberal party in any of those fundamental principles on which the very existence of this party is built up. He twice combated the terms under which the *Ausgleich* with Austria was renewed, but he never attempted to shake the firm foundation of the constitutional conditions of the two halves of the Empire. He never shared the common enthusiasm for an independent Hungarian Custom Domain, and he left it to Count Apponyi to coquet with those who were in favour of an

independent Hungarian army. In a number of internal questions he was opposed to the Liberal party and their leader, but in no single instance was the Liberal principle the cause of difference and of contention. Szilagyi sat on the same



DÉSIRÉ SZILAGYI.
*(From a photograph by Ellinger Edr.)*

opposition benches as Count Apponyi, but he never had anything to do with the conspiracies of the oligarchical aristocracy and of the clerical cliques; he remained apart from the machinations put in force against the law of mixed marriages, and as a firm Liberal he supported the demands for obligatory civil marriage. On this account, because he never was untrue to his Liberal principles, he has remained more closely allied to the Liberal party than the followers of Apponyi.

It was a great gain to the Tisza Cabinet when Désiré Szilagyi consented to take the Portfolio of Justice, for there was scarcely a domain which had been so neglected during the past eleven years as that of jurisprudence. His predecessors had been weak and impotent men. The election to this office of a man of science who united great special knowledge of his subject with wide general culture was hailed with joy. Szilagyi brought no increase of power with him into the Ministry; he led no party, and yet he did not enter the government with empty hands; he brought to the Tisza Cabinet a great spiritual potency and a strengthening of the old Deák element of which this Cabinet stood sorely in neeed. Tisza had never embraced Deák's ideas entirely. In Julius Szapary and Désiré Szilagyi, two out-and-out Deákists had entered the government, and to those who know how strongly the Deák traditions remain alive in Hungary it will be evident that this is a factor of the greatest importance. Above all, the government received in Szilagyi a firm, spirited, political personality, a man of great knowledge and ripe experience, a brilliant orator who boasts an honourable political past, a firm tradition, sure principles, and enlightened modes of thought as well as strength and love of work. These gifts have already borne their fruits. Thus he has raised the number of Courts of Appeal from two to eleven, and is now busy with the work of formulating a new code which will have important influences upon the Courts of Justice in Hungary.

Count Albin Csacky, the Minister of Public Instruction, conducts his office with firmness and a perfect knowledge of his objects. Most energetically he has taken under his protection the infant schools, the education of the people, and the claims of the elementary schoolmasters; these latter especially have to thank him for many improvements in their social position. Thanks to the initiative he took in the question of the Greek language, namely, that its study should no longer be obligatory but interchangeable with French, if desired by the parents, he realised the project of a uniform middle school, a scheme that attracted him from the first, and which has been entirely due to his active intervention. In the domain of higher education he is also showing himself a warm supporter of all modern reforms and requirements.

The Minister of Commerce, Gabriel Von Baross, displays in all domains regarding commercial and industrial life a perfectly astounding activity; it is solely due to him that Hungary has instituted that reform with regard to railway fares known as the zone tariffs, which is calculated to revolutionise the entire method of payment of railway fares throughout the whole Continent of Europe. It was an idea so luminous, so simple, and yet so audacious, that it was difficult to predict whether or not it



GABRIEL VON BAROSS.
*(From a photograph by Ellinger Edr.)*

would prove successful, and when it was once shown that it would be successful beyond the most ardent conceptions of its inaugurator, all Europe stood up and wondered why this very simple and useful project had never been invented before. The attention of outsiders who have never

looked to Hungary as a land whence any new ideas could arise, has been suddenly drawn to this quarter of the globe, thanks to Baross and his railway reforms, and it is much to be desired that his policy may be imitated as speedily as conveniently possible.

The regularisation of the Danube has been taken in hand with renewed energy by him; and he will ever be remembered in the records of Hungarian and Austrian transit as the man who caused the Iron Gates to be removed—those rocks which so fatally hindered the navigation of the Lower Danube. This act has been one of immense commercial importance to the kingdom, as it has favoured the utilisation of that great water highway, for Austria-Hungary finds in the south-east the chief market for its natural and manufactured products. To utilise this market against the serious competition which the other Powers are making, is for the whole monarchy, but especially for Hungary, a very question of vital existence. As compared to the free navigation of the Danube, the two great railway lines which connect Hungary with Roumania offered no compensation, for even at a low price of transport the trains cannot carry the voluminous and cheap raw products under the same favourable conditions. That immortal reformer, "the greatest Hungarian," as he was named, Count Stephen Szechenyi, pointed out irrefutably the necessity for this regularisation of the Danube, and his advice was endorsed by all those other men who, in Hungary, Austria, and Germany, occupy themselves with social, economic, industrial, and transport questions. Baross is also interested in the creation of a commercial fleet upon the Danube. The first of these ships, baptised with the name of "Szapary," was launched in the course of the last summer.

Dr. Alexander Weckerly, the youthful Minister of Finance, was the right hand of Szapary when that Minister held the portfolio of Finance. It is due in very large measure to the activity and perspicuity of this young financier that Hungarian economic conditions have greatly improved, and that the chronic deficit presented by the Budget has been considerably diminished.

General Baron Geza Fejervary, the Honvéd Minister of Hungary, is an authority on all military questions, and has won his spurs on that domain. The Honvéds, a species of national militia, have become an important factor in the military strength of the monarchy. Under his leadership, according to the highest authorities among foreign military critics, these Honvéds have proved themselves possessed of great skill and valour during recent international manœuvres.

It remains to be seen whether Szapary can maintain himself in power; certainly the man, if not of the immediate, still of the near, future of Hungary is beyond question Count Apponyi. Szapary, as compared to him, can but represent a period of transition which is necessary in order that the political public may adapt itself with resignation or prepare itself voluntarily for a shift of the governmental platform, which would be too sharp were it accomplished at once. Of Count Albert Apponyi the political world of Hungary speaks highly. Born in 1846, he entered on a political career when quite a young man, and distinguished himself by a varied and vast European culture, by boundless ambition, and by great parliamentary gifts and power of application. Long before he had arrived at the age of ripe manhood he was recognised as the leader of the moderate opposition. In the Hungarian parliament, where splendid orators are not uncommon, for the Magyar has a great facility of speech, Apponyi is recognised as the most brilliant and effective among the speakers. From the very outset he was an ardent opponent of Tisza, not from any mean, low motives, but from reasons of high political conviction. It would seem that this enmity did not proceed from personal rancour, but it is certain that



COUNT ALBERT APPONYI.
(*From a photograph by Koller Karoly.*)

every measure seemed good to Count Apponyi by which he might hope to bring down his opponent. He carried obstruction to the point of art, and did not shrink from making common cause with the worst scandal-mongers of the Reichstag and of the street if by these means he could obtain his purpose.

The same tenacity which Tisza showed all those years, first in creating the conditions which rendered him almost indispensable, and then in defending his own creations and himself, Apponyi put forth in opposition to him as the first among his adversaries, and hence as the most legitimately indicated of his heirs. Until within the last two years it seemed as if the figure of the old Protestant country nobleman grew ever more imposing, but at the same time there grew ever more imposing the figure of that Catholic magnate of ancient race, a convinced Parliamentarian, gifted with clever and fiery eloquence, cynically willing to accept any allies so long as they served him. Educated by Jesuits to a mixed

political creed of reactionary fears and socialistic audacities, he has not yet given a clear idea of what he really feels and desires, of what he would do or what he would bring about ; but whatever that may be, he will do it strongly and with audacity. For the present, Apponyi's day has not yet come, but he is young as age goes for public men, and the turn of fortune's wheel must inevitably bring upwards so able a man. It is already generally acknowledged that the maxims which he has laid down for the conduct of public affairs would be accounted valuable rules of parliamentary ethics in any country. When Szapary laid his programme before the House, Apponyi announced, to the great satisfaction of the Prime Minister, and amid the applause of his own party, that he was entirely at one with the Count on the subject of all proposed reforms and principles of government, and that he would lend him his entire support and that of his faction. It was difficult to understand after this why he did not retire from opposition and join the government party. But Apponyi has not been a pupil of the Jesuits for nothing ; he is a man whose words and deeds do not cover each other. In fact, in one of the first hot debates that divided the House, a question of sectarian baptism, he combated the Ministry with all his might and main. It is pretty evident that every government as such is a thorn in the eye of the noble Count, whose ideal consists in seeing in his own hands the reins of power.

Leader of the extreme left faction of the Hungarian Parliament is Daniel Iranyi. This party refuses to recognise the *Ausgleich* of 1867 with Austria. They like to screen themselves before their electors under the shadow of Kossuth's name, which also means the negation of everything now existent in the Hungarian constitution. When Szapary came to power, he cunningly drew the attention of these factions, which strenuously hold by the personal union with Austria, to the fact that agreement with Kossuth, who demanded nothing less than the deposition of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary, was absolutely incompatible. He went further and demanded that the men of this party should show their colours honestly to the country, and declare whether or no they were Kossuth's faction. This question fell like a bomb into the camp of the party of 1848 and led to a disintegrating civil war. The vice-president of the party, Gabriel Ugron, called together a large congress of electors to consider the reconstruction of the party and the promulgation of a new party programme. The discords between the two factions are still raging.

Szapary's first public act was to settle the Kossuth question. He solved it with the simplicity that distinguished the setting up on end of Columbus's egg. In yet a second question which deeply agitated the whole land, the Szapary Cabinet has given a proof of its strength and intention. This is on the subject of the baptism of children born of mixed marriages. It was the Hungarian law that the boys had to follow the religion of the father, and the girls that of the mother ; but of late the Catholic priests had obtained the upper hand, and, refusing to obey the law, claimed all children born of mixed marriages as belonging to their creed. This obliged Count Csaky to put forth an edict saying that if the law continued to be disobeyed, he should fine the clergy very heavily. The opposition, hoping to gain favour with the populace, tried to rouse fanatical ill-will ; but their efforts were vain ; Csaky, Szilagyi, and Szapary showed themselves true patriots of the Deák stamp ; they declared that if this opposition against the course of the laws was not dropped, they would take the offensive. And quite recently in the Chamber, the Minister of Justice has declared that he is busy with a law which will regulate these questions, and will put both marriage and the registration of children into the hands of the civil authorities. These declarations on the part of the Ministry proved a bitter disappointment to all those who hoped that, with the retirement of Tisza, liberalism in Hungary was laid in the grave for ever.

Hungary, which by territorial extension takes amid the States of Europe a sixth place, does not count amongst the first Powers when separated from Austria. It is certain, however, that since its reconstruction as a kingdom in 1867, Hungary has attained to a proud position which has not been hers for three hundred years. Certainly it is no easy land to rule. Its geographical position alone exposes it to great dangers ; it lies like an island amid a number of more or less inimical States ; and should it abandon its hold on Austria, would split up in itself, or be partitioned by enemies like a second Poland. This its statesmen must bear in mind, and not let themselves be so blinded by petty party questions as to ignore the well-being of the whole Monarchy. This inner policy must be neither uncertain nor hesitating. While in other countries the balance sways between a Liberal and a Conservative party, after the manner of the Whigs and Tories of England, a feature that distinguishes more or less every civilised land, whether it be ruled absolutely, constitutionally, or on republican lines, in Austria-Hungary the balance oscillates between various great races, and this in itself is a source of very real and constant danger. Hungary must strive to keep its different nationalities quiet and content, must try to be just to all and favour none.

# THE SNUFF-BOX IN LITERATURE.

I.

THE German Emperor has come and seen and been seen, and he has gone amid a cloud of good wishes and a shower of snuff-boxes. The philosopher about small things might very well turn his attention to the snuff-box as an example of brilliant emptiness. Like the vase, it has become purely decorative; but as the vase gained in gorgeousness with the departure of the flowers, so has it been with the snuff-box since the loss of the snuff.

"Does snuff injure the brain, Dr. Abernethy?" "No, no; for no man with an ounce of brain would dream of using it." And yet it is wonderful how many men of conspicuous ability indulged to excess in what we now practically taboo. When the Rise and Fall of Snuffing secures its competent historian, what an opportunity he will have, to be sure! Here is a habit which did not become a "second nature," and which once raged as few other fancies have raged owing to exceptional fortune.

Note the steps by which it rose to fashion. Given to a king, Charles IX of France, by a leading diplomatist, Nicot—whence nicotine—favoured by a reputedly beautiful queen, Catherine de Medicis, and adopted as a party sign by the orthodox; used as a disinfectant much as the modern out-of-work smokes his pipe to hide the evil odours of his dwelling; then condemned by a king and anathematised by a pope; then taxed, and cherished by the mode, and finally thrown within the reach of the multitude by a lucky capture from an enemy, when Sir George Rooke sacked Port St. Mary and brought home such thousands of barrels, and bags, and bales, and bison hides of it, that it was sold by the waggon-load in Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham at fourpence per pound. Could any combination be found more likely to bring snuffing into vogue?

A fashionable practice, a pleasurable stimulant—

> "A delicate pinch! Oh, how it tingles up
> The titillated nose, and fills the eyes
> And breast, till in one comfortable sneeze
> The full collected pleasure bursts at last!'

—as the enthusiastic versewright informs us—an aid to conversation, a pretext for delay and courteous interruption, can we wonder that snuff counted its takers by the thousand? Truly, he who tells at length of its rise and fall will have many a chance of moralising!

But as to our men of ability, who ought to have known better. There was the author of the world's greatest "Rise and Fall" himself. Gibbon took snuff, and he gives us a glimpse of his mode of doing so: "I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice, and continued my discourse in my usual attitude of my body bent forwards and my forefinger stretched out"—where we will leave him, reminding us of

> "The lawyer so grave when he opens his case,
> In obscurity finds it is hid,
> Till the bright glow of knowledge illumines his face
> As he gives the three taps on the lid."

Who has not heard of "Glorious John" and the honour of a pinch from his snuff-box at Will's? Who has not heard of the snuff-boxes of the Queen Anne time? "Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if, instead of playing eternally with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one?" asks Mr. Spectator, who would seem to have adopted the "do as I say, not as I do" policy very heartily. Pope, of course, could not write without mention of the snuff-box. He makes his Sir Plume "of amber snuff-box justly vain," as

> "With earnest eyes and round unthinking face,
> He first the snuffbox opened, then the case."

He makes his "wily virgin" throw "a charge of snuff"; and "snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat." The snuff-box on whose hinge the brilliants shine is conspicuous on the basset table, and in the "Key to the Lock" the Twickenham poet lets off a small joke concerning Prince Eugene: "'tis remarkable the General is a great taker of snuff as well as towns." But the Prince was not the only snuff-taking general. Frederick of Prussia used to take so much that he had his pockets lined with leather and made without corners, so that they served as snuff-pouches. Snuff-boxes to carry about with him he would not be bothered with, but on the mantelpieces of the palaces they found their proper place. One day Frederick saw a page helping himself to a pinch. "Good snuff, that?" said the King. "Excellent, sire!" said the page. "Nice box?" "Superb, sire!" "Then take it; it is too small for both of us!" There is another snuff story about Frederick in which the laugh is on the other side. Count Schwerin was presented by the King with a snuff-box which had a donkey's head painted underneath the lid. Next day at dinner the Count produced the box, and showed the lid to the Duchess of Brunswick. "What an excellent portrait of his Majesty!" said the Duchess. The King looked somewhat annoyed. The Duchess handed on the snuff-box to her neighbour. "Is it not a fine portrait?" "Such an excellent likeness!" said the neighbour. And so

on, and so on, until the King ordered the box to be handed to him. Judge of his feelings when he found that the artful Count had had the donkey's head cleaned off and a portrait of Frederick substituted, so as to be able to give the King a lesson in politeness.

Napoleon was another great snuff-taker, or rather snuff-waster, for it is calculated that only one per cent. ever reached his nose. There is a well-rounded story of his visiting the subterranean canal of St. Quentin with Marie Louise, and noticing among the decorations of a hamlet through which he passed on the tour a motto in rhyme:

> "Il n'a pas fait une sottise
> En épousant Marie Louise"—

the local dignitary was sent for. "Ah!" said the Emperor, "you cultivate the Muses in this district?" "Yes, sire, I do a little in that line." "Then you are the author of the 'n'a pas fait une sottise'?" The poet blushed. "Ah! do you take snuff?" and the Emperor held out a diamond-besprinkled box. "Help yourself—and take the box—and—and

> "Quand vous y prendrez une prise,
> Rappelez-vous Marie Louise!"

Even great generals in our own day take snuff. There was Von Moltke for example, who during the three weeks ending with the battle of Sedan is reported to have used one pound of snuff, for which he had to pay, as official book-keeping testifies. Talleyrand's idea was that all diplomatists should take snuff, owing to its giving time to think before an answer, and hiding the mouth and face as the pinch was taken. "A tell-tale feature is the mouth," said he. "It is the most difficult part of the face to keep under control. Now in snuff-taking it is hidden!"

It may be for this reason that kings have been so fond of snuff, and that literary kings have taken to the habit with such enthusiasm, for great men sitting in chairs of honour in coffee-house and club-room may sometimes, it is conceivable, be in want of a minute or so to prepare the volley of wisdom that is to annihilate the inquiring stranger!—or even require a pleasant interruption? We can understand then how welcome must be the fragrant dust that

> "Warms in the nose, refreshes like the breeze,
> Glows in the head, and tickles in the sneeze."

Some authors seem to find sneezing rather agreeable, much more agreeable than did the Hebrews of old, but there is no accounting for taste.

At one time physicians tried to cure diseases by means of sneezing mixtures, and in fact snuff came in, through Nicot, as "a sternutatory." The old mixtures were, however, nothing like so pleasant, though many of them had quite as much tobacco as some of the "fancy" snuffs. It cannot be said that snuff did not pass through the fire of persecution. Pope Urban actually "bulled" it, and excommunicated all who took it in church; but so unkind is fate that nearly every pope since has been a snuff-taker.

James I, whose taste in perfumes was peculiar—and not refined—did his best to choke off all tobacconists, whether men of smoke or men of snuff. His "Counterblaste" is familiar by name—the title was a stolen one by the way; and the mention of titles reminds us of that quaintest one of all the anti-tobacco books, "Tobacco battered and the Pipes shattered About their Eares that idlely Idolise so base and barbarous a Weed, or at leastwise ouer-loue so loathsome Vanitie; by A Volley of holy Shot Thundered from Mount Helicon;" from which it would appear that the Heliconian springs did not always run clear. James was not the only sovereign who waged war on tobacco. Amurath the Turk, whom James would not have considered desirable company, made snuffing and smoking capital offences. The Emperor Jehangir of Hindostan joined the league. And the Muscovite Czar actually cut the noses off all snuff-takers!

A more solemn attempt to put the practice down was made by the canton of Berne in 1661, when in the police regulations the Ten Commandments were increased by the one forbidding tobacco, which was probably present in Mr. Spurgeon's mind when he spoke of the non-existence of an eleventh as to smoking.

Eighteen years before the curious code of Berne, the compurgators of Dunfermline had ordered the bellman "to keep an eye on such as took sneezing tobacco in the more remote parts of the aisle where they thought they could not be seen;" and in 1648 there was a public admonishment "against sneezing instead of preaching and praying." But it was in vain that the theologians warred with snuff, and the medicine men met with no greater success. Some of the medicine men, it should be said, for, as usual, there was no doctor without another doctor to contradict him. Even within the last thirty years a doctor has written to show that snuff-takers never die of consumption, while on the other side it was declared long since that snuff-takers were simply tempting apoplexy! Some said it shortened life, but then there was old Jenkins who lived till he was 169, who took snuff! And every case of a life cut short was met by a quotation of longevity, until it became generally agreed to let snuffing die out if it would, or last if it could—and it went. Most people treated objectors with scorn, as did Calverley the anti-smokers who told such doleful tales:

> "How they who use fuzees
> All grow by slow degrees
> Brainless as chimpanzees,
> Meagre as lizards;
> Go mad, and beat their wives,
> Plunge (after shocking lives)
> Razors and carving knives
> Into their gizzards.
>
> "Cats may have had their goose
> Cooked by tobacco juice,
> Still, why deny its use,
> Thoughtfully taken?
> We're not as tabbies are.
> Smith, take a fresh cigar,
> Jones, the tobacco jar,
> Here's to thee, Bacon!"

And Bacon in these times naturally leads us on to Shakespeare, whose Hotspur's fop's pouncet-box must have held not the dust of tobacco, but a sternutatory, unless the taking "it in snuff" be an anachronism. For Hotspur could not have known of tobacco unless some of the stock of the old Norse colonists still remained on hand. Which suggestion, by the way, is not to be scouted with contempt, now that we have discovered a succession of Bishops of Greenland, *in partibus* perhaps, but in fact nevertheless, lasting from the days of our Henry I to those of our Richard II, and have fallen in addition on the 1300 map of the world in which the American coast line to Florida is laid down.

But that Eric the Red ever smoked the pipe of peace with the sachems of the eastern coast we can leave as a speculation. Let us follow the Columbian path, and assume that tobacco became first known to Europeans on that eventful day in the first week of November 1492, when the two sailors returned to Christopher's vessel from their first stroll in Cuba, and told him how they had seen the natives carrying a lighted firebrand, and puffing smoke from their mouths and noses. It is in Oviedo's "Historia General" that we first get the details of the process, and in its 1547 Salamanca edition we have the first engraving of a tobacco pipe A strange affair it is; a hollow forked cane shaped like a Y, the hole in the foot being held to the burning tobacco, the holes in the top being held to the nostrils for the smoke to be inhaled therefrom. This implement was called *tabaco* by the Indians, whence tobacco, not from the herb, but from the pipe, the herb's name being *cohiba*, *petun*, *piecelt*, or something else not in the least like tobacco. And it is from this forked pipe that the island of Tobago takes its name. "When the Admiral Christopher Columbus passed to the southward of this island, he judged the form of it to resemble that instrument, and thence it received its name."

Having discovered smoking tobacco on his first voyage, Columbus found snuff on his second. The good friar who accompanied him relates how the natives reduced the herb to powder which they take "through a cane half a cubit long: one end of this they place in the nose, and the other upon the powder, and so draw it up." This discovery was made in 1494.

In 1559 Jean Nicot was sent as ambassador to Portugal by the French king, and at Lisbon he bought some tobacco seed from a Fleming who had imported it from Florida. The Grand Prior of France raised a few plants from this seed, whence came the *herbe du Grand Prieur*, which was renamed *herbe de la Reine* when Nicot presented some of the plants to Queen Catherine; and finally it was scientifically recognised as Nicotiana after the lucky Sieur de Villemain. The Spanish name however took the popular ear, and tabac or tobacco it remained after it had gone through a course of Antarctic Bugloss, Antarctic Panacea, Peruvian Henbane, and similar absurdities.

When first introduced snuff was supposed to be a remedy for one disease in particular and for many in general. "The Faery Queen" is not a likely work in which to find mention of the weed, and yet Spenser allows Belphœbe to gather it for the healing of Timais.

> "There whether it divine tobacco were,
> Or panachea, or polygony,
> She found and brought it to her patient deare,
> Who all this while lay bleeding out his heart-blood
> neare."

And John Lilly—a great smoker was the Euphuist—makes Pandora in "The Woman in the Moone" order her servant:

> "Gather me balme and cooling violets,
> And of our holy herb nicotian,
> And bring withall pure honey from the hive
> To heale the wound of my unhappy hand."

Which reminds us that one of the aliases of tobacco was the Holy Healing Herb. It was also used as a digestive. In 1599 the "Dyets Dry Dinner" informs us that

> "Fruit, herbs, flesh, fish, whitemeats, spice, sauce, all
> Concoct are by tobacco's cordiall."

Later on it was promoted from being a digestive to being the food itself, and even in these days we hear of a pipe as a hot dinner, an idea at least as old as 1623, *e.g.*:

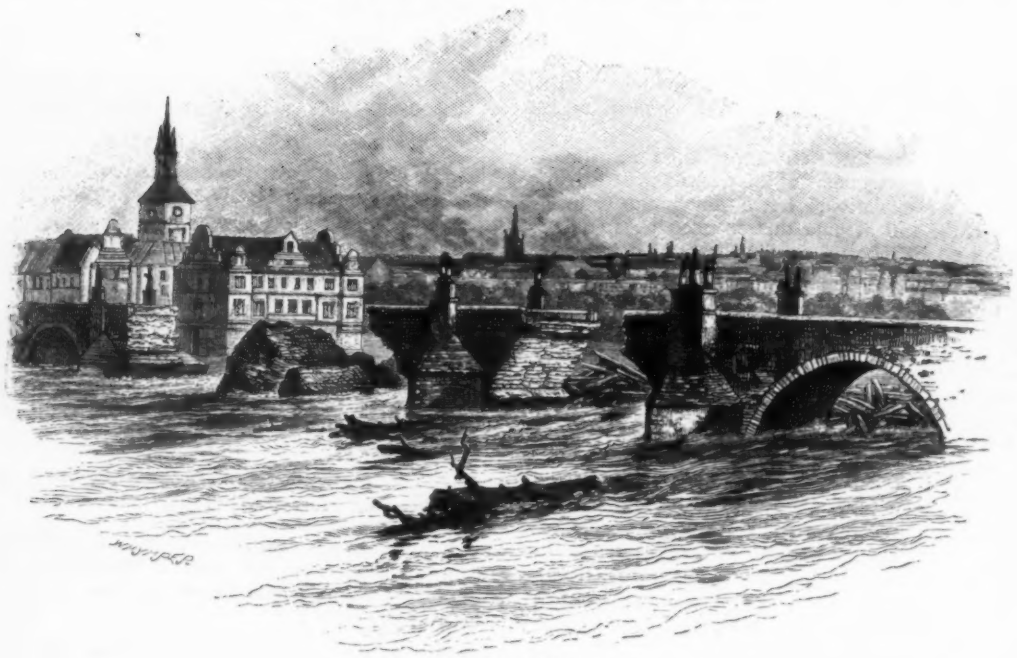
> "Much victual serves for gluttony to fatten men like swine,
> But he's a frugal man, indeed, that on a leaf can dine,
> And needs no napkin for his hands his fingers' ends to wipe,
> But keeps his kitchen in a box, and roastmeat in a pipe."

It is said that Sir John Hawkins first brought tobacco to England in 1565, that Ralph Lane, in 1586, was the first to smoke it in this island, and that it was first smoked at the Pied Bull at Islington; and there is the Drake story, and the Raleigh story; but which is the truth we need not here stop to inquire.

When snuff reached us first is equally doubtful. In Dekker's "Gull's Horn-book," 1602, we read of the "ladle for the cold snuff into the nostril, the tongs, and priming iron." And of course the "Counterblaste" has something to say about it, "the Scottish Solomon" having waged war against the weed in all forms.

W. J. GORDON

# THE CARLS BRIDGE AT PRAGUE.



PRAGUE BRIDGE.

THERE are few bridges—nay, is there one more picturesque in itself, and in the quaint towers that form its gateways, than this same Carls Bridge that unites the Altstadt, or Old Town of Prague, with the Kleinseite, or Littleside, upon the opposite bank of the Moldaw.

And few bridges have so become a part of the life of the people as has this famous bridge. It is the Acropolis, the Forum of Bohemia. It has been the connecting link, or at times the dividing barrier, between rulers and the people for six centuries; and many of the momentous episodes in the stirring Bohemian history have been enacted in the presence of crowds who have thronged, beneath its towers and over its sixteen arches, to town or palace, citadel or cathedral.

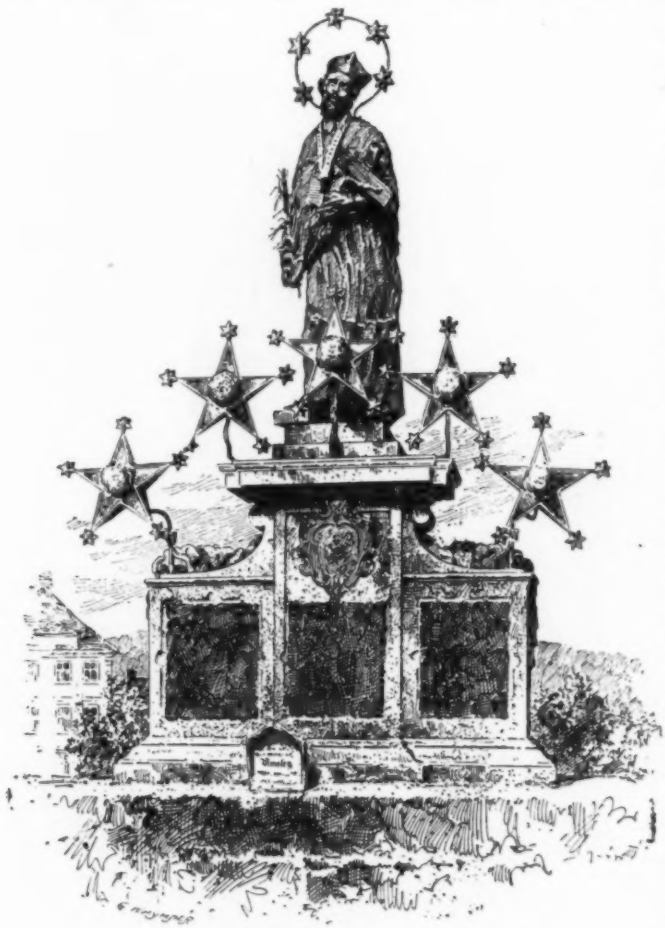
A wooden bridge crossed the Moldaw at this spot in the twelfth century, and this was replaced by a stone structure; but the stone structure was swept away by floods and descending blocks of ice in 1342; and it was not until the famous Carl the Fourth was upon the throne of Bohemia, that the present bridge was founded, at a period when the histories of England and Bohemia were linked together by apparently slight, but yet by important ties, shortly after the father of Carl, the blind king Johann, had lost his life fighting against England's Black Prince upon the undulating, sunny plain of Creçy.

Carl himself had sought union with England by pleading for the hand of Edward's daughter, Isabelle, a union which Edward was not averse to, but to which the Papal Court objected; and as Carl was a man of prompt action he returned from his visit to the island of Tholin in Zeeland, whither he had gone to carry on the negotiations, and in the following month married Anna, daughter of the Count Palatinate of the Rhine.

But the bridge at this period was not the picturesque bridge we see it now—or, rather, did see it before the terrible catastrophe of September last swept away many of its statues and several of its arches; now one of the greatest charms of the bridge is the numerous groups of statues, and saints, and martyrs, and warriors. These have all been put up either in the eighteenth or in the first half of the present century, with one exception; and most interestingly effective they are, cutting the skyline with their irregular outlines, as we stand beneath the tall towers of the Old Town, with its high-pitched roof, and statuettes, and shields with coloured coats of arms upon them. There are no less than thirty of these statue groups, and in the centre are two great crosses, before which, as the busy crowds pass on, each individual of whatever rank or station respectfully crosses himself or doffs the hat. Now and then one sees a deflection from this custom, and perhaps these are increasing; but

still it is an interesting sight to stand near this crucifix and watch the reverence paid to the cross by men and women, gentle and simple.

There is another cross on the bridge, which would hardly be noticed by the stranger, that by the peasantry and simple folk has nearly as much reverence shown it. This cross is a small double-armed one, let flat into the stone of the coping of the bridge; and the stone around it is worn smooth and the brass of the cross kept bright by the constant touching and smoothing of the myriad hands that rest upon it, ere they cross themselves and



STATUE OF ST. JOHN ON THE BRIDGE OF PRAGUE.

murmur a prayer to the now patron saint of Bohemia, St. John of Nepomuc. A little further on, towards the Kleinseite, rises the statue of this saint, with the mythical five stars around his head. This statue was raised in 1683, and is the oldest upon the bridge.

This brass cross is supposed to mark the spot over which the saint was thrown into the river, and beneath which his body floated, in spite of the incessant rush of the current, for many days, with these same five stars glittering round his head.

The incidents that led up to his murder, and the scenes that preceded it, are so characteristic of the tempestuous life in Bohemia in those days that they are worth recounting, especially as a different story is commonly current; and they allow a glimpse of the life that has surged around this spot for centuries, and that even now may be still seen on this St. John's Day in May, when the bridge is crowded with peasant worshippers in curious costume and brilliant colours.

King Wenzel, who in 1393 ruled Bohemia, was of a terribly passionate nature, and resented any attempt at interference from the Archbishop of Prague. He intended with his young bride to make a pilgrimage to Rome in this Prague Jubilee year of 1393; but the people were commanded for eight days to go to confession in procession to certain churches in the New Town, and to the Cathedral on the Hradschin, exactly as they do now during the St. John's week in May. The crowds were enormous, in spite of a quarrel which broke out between archbishop and king. One subject of quarrel led to another, but one matter that aroused the king's fury was the subtle action on the part of the Church in appointing most promptly a new abbot to the Abbey of Kladraw. The king had intended making a bishopric of this Benedictine monastery, building a cathedral there; but the monks were too quick for him; immediately upon the death of the Abbé Racek a new one was chosen, and the choice confirmed by the archbishop. The king was furious; for he received the news of the death and the new appointment simultaneously. He sent messenger after messenger to the archbishop, who fled to Raudnitz, a castle on the Elbe. At last the king's confessor persuaded him to return to Prague, in spite of as curt a letter as archbishop ever received. "Tu Archiepiscope! mihi castrum Rudnic et alia castra mea restituas, et recedas mihi de terra mea Boemiæ, et si aliquid contra me attentabis vel meos, volo te submergere, litesque sedare. Pragam veni." After some pourparleying the archbishop went with his train to meet the king, who also appeared with a great following in Prague; but on the king seeing the priestly following, he was so enraged, he tore up the compact that had been prepared, with oaths and curses, and commanded the archbishop, the general vicar, John of Nepomuc, and others to be seized and carried up to the Burg that dominates the town from near the Cathedral, and there to be questioned. The archbishop fell on his knees, and in turn the king sarcastically did the same, imitating his actions; the priests were taken and led up to the Hradschin, the archbishop fell back amongst his armed men, and retreated to his residence, and managed to escape from Prague.

At the examination of the priests, the king's rage knew no bounds; he wounded one with his own dagger, and commanded others to be led into the torture chamber that he might learn all he wished from them. Amongst those who withstood all torture—and the king himself applied the rack, says history—was John of Nepomuc; and at last the king ordered the half-dead priest to be carried out and thrown into the Moldaw. This happened on March 20, at nine o'clock in the evening.

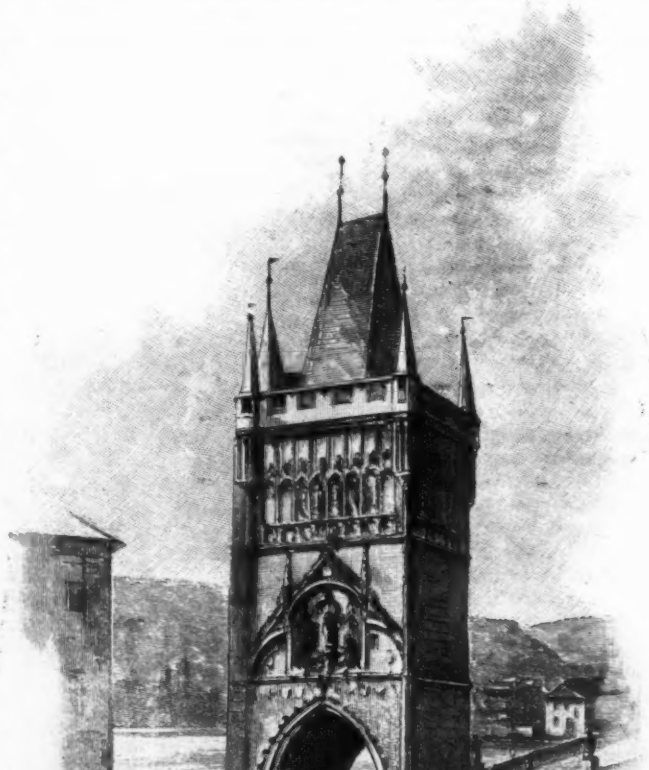
There has been great strife in the Roman Catholic Church as to whether this general vicar, John of Pomuk or Nepomuc, is the same as the one who was canonised by Benedict XIII on March 19, 1729. There is a doubt if the wrong man was not canonised, but the holy "Jan" of Nepomuc now takes the place of the holy Jan Hus who so nobly carried on Wycliff's work; and the village of Nepomuc being close to the village of Husinetz, their saint comes from the same part of Bohemia.

But our subject at present is the Carls Bridge, and not as to whether the peasantry of Bohemia still reverence Jan Hus under another name. Scenes such as the one just described, of strife and pomp, of war and religion, have made this bridge a marked point in Bohemian history, and when at a later period the Wycliff movement spread and grew so vigorously in Bohemia, largely under the fostering care of Peter Payne, an Englishman,[1] many were the momentous scenes that occurred on this bridge. The towers on either side were frequently used as forts, and sometimes the Royal party were kept prisoners in the Kleinseite by the burghers of the Old and New Towns, all communications being cut off from the surrounding country. In the year 1520 there was a great conflict on the bridge between Hussites and Catholics, owing to some injury having been done to the crucifix.

In 1558, the Emperor Ferdinand I made his entry into Prague over this bridge, that was richly decorated in his honour. Down from the struggles for liberty of conscience in the middle ages to the seventeenth century, this bridge has played its important part; and when Protestantism was crushed out of Bohemia, from the bridge towers looked down the skulls of the leading Protestants for many years, reminding the burghers of how they had aided to give the world freedom of soul. Later on this same tower served as a fort against the Swedes, who had captured the Royal or Kleinseite.

[1] See articles on a "Great Forgotten Englishman," in the "Leisure Hour" for March, April, and May, 1890.

This slight sketch of the eventful history of this famous bridge will show how the hearts of all Praguers, and of all Bohemians, were moved when, on the morning of September 3, 1890, the cannon announced the terrible danger that was threatening Prague; but in spite of the awful roaring floods that raged around its piers and half-filled the town, so little did some dread any danger to the bridge that had stood for centuries, that they went on to




GATE ON PRAGUE BRIDGE.

it to watch the floods and masses of timber that thundered against its piers; but at half-past five on this morning, with a mighty crash, the fifth and sixth arches fell into the roaring flood. The statue of Ignatius Loyola, standing upon the globe, with other statues, went in with the arches; but, strangely enough, the statue of John of Nepomuc, the patron saint, remained erect, and withstood the flood that boiled and rushed between the broken arches on either side of it, though, seen from the Old Town tower, the arch on which it

stood seemed bent and twisted. It was but a few months before, on May 16, that the writer had seen this statue surmounted by a Greek temple-like canopy, and surrounded by kneeling, praying crowds of pilgrims from every part of the polyglottic dominion of Austria. The fact that his statue has been preserved will give them yet greater faith in the holy "Jan"; and when once more the bridge is restored, and his fête again celebrated upon the Carls Bridge, great will be the concourse of pilgrims. But already great loss of life has been caused in attempting to restore it, for some twenty have been drowned through the river destroying a dam erected to protect the workers. But the work will go on, and soon again strangers will be able to stroll over its piers and look out over the picturesque grouping of the towers and spires of Prague, that form so pleasant a picture when seen from the historic Carls Bridge.

JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.

## OUR NEIGHBOURS ON THE PRAIRIE.

OF course they despised us. We felt that from the outset, although, in our inmost hearts, we considered that we had the advantage of them in many respects. Our neighbours were all Americans, while we were foreigners; they therefore belonged to "the finest nation under the sun," while we sprang from a necessarily lower order of nationality. Yet they were very friendly withal, and very willing to help us. Living on the prairie promotes neighbourliness. It is impossible there for one to retire into the shell of self which civilisation, with newspapers and easy railway communication, has provided for the benefit of those who dwell in the older communities. In a crowded city you may live isolated and unknown; you cannot do that on the thinly peopled prairie. You and your cabin become an item in the daily life of those around you from the moment that you appear on the horizon, and nothing short of "moving West" can render you of no further interest to your neighbours.

Our nearest neighbours in Kansas were the Weddells. They were a large family, with a lazy, dark-eyed father, and a lazy mother from whose face dirt and smoke had long banished all characteristics except the negative one of no teeth. I must have seen Mrs. Weddell under many and various conditions during the four years we lived near them, but I can recollect her in only one position, namely, that of perpetually sitting beside the fire smoking her corncob pipe, enveloped in a cloud of wood smoke, which always brought tears to my eyes as I crossed the room to receive the nonchalant greeting "How d' ee, gal?" The Weddells were a type of the American nomad, which must now be rapidly disappearing as civilisation presses more and more strongly against the limits of savagery. The Weddells could not endure civilisation. They came from Kentucky, familiarly spoken of by them as "ole Kentuck," which they had abandoned because it was being settled up fast, and these nomads could not bear being hemmed in by many fences. They liked the free and open country best. Accordingly they set out in a great emigrant waggon, with all their children and all their belongings, and drove towards the setting sun. They crossed the Mississippi, and drove through Missouri, until finally they came to a halt upon a piece of good-looking prairie in eastern Kansas. Mr. Weddell "took up" his quarter section—that is, one hundred and sixty acres—built his one-roomed log cabin, set up his stake and rail fence, turned over the virgin sod, planted his corn, and began to farm. Then we came after a while, and took up the next quarter section, built our house, and began to farm. Then somebody came west of us, and so on. We were shutting out the Weddells' unlimited western prospect, and penning them in by our fences. They began to get uneasy; they talked of "moving West." They had no definite dissatisfaction with their present abode, and no clear expectation of finding anything better westward. They seem to have been inspired by an impulse somewhat similar to that which prompts sheep, when turned into a new field, to go rapidly across it, taking a bite here and there, until they reach the opposite limit of their walk, when, convinced that there is no further advantage to be gained by hurrying forward, they quietly retrace their steps, grazing methodically. The Weddells had not yet reached the western limit of their pasture, and could not content themselves. They had no more affection for the home in which they dwelt than gipsies feel for the thorn-tree under which they pitch their camp for the night.

The two elder Weddell girls conferred a great benefit upon us by successively becoming our servants. Not that they for one moment would have admitted the name as applying to themselves. In Western parlance they were our "hired girls." Of course, they were upon an absolute equality with us in all respects. They dined at our table, and sat with us of an evening, and we worked with them all day. There is little chance of maintaining artificial social distinctions, when everybody lives together in one kitchen, where the men's boots, and the horses' harness, and the milk-pails, and the flour-bags, are all assembled in one motley community.

Eliza Weddell, our "hired girl," lived, as I said, upon a perfect equality with us in the kitchen, but there was one faint line of distinction that Auntie endeavoured to draw. Opening off the kitchen and general living room was a small apartment, Auntie's bedroom, in fact, in which she and I slept, and in which she endeavoured to maintain a certain degree of privacy. There was a stove in it and a rocking-chair, and a table where I did lessons spasmodically, when not wanted to hunt for the cattle, or drive the waggon, or feed the chickens, or milk the cows, or plant the corn, or chop up kindling wood, or wash the dishes, or bake the bread. Into this room no one was to enter without first knocking at the door. Such was Auntie's rule, and not a very unreasonable one either when all the circumstances are viewed dispassionately. But Eliza Weddell kicked dreadfully against it. To her it seemed a sign of degrading subordination to ask permission to go into a room. And subordination is a thing not to be thought of in a free-born American as against a foreigner. The only way in which Auntie could enforce the rule on Eliza was by making me adhere rigorously to it. Therefore it often happened that I was obliged to knock loudly at my own bedroom door before entering, to find nobody inside.

Eliza's service came to an abrupt termination without warning. It happened in this wise.

My father's watch used to hang in the kitchen with the hunting-case open—for we had no clock—but everybody was under strict orders not to touch it for any purpose whatsoever. It was only upon that condition, rigidly enforced, that he could leave an open watch in a room where everybody was constantly coming and going. One fine day the watch was discovered with a large greasy thumb-mark upon the dial, and the hands broken. Who did it? There could be little room for doubt. I, who was eight years old, could not have made a *large* thumb mark, although eminently capable of making a very greasy one. Auntie had not touched the watch. There remained Eliza. My father asked her had she touched it.

"No," she answered shortly.

Not being satisfied with this answer, he again referred to the subject. He pointed out the thumb mark to Eliza, and touched upon the circumstantial evidence, which was strong.

"I won't say anything more about it, Eliza," remarked my father, "but you may as well tell me how it happened."

Eliza's dignity was hurt. American and free-born, she replied as became her twofold character:

"I h'aint agoin' to stay in no house to be axed questions twice, I can tell yer. I said no oncet, and now I'm agoin'."

She reached down her bonnet and went out of the house and walked home, and that was the end of her as a servant. One had to be more careful of the feelings of "hired girls" than we knew. Thus Auntie and I were left with the house and the cows and the chickens metaphorically on our shoulders. Auntie was an invalid, and my shoulders had only the width that belongs to eight years, so that we made haste to seek another "hired girl," and my father registered a vow never again to ask a question more than "*oncet*."

Quite a different type from the Weddells were the Hunts. They were people of ideas and sound common sense, in whom natural intellect supplied to some extent the deficiencies of a limited education. Mrs. Hunt was a pretty little gentle creature, fully occupied in caring for four children, minding her house, and smoothing over the roughness of her husband's character. Mr. Hunt was a short, broad-shouldered man, with piercing grey eyes looking keenly from under black brows. Whatever the expression of his mouth may have been, it is impossible to say, for it was hidden by a bushy black beard, through which there came occasional gleams of white teeth, which somehow always made me think of the snarl of a dog. Indeed, he was not altogether unlike a bull-dog in appearance, and his character had some of the traits usually attributed to that canine breed. He would have made a first-rate fighter. But of all the ill-fitting doctrines in the world, the one which this frontier bull-dog took up was that of non-resistance. He would argue with the greatest violence for his pet doctrine, and seemed ready to knock any one down if not ready to fiercely agree with him, that non-resistance under all and any circumstances was the only course to be pursued. This Mr. Hunt was certainly an anomaly in Kansas during the troubled times when a man's life pretty much depended on his skill with his revolver, and his readiness to resort to its decision in cases of dispute. Mr. Hunt came from Missouri, and a quaint story floated after him that illustrates how much easier it is to preach than practise non-resistance. The story runs that when he found Missouri, which was a slave State, too hot for him, a known abolitionist, he determined to cross over the border to Kansas, which was making a gallant stand for freedom. Accordingly, packing his valuables and his family into the huge waggon that every Western man possesses as a matter of course, he started towards the land of freedom. Amongst his valuables in this waggon, by some strange coincidence, Mr. Hunt had included a rifle and some ammunition. It was a singular item in the load of such a fierce non-resistant, but it was there nevertheless. They had just crossed a small river, when Mr. Hunt became aware that a couple of horsemen were following. As things then were in Missouri, it was generally very serious for a known abolitionist, who was flying towards Kansas, to be pursued by horsemen. The pursuers under these circumstances were invariably found never to be non-resistants, and many a time those they pursued had to fight desperately for their lives. Therefore, when Mr. Hunt, that eminent non-resistant, saw himself pursued, he got out his inconsistent rifle and to the confusion of all doctrines fired upon the foe. One of them fell, and Mr. Hunt continued his flight, reaching Kansas in safety, where he resumed his favourite theories in all their pristine energy, and vainly endeavoured to cram them down the throats of his neighbours.

Visiting on the plains was pursued on a totally

different system from that which obtains in populous centres. Instead of the half hour's interruption, known as a morning call, which has no definite object, and which usually serves as an active irritant to the minds of the two participators, the visit among prairie settlers became an all day's excursion, and one not to be undertaken lightly. Being desirous of seeing a neighbour, the Western matron inquires of her husband, for instance, when he is going to see about that yoke of oxen he is going to buy of "ole man Robinson," and says :—

"I 'llow I h'aint seen B'linder Jane Robinson this year. Wall, now, come to think on't, I h'aint bin nigh ole man Robinson's since last corn shuckin'. Me an' the childern go 'long when you're goin'!"

When the visiting day arrives, the children are scrubbed and dressed in their best, with shoes and stockings on their feet for the occasion. Immediately after breakfast, at six A.M., the horses are hitched to the waggon, and the family sets off across the prairie towards "ole man Robinson's." The "ole man" himself is probably off in some distant field at work, but youthful Robinsons running about bare-headed and bare-legged espy the waggon, and with whoops and yells announce the advent of neighbours. B'linder Jane with her apron over her head goes to the bars, which do duty as avenue gate, and welcomes her friends, and that right cordially too, for, as I said, visitors are rare, and women folks are kept on rather short commons of the food their souls love—gossip. The children hobnob together; the mothers go into the kitchen, where the visitor takes off "her things," puts on a big apron over her best dress, ties it up, and helps B'linder Jane in the preparation of the dinner. Visitors must do their full share in the extra work their presence entails, otherwise their coming would indeed be a doubtful pleasure in a house where every one is already overworked. Dinner is at twelve o'clock, and after the clearing up and washing there remain a couple of hours for talk, and then the visitors depart in time to be home "an' do the chores afore sundown." Every wise person is home before sunset, or he will be caught by the swift-coming night that follows the day so quickly, with none of that gradual melting away of light into darkness which forms the poetic twilight of the northern latitudes.

I remember two worthy women who once came to see us in the usual prairie fashion with their children. They particularly relished some toothsome dish which Auntie with her traditions of another civilisation had prepared for them.

"That thar is mighty good," observed one of the ladies with keen satisfaction.

"Do let me give you a little more," urged hospitable Auntie.

"I reckon I'm full," answered the visitor, who nevertheless continued to eye longingly the tempting dainty. "Maybe if I got up an' walked round a spell I might scrouge down another bit."

She forthwith began to take pedestrian exercise around the kitchen, at the end of which she succeeded in "scrouging down" another helping, to her evident satisfaction.

Our neighbours were in many respects comical. Their droll assumption of superiority coupled with the most stupendous ignorance was often diverting enough; as, for example, when a youthful neighbour who went hunting after his cattle stopped my father with this question :

"Have yer seen dad's male cow?"

"Seen what?" inquired my father in bewilderment.

"Dad's male cow, the black 'un with a star on his forehead?"

"Why, man alive, do you mean your father's black bull? Why didn't you say so?"

But the youth rode away much confused, blushing at the indelicate word, and no doubt he inwardly marvelled at the singular lack of polish observable in foreigners.

Yet even while we laughed at their oddities—and who could deny they were sometimes odd?—these neighbours of ours won our respect by their sterling good qualities, and gained our gratitude by their kindness.

There came a sickly year, a hot scorching summer followed by a tropical deluge of rain in the early autumn. The masses of decaying vegetable matter soon infected the air, and everybody was struck down by fever and ague. Pale, miserable wretches with blue finger-nails might be seen in every house sitting over the fire, shivering in deadly chill. Neighbours never went to see each other except upon urgent necessity, for each household, like an undermanned ship, was struggling with the work needful to keep body and soul together. In our own household every one was stricken down. Our man and our "hired girl" only left us when too ill to stand; they went back to their own sick homes to swell the invalid list there. We were very weak, but of the three who formed our family there was usually one out of his chills on each day. We had but one meal in the twenty-four hours, for before the time came for getting another meal ready, the wretch who had prepared the dinner was down with a chill, while the two wretches who had not prepared the dinner were feebly struggling back into a semblance of life after raging fever and delirium. And so it went on in weary round : chill, fever, dinner—dinner, fever, chill. Oh, it was a ghastly time!

In the midst of all our misery we became aware that our well of drinking water was being horribly infected by some fearful substance, which rendered the water almost undrinkable even to our fever-parched throats. We knew only too well what must be the matter, but we were too weak to draw off the water and clean the place. It was as much as we could accomplish to drag up a couple of buckets daily to quench our raging thirst.

One Sunday morning a neighbour came to our relief. He was a blacksmith who worked hard all the week, but he had heard of our distress and he came on the first day he could leave his work. He drew off all the water out of the well, toiling on steadily hour after hour, while we gazed from the windows at him, feebly marvelling over the strength of those tireless muscles. When he had emptied

the well he went down into it and fished up thirteen dead and decaying moles! No wonder the water had been too horrible for even the dogs to drink. It was only our desperate thirst combined with our utter weakness that had driven us to swallow the awful liquid. That good blacksmith was one of our neighbours, and he has earned our life-long gratitude for the hard day's work he did for us on that autumn Sunday so many years ago.

Notwithstanding all drawbacks, however, life on the prairie has a certain charm of its own, a charm too that appeals strongly to the most civilised of persons. I remember one of our friends who exemplified this fact very strikingly. She was a Boston lady; civilised was no word for her. She was particular, dainty, fastidious to the last degree. Her dresses were always fashionable, her collars of the snowiest, her gloves immaculate, and her boots made the reputation of the shop she patronised. Well, this elegant little lady came to see us. She arrived late one afternoon in the beginning of summer. Auntie and I flew to welcome her to our prairie home as the waggon stopped at "the bars." We kissed her ecstatically, but she seemed dumb with amazement, and stood gazing blankly at—our feet. Auntie and I were barefoot. Of course we were, so was everybody, and we had quite forgotten that it was customary for ladies to wear shoes and stockings. Our Boston visitor did not know this, and she said we looked like a pair of wild Irish beggars rather than civilised beings. Before a week had passed, her dainty Boston boots reposed permanently at the bottom of her trunk, and she barefooted it merrily with the rest of us through the black dust or mud of the high prairie. When her visit was ended and she was leaving she said regretfully:

"Oh dear! I am so sorry to go away! Now I shall never be able to go barefoot any more."

The boots of civilisation do indeed pinch in many ways, and it is a relief to mind and body to pitch them and all other trammels away for a time, and run wiid on the prairie.



## September.

SPRING, with her dower of leaf and bud and blossom,
Summer, with lavish wealth of scented hours,
Each held within her flower-laden bosom
The seed of these gold hours.

Gold with the wealth of harvest yet to gather,
Rich with the fruitage of the waxing year,
All seasons yearned to this—yet hold we rather
The Spring and Summer dear.

Because no harvest ever is as pleasant
As seed and flower time when they have fled fast;
Because we see all grey the golden present,
All golden the grey past.

And even this Autumn—though complete in seeming,
This holds new seeds, which time to fruit shall bring;
This lends sweet substance to our dearest dreaming;
From this shall grow the Spring.

And when Spring comes, in spite of all our reason's
Dull teaching, we shall yearn to harvest's hour;
Because, thank God, hope blooms through all the seasons,
Life's one immortal flower.

E. NESBIT.

# REMINISCENCES OF ARY SCHEFFER AND HIS TIME.



ARY SCHEFFER, FROM A PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.

## PART I.

### ARY SCHEFFER AND HIS MOTHER.

ARY SCHEFFER was born in the old capital of Holland, Dordrecht, at the fag end of the last century; his father held some high position there. There were four children: three boys, Ary, Arnold, and Henri, and one daughter. Later on, during the First Empire, he was made by Napoleon either Prefect or Intendant at Dordrecht, and he was held in high esteem by his fellow-townsmen; but when he died, he left Madame Scheffer with her four children and very limited means. These means she resolved to devote entirely to their education, and for that purpose she left Holland and established herself in Paris.

Of Ary Scheffer's childhood little is known. Madame Scheffer, who was herself highly educated and most refined, always attended with the greatest care to the education of her children, and they did her credit. All three became renowned men: the eldest, Ary, and his youngest brother Henri, as painters, and Arnold as a literary man, for a long time associated with the "National," under the editorship of Armand Carrel.

Another great misfortune befell Madame Scheffer in the death of her daughter, on whom she had heaped all her hopes of the future. She well knew that her sons would have to fight their battles in life, and, much as she loved them, she would not have kept them with her, but she would have had her daughter as an angel by her side. Now she was gone—how much she wept, how long she wept!

Once Ary was at his work, his desolate mother seated by his side; he turned round and saw her in tears. "Be consoled, *ma mère*," he said; "you have lost a daughter, but henceforth I will be to you a son and a daughter." And well he kept his promise from that day. When she grew old he tended her, even as a tender mother would have tended a child; he never left her but once.

### EARLY MANHOOD.

When Ary came to manhood he found himself involved in grave discussions. The fire of politics at that time (the Restoration) burnt into many a young brain. The three brothers affiliated themselves with the most ardent of the Republican party. A great conspiracy was afloat, that of Larochelles, which was to explode simultaneously in three different places: Larochelles, Marseilles, and Béfort in the east. The brothers Scheffer went to represent Paris, one to each place. Ary was to be at Marseilles, Arnold at Larochelles, and Henri at Béfort.

The evening came when they were to leave their poor, poor mother; they were as deeply affected as she was, but she had the spirit of the mother of the "Gracchi." "Mes enfants, allez où la Patrie vous appelle, et que Dieu vous garde." (My sons! go where your country calls you, and may God protect you.) They went, and the mother was left alone with her great sorrow. This was the first time Ary had ever left his mother, and it was the last, for he never left her again.

But before they could reach their posts the plot had exploded. Henri Scheffer only arrived at Béfort in time to hear of the abortion of the affair; all there was confusion. But as they travelled under assumed names, they were all three able to return without difficulty.

The four sergeants of Larochelles, at Marseilles Captain Vallé, and at Béfort Colonel Caron and Lieutenant Roger, were all executed. Thus ended the greatest conspiracy of the Restoration, known as "The Conspiracy of Larochelles, Marseilles, and Béfort."

. . . . .

I had written thus far when a friend lent me the "Histoire Populaire Contemporaine de la France." By it I found that my memory had been faithful. But in that history it states that Ary went to Béfort; that I am sure is an error, because I was present once when Henry related, before his brother Ary, his prowess at Béfort.

He said that when he and his comrade arrived there, they found the town in great turmoil; they were anxious enough, for, though they had fictitious passports, it was no time to ramble about the streets. They went to a small hotel, where they engaged rooms on the ground floor and began to think what was to be done. They had brought a damaging piece of evidence, a boxful of tricolor cockades. What to do with them? They knew next morning perquisition would be made, and if discovered, they knew what that meant—the scaffold, perhaps. Henri looked out of the window; he saw a bridge; there was their "salut." They knew that in small towns people go to bed early. They waited until everybody was fast asleep; that was their time. They opened the window, left it ajar, carried the box on to the bridge, placed it on the parapet; Henri gave a good kick, there was a splash, and all was over; they were safe.

### 1830 AND ITS INFLUENCE.

This was a peculiar time. Napoleon I had a military aristocracy, Louis XVIII had the old nobiliaire aristocracy, under Louis Philippe there came forth *l'aristocratie de l'intelligence. Les beaux-arts, la littérature* were the aristocracy. Louis Philippe was a *Roi bourgeois*. France became bourgeoise. The bourgeois made money and saved it, like true bourgeois. The aristocracy of intelligence was represented by Victor Hugo, Dumas, Lamartine, and others; by Ary Scheffer, Horace Vernet, Delaroche, in the world of art; by Auber, Meyerbeer, Halévy, and the rest in music. There were in those times no small *littérateurs*, no small painters, no small musicians. All were representatives of intelligence and liked due honour to be paid them as such; besides, as students, they had had a finger in the revolutionary pie; they had made the king, the king had not made them. On the whole the new aristocracy was not more amiable than that of the old *régime*, which was haughty but not proud. All that was not intelligence, according to the new idea, was contemptible; trade, commerce, money, what was all that to intelligence? Any rapin, any unknown poet (particularly a poet) ever so small counted as of more importance. To see these young men, with their dishevelled hair, pointed beards, shabby clothes, walking erect, as proud as Pride herself, looking down on all that was not "Intelligence," one would think their ways would have made them hateful. Not at all; they were looked at by the well-disposed bourgeois as something that might be great some day, and were in many ways much indulged. However, out of so many who thought they were called, very few were chosen.

### THE PALAIS ROYAL.

Ary Scheffer made his first appearance in the artistic world by exhibiting his first picture at the Salon of 1815; he was just twenty years old. His picture had a great success. I think it was "The Citizens of Calais in the English Camp before Edward III."

The young artist witnessed the downfall of the First Empire, with all its miseries and desolation. Louis XVIII entered Paris, and peace was restored. Up to that time he had given little thought to politics; he had studied, with all the energies he possessed, under Baron Guérin, about the last of the David school.

His fame grew every year higher and higher; he produced many pictures, much admired for their originality. He left far behind the academic school of David, he was the originator of the "Ecole romantique." His first companion was his beloved friend Géricault, a young man of great

genius, who, though very young, had painted that great masterpiece, "Le Naufrage de la Méduse." At the time of its production the people, who had not yet shaken off the academic tradition, did not understand that awfully grand representation of Nature in anger, with all its victims dead or dying, and the sullen, immobile despair so grandly depicted in the faces and attitudes of those wretched survivors. Poor Géricault! he died shortly after, before reaping a shred of the glory he so richly deserved. His friend, Ary Scheffer, was the main cause of a monument being raised to his memory.

During the Restoration Ary Scheffer painted many pictures, large and small, mostly from poets. His imagination was very versatile. His style at the time was what was afterwards called his first manner; German in sentiment and Dutch in touch, only the Dutch of Rubens, Vandyke, or Rembrandt.

Some time before 1830 Ary Scheffer became the master of the Duke of Orleans' children—he taught them all. Princess Marie was his favourite pupil. They all had talent, but she had genius. No doubt he studied sculpture to teach it to her, for he became a sculptor of great ability, as was shown by his beautiful *funéraire* statue of his mother after her death. Princess Marie's statue of Jeanne d'Arc is well known and very popular.

Ary Scheffer soon became a great favourite at the Palais Royal. The Palais Royal was then the rendezvous of all young geniuses in fine arts and literature, particularly fine arts. Literature sometimes said naughty things, fine arts never did. Scheffer was the greatest favourite at the Palais; and no wonder, for he was certainly the most accomplished man amongst all the artists: handsome, well developed, easy in manners. His face was rather stern in expression, it had something of a military look; but when his amiable smile broke out, then he was more than handsome. Highly educated, an historian and linguist, the best art critic of his time, courtly and kind in his manners, but always manly, frank, and open, always ready to oblige, particularly poor young artists, he was on all hands highly esteemed. His fidelity to his friends had no bounds. He had friends in every party; Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans, all seemed alike to him, and he cherished them all and always. Changes of government made no change in his friendship. By conviction he was a Republican, and an ardent and active one. No wonder then, with all these rich qualities, that the Orleans family formed a great attachment for him. He was very devoted to them, and his devotedness lasted as long as they lasted. The one he liked least was the head of the family; a man of his perspicacity could see the Duke of Orleans blindfolded.

There was a vast difference between the Tuileries and the Palais Royal. The Tuileries in 1780 was the abode of all that was beautiful, young, gay, witty, luxurious, and it had its tinge of philosophy—the philosophy of luxurious people. But the Tuileries of 1820 was very different; painters, writers of the Empire could not find themselves at home at the old Tuileries. All was so old *régime*. The king, who could no longer write madrigals to amuse himself, he was the king and that was all. His brother the Comte d'Artois' greatest amusement was to place half a franc-piece between the sole and upper leather of his shoe and shoot at it with a pistol; they said he never missed. There was also the Duc d'Angoulême, who amused himself by playing at war with Spain. There was the Duchesse his wife—Napoleon I said she was the only man in the Bourbon family—the widowed Duchesse du Berry with her little son. This was the Tuileries under the Restoration. What was there to attract a young generation with burning imagination, full of youthful activity, full of noble ambitions and generous inspirations, restless, wanting a place in the world? Would they go to the Tuileries when the gates of the Palais Royal were open to them to meet all that was great in every way, the greatest geniuses, the most eloquent among the députés, all in a medley. This was the centre in which Ary Scheffer mingled, though young yet, at the Palais Royal.

### THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.

Three days and all was over; the old *régime* was swept away. King, court, and courtiers, all gone out of sight, leaving behind sorrow and mourning. What bloodshed! brother fighting against brother, sons against fathers; and yet, in less than a week, Paris was Paris again, the streets repaved, the shops repainted, a new patriotic song by Casimir de Lavignée, set to music by Auber. One strophe contained the words:

> Qui conduit vos drapeaux sanglants
> C'est la liberté des deux mondes,
> C'est Lafayette en cheveux blancs.

Poor dear, good, honest Lafayette, once more he was made a hero; he was old in years, but young of heart, and for the second time he headed the Revolution, ignorant of what would follow. But who knew that?—no one. A provisional government was formed at the Hôtel de Ville; everybody, it was said, could join. Take a seat on a chair round the table, and you were a member of the Government; first come first served, only keep your seat. A friend of mine who was a member left his seat for a minute or two, and when he returned his seat was taken and he was no longer a member of the Government!

Something must be done, what shall it be? Republic! where are the republicans? Who shall be the President? Only two men were at hand, Lafayette and Odillon Barrot. Madame de Sévigné said justly: "Honesty is sufficient under a monarchy; but the Republic demands virtue." Lafayette had all the virtues and purity of heart, he was a man to lead a movement, his name alone was enough to do that; but he was no ruler. Odillon Barrot could not and would not be supreme, he was the most eloquent at the Chambre des Députés, he was very powerful in opposition; but in power he would have fallen, he knew that. It was too soon yet to propose a king; the blouse who had fought and bled to send away a king would not have taken

kindly to the idea of another king; yet something must be done. A mixed course was adopted; the Palais Royal and its friends, the forty-two deputies of the opposition and their friends, proposed that the Duke of Orleans, who had reached the height of his popularity, should be created "Lieutenant Général du Royaume:" they said Royaume, not France nor Patrie—perhaps it was because it sounded better, though Patrie was a big word then. However, fortunately, the blouse received with tremendous acclamation Orleans and his title; all was joy and happiness. Poor blouse! who thinks so little and forgets so soon; the deputies had made their speeches, but the blouse had won the battle, and yet the blouse was joyful and happy. Poor blouse! little thinking that soon it would be called upon to shed its blood once more.

As no one knew the functions of Lieutenant-General du Royaume, another title would have to be found. The Lieutenant-General was seen often and everywhere, shook hands with everybody. There were processions, illuminations, acclamations, singing Marseillaise and Parisienne; all were amused, elated to the verge of madness, but boundless madness was to come later on; in Paris events go fast.

All this time the heads of the Revolution were very thoughtful, even gloomy; they felt that this state of things was but ephemeral; a luminous idea shone. Charles x was absolute king of France. Why not create a constitutional king of the French, with the motto "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.' No sooner thought than done. The new king was presented to the people by General Lafayette with these words: "Voilà la République qu'il nous fallait." Poor Lafayette! always found when wanted.

For the accomplishment of this scheme a deputation was formed from the best of the party to offer the crown to the Lieutenant-General. Ary Scheffer was chosen one of the foremost, and when the Queen-elect, Marie Amelie, saw him, she took him apart, and with tears in her eyes she said: "Ah, Monsieur Scheffer, until this instant I had held you as a devoted friend of my family, and you come on this errand."

The scheme succeeded admirably. France had a king of her choice. Lafayette could not be left in the cold; the republican party wanted a security; so Lafayette was created General in chief of all the National Guards of France; he was considered the guardian of the liberties of the people. Ary Scheffer was made captain of the General's staff; he was a great friend of Lafayette, and remained faithful to him to the end; not all did that. All went on as merrily as a marriage feast, the enthusiasm was at its highest pitch. France was mad with joy. Those who witnessed these scenes can never forget them; processions and singing all day illuminations and singing all night; fraternisations all round; the Tricolor flags swayed at every window; the motto "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," was painted in front of every monument and public office. At last quiet came, and France began to set to work with a new heart and fresh hopes.

The influence of the revolution was less political than intellectual. Liberty often verges on licence. Many bad books were written, many bad pictures were painted: mad books and mad pictures. Every young man who could hold a pen or a brush thought he was a genius in the bud. It cannot be denied, however, that the great men produced their greatest work.

### GOETHE ILLUSTRATED.

At about that time Ary Scheffer began his great series of pictures from Goethe's "Faust." The two first were, though not large, very masterly; only two figures. There was first Faust; not the theatrical manager's Faust, but Goethe's real own Faust, the man who has spent his life in studies of every kind. His room is a laboratory as well as a library, surrounded with dusty books, dusty parchments, dusty instruments of science. The peasants, the labourers, the soldiers, the young girls, have passed under his window singing gay songs of love. There is Faust the metaphysician and philosopher, sad, disappointed in his hopes; his life seems to have been but a useless drudgery; he has heard songs of love, he who has never loved, he who has never been loved; oh that he could be young again! Mephistopheles is already there with his cynical smile, ready to begin his satanic work. Oh! how beautifully all this is painted. What a deep expression in the fine face of Faust, parchment-like, thin, haggard; what a rich, dull, and sad colouring, everything so deep in thought. If one had never thought before, he must begin to think before such a masterpiece of thought. Then appears fair Marguerite. What a poem of profound sentiment and colour; Marguerite, full of remorse and regret. What sad, limpid, tearful eyes—what sweetness in her delicate mouth. What strange and poetic sadness in the whole of the picture, so delicately painted; one side of the face seems lighted by a pale autumnal sun, the lights are pale, and the shadows are pale. What a sublime piece of colour words cannot convey; the effect like neither Vandyke nor Correggio, only like Scheffer. As a colourist he never excelled poor Marguerite. I had that picture before my eyes for more than a year, and day by day I could find fresh charms in it. These two pictures created a great sensation and much heightened his fame, already so great.

Ary Scheffer did not paint the Faust series methodically. The next picture he painted was Marguerite in the church; her prayer-book has fallen from her hands, her head is resting on her seat; she hears Mephistopheles' sardonic words:—"Too late, too late, Marguerite; you should have prayed before!" This is a sad and sombre picture, full of deep suggestions.

It was now that Scheffer began to change his manner, and this picture is more in the style of the old German painters, more carefully painted and more defined in drawing, but always full of refined sentiment.

He did not go on regularly with Marguerite, but painted only when he felt inspired.

Betweenwhiles he painted "Francesca di Rimini," a great conception which produced a thrilling sensation. It was the picture of the year;

few pictures lasted a year in Paris in those days. No description of this picture is needed, for it is as well known in England as it is in France, having been for a considerable time exhibited at the Bethnal Green Museum, in the collection belonging to Sir Richard Wallace. I heard him once say to a friend of his, a painter: "Some think the 'Christ Consolateur' is my best picture. I think myself 'Francesca di Rimini' far surpasses it; it is my nearest approach to the old masters, particularly to Correggio." That was his modest opinion of himself; he had neither vanity nor self-conceit, but he was too great a man not to estimate his power at its true value. The "Christ Consolateur" was, if not his greatest picture, certainly his greatest conception. Come unto Me, you who are heavily burdened. The figure of Christ appears full of love, noble and simple in attitude, severe in drawing and execution. On the canvas are represented in various guises all the afflictions of poor humanity.

All the figures are painted with deep emotion and sentiment. Several were portraits of friends he loved; his mother is represented in "The Widowed Mother," and is painted with filial love. This picture exhibits more than any other the tendencies of his mind and of his philosophical training.

He has painted very little that was joyful; he certainly was always thoughtful, *mélancolique*, if not sad. In uniform he looked a bright officer, in his studio he looked broken, sorrowful; he, too, was disappointed, and in his studio he bore the traces of his disappointment. Like Faust he had laboured all his life, worked hard and conscientiously, used all his energies; all his dreams were there, his heart, his mind, his life were there; but his productions were in his eyes so far off from what he had dreamed. He had acquired great fame and fortune, he enjoyed the friendship of kings and princes and all who were great in the land, and yet he was sad. He possessed the high appreciation of all that was intelligent, for his reputation was that of the élite of societies; but he had missed the high aim he had set himself, and for that he was sad.

Once as I was painting in his studio Ary Scheffer said: "Are you not sick of painting?"

"Not yet," I answered.

"Then I am," said he; "sick, sick, sick unto death!"

It sounded like despair, but, notwithstanding all this, as the brave and courageous man he was, he worked on, and indefatigably too.

Though extravagant in some ways, Ary Scheffer was a very free giver to works of charity (and the Queen had always plenty on hand); he was also very fond of horses (when younger he loved the chase). Personally he was very frugal; his house was very plainly kept. It was situated in Rue Chaptal, near Clichy, the then quarter of the modern school of which Ary Scheffer was the head. There was an iron gate and an avenue of acacias, at the end of which were two studios, one on each side, a courtyard with a large cedar in the middle, under which was the habitation of Turk. Turk was his master's faithful Newfoundland dog; he was the pet of everybody who went there, but particularly of the family; he was as strong as a lion and as gentle as a lamb; he was a great figure there, Turk was. There were the coach-house and stable, the home of his favourite horse Bombé. Bombé had stood fire many a time; he was the horse of *émeutes* and revolution, having witnessed at least two. The dwelling-house was behind the cedar tree; it was as simple as the master and mistress. It was inhabited by Ary Scheffer, his mother, and his daughter. Cornélie Scheffer was then about twelve years of age, a dark, handsome girl; she was already well educated. Her father and Madame Scheffer were both highly educated; the latter was very retiring and very little known. I used to think Queen Marie Amélie and Madame Scheffer were the two greatest women of that troubled reign; devotedness to duty was their distinguishing virtue. Mademoiselle Scheffer was married young to the son of the celebrated Dr. Marjollin; he did not live long. She afterwards married M. Renan, the well-known orientalist and author.

Ary Scheffer's bedroom was a sort of museum; all the presents he had received from kings and princes were there. Some of the presents were of gold, some of silver, and some of carved wood, all of exquisite workmanship. A small copy of Princess Marie's statue of Jeanne d'Arc stood there, with many other tokens of admiration and friendship. In a corner was a small tent bedstead with only one flat mattress; that was Ary Scheffer's bed.

A word on the great master's studios. His own was like him, simple; the modern painters would call it a hole. A lofty room (large) with a good light, the walls almost bare. On one side was a very large canvas, which was in time to represent a great subject for the Musée de Versailles. Its progress was very slow indeed; the reason was that his independent spirit could not brook the idea of painting a subject that was given, as it were, cut and dried; his imagination shrank from such work.

Once he had finished a great composition: "Charlemagne subjugating the Saxons." The king did not like it; it looked so monotonous and triste, and indeed it was so. The king wished Ary to retouch it and give it more light and life. So the picture was sent back, and there it stood for a long while, message after message asking for the picture; but the poor great man could not buckle to. One morning he came to the studio, looked at it, and heaved a deep sigh; he looked disgusted. He said, "The king has sent again for this. What am I to do?" All at once he brightened up, and looking at me he said, "You could do that for me, Laby."

"What?" said I.

"Retouch it, and brighten it."

I felt it was a great temptation for me.

"If you will show me how to do it," said I, "I will do it with pleasure." He took my palette and touched up a helmet in the foreground. "That is what it wants," said he.

"Very well," I answered, "I will try my very best."

He went away to his own studio, and I mounted up the steps and began on the principal group,—Charlemagne on horseback under a canopy, surrounded by bishops and the princes of his army. I worked hard, with energy and joy. In the evening he came to see how I was getting on; he said, "C'est très bien."

From that time I worked on the picture as if it were my own, and when I thought I had done enough, I told him so. He was pleased and thanked me. Some days after that I came into the studio and found the picture was gone. I ran to see him. I was rather affrighted, and he saw this, and asked me what was the matter. "Charlemagne is gone," I said; "and you did not retouch it."

"You did," said he, "and I told you it would do."

I was very angry, and reproached him for not telling me, for I would have done better. I went away still angry, as I thought he had treated me very shabbily. I mention this to show another part of his character, his indifference, and I cannot help calling it carelessness, for what did not touch his heart.

He painted other large subjects for Versailles, all grand compositions, but far far below his Marguerites, and the other paintings, which were purely his own.

The other studio was far more interesting. There were paintings on the walls, perhaps his best portraits were hung there. First and foremost was his friend and brother-in-arms "Lafayette," one of the greatest personalities of the century; noble, and simply painted, Lafayette to life, looking like an agricultural gentleman, with a grey coat and trousers and gaiters. He was tall, broad-chested, erect like a soldier. Unfortunately he wore a wig; had he thrown it away, shown his white hair, what a noble and grand figure he would have made! The other portraits were those of Rossini, Odillon Barrot, Arago, and others: all painted with that deep observation which presented not only the features but also the inward character of each man. It was this that made Monsieur Scheffer superior to the other portrait painters of his time; they painted likenesses.

Though he did not like portrait-painting, circumstances often compelled him to undertake it. Queen Marie Amélie; Louise, Queen of the Belgians; Leopold I., her husband; the Duke of Orleans, Princesses Marie and Amélie, the Dukes of Wurtemberg and Saxe-Coburg, and many others, all worthy of him, he painted; but those for whom he had the greatest affection were far superior. They seemed to be painted with his affections; but the greatest of all his portraits was that of his mother. In colour it equalled the best of Velasquez, but in sentiment, in feeling, who could equal Ary Scheffer? There was Madame Scheffer, with her pale, transparent face, speaking all her virtues and high attainments. There was Ary Scheffer's mother, beautifully calm, the woman whose life was love and duty. She had loved but few, but how well she had loved those few! There is that great figure so little known to the world, and I suppose her portrait, a masterpiece of art, is as unknown as the lady was herself, for after it left the studio it was never seen again. Happy those who saw it!

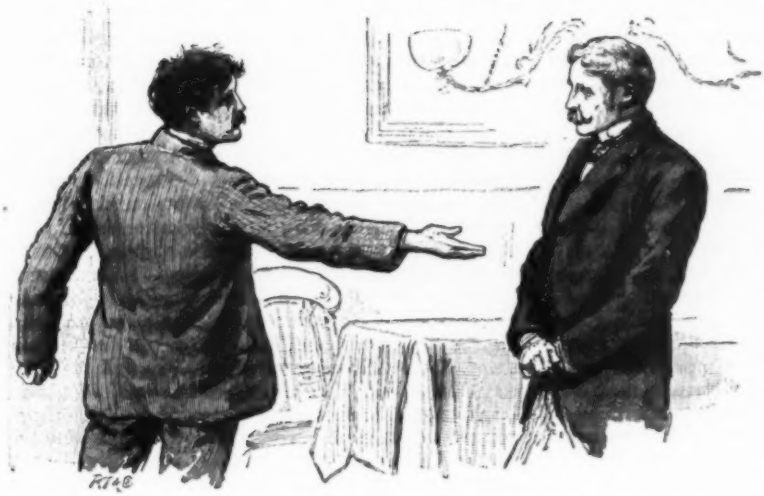
In 1835 or 1836 an expedition was to leave France for Algeria to take the "Portes de fer." The Duc d'Orleans was to take the command of a corps d'armée. He had a great desire that Ary Scheffer should accompany him, both as aide-de-camp and artist; there were great difficulties. Would Madame Scheffer look kindly on the proposition? Her son placed before her all the advantages that would accrue from it. She at last acquiesced, and Ary, just like himself, had an outfit as if he were going on a voyage round the world twice over. All the preparations were made, all was ready. On the eve of departure, Scheffer could see that his mother was trying to be cheerful, but could not; at last she burst into tears. That was enough for her son. He immediately let the Prince know he could not leave his mother in sorrow. The Prince understood him.

When he had finished his celebrated picture of Marguerite coming out of church, Faust seeing her for the first time, he wished his mother to see it. She very seldom went so far as his studio. I saw them both: he, stalwart in the fulness of his manhood; she, his old mother, fair, fragile, like a pale shadow, leaning on his arm, walking slowly to the studio. On arriving there she sat down and gave the picture a long look. She did not speak for some time, and then said in a sorrowful tone: "Scheffer, ce n'est pas cela."

He accompanied her to her room, came back, took a razor, and began to actually erase his picture from top to bottom. Poor beautiful Marguerite was shaved off. It was hard work. He looked at me as if he wished me to help him; he did not ask me; but if he had, I would have answered very dramatically, "I am no Vandal, sir," for I was angry. I thought then that filial love had a bound, but not for Scheffer; his mother was his supreme judge, she had passed her judgment, and that was all for him. He was calm and tranquil; he was tired to be sure, but he had done his duty. I was there, mean and wretched, at seeing that great work fallen down. I thought, what a tremendous man that is. The next day he began again. This picture was about nine feet high, and had taken him many months to paint.

A. LABY.

# Under Discussion



THE COMMON CASE OF THE PROFESSIONAL PRODIGAL.

"I THINK we may have a visit from Horace Penrith to-night," I said, on the first evening after Pleasance and Penelope returned from their holiday. (Penelope was not to go back to her Mission House till next day.) "He has been here almost daily during your absence: for we have been trying to do a little piece of 'work' together!"

"And by the expression of your face, I imagine the 'work' is not a bright success," said Penelope.

"Indeed, it is not," I admitted; "but we have no right to be disappointed, for I, at least, thought we began at the wrong end!"

"Then aren't you ashamed of yourselves?" asked Pleasance.

"Not exactly," I answered. "Though, as I say, I feared we had begun at the wrong end, Horace did not think so then, and if he had proved to be right, I should have been only too delighted. And certainly it was the only end offered to us for any 'work' at all. Our other alternative would have been doing nothing but watching and waiting,—always so much harder!"

"You excite our interest!" said Penelope. "Please tell us all about it."

"Horace came here the first evening after your departure," I explained. "He rushed in late, while Mrs. Yeldham and I were taking our supper, and he could scarcely ask us how we did before he opened his errand. You know that Horace took his M.A. in a Northern University?"

"Where I made friends with him," interpolated Mrs. Yeldham.

"Well, while he was there, he numbered among his acquaintances a lad younger than himself, named Edwin Richardson."

"There is some marriage connection between the families of Penrith and Richardson," said Mrs. Yeldham. "That threw Edwin into Horace's notice, and Horace was always one of those responsible souls, with whom to be brought into any sort of connection means interest and duty."

"Edwin Richardson was a schoolboy while Horace was a student," I proceeded. "In those days, Edwin lived in his schoolhouse, and Horace boarded with an assistant professor. Edwin often spent his half-holidays with Horace, and seemed a bright, studious little lad, rather sickly: and as he was an orphan, Horace's regard towards him was specially kind and indulgent."

"Edwin Richardson was an interesting lad and had brains," said Mrs. Yeldham.

"Soon after Horace took his degree and came to London to study law, Edwin left school, and himself purposed to become a student," I went on. "Horace accordingly suggested that Edwin should fill the place he had left vacant in the assistant professor's house, and Edwin did this with apparent alacrity. It appeared afterwards that Edwin had left school very suddenly, not at the end of a term, and that some sort of evil mystery was involved. Horace knew nothing of this at the time, nor did the assistant professor, who thought of Edwin only as Horace's friend, and gladly made him welcome.

"By-and-by, however, there began what Horace calls 'ructions.' Edwin Richardson chafed at certain 'restraints' which he regarded as arbitrarily imposed on him by the assistant professor, whereas they were but the ordered ways of life necessary in a studious household, and which had naturally grown up therein. When this was explained to him, he illustrated his own superior wisdom and fitness for taking his own way, by verbal impertinences, mysterious absences, and by general behaviour like that of a very naughty 'little' boy or a lunatic!

He could not be brought to his senses, but began to instil his restlessness and folly into some of the other inmates, and consequently the connection between him and the assistant professor's household was severed rather decidedly. Horace, honourably aggrieved at the annoyance inflicted on old friends by one whom he had introduced, wrote Edwin a letter stating pretty plainly what he thought of his conduct. Horace got but an insolent reply. And here all communication between them ceased. For years Horace heard little of Edwin, except that some good folks—old ladies and young girls—who knew none of the facts of the case—pitied him as 'hardly dealt with,' and sought to 'influence him' by various social attentions. In time there came a few floating rumours, which Horace heartily hoped were as false as rumours generally are! The only readily ascertainable fact was that Edwin, who Horace believed had natural gifts which should have sent him to the very front, did not even make a show as a working student, and long after he should have taken his degree was lingering in the lowest ranks of what Horace calls 'chronics.'

"At last, there came to Horace a letter from a business man among the family connections common to him and Edwin. It mentioned incidentally that Edwin Richardson had just received the last instalment of his own little fortune, and as after his past history it was not possible he could be ready for independence by the time that trifle was exhausted, nobody could foresee what he meant to do.

"At that time, I remember, Horace often spoke regretfully of his old 'chum.' Once, when there was a rumour of illness, he got a friend in the University town to make inquiries on his behalf. The friend reported that the message given him was that Mr. Richardson had quite recovered. There was no further acknowledgment.

"At last Horace received a frantic letter from some poor female relative of young Richardson's—an aunt or cousin—she was a widow, living in an out-of-the-way place. Her tidings were that Edwin had disappeared from the University town. He had left heaps of debts behind him. His debtors had applied to his former guardians, and they had replied that they had no further concern with him, as he was over age, and they had paid him out the last of his funds. Horace's incoherent correspondent painted all sorts of horrors. Edwin was at the bottom of some river! Or lying in some wilderness with his throat cut, or roaming the streets begging his bread. Where was he? He had taken the train for 'London,' but why that? She had, however, one little clue—poor enough, it might even mean absolutely nothing—but she gave it to Horace and entreated him to follow it out.

"Horace accordingly worked himself up with kindly memories and fears of tragic possibilities. The clue seemed so remote, yet, after all, it led quite straight to the heart of the mystery. And on the day of your departure Horace's search was crowned with success.

"He had found Edwin—not in the river—not yet in a casual ward, but in a quiet little private hotel in Soho.

"When Horace was suddenly shown in to the bedroom Edwin occupied—for the waiter said the gentleman was not up—Edwin received his old friend with the air of one determined to play a part, but not quite sure what it should be, and he alternated between enactments of surprise, pleasure, and chilly civility. Horace said he felt quite sure that, if he had not known Edwin's terrible position, he would never have learned of it from him.

"For my own part, when I heard this, I did not feel so certain that he would not have let Horace know fast enough, but that he was quite sure Horace knew already, and that his silence was his most effective action. Indeed, I rather mistrusted his innocent unconsciousness of the clue which led to his discovery. But when I hinted these suspicions to Horace, he cried out that I was uncharitable, to which I could only meekly rejoin that my want of charity was due to sundry stern experiences of the manners and customs of the professional prodigal, but that practically I would do my best to keep this bitter wisdom in abeyance!

"When Horace had hesitatingly led up to the real object of his visit, Edwin would not give him the least help, but professed a blank inability to understand. Thus Horace was driven to speak plainly, and then Edwin flew into a blind fury. What had he done that he should be pursued? Could they not even let him perish in peace? Another day or two and it must all be over, and he would not trouble anybody more. What was the fuss about? He had not come to his last penny, not he! (and Horace said he took a florin from his pocket and said, 'There! he had that, and men had risen to fortune from less than that!') Hadn't passed his exams, no; but he could do them all in a run, if he chose to work, and people should repent of having despised him! He had been unfortunate from his birth, born so sickly, losing his parents so soon, knocked about among strangers, without a bed that he could really call his own all his life! Look how his guardians had treated him—they had never sent him his money regularly, how could one work with one's mind in an upset of uncertainty? Look how the Powells had behaved to him! (These were Horace's old friends.) They ought to have had patience with him, whatever he did, and to have let him remain in their house; they knew it was driving him to the dogs when they sent him away. Look at Horace, himself. He should never have introduced him into such a household as the Powells', he ought to have known it would not suit him; he was not Horace's style! fit to live in a convent or a parsonage. And what right had Horace to interfere or have opinions about any conduct of his? And then see how he deserted him! Took no notice of him, had no consideration for his loneliness. Horace need not trouble about him now: he knew Horace had a kind heart, and he had behaved worse to Horace than to anybody, and he had behaved badly to all! But it would soon be over. There wasn't anybody to miss him. Nobody had ever cared for him.

"'That is the way he went on,' Horace narrated. 'The ravings of desperation, you see,—each sentence contradicting the other. And he ended by laying his head on my knee—and—' Horace

choked, 'when I think what he might have been and see what he is,—it is terrible! And he is such a proud fiery nature, that it is awfully hard for him that he has just learned wisdom too late to save him from what he calls bitter degradation. Don't you think we must help him to get one more chance in life? Perhaps, after all, it may be his first real chance!'

"You know how persuasively Horace Penrith can speak, Pleasance! Still I could not help saying:

"'We cannot give him another chance, as you call it, Horace, if he does not want one. As long as he keeps his old self, the old life will go on!'

"'Ay, but I am sure he is sick of himself. This despair means that. Perhaps it's extra hard for such a clever fellow to own "I've been a fool!" and this may be his way of doing it,' pleaded Horace.

"Then Mrs. Yeldham put in gently, 'Sometimes I have wondered whether Edwin Richardson is really as clever as he seemed—or whether it was only the precocity of a weak constitution—the forced buds of a premature spring. But then he is only the more to be pitied.'

"'So I say!' cried Horace, not willing to gainsay anything that might win the pity he was pleading for. 'And some of Edwin's reproaches are really true. I do believe his guardians were irregular and unbusinesslike. He had nobody to govern him. He has had many things against him.'

"'We all have so, Horace,' I said.

"'Yes,' he retorted. 'And we all find help.'

"'True,' I answered. 'So what do you want me to do?'"

"Whereupon, of course," interjected Pleasance, "he fell to telling you you are the kindest and best woman he ever knew."

"Something of the sort," I assented. "However, the end of our deliberation was, that I was to go back at once with Horace to the hotel, and try to bring the prodigal to reason in the matter of food and self-preservation, for Horace seemed to think he was starving himself to spare increasing the hotel bill! Then I was also to persuade him to let us write to his former guardians (one of whom was an old friend of mine) to ask whether something could not be arranged for him, to enable him to make another effort to finish his studies. 'We can let them know that I am willing to help,' said Horace. 'And I will look after him. He shall either live with me or near me, and I'll cheer him on to his work, and win him again to his old literary recreations, and not let him get disheartened if he ever falls back a little. We all fall back into our natural failings sometimes, however hard we try—and yet we do improve—and why shouldn't he?'

"'We improve if we recognise our failings as such, and struggle against them,' I said. But all the while I could not help thinking that there was a world of difference between the story of the prodigal, who 'came to himself' and said 'I will arise and go to my Father, and say, Father, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants,' and the picture of us, trotting off to entreat this prodigal to let us plead that, as he had been so sinned against, he might have another opportunity of fulfilling his original destiny! Yet I remembered also Who likened the Divine attitude towards erring humanity to that of a shepherd seeking his lost lamb or a house mistress searching for her missing coin; and I must say this was the remembrance which remained in my mind when I saw this miserable youth, with his well-developed brow, haggard face, and hollow voice. One seemed to hear something in him—something behind the bitter mockery of his speech—which appealed to one's most earnest help. And before we parted from him that night, we had seen him eat a good meal, for he seemed to have had scarcely any food for a day or two, and he had consented that we should write to his friends, and I had promised to do so. And Horace Penrith secretly added a powerful appeal.

"While the reply was awaited, we had Edwin up here once or twice, and Horace spent every leisure moment with him. We did not feel we made the least advance towards really knowing him. A 'guard' was on—the closeness of that guard was the only genuine self-revelation! But possibly that guard slipped aside when alone with Horace, for I think a little closer personal knowledge helped to dash some of our friend's most sanguine hopes. But they did not perish utterly. Nor did the ex-guardians reply directly—they wrote first to consult the alarmed female relative, and as soon as she got Edwin's address she sent him some money and promised him some more. The guardians also consulted Mr. Powell, who strongly urged another opportunity being conceded, provided a sound basis was laid for it. Horace's proffered supervision offered just such an opportunity. But lo! the prodigal rejected it. If he made up his mind to work, said he, he could do it without anybody's help—and they should see that he could do it. If they refused more furtherance on this score, then his ruin would be on their heads! My persuasions that all this was only false pride, and my assurance that we should all respect him the more for recognition of his own weakness, were less effectual than my original entreaties that he would let me apply for help for him! By this time, you see, he had ten pounds in his pocket, and plenty of weak, gushing assurances from his relative that she would continue to do something for him, though it could be but very, very little, as he knew how poor she was, and how many other claims she ought to meet! So last week he returned to his University town, and resumed his former position, though without any thought of paying his debts there, and now Horace finds he has also incurred bills in London at a tailor's and a trunk-maker's. He did not pledge Horace's credit—no!—he only took good care first to visit these shops, where Horace dealt, in Horace's company, and then to return there, and make his own orders! 'You should not have trusted a mere stranger,' says Horace to these tradespeople. 'Sir,' they answer, 'we thought he was a friend of yours, and if we had made any difficulty, then you might have been offended, and taken away your custom. There's loss either way, sir.' And doubtless that is true enough."

"Well," said Penelope, "I suppose for such as he to have to live on a very small income will be a punishment in itself. For getting in debt where he lives permanently is a thing that must have limits sooner or later."

I shook my head. "He has been returned now for more than a week," I said, "and in that interval we have heard from the ex-guardians, with sundry particulars concerning those years during which Horace had lost sight of him. He had evidently always lived at a rate far beyond the money he was known to have or the debts he openly contracted. He grudges himself nothing: there are hints of expensive vices, but also stories (possibly explanatory) of gaming. His history is made up of episodes of most sensational mystery, varied by these sentimental depressions of mood and circumstance, one of which was inflicted on us. Every landlady with whom he has lived has feared he would commit suicide, and in the end nearly every one of them has had reason to rue the day when he entered her house. The ex-guardians add that they now hear he has got into a smart lodging-house of indifferent character, and that he is very bitter on 'the way Horace treated him in London'—presuming to admit 'strangers' (that is I!) to his private affairs, and daring to take upon himself to 'preach' to him! It has been a great blow to Horace. Nothing gives a sharper shock to one's whole moral nature than to lavish help, with genuine kindness, and find it thrown back in one's face, with derision or contumely."

"Everybody who has lived long and intimately among the events of a University town must know many allied cases," remarked Mrs. Yeldham. "In some ways, this is a very typical instance of one sort of story."

"From your experience, what end would you foresee?" asked Penelope.

Mrs. Yeldham pondered. "In general," she said, "men of Edwin Richardson's stamp get into their profession at last, either in long lapse of time, or by some of those by-ways which tend to lower the professional standard. These men's deficiency, you see, is really on the moral side, and their mental powers, sometimes not inconsiderable, serve to supplement this after a halting fashion. But——"

Here Mrs. Yeldham was interrupted by the entrance of Horace Penrith. I saw he had some fresh news, and was in a highly combative state. As soon as he had greeted us all and made a few civil remarks to the home arrivals he turned to me with an "aside"

"I have some news."

"Tell us at once," I said. "I have already revealed the story of our adventures to the others."

"Well, I've had a letter about Richardson," he began. "It comes from an old gentleman, a Mr. Wentworth, whom I knew quite intimately in my college days. One of Richardson's female relatives, getting hold, somehow, of Mr. Wentworth's name (he is an influential townsman, and well known for good works), wrote to him to implore him to take some interest in her 'unfortunate kinsman.' This meant that the good old gentleman sought an immediate interview with our scamp, the result of which is the letter I have received, which censures me severely for my 'harshness' towards 'an erring brother,' as manifested by the treatment I gave Edwin while in London!—which might 'easily have driven an overburdened soul to seek refuge in despair.' It is not just—it is not fair!" cried Horace, in his wrath jumping up so dramatically that we all burst out laughing. "Mr. Wentworth knew me well for years, and I'm sure I gave him no reason to suspect me of being a brute! Why, then, should he thus accept, without any enquiry, the first statement of Richardson, of whom he knows nothing good?"

"Well, Horace, don't forget that you were quite ready to believe that Richardson did not exaggerate the unsatisfactoriness of his guardians in the first instance," I pleaded.

"But I knew of my own knowledge that they had not been too businesslike in their arrangements, and I did not know them personally," Horace asserted in self-defence. "Still, perhaps I was ready to put too much blame on them. Edwin is so specious."

"That is always a feature in this type of the professional prodigal," said Mrs. Yeldham, adopting my phrase. "Perhaps they never do more harm than by the misunderstandings and heart-burnings which they engender among more decent people."

"Professional prodigal!" echoed Horace, catching at the phrase, "that's capital! And it seems to be a paying 'profession.' I have been often struck by the way that parents and friends will let twice as much of their money be wasted by the idler and the reprobate, as they will spare for the aims and tastes of the industrious and honourable. There may be a clever, good son in a family; he knows there isn't much money to spare, and so he works twice as hard as he should, and grudges himself proper advantages in his work, and even a reasonable amount of recreation. Then the parents rarely think of suggesting these things, and pressing them upon him, but he may go crippled in his career, or perhaps lose health and die, for lack of them! Yet when the family prodigal comes on the scene, his bills must be paid over and over again, and the expenses of his delays defrayed, and new 'chances' given him, till at last these probably run into a permanent annuity for a confirmed dipsomaniac! And perhaps even that is a better ending than when an utterly unfit man is finally shouldered and driven into some over-crowded profession, for whose righteous exercise a sound moral character is quite as necessary as any mental qualification."

"I was saying something like this when you came in," said Mrs. Yeldham. "Has it ever struck you how often, in those great tragedies which from time to time thrill society, men of this type are to be observed, in the background, as it were, but probably exercising on the terrible drama an influence not less strong, because subtle and scarcely suspected?"

"As you and Horace, who know, both say that this type of men often manage to secure an end satisfactory to themselves, who are those who make the flagrant failures—the enlistments, the disappearances, sometimes even the suicides?" asked Pleasance.

"Those are the lads with small brain, or brain

unfit for abstract mental work, and physique ill-suited to sedentary occupation," said Mrs. Yeldham. "Some of them begin as capital fellows in their own way, shrewd enough, too, and excellent good company. But they've 'no head' for the lecture-room or the counting-house, and there is no lawful exercise there for their muscles. The worst kind of these loaf about, the better sort become the slaves of athleticism, and make what should be the play of their lives into its sole labour; when they find themselves left behind by their compeers, they are naturally disgusted and grow demoralised and coarse. These incline to be insolent rather than specious. They begin to drink and break out into strange and rough freaks, which speedily get them into bad repute and difficulty."

"These are young men of the style who drive out in breaks on Sunday and blow horns outside churches," explained Horace, evidently going back on some of his college experiences. "They loll out of their lodging windows, smoking pipes, or lean back with their slipper soles exposed on the sill. If a professor or teacher objects to their rowdiness and disorder, if a friend truthfully answers their guardians' repeated enquiries by saying he fears they are not doing much good, or if a tradesman refuses more credit, then these young gentlemen revenge themselves by damaging doors, rending away knockers and plates, and smashing windows."

"And some thoughtless people smile indulgently at what they consider 'the mere exuberance of animal spirits!'" observed Mrs. Yeldham; "whereas, if they looked deeper, they would often find but the vulgarest malignity venting itself in violence and theft, and in reckless lying to screen itself from detection. Where coarse recklessness rises to life's surface, one may well infer that all sorts of baseness and vice lurk beneath. Those who have reason to know have proved this so often that they feel a right to suspect it always! Of course there comes an end to these things, and the offenders vanish, sometimes in shame and misery, often to remote regions where they might have done some of the world's best work if they had gone there before their moral and physical nature had been corrupted by idleness and dissipation. Many a 'bar' in Australia or the Wild West could tell its sad story of such!"

"In the lists of these men," said Horace, "you occasionally find some of fair mental endowments, and a few of these finally straighten up more or less, some out of self-interest, some out of self-conviction. But I think one has only need to know intimately those who have 'sown their wild oats,' to be quite convinced of the fallacy of the lenient view often taken of that process. Sometimes the damage done shows in a warped moral vision which cannot keep right and wrong in true perspective, and sometimes in the cankered, unjust temper occasionally found in middle-aged men, which makes them a terror to everybody, yet which is constantly associated with a curious leniency and uncertainty of attitude towards evil-doing!"

"I noticed another effect on a young friend of mine," said Mrs. Yeldham. "I think he had no special tendencies towards evil, but had been rather carelessly brought up, and so speedily succumbed to the worst temptations of a great metropolis. After going to the lowest depths, he suddenly pulled up, and returned to a respectable life, helped to do this by a keen mind (which was able to grasp the soundness of arguments urged upon him), by a sense of humour which could see the contemptible side of vice, and by an innate love for the simple charms of Nature. Yet I found, as the years passed on, and the distance widened between then and now, that he grew ever more inclined to dwell on the mere surface of things, and to shrink from diving into the depths of reality. For therein lurked remorse—remorse for some with whom he had sinned, but who had not been saved with him, remorse for lost ideals and quenched ambitions! He dared not exercise his own powers of reflection and judgment. He feared his own memory. Yet in old age that has to be faced: and it is often the sole companion."

"It has seemed to me," said I, "that many men do not think out the rights and wrongs of circumstances in which they move. They do not 'consider.' They incline to drift, to do what comes easiest at the moment, without regard to its after effects on themselves or others. To give an instance, I know a gentleman, high in official life, who made negotiations for a daughter's residence and education in the private family of a clergyman's widow. He conducted these to what seemed a favourable conclusion, and then, owing to family circumstances, entirely altered his plans. But, instead of giving immediate intimation to the lady, he left her to buy fresh furniture and re-arrange her household, and to learn of his changed views only when she made enquiry when she was to expect the child! Nor did he dream of offering any compensation till it was demanded, as was certainly quite right, though in more shrinking and sensitive cases it would never have been done. I have known two young men actually planning together to leave a house, where they were believed to be perfectly at home, while they knew that they were allowing the unconscious owner to make costly structural alterations to suit their special convenience!"

"One wonders how much these things arise from want of heart, and how much from want of thought," observed Pleasance. "I strongly suspect these shade off into each other more delicately than is sometimes supposed! I wish people would reflect that what they are apt to excuse as 'only thoughtlessness' really means indifference. People think about what they care for! One often finds that a youth who is excused as 'merely thoughtless' when he disregards other people's rights or privileges, is keenly on the alert when his own are endangered! I think men, as a rule, are less grasping than women, and show less foresight in arranging to secure their own interest and advantage, just as they seldom wound by those skilful thrusts to which 'Punch' gives the name of 'feline amenities.' As you say, men's temptation is rather to let life drift and leave circumstances to shape themselves, so long as their own comfort (in whatever form they like it) is not interfered with. When at last this

happens, then they are too apt to strike about blindly, condemning and punishing whoever is at the point where annoyance reaches them, rather than whoever is at the root of the evil which causes it."

"I have noticed, too, that some men live in a sort of waking dream," I observed. "For instance, they seem to think that the household life in which they move, grows, without anybody's special effort or sustained endeavour. Therefore they fail to realise how little self-indulgent bad habits of their own, jar and block the working of the domestic machinery, and convert what is often an honest struggle into an almost hopeless strain. They wonder why there need be 'such a fuss' because somebody has to climb the stairs to knock two or three times at their bedroom door in the morning. 'Is it a deadly sin,' they ask, 'to keep breakfast waiting for half an hour?' 'What difference can it make, if they fail to tell when they do not mean to put in an appearance at a given meal?' 'Surely the dishes can wait a little while, can't they? or they can be cleared away; and if they should come in a little later, why, it is easy enough to bring them back again!' They are under the delusion that in the kitchen there is nothing worth calling work, and that household affairs 'go by clockwork.' The worst of it is, that the more willing and painstaking the servant, and the more patient and careful the mistress, the more does this delusion sometimes flourish! I have known men heap unnecessary burdens on women, ready to sink amid unavoidable drudgery of all kinds, and then express flattering sympathy for that other style of women who keep a home in a perpetual fuss and broil of 'house-keeping.'"

"Express flattering sympathy—yes," said Mrs. Yeldham. "That stamp of woman may be gratified by that very cheap form of succour. The others would be but the more annoyed! However, it is perfectly true that the men of a household might be—and sometimes are—the staunch allies of its mistress. They can save her from the worst tyranny of the capricious and overbearing 'service' in the kitchen, to which she is forced to submit, if the masculine forces will not allow their 'comforts' to be suspended for one moment, nor yet consent to put any shoulder of theirs to the domestic wheel."

Said Penelope: "I remember once having given as an illustration of 'what women can do,' a friend of mine, who ruled in a Texas farmhouse, herself the sole woman there, and who yet came home on a visit, strong and bright, well up to date in her mental interests, and not even oblivious of her old accomplishments. 'And that was a woman quite alone!' I cried. 'Considering the grumbling we hear among ourselves, how did she manage this?' 'I can tell you,' said a wise old gentleman, who had been himself a colonist. 'First, the men made as little work as they could; and second, they helped to do it!'"

"I have often noticed that men are very ready to give women aid in an oppression of household duties when the needs are real," said Mrs. Yeldham. "One can scarcely expect them to go out of the ways of use and wont, to set the ladies of the family free for paying or receiving rounds of calls and so forth, which is sometimes the sole 'occupation' that they complain about so bitterly as 'interrupted' by kitchen or nursery exigencies."

"But even when the 'good will' is very ready," said I, "it is sometimes little available, owing to the dreamy absent-mindedness to which I have alluded. Men who have lived among things without taking any part in them have not the least idea how they are done, and in some matters of order and cleanliness they do not even notice when they go awry."

"And this dreamy ignorance extends painfully to money matters," observed Penelope. "I believe many a boy, on leaving home, makes the first muddle in his accounts through absolute ignorance of prices, and of the relative proportions that should be assigned to different lines of expenditure. In this way, they often mistrust—or at least fail to appreciate—the thoroughly honest, and are led astray by the mercenary! I remember hearing an old servant say, 'There's no satisfaction in serving our gentlemen—they never know when they are well dealt by.'"

At this moment we suspended our discussion, because the housemaid entered with the supper tray. But I could see that Pleasance was ready to resume it.

# ORTHOGRAPHY BY HAPHAZARD,

## OR MISPLACED *n*'S.

MODERN philologists have pointed out that in ordinary speech we do not talk in single words, but in groups of words; so that if speech were written down as it is really uttered, we should have *Houdidoo?* instead of *How do you do?* and *Whatshalwe havfc dinatoday?* instead of *What shall we have for dinner to-day?* Professor Sweet has put into grouped phonetic form a number of everyday colloquies, with a result of which the following may serve as average samples:

Whenai trævlbai reilwei, ai laiktəhævə kæridʒ ɔltəmai self.
When I travel by railway I like to have a carriage all to myself.

Aiþiŋkailaikt drɔiŋbest; aiwəz veribædətə riþmetik.
I think I liked drawing best; I was very bad at arithmetic.

Hij hæstəbi ginəgenətðəbi giniŋ evri taim.
He has to begin again at the beginning every time.

The accented or emphasized syllables in such groups are the chief guides in determining the sense of the whole phrase; they catch the ear, and give the required effect. So that Max O'Rell bears witness, as the result of actual experiment, that it is by no means necessary to ask a fruitcrer for a "basket of strawberries" in full; he found "bask strawb" quite sufficient.

For the most part, however, it is only in conversational usage that words are thus strung together; in formal reading and in writing they are kept quite distinct. But in earlier English there were several instances in which this close linking of words was transferred from speech to writing, and their form or spelling was in consequence permanently changed. It was chiefly in connexion with the indefinite article, with its two forms *a* and *an*, that this took place; it is the letter *n* that has thus become misplaced.

It will readily be seen that when *a* precedes a word beginning with *n*, and when *an* precedes the same word shorn of its *n*, the two combinations are practically identical in sound, and only distinguishable as previous knowledge reminds us of the spelling; a foreigner writing from dictation would be as likely to put one as the other. If any one doubts this, let him try the following nonsense statement pieced together by way of illustration:—

Feeling that *an ice-house* is not *a nice house* to live in, he was glad to hear that *a negress* knew of *an egress*, and though he had *a notion* that it led into *an ocean*, darted like *an arrow* through *a narrow* opening, and in *an aimless* endeavour to escape found *a nameless* grave.

It is not astonishing that in the days when books were few, and reading a rare accomplishment, this confusion of sounds should take effect upon the writing, and in purely arbitrary fashion, and in defiance of etymology, add *n* to some words and destroy it in others.

The word *adder* is one example of the change; in Old English this was regularly *nadder*, *nedder*, corresponding to German *natter*, and used in the widest sense of any kind of snake or serpent. Thus the Anglo-Saxon version of the Gospels has in Matthew xxiii. 33: "Ye næddra and nædrenna kyn"; and in John iii. 14: "Swa swa Moises þa neddre up ahof." And this spelling was in force till Chaucer's time, who writes in his Canterbury Tales of "the naddre in bosom sly vntrewe." But by his time the confusion had already arisen, and in fourteenth century books we find one writer saying "Hi resemblep an eddre," while another who writes "Thei maken a maner of hissynge, as a neddre dothe," mentions on another page "An eddere righte hidous to see." In a fifteenth century Latin dictionary the two forms "eddyr or neddyr" are placed side by side as equally correct; one of the religious mystery-plays of the same period tells us that "Adam begyled was thrugh the edder"; and from about this time, though *nedder* was still found in the dialects, the corrupt form became prevalent, and *adder* is now the accepted English spelling.

For our second example we take a word found in the very earliest written records of our language. In glossaries that date nearly two hundred years before King Alfred there appears the word *næb-fogar*, *naboger*, or *nabogaar*, which is compounded of the two elements *nabu* or *nafu*, "nave, or hub of a wheel," and *gár* "piercer, borer," and is therefore in its primary signification a "nave-borer." Later glossaries show its development into the forms *nafogar*, *nafegar*, *navegar*, *naueger*, *nauger*; and an early mystery-play puts the word into the mouth of Joseph, the artisan of Nazareth. He has just heard the herald announce the "taxing," and makes a kind of grumbling protest against being deprived of any part of his livelihood, saying that he is no well-to-do landowner, but a hard-working carpenter:—

"With this axe that I beare
This perscer and this nagere,
A hamer all in feare (= *in fere* = together),
I have wonnen my meate;
Castill, tower ne manere
Had I never in my power,
But as a simple carpenter
With thes what I mighte gette."

Our readers will see, therefore, that we are speaking here of the common carpenter's tool now known as the *auger*. In inventories and similar documents of the sixteenth century the etymological spelling is preserved (*nagare*, *nauger*), a proof that

this was still the recognized form in household use; but just at the beginning of that century a glossary has the entry "an *augur* or a persour"; Fitzherbert, writing in 1523, uses indifferently *an augur* and *an nauger*; and from Shakspeare's time *auger* is fully accepted as the correct literary form of the word.

Our next instance is *apron*. This is derived from the early French *naperon*, a diminutive of *nape*, "table-cloth," the equivalent of Latin *mappa*. From the same root-word we get a differently formed diminutive in *napkin*, and *napery* is a collective term for table-linen of all descriptions. These latter have retained their initial *n*, but the more common household word has been doomed by capricious fate to lose it. This had not come about, however, in the Chaucerian age, when the Tale of Beryn, by some attributed to our first of English poets, tells us how "With hir napron feir. . She wypid sofft her eyen." "Napronnes" are mentioned too in the Paston Letters in 1466, and a north-country will, as late as 1569, has an entry of "a napron of worsted." But on the other hand, records of Edward IV's household contain a reference to "lynnen clothe for aprons"; and Coverdale's version of the Bible, in 1535, narrating the shame of our first parents and their recourse to fig-leaves to hide it (Gen. iii. 7), discards Wyclif's word "brechis," and says that they "made them apurns." And from 1600 onwards there is no trace of any *n*-spelling, nothing but *apron*.

The history of *aitch-bone* is more obscure, from lack of literary instances. But it is pretty clear that the *aitch* here is a corruption, arising in the same way, of *nache*, "the rump," a term borrowed from Old French *nache* or *nage*, which is itself the phonetic descendant of a Latin adjective *natica*, derived from *natis*, "buttock." So that the *aitch-bone* is the "rump-bone," and the joint of beef so named is the meat covering this bone, the cut which comes nearest to the juicier rump-steak. Evidence on the point is, as we have said, scanty. We can refer to a poem dated about 1300, which includes amongst the indignities offered by Englishmen to the Scots, that they "nakned their nages," reminding us of Hanun's similar treatment of David's ambassadors (2 Sam. x. 4); and Fitzherbert's noted treatise on husbandry, printed in 1523, refers to "the hucbone and the nache by the tayle." But in the earliest actual mention of the bone, the *n* has already disappeared; this is an instruction to huntsmen in the famous Book of St. Alban's, issued from Wynkyn de Worde's press in 1486, which bids them, when they have killed a deer and are cutting it up, to "kerue vp the flesh ther vp to the hach-boon." Nevertheless the *n*-form must have survived, at least dialectally; for Kitchiner in his "Cook's Oracle," published in 1822, after recounting the odd variations of the name as *haunch-bone*, *edge-bone*, *ische-bone*, *ach-bone*, *H-bone*, *hook-bone*, *each-bone*, *ridge-bone*, says that he has also heard it called *natch-bone*. But here, too, chance has triumphed; the etymological *n* is ousted, and *aitch-bone* has become the established spelling.

There are traces in the dialects of similar, but unsuccessful, attacks on the integrity of other words; in Wiltshire and Gloucestershire *ettle* is sometimes used for *nettle*; and in Cumberland *est* is occasionally found instead of *nest*.

The foregoing examples illustrate the haphazard loss of *n*; we pass on to see how the same letter has been in like manner capriciously acquired. We find our first instance in *newt*, the little English lizard. The Old English form of this name was *efeta*, which later became *evet* or *euet*, and is still represented by the modern *eft*, a form that *newt* has not wholly displaced. About 1175 in the Cotton Homilies we find "eueten" classed along with "naddren and snaken." Wyclif follows with a curious application of the word; for where our version of the Bible has a commendatory notice of the spider (Prov. xxx. 28), he makes it read, "An euete enforsith with hondis, and dwelleth in the housis of kingis"; (the translation, it may be noted, is justified by our modern Revisers, who call the creature a "lizard"). Here, however, is the dangerous conjunction of *an* with an initial vowel; a few years later, in Trevisa, this occurs again in "The lytyll beest Saura is as it were an ewte;" and in the same author we see the mischief commencing, in an obscure and jumbled form, in the statement, "Som crepynge beestys crepe on fete as enewtes." Early in the next century the misspelling is fully established; the translation of Palladius's treatise on husbandry contains the mysterious advice:

> "For rotyng of the croppe the galle is boote
> To touch hem with of neutes grene"—

which means that if the crop of apples on your trees shows signs of decaying, it is an advantage (a "boot") to touch them with the gall-bladder of a green newt—though how that could help the case it is not easy for this more matter-of-fact age to imagine. Thenceforward the two forms exist side by side, and are treated as different names of the same creature. Ben Jonson, indeed, makes a curious combination of the two, when he asks, in "Bartholomew Fair," "What? thou'lt poyson me with a neuft in a bottle of ale, will't thou?" but otherwise, from Plot's "evets or newts" in 1679, to the "newts or efts" of a modern book of science, they are taken as two equally available synonyms.

We turn next to an example that few would suspect of being one; to most of our readers it will probably come as a surprise to hear that *nickname* has borrowed and retained an *n* that did not belong to it. And yet *nickname* was originally only an *ekename*, that is, an additional name. The first element of the word is *eke*, representing Old English *éaca*, Old Norse *auki*, with the sense "a piece added on," which has only survived in technical uses, especially with the meaning "tag to a bell-rope." But in this too there was once some danger of an erroneous form; for in the old account-books of Rotherham, whilst one entry mentions "10 payre of bell ekes," another refers to "a neke to our gret Bell." And what failed in *eke* fully succeeded in *ekename*, and apparently with the greatest ease. If we go back to Robert de Brunne's poem on "Handlynge Synne," written in 1303, we get the uncorrupted form in the warning that "He ys to blame þat geueþ a man a vyle ekename." Fifteenth

century dictionaries are divided in opinion, one spelling "an ekname," and another "a nekename." From 1550 onwards the word is very common, both as noun and verb, but always appears in its modern dress, decked with its borrowed *n*.

Singularly enough, only the indefinite article has been able to compass such results as those we have been considering, though other words have had a partial and temporary success. *Mine* and *thine* in connexion with *aunt* have been the nearest to securing a changed spelling; for through several centuries it was an accepted usage to write *my naunt*, *thy naunt*; witness "His moder was þi naunt" from the "Cursor Mundi" of date 1300, and "My naunt of fairies," from one of Dryden's plays in 1678. And the definite article emulated the exploits of its indefinite brother by trying to rob words of their initial *e*; how this could be attempted will appear from the following examples :—

"How that this vice is for to drede
In thevangile it telleth pleine" (Gower, *Confessio*, III. 34).
"Laghe [= law] of godis mouth is þe vangel" (Hampole *Psalter*, cxix. 72)
"Als tellis luca þe wangeliste" (*Cursor Mundi*, 13977).
"Ye Sundaye next aftere the pyffanye" (*English Gilds*).

But these had no permanent effect; *a* and *an* alone have produced abiding results of orthography by haphazard.

ALFRED ERLEBACH, B.A.

## DR. MACKENZIE OF TIENTSIN.

OF the late Dr. John Kenneth Mackenzie, medical missionary in China, a sketch was given in the "Sunday at Home" for April 1889. A Memoir has since been published,[1] containing a detailed account of his labour and service, with extracts from his diary, fully justifying what was there said of him, and presenting not a few points of general interest. We can now better understand how he was spoken of by a competent judge, the Rev. Griffith John, as "an ideal medical missionary, thoroughly capable in the profession, but subordinating all to the spiritual interests of his work." We no longer wonder at the regret caused by his death, and the honours paid to his memory by the natives, as well as by all the representatives of foreign countries at Tientsin, where he died at Easter 1888. He had laboured there since 1879, having been previously for four years stationed at Hankow, where he went in the summer of 1875.

The objects and the operations of medical missions are now so well known, and the record of the labours of the missionaries is so much the same in all countries, that we are tempted to notice this book only on account of some special points of Chinese character and life illustrated by it, and also of some remarkable personages with whom Dr. Mackenzie came in contact.

The healing arts in China, notwithstanding the boasted civilisation and learning, are in most rude and barbarous condition. Disease is generally ascribed to the anger of heaven, or the visitation of evil spirits, as the priests teach for their own ends. Charms are commonly used to pacify the gods or expel the evil spirits. These charms are written out and pasted about the sick room, or they are burned, and the decoction of the ashes given as a drink. Astrologers, fortune-tellers, and other impostors are consulted, just as they would be among ignorant African tribes. While these superstitions pervade the populace, the *literati*, knowing almost nothing of science, attribute sickness to the influence of "the five elements." The most wonderful healing properties are attributed to a number of strange substances. But as similar medicines were used in old times even in England, we must not be too severe on their ignorance of the nature and use of remedies.

A Chinese doctor, for there are in the cities recognised professors of the healing art, does little beyond examining the pulse. The action of drugs, as well as the nature of disease, can be little known, and absurd theories are substituted. But it is in the art of surgery that the Western practitioner obtains instant and unquestioned authority. Except the use of the needle in acupuncture, nothing has ever been contributed by the Chinese to the art of surgery. Dr. Mackenzie was a skilful and accomplished operator. He said in a letter to his brother: "I am passionately fond of surgery, and never happier than when I am about to undertake some big operation." With this taste, and with much practice, it is not wonderful to find him saying, "the difficulty is not to get the people to believe in the foreign medical man, but rather for them to understand there is any limit to his healing power."

In provinces where medical missions have not yet penetrated, there is utter ignorance and mistrust of foreign skill, but the fame of Dr. Mackenzie's cures made his name known far from Hankow. During one year about 1,150 patients were treated in the wards of the hospital, besides nearly 12,000 attended to at the dispensary. Curious ways of publicity sometimes spread afar the fame of the foreign surgeon. One case was that of a young man, twenty-four years of age, who came from a distance with an enormous tumour, measuring forty-three inches round, dependent from his side. In a month he was cured, and he wrote the following

[1] "Memoir of John Kenneth Mackenzie," by Mrs. Bryson, of Tientsin (Hodder & Stoughton).

letter to a newspaper at Shanghai describing his own case :

"For ten years I, a native of T'Ming Chow, in Kiangse, suffered from a tumour in my back. At length it became so large that I could walk with difficulty, and I was much afraid it would kill me. I had engaged many doctors, but no one could do me any good. Fortunately, a friend named Dr. Mackenzie at Hankow. He, on inspection, said it could only be cured by cutting it off, and that I had nothing to fear from the cutting. He gave me a narcotic, and immediately with a knife cut off the tumour, which was twenty-five pounds in weight. As a return to the doctor, who took no money, I shall thank you to put this in your paper in order to celebrate his name.—Yours most respectfully,

"HU-TSZE-KOH."

Another simple but notable case was that of a Master of Arts, in the province of Kwe-chow, more than a thousand miles from Hankow. He was summoned to Peking to see the Emperor, and was much distressed by the fact that he had a hare-lip. Hearing of the wonders of Western surgery he journeyed to Hankow, and was greatly delighted by the cure effected on him.

A remarkable fact is stated : that upwards of 700 persons came in one year to be cured of opium-smoking. The great success in this treatment encourages those who advocate homes of restraint for drunkards in England, as well as for slaves to opium in the East. Many complete cures are here recorded.

In the spring of 1880 Dr. Mackenzie entered on his new field of labour in the northern city of Tien-tsin. Soon after his arrival he paid a visit to Peking, the most notable sights of which are described in his journal. The Manchu city is almost wholly separated from the Chinese city, where trade is carried on. The "Temple of Heaven," the greatest sight in China, covering vast spaces of ground, was explored.

"We were fortunate in gaining admission to the *hau-tien*, a building behind the covered altar, containing the tablet. This tablet is contained in a richly-carved cabinet, the door of which being removed, and curtains of silk drawn, revealed the inscription, four characters in gold on a plain black ground, Hwang Tien Shang-ti (The Supreme God of the Imperial Heavens). No idol is to be seen in any of the buildings of this temple. We saw the slaughter-house with its floor covered with hair, and the porcelain kiln for burning the sacrifices."

The great Lama Temple was also visited, which is said to have fifteen hundred priests in residence. The image of Buddha is ninety feet in height, a huge gilded monster, thirty-six feet broad. A lotus plant is growing out of its arm. There are ten thousand small images of Buddha in little niches round the gallery of the temple.

The Summer Palace—destroyed and looted by the French troops in the war—although protected by a wall, is hastening to decay, the Chinese tearing down fine masses of marble and stone for the sake of getting the pieces of iron used in fastening the building together. At a Confucian temple two drums were seen, said to be of the Chan dynasty, as ancient as the Moabite stone, nearly 3,000 years old, covered with poetry, in characters of the age.

Dr. Mackenzie's impression at Peking was, that if the Chinese had a little ambition, they could easily throw off the Manchu yoke. The conquering and reigning race are indolent and degenerated, in Peking most of them being privileged and pensioned, while the energy and business belong to the native Chinese ; but there is no organisation or combination among them, and the ancient system of graduation and literary promotion at present satisfies their ambition.

The most notable event of Dr. Mackenzie's career at Tientsin was his obtaining the patronage and the friendship of His Excellency Li Hung Chang, the well-known ruler of the metropolitan provinces, and the Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs. "It is he," says the doctor, "who negotiates treaties with foreign Powers ; he orders ironclads from England and Krupp's guns from Germany. He has almost despotic power in the enormous region which he governs, and is looked upon as one of the most astute and enlightened of Chinese statesmen, as he is the most powerful ; and at the present moment is the hope of the party of progress." His wife was seriously ill, and was given up by the native doctors. A member of the English Legation, closeted with him for business, observed that he was very sad, and, being told the reason, advised him to send for an English doctor. It was hitherto regarded as impossible for a Chinese lady of rank to be attended by a foreigner, but he resolved to break through the custom of his nation, and sent a courier to summon aid. Dr. Irwin and Dr. Mackenzie received the message "just as our prayer-meeting was breaking up." "Here," they said, "is the answer to our prayers." They found the lady very ill, with little hope of recovery. They stayed all night, enabling the Viceroy to get some much-needed sleep. After six days, they told the Viceroy that there was at Peking, two days' journey off, an American lady-doctor ; had he any objection to send for her, to carry out their suggested treatment? "None whatever," was his reply ; and a special messenger was despatched for Miss Dr. Howard, the Viceroy sending his own steam-launch to convey her from Tung-chow. She remained for a month in the palace of the Viceroy, and the Lady Li made a good recovery. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of Li Hung Chang. Ascertaining that the medical mission, commenced some years before, was hampered by lack of space and by small means, he gave for the use of the mission the entire quadrangle of one of the finest temples in Tientsin, and a tablet was put up, with the governor's three titles, and the words "Free Hospital." He also handed a purse for the purchase of medicines, and appointed Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Irwin medical attendants to his family. No salary was accepted, but any return would be gratefully received in help to the hospital. This was generously given, and all things thereafter prospered with the mission. Miss Howard was transferred to Tientsin, and took up the splendid opening for work among Chinese women which was patronised by Lady Li.

After a time a new hospital was built, which the Viceroy continued to help. He also urged the commencement of a vaccine establishment, of which native assistants efficiently took charge. He came, with his staff, to witness surgical operations,

and in many ways showed the utmost interest in the hospital and its work. There was no longer any prejudice against "foreign devils" shown in Tientsin.

"The Viceroy's appearance," says the doctor, "is that of a man born to rule: he is six feet two inches in height, with a truly commanding figure, and a calm, powerful face."

In the summer of 1880 there seemed every prospect of war with Russia. Sir Thomas Wade went to Tientsin, and had many interviews with the Viceroy. A banquet was given in his honour, six foreign gentlemen, and eight of the leading Chinese officials, being invited to meet the British Minister. Drs. Mackenzie and Irwin were among the guests. The Viceroy seems to have spoken with highest favour of the work of the medical foreigners, and showed marked attention to Dr. Mackenzie. Some of the English guests, as most Englishmen in China, had cared little for missionary work, and were surprised at the Viceroy's treatment of the doctors. But Sir Robert Hart, by the Viceroy's wish, had already invited to Tientsin Colonel Gordon, a man who had warmest sympathy with the work of the missionaries, and who would be delighted to find them in favour seldom shown by rulers like Li Hung Chang, his old friend and comrade in arms.

There is a record in the doctor's diary of his meeting with General (then Colonel) Gordon. "During his stay in Tientsin, Gordon was residing in our temple, in the quarters set apart for the guests of the Viceroy. It is very extensive, and has splendid accommodation after Chinese style. Gordon is a truly godly man, of the rare old Puritan type. I was greatly delighted and instructed by his genial conversation. He is a Christian soldier, reminding one of Havelock, and a man of men. He is looking strong and hearty, and has a very pleasing face. Evidently, judging from his conversation, he is a very earnest student of the Bible, which was lying on the table at his side. He spoke of his own spiritual experience, of his faith that God would not allow him to want, and therefore he felt that he had no right to store up money or give any anxious thought to the future. To strengthen my faith he informed me that when he left England he gave to his brothers all his money, reserving only £80 for his journey. When he arrived in India he had with him only £9 sterling. When he resigned his post as Secretary to the Marquis of Ripon, he had only £1. He might have remained at his post a while, until he received a portion of his salary, which would have tided him over; but, feeling it to be his duty to resign, he did so, and borrowed a few pounds to meet incidental expenses. The day after came a telegram from Peking, inviting him to come to China, and so the financial difficulty was removed."

Then follows the narrative of Gordon's intercourse with the Viceroy, from whom he received presents and money, but "he returned everything except two boxes of tea." And the interesting record thus ends: "He is such a bright, happy fellow, he makes everybody love him who comes near him. I was struck with one thing about him, and that was, that religion had become a part of his life. Not that he uses religious phrases: I fancy he has an abomination of cant, or anything approaching to it; but it is natural to him to refer to spiritual things."

It would be strange if, with such types of Christian character as the Viceroy knew in Gordon and in Mackenzie, as well as in the missionaries of various kinds, his own mind should not sometimes be turned to consider the faith which prompted these beneficent actions. Dr. Mackenzie, when asked if he saw any leaning towards Christianity on the part of officials and persons in high places with whom he was brought in contact, was always careful to explain that it was true now, as in days of old in Judea, that it would indeed be hard for the rich and the powerful in China to receive the religion of Jesus. But the Viceroy, to the end of Mackenzie's life, regarded him and treated him as a man of noble character and lofty aims, at the same time considering him as almost a fanatic with regard to religion. In a letter to a friend in England, in reference to the special commission sent from the United States to treat concerning the troubles about emigration of Chinese to California, after they had finished their work, Mackenzie tells that "a few days ago, when the Viceroy, who is also Grand Secretary of State, was handing the treaty, already signed, to the commissioners, his Excellency said, This treaty has been drawn up in the spirit of Christianity, and it reflects honour on both nations." A man speaking thus is not far from the kingdom of heaven.

The training of native physicians and surgeons in European medicine and surgery Dr. Mackenzie thought essential to improvement in the healing arts in China. He did what he could to establish such a school in Tientsin, but with only partial success. The number of natives combining natural and spiritual qualification is too limited to admit of many being engaged in medical mission work. The ordinary missionaries sent from England take a long time to become acquainted with the language. His rare professional skill as a surgeon gave him a position which few could attain. It is interesting to know that it was through reading the Life of William Burns (whose translation of "The Pilgrim's Progress" into Mandarin Chinese he highly praises) that he was himself led to choose China as the field of his labours, of which this Memoir contains a full and valuable record.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

# THE HANDWRITING OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

BY W. J. HARDY, F.S.A.

## WILLIAM IV AND QUEEN ADELAIDE.

The new prospect which, on the unhappy death of the Princess Charlotte, was opened to the Duke of Clarence gave him very little real satisfaction. He had for some time lived the life of an English gentleman at Bushey, where he could meditate over a splendid record of naval service, and he did not care for the thought of being King of England. The friends he liked best, and kept up with, were naval friends; so, no doubt, on his appointment as Lord High Admiral, he had plenty of applications for naval preferment, like that which, we see by the following answer (facsimile opposite), had been made to him by Nelson's widow.

*Holograph. Original at the British Museum. Additional MSS. 28,333, folio 7. See facsimile opposite.*

Admiralty
June 9th 1827
Late at Night.

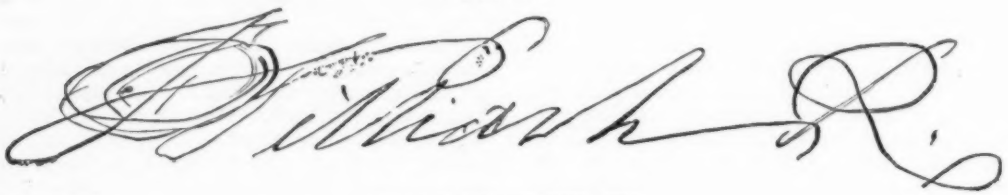
Madam,

In answer to Your Ladyship's letter of 15th May, I have to remark I cannot forget the many happy hours I spent at Paris with Your Ladyship and must ever feel anxious for any relation of the late Admiral Lord Nelson. At present I cannot promote Commander Blankley but shall have sincere pleasure in bringing forward this meritorious young officer the instant I can with propriety and ever remain,

Madam,
Yours most truly,
WILLIAM.

His signature as King appears below.

*Facsimile V.*

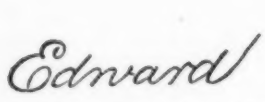


WILLIAM IV, FROM CORONATION ROLL.

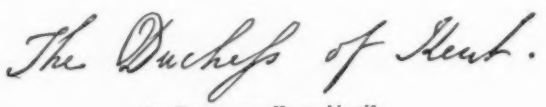
William's altered prospects necessitated a separation from "Mrs. Jordan"—Dorothy Bland, the actress, with whom he lived so long—and a marriage was, with little delay, arranged and celebrated with the Princess Adelaide, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who, when Queen Adelaide, became the *bête noire* of the Liberal party, and especially of Lord Brougham. Her usual form of signature appears below. She died in 1849.



QUEEN ADELAIDE.

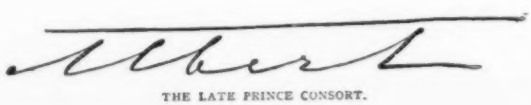


EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT, 4th son of George III, born, 1767; died, 1820; married Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT, his wife.

[THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF HER PRESENT MAJESTY.]



THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

Admiralty.
June 9th 1827.
Late at Night.

Madam.

In answer to Your Ladyship's letter of the 15th May I have to remark I cannot forget the many happy days I spent at Ditton with Your Ladyship & your most excellent husband, & to express my sincere congratulations on the late Admiral Lord Nelson.

At present I cannot promote Commander Blankley but shall have pleasure in doing so as soon as his merits & services may require. I am Madam,

Your most humble

William R.

Windsor Castle.

June 22. 1887.

I am anxious
Deeply to ask the
Women of Great
Britain & Ireland
– how deeply touch-
ed & gratified
I am by their
Every Kind & dear
Wishes present. I
thank them all
most warmly for
it, & shall value
their gift as the token
of love beloved
Husband, very
highly – as a touching
remembrance of
this interesting &
Event & the joyful
day & of their great
loyalty & affection.

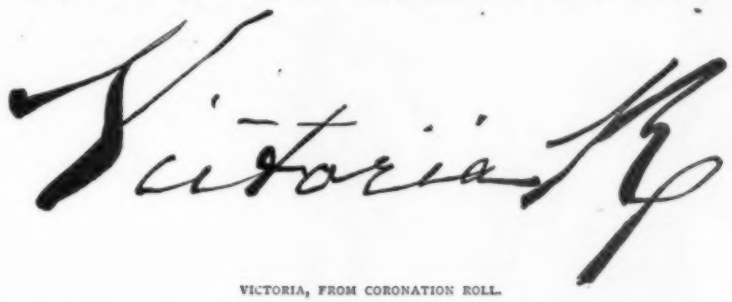
Victoria R.I.

The signature given in facsimile below is probably the earliest specimen of the handwriting of her present Majesty the Queen. It was penned when she was but four years old. Her first signature as Queen



SIGNATURE OF HER MAJESTY AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

is taken from the original appended to the Coronation oath. The signatures of the Prince Consort and of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Queen's father and mother, are given on page 776.



VICTORIA, FROM CORONATION ROLL.

As an example of her Majesty's writing at the present time, it would be impossible to find a more suitable and interesting example than the letter in which she expresses her gratitude to the "Women of Great Britain and Ireland" for their loyal offering on the occasion of her Jubilee. (*See facsimile opposite*).

Below, we give the signatures of the Prince and Princess of Wales, of their two sons, and also of the Queen's three sons—the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, and the late Duke of Albany.



In concluding this series of papers, it is the author's agreeable duty to express his warmest thanks to Mr. H. C. Maxwell Lyte, C.B., Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, for allowing photographs and tracings of royal handwriting to be taken from documents in the Public Record Office, and to Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, C.B., Principal Librarian of the British Museum, for according a similar permission with regard to like documents preserved in the Museum. The author begs also to express his gratitude to the other gentlemen connected with the Record Office and the Museum who afforded him such ready and constant assistance.




# THE MONTYON PRIZE

## ITS HEROES AND HEROINES.

THE world-wide fame of M. Montyon as a philanthropist is due in a very large measure to the circumstance that his foundation for the reward of noble, self-sacrificing, and virtuous conduct has been and must always be administered by forty of the most eminent men of France—the members of the French Academy. The mocking spirit of the age has not spared even the Montyon Prize for virtue; but, however the witlings of the Paris press may air their shallow humour at the expense of the institution, the Academy continues to carry out its duty to M. Montyon in that discerning, far-reaching, and widely philanthropic spirit which is not one of the least imposing claims of this learned corporation to public usefulness. The story of several heroic and beautiful lives associated with the Prix Montyon has been told from time to time in the "Leisure Hour" by a valued contributor from whose hand the pen has dropped for ever. Their interest was heightened by the use of that imaginative grasp and delineation of the surroundings which is usually reserved for fiction. The aim of the present writer is less ambitious: it is to continue the work that was left undone so far as it seems desirable, that some further illustrations of the deeds of virtue rewarded by the French Academy in the name of M. Montyon, and in later times than those hitherto dealt with, should be added to the list. All the facts given in the narratives which follow have been gathered from the official archives.

Several cases are on record in which the Academy has awarded the Prix Montyon to servants who have made themselves noteworthy by their self-sacrificing attachment to their masters and mistresses under circumstances of singular trial and difficulty. This form of virtue, which used to be frequent, is now generally admitted in all civilised countries to be getting very rare, a fact that adds to the interest belonging to such cases as that of Annette Breuil, one of the recipients of the Prix Montyon in 1875. She was born at Clermont-Ferrand in 1814, and at the age of eighteen she entered the service of a Polish refugee and professor of music named Tarnowski. For twenty years things went fairly well, for the Pole had many pupils, but in 1854 he fell into bad health, and his pupils leaving him he became extremely poor. Annette, who had married and become a widow while in his service, increased her attentions towards her unfortunate master as the evil days darkened. Wages were now out of the question; but not only did she willingly forego these, but took 900 fr. which she had saved out of the bank, and placed the money at the musician's disposal. His condition became worse and worse. The 900 fr. having been spent, Annette sold two small vineyards which she owned in Auvergne, and used the sum realised, 1,500 fr., upon her master.

This was in the terrible year 1871, when nothing was heard but the cry of mental distress and physical suffering throughout the country. There was no worse time for selling land, consequently Annette must have parted with her small heritage

at a great sacrifice. She nursed Tarnowski all through his long illness, steadfast and faithful to the last. When he died, he could only show his gratitude by making her his universal legatee. The property he left her consisted of some classical music and two violins. The music sold for little or nothing, but the violins being regarded as curiosities fetched a rather high price. But even this sum the faithful Annette did not keep for her own use, but spent it upon her dead master. She recollected the horror he had so often expressed at the thought of being interred in the *fosse commune*, —literally the "common grave," but really the free burying ground in a French cemetery. To complete her work of charity and benevolence, the widow Breuil spent the money she obtained by the violins in purchasing for Tarnowski a tomb such as he would have desired.

The case of this admirable woman having been brought before the Academy, it awarded her the maximum amount of a Montyon prize, viz. 2,000 fr.

In 1884 the Academy made awards under the Montyon endowment to two other faithful domestics, Caroline Coles and the widow Briand, who for more than sixty years had been in the service of the same family, and for thirty years without wages. Coles had done still more; she had supported her mistress by obtaining work out of doors.

At Tavers, near Beaugency, on the high road from Paris to Bordeaux, lived, and may still be living, a small farmer named Lepage and his wife. The ideal that both pursued in perfect agreement with one another as to the means as well as the end was that of doing good to their fellow-creatures. Their hearts were especially touched by the hardships and sufferings of poor tramps — not worthless vagabonds, but artisans and labourers seeking employment, who so frequently passed along the high road, hot and dusty in summer, cold and wind-swept in winter. To such people they gave food and shelter, and their house became known throughout the district and far beyond as the *Hôtellerie de la Charité*. What more beautiful name than the Hostelry of Charity could have been given to such a refuge! The idea of providing a resting-place for wayworn, moneyless wanderers was probably due to Mme. Lepage, who ever seemed to hear afresh these words of her dying mother: "Turn away nobody. Charity has always obtained a blessing from Heaven. It never impoverishes the giver. Be charitable, and God will always give you a recompense." Not a day passed but some one received under this hospitable roof shelter, food, and kindly, encouraging words. And this went on for many years. One day a carriage and pair drew up in front of the Hostelry of Charity. A well-dressed man sprang to the ground, exclaiming as soon as he saw Lepage and his wife:—"Oh my dear benefactors! do you not know me?" He was once a workman who, like so many others, had tramped along the road weary and hungry, and who had found food and a night's lodging at the Hostelry. The next day, by the help of Lepage, he obtained work at Beaugency, and from this beginning came a complete change of circumstances. He did not remain in the district, but the fresh start that had been given him brought increasing success and eventually fortune. Now a rich man, he had returned to show his gratitude to those whose charity had rescued him from wretchedness, and to whom he attributed all his prosperity. Every year after the harvest Lepage set aside the "portion of the poor," and it often happened after bad seasons that the whole return of the previous year was spent in helping others. The Hostelry of Charity had existed twenty-six years when the splendid philanthropy of these unpretending, humble people was brought before the notice of the Academy, and their names were added to the list of those to whom the Prix Montyon had been awarded.

Here is another example of "virtue" such as M. Montyon intended his foundation to honour rather than to reward, and which the Academy has always been careful to recognise in this higher sense. In 1868 a violent epidemic of small-pox, exceptionally malignant in character, broke out at Pontèves in the department of the Var. The inhabitants were terror-stricken at what they termed the "black pest," and all who were not attacked, with a solitary exception, sought safety in flight, leaving the dead and dying uncared for. This exception was a woman named Merle, who had always been poor, for she was ready to share her bread with those who were worse off than herself. When indigent people in the district saw her approaching they said in their *patois* that Providence was coming: "Veïci veni la prouvidence." Instead of basely fleeing from danger and neglecting the duties of humanity, the woman Merle remained in the village, going about from house to house, attending to the sick, saving lives, and consoling the dying. Her charity even extended to the dead, for she carried bodies out of the pestilential rooms and buried them. This went on for several days, when her heroism becoming known in the district, the fugitives began to feel ashamed of themselves, and when they perceived that Merle did not fall a victim to the pest they slowly returned. She received the Prix Montyon in 1873.

The next case is that of a man who, although humble and ignorant, united such philanthropy of soul with such vigour and energy of purpose, that he founded in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties an asylum for indigent and especially aged persons, which the Government several years ago classed with Establishments of Public Utility. Jean Abbadie was a native of Bordes in the Hautes Pyrénées. After some experience as a soldier, he became a servant in an institution that was at once a school and an asylum for infirm priests. There he was known as Frère Jean, although he was not a member of any religious order. In 1861 he became so convinced that it was within his power to help the poor and the forsaken—especially the aged —that he could not rest. He spoke to the Bishop of Tarbes about this strange longing, and was advised, inasmuch as he was completely without resources, to do nothing in haste. He remained two years

longer as a servant, but with his mind constantly fixed upon his ideal. Then one day, unable to bear this life any more, he sallied forth upon his mission, carrying little besides his stick, and trusting to Providence. All about the Pyrenean country he begged for the poor, and with immediate success. Some people gave him maize, others wheat, and others linen, wool, or potatoes; now and again he obtained a gift of money. He made a collection of all these things in the little town of Lannemezan, which he had fixed upon as the centre of his charitable work, and in a few months he had a community of poor people, chiefly old men, depending upon him. As Jean Abbadie became better known confidence in him increased, and at length somebody gave him 5,000 fr. towards the purchase of a very large but dilapidated house, which he thought might be turned into just the home for his poor that he had dreamt of. He bought the building, had it repaired, and in 1875, when Jean Abbadie's history was told in the Academy by the Baron de Viel-Castel, it contained eighty inmates. It had then obtained the official name of Jean Abbadie's Communanté Hospitalière. All the inmates were supported by the individual exertions of the founder, whose begging expeditions—for such they really were—made him a familiar figure from the Pyrenees to Bordeaux.

In 1880, the duty of addressing the Academy upon the Montyon laureates for that year devolving upon M. Victorien Sardou, he had to speak especially of persons who had merited the distinction by physical courage directed upon the most noble end to which "virtue," in the sense that the Romans understood it, could be put, namely, the saving of human life at the risk of losing one's own. Jean Mandement, of Auterive in the Haute Garonne, was the hero respecting whom M. Sardou gave the most ample details. A most astonishing chapter of heroic deeds done in comparative obscurity was that of this man Mandement. It would seem that certain people come into this world with a special mission to rescue others from death, and that every opportunity of doing so is thrown in their way. At the age of fifteen Mandement had saved the lives of seven children who were drowning in a canal. Being of a roving turn he began a little later to travel in various parts of France, and it appears that wherever he went accidents happened which provided him with occasions for showing his coolness, his courage, and his success in saving life. Upon his return to Auterive he married and settled down. Then one might have thought that his existence would have been uneventful. But no, the fatality that made him a hero pursued him. A boat containing two young men overturned in the river flooded by the melting of the snow, and Mandement, who happened to be on the bank, plunged into the fiercely rushing water and managed to save one of the drowning men. Inflammation of the lungs was the consequence of the chill he received, and for two months he was unable to work. His savings were exhausted, and nobody came to his assistance. But this cruel experience of the world's ingratitude did not spoil him; he remained the brave man that he was before. As soon as he was about again there was a fire in the town, and the desire to be upon the spot was to Mandement irresistible. He had no sooner reached the burning house than he saw a gendarme fall suffocated into the flames. Mandement did not hesitate a moment; he plunged into the fire and presently reappeared carrying the half-asphyxiated man upon his shoulders. But he was himself badly burnt by this fresh act of heroism. Not long afterwards a woman fell into a well, and by the efforts that she made to save herself she caused some of the masonry to fall upon her and injure her grievously. Drawn to the spot by her despairing cries, Mandement—although the stones were still dropping and the wall of the well threatened to fall in completely—descended in the face of appalling danger and brought the woman safely out in his arms. In 1870 he was ascending to the roof of a burning house, when the ladder broke and he fell to the ground, breaking his right leg. He had now to pass three months in bed, and again the world forgot him. He was lamed for the rest of his life; but the old spirit was as strong in him as ever. In 1875 there was a great flood at Auterive, and houses were nearly submerged. Several old people and children were in a dwelling surrounded by water and in imminent danger of being washed away. Mandement, armed with a crowbar, made an opening in the wall, through which, infirm as he now was and no longer young, he carried one after the other the terror-stricken prisoners to a place of safety. But the number of persons rescued from extreme peril by this extraordinary man would make a much longer list. When his merit was recognised by the Academy he was sixty-seven years of age, and one of his sons—evidently following in his father's footsteps—had received a medal for saving life.

Gratitude is a virtue which the Academy is always quick to recognise and encourage. In 1885 Marie Lexis, then sixty-one years of age, was awarded a Montyon prize for having devoted her life to the payment of a debt of gratitude, which many others in the same situation would not have considered one. An illegitimate child thrown upon the charity of the world, she was placed by the Hospice, where her first years were spent, in the charge of a couple named Valade, by whom she was treated with much kindness. The man Valade died, and Marie Lexis refused offers of marriage and good situations in order to stay with the widow and help her. All her earnings had been devoted for more than forty years to the support of her benefactress, who was eighty-five years old when the case was brought to the notice of the Academy. M. Maxime du Camp, in addressing his brother Academicians on this subject, said:—"We are happy in being able to award 1,000 fr. to this foundling, whose virtue may well be set up as an example to more than one person of legitimate birth."

No class of men in France work harder to earn meagre wages than rural postmen. One of these, Etienne Cuny, had for years been in the habit of walking some thirty miles a day in the mountainous and savage country of the Lozère to earn the 850 fr.

(34*l.*) a year, with which his services were paid by the Government.

From seven A.M. to ten P.M., summer and winter, he was out and about in all winds and weathers. During the great floods of 1866, he observed while upon his rounds in the mountains that a water-spout threatened the valley of Grandrieux. Using all possible speed he reached the little town in time to warn the inhabitants of the danger, and, thanks to him, they were able to save themselves and much of their property from a sudden and disastrous flood. In the terrible winter of 1870, finding a man lying in the snow unconscious, he carried him home upon his shoulders and thus saved his life. He rescued several children from drowning, and mastered a furious madman from whom all others fled in terror. For these and other public services he received a Montyon prize at the age of fifty-five.

In 1887 the chief hero on the Montyon list was Jean Adolphe Delannoy, a fisherman of Calais. The son of a pilot, he commenced seafaring at the age of ten. He seemed marked out by destiny to save lives at sea. He had already rescued several from a watery grave when quite a young man, and as time went on the collection of medals awarded him became most remarkable. His greatest exploit was in 1867. A vessel bound for Antwerp struck the rocks near the coast, and the crew had barely time to climb into the rigging before the ship settled down. The sea at the time was frightful, and it seemed impossible that any help could be afforded the mariners in their desperate situation before the tide turned. This was awaited with feverish anxiety. In the port was an English steamer, the crew of which had not the patience to wait. Twelve of them, reckless of the extreme danger, launched the lifeboat and pulled through the raging waves towards the wreck. They were hardly outside the piers when the boat capsized. Seven men were drowned, and five were saved with great difficulty. In spite of this catastrophe, Delannoy with six comrades came forward, determined to make a fresh attempt. Besides the feeling of humanity, the example of the Englishmen had filled them with patriotic emulation. The lifeboat was broken, so they jumped into an ordinary fishing-craft, and left for the wreck, cheered by the dense crowd collected on the shore. They had a terrible time battling with the furious sea, but they drew near to the sunken vessel. Then the mizen, to which most of the crew were clinging, was carried away by a mighty wave. Only two men who were clinging to the main-mast remained, and these were taken into the boat and brought to shore by Delannoy and his companions. On one occasion Delannoy's remarkable *sang froid* forsook him. He was about to leave the harbour in his boat when he saw a child fall into the sea. He immediately swam to the rescue. After diving and bringing the child to the surface he turned to look at the white face of the inanimate boy. He perceived that he was holding in his arms his own child, who had run down to the port to kiss his father on his way from school and had fallen into the sea. Delannoy received such a shock from this recognition that he too lost his senses, and but for timely aid both father and son would have been drowned. In 1875 Delannoy received from the Government the Cross of the Legion of Honour; but it was not until twelve years later and after further acts of heroism that a Montyon prize was awarded him.

Of all the examples of noble disinterestedness furnished by the Montyon records, none excites more wonder and admiration at the dauntless courage of charity in those with whom the love of their own kind and the pity which is only a phase of it are the ruling passion of life, than the case of Paul Emile Descombes and his wife. Descombes had been a soldier, and afterwards a railway pointsman. While engaged in the latter capacity he met with an accident by which he lost both his legs at the age of thirty-two. Eighteen months afterwards he was allowed to resume his occupation on the railway, although he had then two wooden legs. He was married, but, having no children, he and his wife agreed that it was their duty to give a home to poor orphans. They took three children upon their entire charge, and also an infirm old man. The six individuals lived in two small rooms, all existing upon the wages of a cripple and a woman who earned two francs a day. Descombes and his wife, continually denying themselves, succeeded in rearing their adopted children.

The grants provided for by M. Montyon are not the only "prizes of virtue" which the French Academy has annually to award. Several important bequests have been made to the learned corporation by persons who have followed the example set by M. Montyon. Of these foundations, the best known are those associated with the names of the Duchesse d'Otrante, Marie Lasne, De Sourian, De Gemond and Mlle. Camille Favre, who, in 1885, left the Academy a sum the revenue of which is sufficient for the annual award of several prizes of 500 fr. each, all exclusively distributed so as to encourage family feeling and domestic virtue. The annual revenue of M. Montyon's endowment for the encouragement of virtuous actions by French people is 20,000fr. (800*l.*). A second endowment, vested by this philanthropist in the hands of the Academy, is intended to reward the writers of books which are adjudged useful to public morals. The revenue from this fund is likewise 20,000 fr. a year.

The members of the Academy meet annually—there is no fixed date for the gathering—to hear a discourse by one of their number on the "Prizes of Virtue," and those whom the corporation after a careful examination of the cases brought before their notice have placed upon the latest list of laureates. The proceedings are held in private, but the discourse is published in the French papers, and included with the official records of the Academy's transactions.

EDWARD HARRISON BARKER.

# HOLIDAY SIDE.



IT was a house of but medium pretensions on the outskirts of a large town. Before it was the orthodox piece of garden allowing just one small flower-bed in the centre of the strip of green. The garden was enclosed by iron railings and iron gate, beyond which lay the dusty road, on the one hand leading up to the busy town, on the other past rows and terraces of like habitations to the country and open fields. But the house, though of commonplace type, bore signs of grace and refinement which gave it something of an air of superiority to the others, similar in plan and architecture, by which it was surrounded. It looked quiet and homelike in the soft evening light which was then falling alike over country and town. Then a figure came to the open doorway, a woman of middle life, with sweet and patient face. As she stood looking silently out, a boy of about fifteen stopped before the house and began unfastening the little iron gate, and at that moment another form appeared in the doorway, a young girl, who at sight of her brother ran lightly down the garden path to meet him.

"Ronald," she said, "I have such news for you. Father and mother, you and I, are all going out to-morrow for a whole day's holiday."

The boy looked up quickly. "You mean it, Nettie?"

"Yes, I mean it; there is mother, ask her."

The two came up to the house together. "Mother," said the lad, eagerly, "are we really going to have a long holiday to-morrow, father and all?"

She stooped and kissed him. "Yes, love."

The boy gave a half-suppressed whistle of delight, and ran forward on into the house, but the girl lingered by her mother's side. Despite the disparity of years between them, they were much alike, those two; there were the same delicate features and breadth of brow, the same soft hazel eyes. They were much alike, only the one stood on the very threshold of her being, looking out with softly expectant gaze on to her rose-tinted Eden of delights, but the other had crossed the boundary line, had passed through the glamour to the reality beyond. Time had left its inevitable record on her face, yet it was a face that with years had gathered also a beauty all its own; restlessness had given place to quiet strength, impetuosity to a sweet patience. Perhaps that evening she was a little tired, for her clasped hands hung listlessly before her, and when tired like this it was a habit of hers to steal to that doorway and stand thus looking silently out. Not much at first glance was there to rest the eye, not much to interest in looking upon rows of houses and patches of garden, all more or less monotonous and alike; but just a little lower there was a corner and a break in the houses, and through an open space there was a glimpse of the pleasant country, cool and green, lying beyond. It was not so very far to reach those same fields and country roads, still it was a walk long enough to demand an hour or two of actual leisure; and generally when she walked out it was business, not pleasure, that took her from home, and her feet turned invariably towards the town and its busy scenes. But of an evening when the day's work was over it was pleasant and restful to steal a few minutes' look at the quiet space beyond.

This evening a look half wistful half sad was in her eyes; her children's delight at the planned holiday had stirred old memories of a time when she too had been young, and holiday-making had not been quite so strange, quite so much of an event. Through the open space a golden sunset was visible, and the glory of its rays shone round her as she stood, the light of the past in her eyes. She was not thinking exactly, only borne back for a few minutes, while like a sweet chime of distant bells came the echo of her own past years. A sound of some one speaking quickly in the hall recalled her thoughts. It was her husband; he and Ronald were busy arranging some parcels that looked as if they might have reference to the coming day's outing

Mr. Dutton himself did not look like the sort of man with whom the idea of holiday might have easily originated. Instead, his face was suggestive of the desk, the ledger, bargains and business, and he was wont to carry his preoccupied expression into his home life. So immersed he became in that business in the town, he seemed gradually to drift away from home and its concerns; home matters belonged to his wife and children, and the business affairs were his, and the two seldom if ever mingled together. Thus unconsciously between the lives most closely united was a little chasm, on each side of which they walked apart, till to that social life which gives soft tone and colouring to the harder everyday duties, Mr. Dutton became almost a stranger.

If any one could make the rigid lines of his face soften, if any one could awaken him to interest in something beyond those all-absorbing affairs which engrossed his time, that person was Nettie; and it was Nettie who in this matter of holiday had won a small victory. The next day would be her birthday, and that morning, standing by her father's side, seizing opportunely at a moment of leisure on his part, knowing such moments to be rare, "To-morrow will be my birthday," she had said.

"Oh! your birthday, will it?"

"Yes, and you promised me I should have anything I asked—anything in reason."

"Yes, yes, anything in reason, so I did. Well, what is it to be; you have got beyond dolls and toys now. Why, you will be seventeen to-morrow, Nettie! But be quick; what is it, child—you've something, I see, on your mind?"

She looked at him with her clear hazel eyes, eyes that had a strangely softening influence on the face she looked into. "Take us—mother, and me, and Ronald—all for a long day's holiday to-morrow."

Mr. Dutton pushed back his chair. "Pshaw, child, pshaw, what do I want with holidays? You can go, you and your mother and Ronald, if that is what your heart is set on; but I, child, I never think about holidays."

"Then think about it now."

"No, no; you must go without me."

Nettie put her hands resolutely behind her. "We shall not go without you, you understand; and you promised me anything in reason, and this is reasonable."

Still he withstood the siege, though, after all, it being rather a leisure time with him, the thing was possible. Perhaps nobody but Nettie could have triumphed, but finally she won and came off victorious. The request was one that had not been easy to Mr. Dutton to grant. He was not a man of holiday turn; like the rest of the world, there came to him, as there came to others, days of prescribed leisure; he could not go to business then if he would; but he endured rather than enjoyed these seasons of enforced relaxation—life had for him no holiday side. Having, however, once yielded the point to Nettie, Mr. Dutton, turning his business instincts into another channel, prepared to carry the thing out properly. Sundry parcels and arrangements that evening were duly seen to, keeping Ronald in a state of activity which was as novel as it was pleasant to the lad.

The preparations ended, he looked triumphantly round at his wife, who was standing near. "There," he said, "I think things are ready now; but dear me, this holiday-going—why, I haven't done such a thing these last twenty years."

"All the more reason you should do so now," said Nettie, with an arm round his neck and a kiss on his lips that sealed further protest.

At that moment a fresh cause for diversion arose; there came faintly, and then nearer, the sound of music, military music. Ronald ran to the door. "The soldiers are coming," he said, and Nettie followed him, and Mr. Dutton also; and heads appeared from the houses opposite, and children ran to the gates to look. Then, a motley little crowd of boys and men preceding and surrounding them, the soldiers came, the evening sunshine flashing on their guns and bright coats, tramp, tramp, to the sound of the band; like a little glowing pageant they passed and were gone, up towards the town beyond.

Mr. Dutton turned from the doorway. His wife was standing a little back; she had not openly joined the onlookers, but had stood a little apart, yet where she could see the soldiers plainly; and as she looked, silently she laid her hand on her heart, and the wistful sadness deepened in her eyes. It was many years ago now, in the beginning of her young married life, that a brother, a favourite younger brother, had made his home with her and her husband. Mr. Dutton wanted to take him into his own business line; he meant, he said, to make a man of the lad. But Reginald had no aptitude, he and his brother-in-law no sympathies in common; perhaps Mr. Dutton pulled the cord a little too tightly, but all at once, Reginald threw the whole thing up, left home suddenly, sending word back he had gone away and enlisted. Such had always been his boyish desire, but his friends had objected; now he had taken the matter into his own hands. He wrote to his sister asking her to forgive him; and she did forgive him and loved him more than ever. Mr. Dutton was angry—justly so, perhaps; he sent one sharp letter after the culprit, and then Reginald died out of his life. That he lived ever, with increasing intensity of affection as the years went by, in the heart of his wife, was a fact he did not know or appreciate. A few letters came, but of late years there had been silence; yet Mrs. Dutton never ceased to think of him, to long for news of him; never saw a little scene like the one that had just passed before her eyes, without an aching sadness at her heart. But it was a pain of which she did not speak; her husband had only answered with preoccupied air the once or twice she had mentioned her brother's name; he had no time to concern himself further about Reginald. So that evening he did not notice anything different in his wife's look, as, turning, he said indifferently, "I wonder if these are any of the men home from India; they were expecting some now soon, I think."

The next morning was one of exceptional sunshine and fine weather, the sort of day to tempt the most prosaic-minded person to a little exuberance of joyful feeling; and as Mr. Dutton, his wife and children took their way to the station, something of the gladness of the morning infused itself even into his soul. But the whole proceeding was strange to him, and at first he felt half shy, and then grew intent on doing everything to his utmost.

His wife looked into a comfortable third-class carriage. "We can go in here," she said; but he in a moment of exaltation would have taken second-class tickets, till his wife said gently, "There is no real difference—look, dear!" and seeing she was correct he yielded to her judgment. And so it happened that their only fellow-travellers were a woman, evidently of the poorer rank, and two young children, one a baby, the other a child of two, who toddled about the carriage at the risk of falling every moment. He so nearly accomplished this just as the train was starting, that Mr. Dutton instinctively put out his hand to save the child, and the mother thanked him, and drew the child towards her. She was a young woman with neat dress and pleasant manners, but in her eyes was a sad, patient expression that told of shadow rather than sunshine in her life. Perhaps it was that look attracted them towards her, or the presence of the

child, who would recommence his toddling performances, and finding himself close to Mr. Dutton, stand holding on by his knee, looking up into his face with round, wondering blue eyes. "Are you going down to the sea too, young man, holidaying, eh?" said Mr. Dutton, saying the first thing that came into his mind. The mother answered for the child, not telling all at once, but by degrees, as Mrs. Dutton, her sympathy aroused, talked with her. They were going to the seaside, the same as the Duttons, but it was not for them a holiday exactly—the husband and father was there at the convalescent home, and they were going down to visit him. He wanted to see her and the children—the shadow in her eyes deepened—he might grow stronger, they hoped so, they must always hope, but the doctor said the cough had gone too long; still they hoped to find him better. Mr. Dutton listened with an interest that was new to him. When he went by train in general he had no time to consider those he travelled with, but to-day was holiday, and he had leisure for sympathy even with an entire stranger. It was a sympathy, too, that had practical results.

They had arrived at their journey's end, and exchanged the train for an open carriage to ride down to the beach, when, as they went along, they passed by their fellow-traveller, walking wearily, the baby in her arms, the other child clinging tightly on to her skirt. It was a long way down to the sea. Nettie laid her hand on her father's arm—couldn't they find room for them, they could have the box-seat anyhow? The request sounded so naturally from Nettie's lips, in another moment the mother and her two children were seated in safety and comfort. Arriving at the drive's end, she thanked Mr. Dutton with a tearful gratitude that made him feel hardly like himself.

At that moment a group of men with blackened faces and grotesque gestures and grimaces were singing a comic song. They stopped a moment to look and listen, and the woman stopped also. Mr. Dutton half wondered at her staying loitering there, with that visit to her husband in view. It seemed she read his thoughts, for, pointing to one of the performers, "I know him," she said; "his old mother lives alongside of me at home. I'm waiting to catch his eye; I must tell his mother I've seen him!" The next moment she achieved her wish; the instant the song was over the man drew round to her, the grimace and gesture all gone; he was listening attentively to what she had to say to him, then, feeling in his pocket, he put some coins in her hand; it was a gift to the old mother at home, for the woman in reply said, "I'll take it to her safely, I promise you." Then, with another word of thanks to Mr. Dutton, she turned away.

"Poor things," said Nettie, glancing towards the men, "I wonder if they get tired of that buffoonery all day long!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Dutton, "I never thought about them before; I suppose they like it, though, or they would not do it."

But as he spoke thus, the deeper thought within him was aroused—this sort of people might have been mere machines moving like marionettes at a show—but yet one of them at least had a mother, and something of a son's love and duty. He tossed the little band a coin, and then they went on together towards the glistening sea.

The day passed in a series of enjoyments and recreations peculiar to the seaside. It was afternoon, and Mr. and Mrs. Dutton had seated themselves on the beach in a shaded spot, a little tired, a little glad to rest. Ronald and Nettie were still enjoying the day with an enjoyment that did not admit of weariness, but the two elder people were content with their shady nook and a few minutes' quiet. They sat thus in a dreamy, happy silence—and then there was something so soothing in the sea air, in the splash, splash of the waves, in the feeling of harmonious happiness that surrounded her, that, leaning back against a portion of sheltering cliff, Mrs. Dutton closed her eyes, and before she knew it drifted off into a light sleep, and on into dreams. Sleep is to most faces a great beautifier, it was so to hers—all the lines wrought by time or sorrow seemed to vanish, and yet there was a half-wakeful look on her face as though through the closed eyelids shone something of the glad light of the soul within. It must be a happy dream she dreamed, for a light smile lay on her lips, and her husband looked at her and wondered what she dreamed, and wondered at the sweetness of her face. It was a light sleep; she had not put off far down tide to that mysterious silence where all speech, all knowledge seems to end—but she had launched only into the shallow waters, where flitting shadows came and went, and voices of the days gone and of those that were, mingled round her, and past and present strangely blended, as they only can blend in dreams. She was dreaming of a far-off time—before Reginald ran away to be a soldier, before she had known anything of town life and ways; she was back again in her country home—for it had been a country home from which her husband had married her—and voices out of the past seemed speaking to her. Her husband was foremost in her mind; he and she were walking together again in the little wooded glen where the nightingales used to make the whole air vibrate with their trill of song, and sweet wild roses fell in luxuriant festoons, and the ground was a soft carpet of moss; and there under the trees through which the summer winds went a-wooing all day long, they walked together again. It was as she dreamed thus, that that smile came curling lightly round her lips. Her husband sat and watched her. How peaceful and happy she looked. Memory seemed to suddenly awake and tell him that not of late years had she looked like that; and then, perhaps it was that communion of thought which is swifter than speech, but he, too, fell a-thinking of that past time; she had not looked to him fairer or sweeter in those days when he went into the country courting her, and that was more than twenty years ago. He bent nearer to her—perhaps his intent look aroused her—suddenly she opened her eyes and looked at him, but the light of the far past was in them still; she looked at him as though only partly conscious of the present time. Then as the light came

slowly back to her face, "You have been dreaming," he said.

"Yes." A little pink shell lay in her lap, and at that moment a blush, faint like the colouring of the tiny shell, came into her face. "Yes," she said, "I was dreaming of the time long ago, before we married, you and I."

He stooped towards her and kissed her. "I had been thinking of that time too," he said slowly. Then he took her hand in his, and they might have been lovers over again as they sat talking together with that heart and soul communion such as there had been no leisure for nor thought of for so many long days past. And everything around them seemed in tune with their happiness; the tide had turned, and there was that fresh brightness in the air that comes with the incoming tide, and the waves came each with a low murmur of delight on to the shining sands; and a little further on a group of children laughed and played, and the sound of their young voices came soft and clear, and on the pier close by a band was playing a rhythmical measure, which had in it a melodious swing and flow, and the boats tied to the pier seemed to rise and fall and keep happy time. The music, the waves, all seemed to unite and blend; and then over the sands came Nettie and Ronald, joy and gladness in their faces and their eyes.

But before the children joined them, Mr. Dutton, looking at his wife, said, "Janet, if holiday makes us thus happy, some people who have nothing but holiday must have a good time, I'm thinking."

The wife smiled, but did not answer, for at that moment two people were passing close by, a lady and a gentleman, who looked as if they might belong to the class Mr. Dutton had indicated. As they went by the lady said to her companion, "Really, we must get away from this place; I shall die of *ennui* if we stay much longer; it bores me to death!"

The answer was almost gloomily spoken. "All places are alike, there's nothing fresh anywhere. One gets tired of all pleasure, and no particular pleasure in it either."

Husband and wife looked at each other and smiled.

"No; we should get tired of it," said Mr. Dutton, with a shake of his head.

"We should soon tire of doing nothing," said his wife, slowly; "but yet, life should not be all work; it ought to have its holiday side."

"What, like to-day? Well, certainly for once we have had a bit of holiday side."

She looked straight at him and laughed, a little merry laugh like the laugh of the bygone days.

"Take that home with you," she said.

"Take what, my dear?"

"The holiday side." Then she added: "We have made holiday for one another to-day, we have had thought for and with each other. Couldn't the very busiest day have, too, a holiday side?"

He caught her meaning, they had come so close in soul during that day of thought for and with each other. "Yes," he said quite earnestly. "You are right, and we will take it home with us—the holiday side."

Just then Ronald and Nettie came up. Nettie seated herself at her father's feet. "This has been the happiest day I have ever known," she said, "just because you have been with us, father dear; and we haven't had a word about business things. I wish the day could last; to-morrow it will be all business again."

She laughed as she spoke, but Mr. Dutton did not reply. He and his wife looked at one another with a look that even Nettie could not quite read.

As Nettie said, the day was getting over, and they retraced their way to the station. On the platform was a band of soldiers; they were going by the same train. Nettie half wished they had not just then appeared; she knew something of that past history, and had seen sometimes the shadow deepen in her mother's eyes; but at that moment Mr. and Mrs. Dutton were engrossed with a large basket of strawberries a man was carrying for sale. Mr. Dutton's business instincts were for the first time that day apparent; he expressed his belief that the fruit was stale, left over from the morning's sale. "No, sir," said the man, "it's just freshly gathered. I find as good a sale this part of the day as in the morning sometimes."

Mr. Dutton was turning away, but his wife stood looking at the fruit with wistful eyes.

"You wish for some, don't you?" said her husband, noting her look.

She laid one hand on his arm. "I want to have the whole basketful just as they are," she said.

"Why, my dear, what could you do with them?"

She drew him a little aside; she made a quick movement with her hand towards the soldiers who at the end of the train were just entering compartments they were to have to themselves. "I want the basketful to give to those poor fellows; they look so hot and tired, I want to give them to them—for Reginald's sake!"

With the last three words the suppressed pathos of the long past years stole into her face. He understood at last. She was holding her little purse in her hand. "My gift," she said; "only just tell the man to take them." He put her hand gently aside. "No, no," he said, "but they shall go as your gift all the same;" and the next moment he had settled with the man, and the basket of fruit was conveyed to the soldiers' compartments. The deed once done, with instinctive shyness Mrs. Dutton was beating a retreat into the train.

Then from that part of it where the soldiers were came first a peal of laughter; they thought they were being hoaxed; but the laughter died into abashed silence as the man explained and deposited the fruit with them, then a long neck was stretched from the carriage window to catch sight of the lady who had sent the generous gift; but only Ronald, who was just entering the carriage, was visible.

When the train stopped at its final destination, a tall soldier, with bronzed but manly, pleasant face, stood looking about him, evidently watching for some one. Catching sight of Ronald, he came towards him. "I think," he said, "you belong to the lady who so kindly sent us the fruit; we didn't

understand at first, but I want to see her and thank her for myself and my fellows."

"Mother," said Ronald, turning, "he"—he hardly knew how to designate the tall officer before him—"he wants to thank you for——" but Ronald stopped short; there were two words only—"Janet!" "Reginald!" and the tall soldier had Mrs. Dutton in his arms.

A day or two later, Reginald was on a visit to his sister. Mr. Dutton, too, received him kindly, and gave him more of a welcome than Reginald himself had dared to expect. He fancied there was a difference in his brother-in-law.

He was not quite so engrossed, so preoccupied. He looked at him half furtively. "You stick to business still the same," he said.

"Yes, as close as ever—why?"

"Oh, I don't know; you were out holidaying the other day, weren't you?"

Mr. Dutton looked at his wife. "Yes, we were out holidaying, and we brought it home with us."

Reginald did not quite understand; he thought perhaps Mr. Dutton contemplated further absence. "Going out again?" he said.

"No, not that I know of. But that's hardly to the point. The fact is, we think we have found out a patent for holiday at home, so that even the busiest day shall have a little holiday side."

P. A. BLYTH.

# Varieties.

**Lake of Geneva.**—There was recently communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. Delebecque, a French engineer, an account of some researches on the Lakes of Geneva and Annecy, which have led to a more complete knowledge of their various features. Of the Lake of Geneva a map has been constructed on large scale. The lake is divided into two unequal parts by an elevation of its bed known as the bar of Nernier or Promenthoux, corresponding to the sudden contraction of width from east to west, which separates the Grand Lac, prolonged towards the Alps, from the Petit Lac, which runs in the direction of the Jura. The maximum depth of the Grand Lac, between Evian and Ouchy, is 1,017 feet, and its bed forms a large plain with very little slope. Over a surface of about 18 square miles the variation in level is not more than 16½ feet. The inclination of the lateral slopes is very variable, from between 1 degree and 2 degrees in the Bays of Rolle and Condrée, to 56 degrees at the Castle of Chillon. The Petit Lac consists of four small basins, with a maximum depth of 249 feet, separated by flattened bars. Opposite Bellerive and from a depth of 82 feet rises a little hill, the top of which is only 26 feet below the surface. Other peculiarities of the lake-bed which have been noticed by previous observers are the ravine of the Rhone and the delta of the Dranse, a characteristic type of torrential deltas. The ravine of the Rhone has been traced for nearly four miles from where the river enters the lake, and is from 300 feet to 500 feet in width. The surface of the lake is 224 square miles in extent; its mean depth 492 feet.

**Frederick Gale's Lecture on the History of Cricket.**—An interesting lecture was given at Westminister Town Hall this summer on the history of cricket, with personal recollections, by Mr. F. Gale. On the platform were various specimens of bats in use since an early date in the eighteenth century. Mr. Gale said that the germ of the game was to be found among the Greeks and the Romans. One of its earliest followers in this country was Oliver Cromwell. For some time after the accession of George I it was under a cloud; the Government were nervous in those Jacobite times about large crowds coming together, and the "Gentleman's Magazine" subsequently took up the cudgels against it. Of the hostility it encountered some indications might be found in "Waverley" and "Red Gauntlet." As though to illustrate one point in the national character, its laws had been pretty much the same for 120 years, and the wicket the same since 1817. The lecturer then gave a description of a village cricket match sixty years ago, of old Lord's in or about 1841, and of the changes he had witnessed in the art and science of bowling. Incidentally he mentioned that Mr. Richmond, R.A., now in his eighty-third year, had been present at no fewer than seventy-three matches between the Gentlemen and the Players.

**Take care what you sign.**—The editor of the New York "Journal of Commerce" vouches for the truth of the following. Forty years ago, a gentleman made a bet that he could get a hundred prominent Churchmen to sign a petition to have the Bishop of New York hanged. He had a long petition drawn up, beginning with the words, "Whereas the best interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church," &c., and going on, after a long preamble, to demand that the Bishop should be suspended by the neck. The petition was engrossed in proper style and sent round by a canvasser, who told no lies about it, simply representing it as a petition to the ecclesiastical authorities in a matter that would deeply affect the welfare of the Church. Once a few well-known names had been got at the head of the list, the bet was soon won; and the audacious petitioner said he could have got signatures by the thousand if he had kept on long enough.

**The English Language.**—In a conversation with Döllinger shortly before his last illness, Professor True, of Rochester University, New England, reports that the venerable doctor spoke with much anxiety about the tone of modern English literature. He explained his anxiety by expressing his belief that at no distant time the English tongue would be pre-eminently the language of all civilised nations. The greatest works of English literature were worthy of being ever popular. From a German this opinion about the spread of the English tongue was full of interest. It is computed that at the opening of the present century there were about 21,000,000 people who spoke the English tongue. The French-speaking people at that time numbered about 31,500,000, and the Germans exceeded 30,000,000. The Russian tongue was spoken by nearly 31,000,000, and the Spanish by more than 26,000,000. Even the Italian had three-fourths as large a constituency as the English, and the Portuguese three-eighths. Of the 162,000,000 people, or

thereabouts, who are estimated to have been using these seven languages in the year 1801, the English speakers were less than 13 per cent., while the Spanish were 16, the Germans 18·4, the Russians 18·9, and the French 19·6. This aggregate population has now grown to 400,000,000, of which the English-speaking people number close upon 125,000,000. From 13 per cent. we have advanced to 31 per cent. The French speech is now used by 50,000,000 people, the German by about 70,000,000, the Spanish by 40,000,000, the Russian by 70,000,000, the Italian by about 30,000,000, and the Portuguese by about 13,000,000. The English language is now used by nearly twice as many people as any of the others, and this relative growth is almost sure to continue. English has taken as its own the North American Continent, and nearly the whole of Australasia. North America alone will soon have 100,000,000 of English-speaking people, while there are 40,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland. In South Africa and India also the language is vastly extending.

**A Minister of Labour and Labour Pensions.**—In his evidence before the Labour Commission, Mr. Ben Tillett said: "Soldiers were pensioned now, and the State ought to recognise that it directly profited more by the productive capacity of the worker than it profited by the destructive capacity of the soldier. The man worn out at the loom, the mill, or in the docks should be considered of as much value as the soldier. Then there should be a Ministry of Labour, and a State Board of Arbitration, whose settlements should be final. A Labour Bureau of Arbitration would promote a better understanding between employers and employed, and would remove half the problems which troubled the Legislature. Each district should have an authority for collecting *data* in regard to labour."

**The Little Stamp Collector.**

THREE months ago he did not know
His lessons in geography;
Though he could spell, and read quite well,
And cipher, too, he could not tell
The least thing in topography.

But what a change! How passing strange!
This stamp-collecting passion
Has roused his zeal, for woe or weal,
And lists of names he now can reel
Off in amazing fashion.

I hear him speak of Mozambique,
Heligoland, Bavaria,
Cashmere, Japan, Thibet, Soudan,
Sumatra, Spain, Waldeck, Kokan,
Ceylon, Siam, Bulgaria.

Schleswig-Holstein (Oh! boy of mine,
Genius without a teacher!)
Wales, Panama, Scinde, Bolivar,
Jellalabad, and Kandahar,
Cabul, Deccan, Helvetia.

And now he longs for more Hong Kongs,
A Fiji, a Mauritius,
Greece, Borneo, Fernando-Po,
And where he'll stop no one can know,
He's grown so avaricious!

**Opium as a Medium of Exchange.**—In parts of the Hankow district opium is used as a medium of exchange, and the Consul there explains the curious circumstance in this way. Commerce, except along the water routes, is in a primitive condition. The great weight of the copper coinage renders it unsuitable for exchange. Silver, which is used in the large towns, is used in bulk by weight. It is melted into lumps of varying purity and weight. The most generally used vary from sixty-eight to seventy ounces each. The inconvenience of dividing it is a serious drawback to its being used in the country, as is also the difficulty of testing its pureness. The credit of the native bankers is not widely enough established to give an extended currency to their notes. Under these conditions opium is found useful, in addition to pure barter, which still prevails to some extent, in facilitating the exchange of commodities. In this respect it has three advantages—it is almost universally in demand, it is light and portable, and it is easily divided into small quantities.

**Robben Island Lepers.**—The Queen sent two portraits of herself—photogravures—to the lepers at Robben Island, South Africa, and the ceremony of unveiling the pictures was performed by the Governor, Sir Henry Loch, in the presence of a large and distinguished company. The patients were, it is stated, delighted with the presents and with the attention shown them by her Majesty. They have expressed their gratitude to the Queen in a letter which was forwarded through the Rev. W. T. M'Cormick, vicar of St. Matthew's, Brighton, hon. sec. in England of the Sufferers' Aid Society.

**Sir George Grey, K.C.B., and the City of Auckland Library, New Zealand.**—Sir George Grey, K.C.B., lately presented to the city of Auckland, New Zealand, the whole of his valuable library. It is particularly rich in books and manuscripts relating to the islands of the Pacific. Very many of the volumes and pamphlets are in the various dialects reduced to Roman characters by missionaries. The Rev. Dr. Wyatt Gill, having given to him the original manuscript of his "Myths and Songs" and other literary curios whilst the late Federation Convention was sitting in Sydney, received the following note from that veteran statesman, and writer on New Zealand folk-lore:—

"Sydney: May 27, 1891.

"My dear Sir,—Until I read your letter I had no idea of the highly interesting nature of the documents which you have given me. They shall be carefully treasured with the collection of manuscripts at Auckland, and will, I feel sure, be considered very valuable. One of your manuscripts already rests there.

"My great object has been to collect a complete exemplification of the vast labours performed by Christian men in the nineteenth century. I wish I was young enough to write a history of this myself. You will have no mean companion. Livingstone's letters will lie by the side of yours.

"Faithfully yours,
"G. GREY."

**Channel Bottom.**—MM. Renaud and Hersen have made a number of soundings in the Channel to discover the geological nature of the bottom between Cape Gris-Nez and Folkestone, and the thickness of the layer of sand and mud which covers the bedrock. In parts of the bed where this covering of sand was thin they used a sounding-rod of iron having a tube at the lower end to enclose a specimen of the bottom. Where the sand was thicker they supported the rod vertically by a tripod lowered to the bottom and drove it into the sand. A third apparatus consisted of a tube into which water was pumped so as to displace the sand and mud of the bottom. Over 3,000 observations were made, and the submarine relief of the Pas de Calais has been ascertained. Their map shows the continuation of the Jurassic rocks of Boulogne, the rise of the Portland beds, which have originated the banks of Varne and Colbert, and the termination of the Wealden and green sand beds of Kent. The currents of the Channel have also been the subject of investigation, and it was found that they are the same at the bottom as they are at the surface.

**Vegetarian Cookery.**—A better dinner need not be asked by king or peasant than a bowl of thick lentil and barley soup, with a slice of bread and some potatoes. Try the following dinner for a family of two grown-up persons and five children—seven in all: 1 lb. lentils (split), 2*d.*; ½ lb. Scotch barley, 1*d.* or 1½*d.*; 1 lb. onions, 1*d.*; a few powdered or chopped herbs (mint or sage, etc.); pepper and salt, ½*d.* Put the barley into three quarts of boiling water, and let it boil for an hour. Then well wash the lentils and throw them into the pan, adding the onions sliced. Let the whole boil for two hours, the herbs and seasoning being added a quarter of an hour before serving.

Four lbs. of potatoes (boiled or roasted) would cost about 1½*d.* With a little bread this would make a good Sunday's dinner, leaving enough soup to warm up with a few more potatoes for Monday. Or take 1 lb. maizemeal, 1*d.*; 1 lb. dates, 2*d.*; ½ lb. sugar. 1*d.* The maize (or Indian meal) being boiled as a porridge for twenty minutes, then stir in the sugar and dates; after picking over the latter, turn into a dish and bake one hour, or, if without an oven, brown in front of the fire, or boil for half an hour longer. At a cost of 4*d.* this will provide more than enough for a good dinner for such a family. Oatmeal, maizemeal, barley-meal, and other porridges, for breakfast; lentils, haricot beans and peas (in soups or stews), macaroni soup, date pudding, stewed barley or rice, plum pudding, rice and raisins, treacle roly-poly, and a host of other cheap, and at the same time nice and good, dishes for dinner may appear in turn.—*Dietetic Reformer.*

**A Chivalrous Commander.**—A vessel, filled with soldiers, was wrecked on the shores of France. It sank so rapidly that the boats could not be lowered. The only hope was for the men to throw themselves into the sea and swim to the shore. The commander of the troops, the Chavalier de Lordat, did not know how to swim. A soldier, an excellent swimmer, offered to save him if possible. They jumped into the sea, and the Chevalier clung to the soldier. After swimming for a long time, the soldier became exhausted, and to the cheering words of his commander answered that they must both perish. "And if you were alone?" asked the Chevalier. "Perhaps I might still be able to save myself." Chevalier de Lordat instantly let go the man, and sank to the bottom of the sea.

**Locust Pest in 1891.**—There has been no such locust pest in Algeria since 1866, when it is estimated that 300,000 Arabs perished through want and pestilence. The ordinary locust is one with which the native peasant is able enough to deal, but the present invader, which has not been seen in Algeria since 1866, is a most formidable creature. It goes by the name of the pélerin, and comes from Morocco, *viâ* the Sahara. It differs from the ordinary locust chiefly in its greater strength, and the extraordinary rapidity with which it multiplies. The plague of locusts has also this year been reported from India. They have done much damage in various parts of the peninsula, and for the first time on record have invaded Bengal.

**All Languages spoken here.**—A hotel-keeper at Lyons had posted on the door this notice: "English, German, Italian, and Spanish spoken here." An Englishman arrived, and asked for the interpreter in as decent French as he could command. "Monsieur," replied the landlord, "there is none." "What! no interpreter? And yet you announce that all languages are spoken here." The reply was: "Yes, monsieur—by the travellers."

**Official Atheism.**—In the State-aided public elementary schools of Paris the following "Manual of Unsectarian Instruction" is in daily use:—

"Teacher.—What is God?

"Child.—We cannot tell.

"Teacher.—Do you acknowledge a Superior or controlling Being?

"Child.—Why should we? Prove to us the necessity, and show Him to us.

"Teacher.—It cannot be proved that such a Being is indispensable.

"Child.—Then it is waste of time to talk about the matter."

The catechism is summed up in these words:—"The term 'God' has no signification, it means nothing at all."

M. Napoléon Roussel, commenting on this, in a dialogue with an atheist, says: "We both see in the universe a thousand objects which excite our admiration: the regular course of the seasons on the earth; the unvarying cycle of the stars in the heavens; the direction impressed on all the planetary movements; we see, everywhere and always, order and harmony. So far we are agreed, but here is where we differ: this universal order I attribute to an Intelligent Cause, you ascribe it to—nothing! Then again, you and I are intelligent and free; moral also, if not always in fact, yet in the power of being so. My sense tells me that this liberty, this moral nature, constitutes our excellence, and that the Being who has implanted in us these sentiments must himself possess them in a superior degree. These faculties are not the properties of matter. Matter with will, matter with moral choice, is revolting to my mind. That the First Cause puts into a human being an intelligence to govern it, I believe. Not because I can explain it, but because I experience it; and as I am convinced that my inner sense is the same as yours, I declare to you this spiritual fact, without seeking to prove it. It is the fool who says there is no God!"

**City of London Day Census.**—The results of the Day Census in the City, so far as the grand totals are concerned, are given in a report of the Local Government and Taxation Committee of the Corporation. The Day Census was taken on April 27, and the four following days were occupied in collecting the papers. The census of vehicular traffic was taken on May 4, and on each occasion nearly 800 enumerators were employed. The total number of "employers and employed" in 1881 was 261,061, and in 1891 it was 301,381, an increase of 40,320. The number of women engaged in the City during the day was 50,416, against 44,179 in 1881, and the number of children under 15 years of age 21,305, against 19,235. The census of the street traffic taken on May 4 for a period of 24 hours shows that 1,121,708 persons entered the City at 80 different points on foot or in vehicles, against 797,563 in 1881. The number of vehicles entering the City during the same time was 92,488, against 71,893 in 1881. On the same date 52,413 persons came into the City through Liverpool Street Station, against 33,890 in 1881; through Broad Street there came 43,042 against 30,444 in 1881; and through the Metropolitan Railway at Bishopsgate 13,180, against 9,325 in 1881. In the taking of this census 36,568 forms were used, and the cost has been over £1,200. Another £150 was spent on the work of classification.

**John Locke on Toleration.**—"No private person has any right, in any manner, to prejudice another person in his civil enjoyments because he is of another Church or religion. All the rights and franchises that belong to him as a man or a citizen are to be preserved to him." And again: "Neither Pagan, nor Mohammedan, nor Jew, ought to be excluded from the *civil* rights of the Commonwealth because of his religion. The Gospel commands no such thing. The Church, which judgeth not those without, wants it not. And the Commonwealth, which embraces indifferently all men that are honest, peaceable, and industrious, requires it not."—*Locke on Civil Government.*

**Fruit Trees.**—At a large representative meeting of the Vegetarian Society in Manchester, a resolution was passed, "inviting the attention of all earnest patriots and politicians, and of all holders and occupiers of land, to the importance of the cultivation of fruit as an auxiliary food supply; and urging the planting of fruit trees in all gardens, hedgerows, and on waste lands as a suitable, profitable, productive, and healthful industry: and in these times of scarcity of food, diseases among cattle, and great national distress, especially commending to landed proprietors and public corporations—on the grounds of both utility and beauty—the systematic planting of fruit trees along railways, roadways, riverways, canalways, and wherever practicable." This resolution is rather vaguely expressed, the zealous Vegetarians not explaining whether the fruit trees, planted by roadsides and on waste places, are intended *pro bono publico*, to be gathered by youngsters at discretion; or to be private property, for sale, on a larger scale than garden fruit now is sold. All are agreed as to the utility of increasing the growth of fruit in England.

**Daniel Edward Young.**—The career of Mr. Young, till his retirement this year, has been a long course of remarkable service. He retired from the post of superintendent of the coastguard at Dungeness. Mr. Young has been in her Majesty's service for over forty years, and his name will be remembered as having been intimately associated with that of Livingstone and with the foundation of British influence on Lake Nyassa. He was a seaman on board one of her

Majesty's gunboats at the time of the great Zambesi expedition under the leadership of Livingstone. Mr. Young's unusual intelligence, his enthusiasm, and his interest in the objects of the expedition attracted the attention of Livingstone, Mr. Waller, and others. When, therefore, early in 1867, news reached England that Livingstone had been killed near Lake Nyassa just at the beginning of his last expedition, Mr. Young was selected, with the approval of the Government and of the Royal Geographical Society, to undertake a search expedition in order to discover the truth. Well equipped, with a steel vessel he navigated the Zambesi and the Shiré, and reached Lake Nyassa, returning to England early in 1868, with ample evidence to prove that the rumour of Livingstone's death was quite unfounded. Mr. Young was highly commended for his services. In 1875 Mr. Young was again on Lake Nyassa, leader of the expedition under the auspices of the Scotch Churches for the foundation of those missions which have done so much to promote civilization and advance British interests in a region now under the British Crown. Mr. Young was heartily supported by the Admiralty in this expedition, during which he navigated the whole of Lake Nyassa, and was thus the first to survey its whole contour, which has not been materially altered since. At the last meeting of the council of the Royal Geographical Society Mr. Young was made an honorary life member for his eminent services to geography.

**Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.**—God's eye is upon me every hour of my existence. His Spirit is intimately present with every thought of my heart. His presiding influence keeps by me through the whole current of my restless and ever-changing history. When I walk by the wayside, He is along with me. When I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of Him, He never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirit has sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of Him who never slumbers is upon me. I cannot fly from His presence. Go where I will, He tends me, and watches me, and cares for me; and the same Being who is now at work in the remotest domains of Nature and of Providence, is also at my right hand to eke out to me every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercise of all my feelings and of all my faculties.—*Chalmers.*

**Fräulein Vacaresco of Roumania.**—Second only to the Queen of Roumania, the beautiful and accomplished "Carmen Sylva," is her companion and lady-in-waiting, Hélène Vacaresco, as a poetess and woman of letters. A volume by her, "Chants d'Aurore," has been awarded a prize by the French Academy. Daughter of the former prefect of police in Bucharest, her father is now Roumanian ambassador at Vienna. Some thousands of gipsies live on her father's estate in the Dimbovitza valley. By much industry and tact, Fräulein Vacaresco contrived to collect the music and songs of these gipsies; and with the Queen she translated them into German, under the title "Lieder aus dem Dimbovitzathode." To other collectors the gipsies had always refused to impart their treasured songs. There is a romance also in the life of Fräulein Vacaresco, Prince Ferdinand, brother of the King, being attached to her, and at present willing to renounce his title of successor to the Crown rather than part with his lady-love. Why should a sacrifice be called for? She is worthy in every way, except what is expected in the Almanach de Gotha, to be the successor of "Carmen Sylva."

**The German Emperor at the Crystal Palace.**—There is historical interest in the list of royal and imperial persons who have appeared at festivals at the Sydenham Crystal Palace. Since the occasion of the opening in June 1854, there have been thirteen great *fêtes*, in the course of which the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Sultan of Turkey, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Viceroy of Egypt, the Czar of Russia, the Sultan of Zanzibar, the King and Queen of Greece, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been selected for honour. Three times have *fêtes* been held in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales; twice have the delights of the Palace been unfolded to the Shah of Persia. Of all the displays the most memorable have been that made on the occasion of the opening, and that of April 1855, when the Queen and the Prince Consort accompanied the Emperor and Empress of the French. The formal inspection of the palace upon its inauguration, by Prince Albert, was also a memorable event, though witnessed by few. Many greater personages than the ordinary run of kings have been seen at the palace, including General Grant and many other Americans, and foreigners of every nation. No worthier visitor than the Emperor of Germany, in July 1891, has ever been entertained. His whole visit to London has been a wonderful thing, especially the reception by the Corporation of the City of London at Guildhall, and by the hundreds of thousands of people in the streets on July 17.

**Trustees.**—Mr. Walpole, when he was at the Home Office, said that there were at least 100,000 trustees. Considering the difficult and responsible duties that sometimes attach to the office, often lightly and inconsiderately undertaken, it is strange that no good book exists treating fully on the subject, and no corporation or society ready to advise or assist in doubtful and arduous affairs, not even a magazine in which questions might be asked, and authenticated replies given. The liabilities of trustees are little known, and may involve the interests of a trustee's family and estate, as well as causing personal anxiety and trouble. We cannot say "don't" to any one asked to be a trustee, but we do say, "think it well over, and take the best advice you can on the matter."

**Duleep Sing's Daughters.**—Two daughters of the Maharajah Duleep Sing, the Princess Catherine and the Princess Bamba, are studying at Somerville Hall, Oxford. Princess Catherine has passed the first examination for women with credit.

**Recovery of the Lost Standards of Measure.**—It has been discovered that the standard yard and certain other measures and weights supposed to have been lost when the Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire in 1834 are still in existence. For over half a century they have lain in the Journal Office almost unnoticed among various lumber. It used to be the duty of the Speaker of the House to examine and attest the correctness of the standards. New weights and measures are now officially in custody at Westminster, but the recovery of the old ones is an interesting event. The most important of the standards thus rescued from oblivion are the yard measures constructed by Bird in 1758 and 1760. The former was copied from a bar in the possession of the Royal Society, which was itself a copy of a standard preserved in the Tower; and the second was constructed under the directions of a Committee of the House of Commons from the 1758 standard. "Each of these two standard yards consisted of a solid brass bar 1·05 in. square in section and 39·73 in. long. Near each end of the upper surface gold pins or studs 0·1 in. in diameter were inserted, and points or dots were marked upon the gold to determine the length of the yard." The other standards in the custody of the Journal Office are two brass rods answering the description of the old Exchequer yard, and four weights, supposed to be certain of the "copies, models, patterns, and multiples" ordered by the House on May 21, 1760, "to be locked up by the clerk and kept by him." The most important weight—the standard troy pound—is not amongst those now brought to light.

**Census in France.**—The returns of the census made in April have now been made up, and it is stated that the population of France, without its colonies, is 38,095,000, an increase of 208,000 since the last census in May 1886. The increase then was 565,000. The population of the large cities and towns has increased by 365,000, the largest increase being in Paris 167,000, in Marseilles 31,000, in Lyons 29,000, in Nice 20,000; and in fourteen other towns from 15,000 down to 4,000 in Rouen. Of the Departments 29 show an increase and 59 a decrease; the decrease is throughout the whole of the rural parts of France. At the census of 1886 foreigners in France numbered 1,126,000, an increase on the previous five years of 125,000. It may be assumed that the increase over all France is chiefly due to foreigners, the native population being nearly stationary.

# Household Queries.

**Stains in Old Books.**—*Kindly say if there is any method of removing the brown stains from the leaves of old books? The books are valuable.*—We fear not. If any such method were known, it would surely be at the Library of the British Museum, but they are ignorant of any there. Damp is the principal cause of these disfigurements.

**Pot Pourri or Sweet Jar.**—*I should be obliged if you would tell me the best receipt for making "Pot Pourri."*—People differ as to "best." One way is to get half-a-peck of rose-leaves, gathered in fine weather, lay some salt in the bottom of a china-bowl, then a few handfuls of rose-leaves, then some more salt, then more leaves, till all is used up, sprinkling salt on the top, and pressing down with a plate. Stir about once a day, and in five or six days, when very moist, add three ounces allspice, and leave three or four days more; then add one ounce of bruised cloves, one of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, some unbroken allspice, six grains of musk, and a little lavender or orange water. When in season add from time to time flowers (no stalks or leaves) of clove pinks, violets, orange blossom, or any others, and stir or shake the mixture occasionally, freshening up every summer with some fresh rose-leaves, prepared also with allspice and salt. The jar should be often shaken, and kept as a rule closely shut down. A fair imitation, useful for little sachets to lay among linen, can be made by mixing half a pint of lavender flowers, half an ounce each of dried mint and thyme, a quarter of an ounce each of ground cloves and carraways, and one ounce of well-dried salt. This is pretty good for keeping away moths.

**Preserving Rowan or Ash Berries.**—In relation to this matter a correspondent writes: "Rowan berries may be preserved till Christmas and early spring, by gathering them dry and not over-ripe, and putting them in air-tight tins, such as vaseline cans, and keeping them in a cool, dry place. When holly berries are scarce, rowans are an excellent substitute."

**Porridge.**—*Would you kindly insert the best way of making good and wholesome porridge of the best and most wholesome kind for breakfast?*—The conditions of wholesomeness are simply that the porridge be perfectly boiled and free from lumps, and the faults are due generally to carelessness or laziness. The quantity of meal to the water is known by experience; generally being about one ounce to a quarter pint. The water should contain some salt, and be boiling, then the meal is to be added by gently straining it through the fingers of one hand, handful by handful; but still getting the whole of the meal in as quickly as possible, while the pot is continuously stirred with the other hand, the *handle* of a wooden spoon being the best implement. When properly made and well boiled, it cools into a sort of soft pudding when poured into a soup plate, in which it should always be served, with a little jug of cold milk.

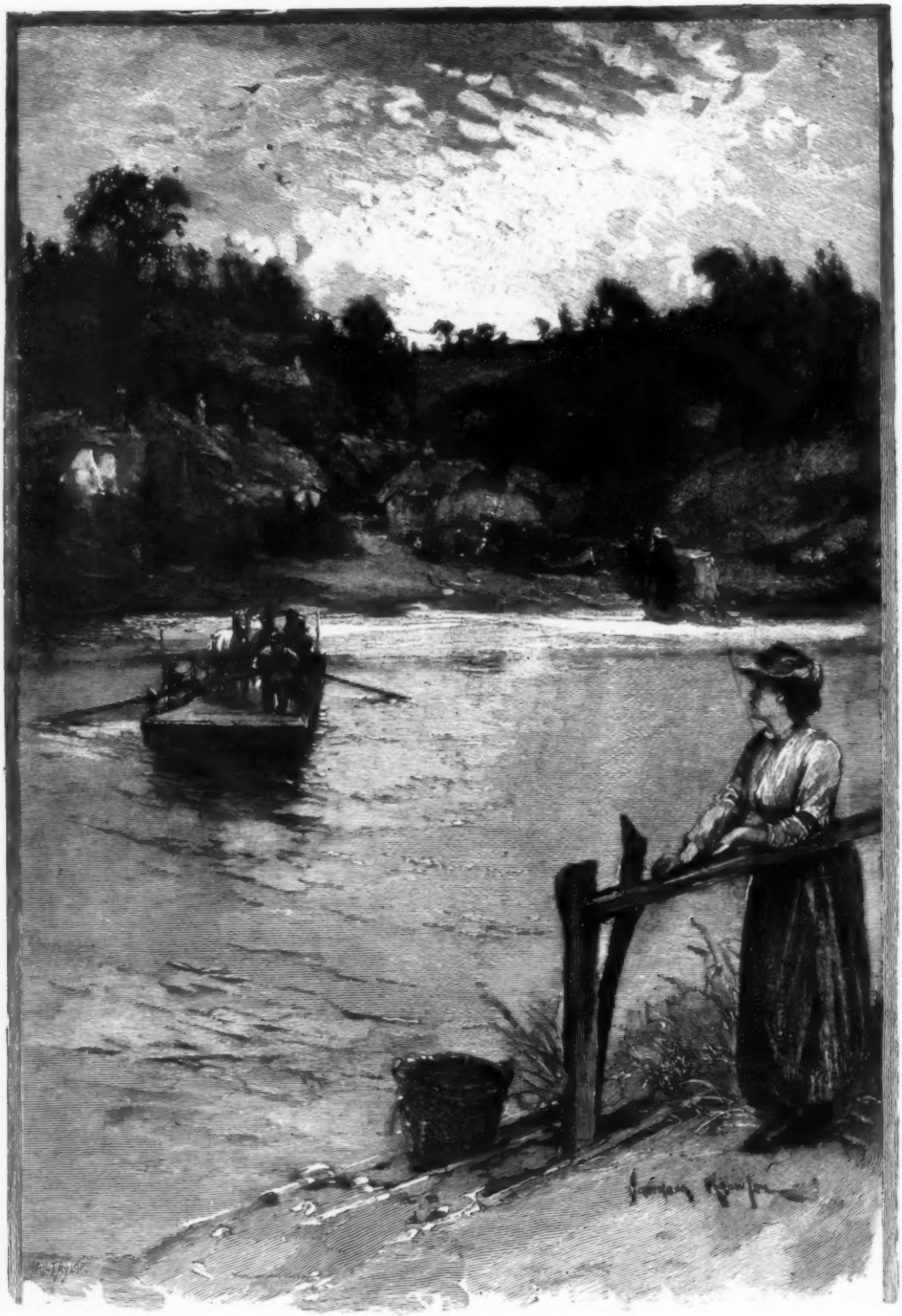
**Irritation of Scalp.**—*Kindly inform me of a remedy for irritation of the skin of the head caused by dryness of hair and dry scurf accumulating, which causes irritation, and is difficult to remove?*—Do not wash the head with soap, but use the yolk of egg with bran-water; and try as pomade a little lanolin. If the symptoms do not improve with these simple remedies, the condition will have to be treated by medicated washes or pomades, which should, however, be decided on medical advice, and may be dangerous unless so ordered.

**Preserving Flowers.**—*Kindly oblige by telling me the best way for preserving and pressing flowers, so that they will neither drop to pieces nor lose their colour?*—There is no other or better way than simply laying them out and pressing them between sheets of blotting or filtering paper, removing them after a few hours to dry paper two or three times in succession; of course the damp paper answers again after drying. The colour of many cannot be prevented from fading more or less, the colouring matter being fugitive after life has departed. Coming to pieces is avoided by taking care not to choose over-ripe specimens; and the flowers should also be put into blotting-paper as soon as gathered, not hours afterwards, carrying a blotting-case for the purpose. In Spain they have another method of preserving flowers without pressing, sticking the plant in a lump of clay at the bottom of a jar large enough to contain it in natural habit, and then pouring in fine dry sand very slowly and carefully, so as not to disarrange the leaves or flowers. A flower so treated is said to preserve its shape and a great deal of its colour for some months, so as to be useful for winter decoration; but we have not tried the process in England, and are not sure that our damp climate would give equally good results.—The other question about icing cakes was answered in the June part.

**Sea Weeds.**—*Would you please tell me how to prepare and dry sea-weed?*—This is a very seasonable inquiry, as probably the very best month of the year for collecting is September. The weeds should be gathered plentifully in order to pick out good specimens: then the very first thing to do is to soak them thoroughly in several changes of cold water; unless the salt is thus soaked out of them, they *never* dry. While thus soaking, parasites and small pebbles and other foreign matters should be removed. After that, the preparation "depends" on the sort of collection intended, but the principle is the same. The weed will only properly extend *in the water*, and should be carefully teased out if necessary with a bone knitting-needle. Then, if only cards are meant, the card should be carefully got under the piece of weed and the whole very slowly lifted out, while the delicate sprays are extended in the water, so that they may settle down on the card as removed. The card and weed is then put between blotting-paper and pressed, changing the paper for dry once or twice as in pressing flowers. More serious "collections" may either be proceeded with at once, or the weed, after soaking, shaken out on to a folded cloth and left in a shady place to dry. They will keep thus till convenient to treat them. Get some foolscap paper and blotting or "botanical" drying paper. A sheet of foolscap, being well oiled or greased, is laid on the bottom of a shallow dish on which it lies flat: then fill the dish with water, and immerse the specimen to be treated. This will soon "float" out its branches, which are to be spread as described with a needle or camel-hair brush as necessary, taking care that knobs and redundant branches lie uppermost, to be seen and removed. It is well to lay a small weight on the centre, and from this to lay out the plant, and when a bit is got nicely arranged, another little weight may be laid on it. The principal time is spent in this laying out. When all is ready the water is cautiously removed with a syphon or small sponge, and the greased sheet with the specimen upon it slid out of the dish on to the blotting-paper, the weights being removed. Lay on it another sheet of oiled paper, rearranging any trifling matters that need it, and put under a board and weight to squeeze flat and dry. When dry the specimen is easily removed from the oiled sheets, which do over and over again, and placed between the leaves of a book with guards, at first loose, but to be fastened with a little gum at any time when its place in the collection is finally determined; or they may be gummed upon cards.

## Astronomical Almanack for September.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | T | ☉ rises 5.14 A.M. |
| 2 | W | ☉ sets 6.44 P.M. |
| 3 | T | New ☽ 8.16 A.M. |
| 4 | F | ☽ greatest dist. from ♁ |
| 5 | S | Clock after ☉ 1m. 21s. |
| 6 | ♋ | 15 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 7 | M | Jupiter an evening star |
| 8 | T | Aquila S. 8.35 P.M. |
| 9 | W | Length of Day 13h. 2m. |
| 10 | T | Capricornus S. 8.54 P.M. |
| 11 | F | ☽ 1 Quarter 11.7 A.M. |
| 12 | S | Draco in zenith 6.28 P.M. |
| 13 | ♋ | 16 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 14 | M | Pegasus S. 11.25 P.M. |
| 15 | T | ☉ rises 5.36 A.M. |
| 16 | W | ☉ sets 6.12 P.M. |
| 17 | T | Jupiter S. 11.7 P.M. |
| 18 | F | ☽ least distance from ♁ [Full ☽ 5.4 A.M. |
| 19 | S | Mars rises 4.3 A.M. |
| 20 | ♋ | 17 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 21 | M | Daybreak 3.50 A.M. |
| 22 | T | Twilight ends 7.54 P.M. |
| 23 | W | Autumn Quarter begins |
| 24 | T | ☽ 3 Quarter 11.7 P.M. |
| 25 | F | Aquarius S. 9.42 P.M. |
| 26 | S | Clock after ☉ 8m. 36s. |
| 27 | ♋ | 18 SUN. AFTER TRINITY. |
| 28 | M | ☉ rises 5.57 A.M. |
| 29 | T | Michaelmas Day |
| 30 | W | ☉ sets 5.40 P.M. |



THE LAST FERRY

# THE BOOM IN BELLTOPPS.

## CHAPTER I.—THE LEGACY.



"NO, DEAR, THIS ISN'T FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM: THIS IS FOR THE DINING-ROOM."

THE 8.45 A.M. had gone. Savorin had never lost his train before, and there was no help for it. He turned up the collar of his overcoat, and sat down under shelter of the bookstall to wait for the next. It was in January of this year; there was fog, and there was snow; the fog thickening even at that hour of the morning; the snow so dense that it seemed to lighten the darkness of the fog.

The next train was due at 9.15. The 9.15 was the fashionable morning train for the City contingent of Brenton Heath. Brenton Heath was an ugly and rising suburb twenty-five minutes from town, on the main line from Brighton.

Savorin, huddling himself in his coarse tweed ulster, watched the arrivals for the 9.15. First came Quinland, the newest Queen's Counsel, who had taken silk in November, and was giving up his house at Brenton Heath at the quarter. Five minutes after him came Bord, the Editor of a financial daily, for whom the guard always reserved the same corner in the same first-class carriage, and who had to keep at arm's length the persons who pestered him for special information about the markets. Then came the American manager of the company which had just been floated to start a city of balloons (on the outskirts of Hammersmith), under the name of "London above the Fog." There were many others; well-dressed persons; first-class season tickets.

None of these were known to Savorin, who was rented at £35 per annum in a new "villa residence" on the outskirts of the Heath. He was the second clerk in the office of a South American

merchant in Great Winchester Street, rising £10 a year, with the chance of an annual £5 bonus.

The 9.15 was twenty minutes late; and no wonder. It was also very full; and Savorin, who held a second-class season, had no choice but to scramble into a first-class carriage. In the compartment immediately behind were Mr. Bord and a gentleman with him whom Savorin did not know by sight. In his own compartment there were no Brenton Heath people, with the exception of the American manager; a florid, handsome, and very tall man, with the merest indication of New York in his accent. He nodded to one or two of his fellow-travellers, acquaintances of the line; and then, as the train moved off, there was a general readjustment of wraps and rugs, and the newspapers were resumed.

On the line the snow lay in dirty masses, close up to the metals. From above, thick-coming flakes whirled against the windows, and even drifted beneath the doors of the carriage. The fog grew denser and darker as the express train rolled heavily towards town. The cold was painful; there was no resisting it, even in the well-protected first-class carriage. An elderly passenger, with a woollen shawl wrapped round the lower part of his face, who was studying the weather report, jerked out in muffled tones: "Weather report says six weeks more of it!" An abrupt and violent chorus of groans from all the other passengers.

Savorin alone, though he was not so warmly dressed as the other occupants of the carriage, and had only the corner of a foot-warmer for his share, seemed wholly indifferent to the weather. The truth is, his inner coat was lined in quite an unusual manner that morning. There was a Bank of England note for £50 in it. £50! It was thus, with a note of exclamation after the figures, that Savorin thought of his treasure. £50! It was equal to a third of his year's salary. With so much money in his pocket he felt not at all out of place in the first-class carriage; and he half hoped that tickets would be asked for at the next station, because he had placed his in the same compartment of his pocket-book with the bank-note.

This £50 was a windfall. It was the legacy of a great-aunt whom he had never seen, and whose name he had hardly known. He had not the least idea how or why he had come to be included in her will; and the lawyer's letter enclosing the £50 had been his first intimation of her death.

What talks they had had about it, Savorin and his wife! Several castles had already been built with it; built, and pulled down again. To such a couple as the merchant's clerk and his wife, who had more or less instant need of every shilling of Savorin's salary, it seemed possible to do almost anything with a lump sum of £50. But prudence had been allowed the last word in their counsels, and they had decided to put their treasure in the bank. Savorin had received a £10 bonus from his principal at Christmas, which was still intact; and he was to open an account at the City Bank during his luncheon hour that day.

The elderly passenger and the American, Colonel Higginson, were both intent on the money article. Presently Colonel Higginson laid down his paper, and stretched his big, well-nourished frame with a yawn of satisfaction. Savorin, sitting opposite to him, observed his ample fur coat, and wondered how much ready money he carried with him. Colonel Higginson took out a silver-bound cigar case and selected a cigar. Then he turned to the elderly passenger and said:

"What do you think of Belltopps?"

"They're still moving up, I see," replied the elderly passenger.

"They're going to boom!" said Colonel Higginson.

"H'm!" observed the elderly passenger.

"Yes, sir," continued the American; "Belltopps are going to be the biggest prize in the mining market. Buy 'em, is *my* advice."

"Do you mean as an investment or a speculation?" asked another passenger.

"I reckon they're good for both," said Colonel Higginson.

"An American silver mine, isn't it?" and the colonel nodded.

"Well, I've had enough of mines in my time," said the elderly passenger. "I'll sink no more money in the bowels of the earth, if *I* know it. With the best of mines something goes wrong sooner or later. The lode stops short, or the richest bit is too deep down for working, or there's a rush of water, or the mine caves in."

"I allow there's risk," said Colonel Higginson; "but if there's good stuff in it, it's bound to come out some time. It's coming out of Belltopp Hill all the while, and they've hardly begun on the main lode yet. You can take it from me, gentlemen, Belltopps are going to boom."

London Bridge was reached at length.

Hurrying out of the station, Savorin found himself immediately behind Mr. Bord and his friend, and heard the Editor say: "Yes, stick to the Belltopps. Don't sell on any account. Hold on to them for six months, and they'll be worth a little fortune to you."

"Belltopps, eh?" said Savorin to himself.

He glanced at his watch, turned up the collar of his ulster, and plunged into the cold confusion of the fog.

It was half-past ten; the street lamps made yellow dots upon the dun; there was no foothold in the black slime of London Bridge; the foot-passengers pushed each other against the parapet, to escape contact with the tangled traffic of the roadway.

"I'm certain of it; I've seen private reports from the manager in Australia. They'll be worth a little fortune to you."

The words came out of the fog to Savorin, at the City end of the Bridge. The Editor was just parting from his companion.

Savorin felt his way through Gracechurch Street and crept across Bishopsgate Street Without.

A little fortune!

What do you call a little fortune? Savorin, who was accustomed to take home a trifle under three pounds a week, had a bank-note for £50, and another for £10, in his pocket. The smaller sum

he had counted upon; the larger was a windfall. Should he lose the £50, he would be where he had been a week before; in no better, no worse a position: it was a fortune to the extent of £50. But these Belltopps? The Belltopps rather amused Savorin.

In the train in which he usually journeyed to town, the things of the Stock Exchange were not talked about: at least, not in the second-class compartments. No capitalist or speculator travelled second-class by the 8.45.

It tickled Savorin to think that he had all at once become a capitalist to the extent of £50.

He fell to wondering what another person would do with a casual £50, supposing him to have no immediate need of it. But speculation and the Stock Exchange had no interest, and scarcely any meaning, for Savorin. He had never in his life read the money article. Like the sporting article, and the political leader, it seemed a mere enigmatic embellishment of the morning paper; at any rate, it was not written for commercial clerks at three pounds a week. Savorin was still persuaded that it would be the part of the prudent man to lock up the legacy.

Passing through Austin Friars, he reached Great Winchester Street; and entering Great Winchester Street Buildings, he mounted to the offices of J. S Winton & Co., on the first floor. In the clerks' office the gas was burning, and an immense fire of coal and coke glowed in the capacious grate; but the fog drooped over all, and the flame of the gas and the glare of the fire only made the outer gloom more visible.

But the changeless routine of the office knew nothing of changes in the weather; and three stools had each its regular occupant; and the chief clerk was at his little sheltered desk, apart from the others, comfortably close to the fire. The glass doors of the case where the ledgers and invoice-books were kept stood open; the office-boy was at the copying-press: line for line, it was the same picture always.

Savorin, as he perceived, was the last to arrive. As he entered, his friend Balder, the chief clerk, looked round the screen of his desk.

"Morning, Sav! Snowed up, or been laying out that legacy again? Mr. Winton has called for you twice."

It was a sober and well-mannered firm; in the gossip of the clerks' office, the principal was never other than "Mr. Winton."

"Missed a train, and lost half an hour on the next," said Savorin, hurriedly putting off his ulster and wrap.

A nod to the other clerks, and he knocked at and opened the door of Mr. Winton's room.

Mr. Winton had finished the reading of his letters, and was sitting back in his padded chair: a tall, stout, heavy man, with a close-cut grey beard, a hand like a leg of mutton, and a perpetual cold in the head. His stolid good-nature had been proved upon occasion by all his clerks; but he was reticent and somewhat shy in his intercourse with them.

Savorin was the correspondence clerk of the firm. Every morning he was closeted with Mr Winton for an hour, discussing with him the letters received, and making notes of the replies to be written.

"Well, Edward"—Mr. Winton always addressed his elder clerks by their Christian names—"fog and snow, I suppose? No reliance on the services in these days. Take a seat. The mail's a small one to-day."

The letters lay open and sorted on Mr. Winton's desk, and there was another document beside them. Savorin's eye fell upon this immediately. It was a transfer to Mr. Winton of a thousand shares in the Belltopp Hill Silver Mines, Limited.

"What, Belltopps again!" was Savorin's inward comment, and he almost laughed. Mr. Winton had the character of a highly judicious speculator, and in fact he added to the profits of his legitimate business by an occasionally successful stroke on the Stock Exchange, being well advised in his ventures.

They discussed the correspondence, and Savorin rose to retire with his notes.

"One moment, Edward," said Mr. Winton, drawing the share transfer before him. "Be so kind as to witness my signature to this."

He put his name to the document, and handed it to Savorin, who did the same.

"Thank you," said Mr. Winton.

"Belltopp Hills, I see, sir," observed Savorin. "They were highly spoken of in the train this morning, and at London Bridge I overheard Mr. Bord of the 'Financial Gazette' say to some one with him that they would be worth a fortune to investors."

"Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Winton. "Yes, I believe them to be a good thing. Bad ventures, mines, though, as a rule. Never trust them except on the best information that can be had."

'They are not much in my way, sir," smiled Savorin.

"Well, better so; better so; only once in a way that they do good to anybody."

But the "once in a way" had usually been Mr. Winton's opportunity. Belltopp Hills loomed larger in Savorin's imagination. Mr. Winton was such a prudent man.

It seemed to Savorin that his luncheon hour came round very early that morning. While composedly writing the letters of the firm, his mind had been unwontedly active. It was the legacy which was the centre of the thoughts that busied and harried him. Would it, after all, be wisest to bury the legacy in the bank? Smaller sums than fifty pounds had been made to breed astonishingly, and sometimes in very short periods.

He was half inclined to ask the counsel of Mr. Winton, but thought it likely that his principal would bid him hoard his talents, as the safer part.

He was still cogitating, curiously, and with a novel sense of interest, when Balder asked if he were going out for lunch. They took their luncheon together three or four times in the week.

"I'll put it to Balder," concluded Savorin.

Your merchant's clerk seldom "dines" in the City; he "lunches." The luncheon of Balder and Savorin was in reality their frugal dinner. Balder,

as the chief clerk, was more highly salaried than Savorin; but he had three children to find for, while Savorin and his wife were alone. The two clerks sought variety for their midday meal by an occasional change of restaurant; but their favourite haunt was Bishopsgate Street Without, where prices ruled moderate.

Balder was a medium-sized, energetic fellow, with a fresh complexion, nose slightly tip-tilted, and an abundant moustache, which he tugged at with both hands when he laughed.

Savorin was taller and slimmer; dark-coloured, and with a normal expression which, while by no means unpleasing, was staid and somewhat tristful. Balder was about thirty-nine, Savorin was just thirty.

Said Savorin: "I'm going to stand lunch to-day."

"Good man," replied the other. "And I tell you, Sav, a fellow wants his grub a day like this; wants it hot and solid, my boy. It's beefsteak-pudding day at Crosby Hall, I fancy."

"Well, let's go there; but my time's rather short to-day; I'm thinking of doing a little business of my own at the bank this morning."

"Oh! Settled on banking it, eh? Well, that's the way to keep it, anyhow."

They hovered a moment on the edge of the pavement, and put forward warily into the blind unknown of the roadway; catching at the rail of a 'bus, sheltering at the tail of a van; seeming fairly lost when they had made, as they guessed, about half the passage; and greeting the opposite kerb-stone as the friendliest of shores.

"This is the day when a man likes to know that his life is insured," observed Balder, as they entered the gas-lit restaurant, where the steam and fume of the dishes compounded with the fog to produce an atmospheric hodge-podge.

"*My* life's not insured," said Savorin.

"Well, you can think about it now, you know. You might take a slice out of the legacy."

"The fact is," answered Savorin, "I'd like to feel certain what's just the best thing to do with that legacy. It isn't much, to be sure; but there it is. What do you say, old chap?"

"Ah! now you're asking me something," said Balder, sententiously. "Well, no harm could come to it in the bank; that's a safe move, at any rate."

"But that's about the end of it, eh? You see, Balder, I never expected this, and that's saying that I should have got along without it. Why shouldn't I play with it a bit?"

"A little game of speculation?" queried the chief clerk.

"There are fellows who roll in no end that way, aren't there?"

"Not many of them in our walk, though, Sav."

"Then you're against that?"

"Well, let me see, Sav. You're in luck's way at present. You've pocketed fifty pounds that you never expected; who knows but you may be in for a run of good turns? I don't see why, if you'll face the risk, you shouldn't try your chance. You might do a little bit of a deal with half of what you have in hand. But don't rush it; take your time. There are things to be picked up in a small way, if you get to know the markets."

"As how, for instance?"

"Why, Sav, I should have to teach you the A B C of speculation, I expect. Do you know stock from shares?"

"Aren't they the same?"

Balder clapped him on the arm, and laughed; and Savorin laughed, less hilariously.

"Put it in the bank, my boy; bank it, bank it! That's the ticket for *you*, Sav."

"But——" began Savorin.

"No, no. Three per cent. in the savings bank. That's the profit for you, Sav."

"I *should* like a shot at something more promising," said Savorin, half humorously, half yearningly.

"No. Speculation's not the sport for you. Don't think of it. You haven't a speculating face, Sav."

So that ended with a laugh; but Savorin was unconvinced and unsatisfied.

"Now," said Balder, when they had finished eating, "put yourself under my wing, Sav, and let me bring you to the bank. That's your haven; you know it, Sav."

"You wouldn't bank that fifty pound if it were yours?"

"H'm, well, I'm not so positive that I shouldn't. If I didn't know stock from shares, I'm dead sure I should. So, come along with me, my boy."

"No, no," said Savorin, irresolute; vaguely beckoned—whither, he scarcely knew, except that it was not towards the savings bank. "No; I'll go back, and think it over again. I could slip out to the bank, you know, before closing time."

"You're brooding something desperate. There's a temerarious flicker in your eye. You'll do a wanton thing before night, Sav."

Indeed, however, there was no precipitancy in his face; his expression was very unlively. He was as little disposed to a presumptuous or a reckless step as any prudent leader of horses in the dreadful street without.

As they returned to the office, through the bleak, black, sodden lanes, Savorin said: "What are these Belltopps that every one seems to be talking of and buying?"

"The newest boom in mines. Ah! that might be a chance for us, Sav, if we had our loose few thousands to throw into the market, like Mr. W."

"He has bought a thousand shares. I witnessed his signature to the transfer this morning."

"Then he reckons to make five times that number of pounds out of them by-and-by, at the very least. Think of that, my friend! Multiply your legacy by a hundred."

"Five thousand pounds—ah! But suppose it shouldn't come off?"

"Well, suppose that. It would pinch him less than the loss of a fiver would you or me."

"That's it!" exclaimed Savorin. "We must have capital, capital, capital!"

"Meanwhile," responded Balder the politic, "we must not do anything wanton before night."

At the entrance to Austin Friars, Savorin bought an evening paper—quite a piece of extravagance on his part.

They mounted to "J. S. Winton & Co.," and resumed work.

Savorin had fewer letters than usual to write that day, and it was early in the afternoon when he carried them into Mr. Winton's room, to lie for signature. Then he went back to his desk, and took up the evening paper. He looked at the money article, but the technical terms conveyed little meaning to him. He skimmed the article, until he saw the words "Belltopp Hills," then paused and read:

"In the mining market, once more, the chief consolation afforded was the business in American Belltopp Hills. The demand for shares was as brisk as ever, and the price closed ⅛ better. Nearly twenty thousand shares changed hands in the course of the day, and it was authoritatively stated that an exceptionally good report would be received almost immediately from the manager in America."

"Balder," called out Savorin, "what does 'an eighth better' mean?"

"A rise of two-and-six," said Balder.

Savorin made a calculation on his blotting-pad, and found that if he had bought fifty shares in Belltopp Hills the day before, he would have gained a profit in twenty-four hours equal in amount to more than two weeks' salary. He would have been six pounds five shillings in pocket.

He looked at his watch. There was still time to hurry to the bank. Once in the bank, the money would be secure. Yes, but it would not breed there at the rate of "an eighth better" in twenty-four hours. Savorin put his head between his hands, and thought strenuously; meditating what would be for him a great and daring stroke.

He passed his affairs in mental review. Such as he was then, he had been the year before, and the year before that; and in five years to come, it would be much the same with him. Five years hence there would still be the 8.45 train to catch in the morning, after a snatched breakfast; the day's round at the office would be unchanged; his pocket would be as light as usual—one-and-fourpence for luncheon, and a little for casual expenses; at home, they would still be hovering on the line of perceptible suburban respectability.

If their poverty were not grinding, it was because Savorin had painfully disciplined himself to have no tastes, desires, aspirations, requirements even, that needed money for their fulfilment; and this habitual tyrannous suppressing or ignoring of self just availed to keep him secure in house, and square with his paltry corner of the world.

A sudden greed of money rose in him; money, for the comfort of it; for the pleasure of his wife, who had so little pleasure, Savorin thought. He looked at his watch again; it was just past four—the banks were closed.

He went over to his peg behind the wooden screen, and took his hat and ulster.

"Steady, boy, steady!" said Balder, menacing him humorously. "Bank's closed now."

"I know that," answered Savorin, with a smile that ended in a twitching of the lips.

Outside the office, he trembled. He did not know where he was going, or what he intended to do. He wanted to do some big thing with his fifty pounds. He was hot and wild—the stoical, patient clerk, who kept all his desires dungeoned, under bolt and bar of the will. He looked for some stroke of magic by which, in mythland (or the Court of Chancery), the prize of fortune is secured by him who least expects it.

From Great Winchester Street it is a short, though tortuous, step to Throgmorton Street, which (while we are talking of fortune's gifts) is a much more romantic spot than any in mythland. The Stock Exchange was closed, but the sedulous members, driven from "The House," carry their benches outside, and some business is always done in "the street." Money, and love, and pure art, are the three occupations in which the workers will never accept a definite closing hour.

Savorin felt almost as though he had come out to do some wicked thing. He was stung by doubt, and utterly irresolute; the prey of whirling desires, which urged him on, but gave him never a notion whither he was being driven. It seemed to him that some sort of new birth were taking place in him, or that some foreign nature were violently dislodging his old one, and taking absolute possession in its place. He felt it quite impossible at that moment to go on doing the things that he had done contentedly or carelessly every day for years past; to take the same train home, to sit down to the same fare at supper, to pass the evening at home as usual, with no diversion from without, though he knew that he was always happy with his wife. Everything must be changed. The chance had come. They must make a tremendous effort to lift themselves. His wife—ah! that was it—his wife deserved so much more pleasure than he had ever been able to give her: dresses, money to spend, amusements, a better place in their wretched little social circle. He must get all these things for his wife.

And there he stood, not knowing how to get them; peering with excitement and a kind of fear into Throgmorton Street, where, sooty black and bitter cold as it was, there was still some bustle of business, and voices passing on the cries of the closing markets.

"Belltopps," "Belltopp Hills," "Belltopps." Several times Savorin heard these words distinctly, uttered by different voices, echoing up and down the street. Belltopp Hills were still booming.

All at once he caught sight of a friend, an acquaintance rather. His acquaintance was a young man, an authorised clerk in the firm of stockbrokers with whom Mr. Winton did most of his speculative business. Savorin called to him, and they exchanged greetings across the narrow street.

"I say, what are Belltopps?" called out Savorin.

"Close on a pound."

"I could buy fifty," thought Savorin.

His friend crossed the street to him. "Does your governor want another thousand?" he asked. "Sharp's the word. They're rising every hour; they'll be twenty-three or twenty-five shillings to-morrow, I expect."

"Could you buy at a pound to-night?" said Savorin

"Might do it at a fraction below."

"Buy me fifty," said Savorin.

"Do you mean for yourself?" asked his friend.

"That's it," said Savorin, no longer excited in the least.

"Good business for you, my boy!" responded the other. "You're going to make your fortune. But it must be done quickly, if it's to be done to-night:" and he vanished through the fog.

Savorin turned and went back to the office. He felt immensely relieved. He was convinced that he had been inspired to do the right thing at the right moment; that what he had done was of all possible things the best.

"Well?" queried Balder, looking up from his ledger as Savorin entered the office,

"I've bought fifty Belltopps," said Savorin, very contentedly.

"Then I believe you're right!" said Balder.

Savorin himself felt not a doubt of it.

Mr. Winton left the office early that evening, and his senior clerks were seldom long in following him. Savorin was on his way home soon after five o'clock. Snow was falling through the fog, there was not a breath of wind to purge the horrid opaque in which the City was all involved. Savorin cared even less for the miseries of the night than he had done for those of the morning. One brief moment of disquiet he had, when, putting his hand upon the pocket where the cheque was—for the ugliness of the night was almost alarming—he remembered that the fifty pounds had ceased to belong to him. But the next instant he felt quite comfortable again. He had put the money from him, only to receive it back with increase. He had already begun to make some gain without working for it. This is a queer sensation to the man who has been able to show his stroke of work for every shilling he has pocketed. He reflected that he might sell his shares on the following day, and take a profit even by that small transaction. His friend had told him that the shares were rising every hour.

He got to London Bridge sooner than usual, and found that he was just in time to catch the 5.30 train. The 5.30 completed the eight miles to Brenton Heath in an hour and three-quarters, and the half-mile up the hill from the station gave Savorin nearly half an hour's walk.

There was a line of light under the blind in the house in the middle of the row. The little gas lamp in the passage was unlighted; his wife had perhaps been taking tea somewhere. Savorin stamped the snow from his shoes, and let himself in with his latch-key.

A door that gave on the outer passage was jerked open a little way, and a pair of dark eyes—Savorin's twin stars—gleamed on him.

"Shut the door, dear! It's so cold as never was. You're like a snow-man! I won't touch you till you've taken off your ulster."

Savorin unbuttoned, and threw off his ulster; love glowing on his pinched dark face at the sight of her. She slipped from the door, shivering prettily, as he entered.

"Come to the fire and tell me what it is like in town."

"Ah! wait till you hear what I've done," said he.

"Is it about the legacy?" asked Mrs. Savorin, with a faint anxiety in her voice.

"Yes, the legacy."

"But suppose I've done something about it too?"

"Eh?" asked Savorin, alarmed.

"What have you done? Come in and say."

She pushed him before her into the little parlour, where her own chair was bestowed in front of a well-nourished fire. Savorin's slippers, however, were there also. The room, despite the littleness and the cheapness of everything it contained, was pretty; with evidences of taste, if of a superficial and imitative kind.

"Ah!" exclaimed Savorin, delightedly, covering his wife again with his eyes; "you've got something new on. You've got a wrapper, a real evening wrapper."

"A tea-gown, Ned. I thought——"

"Yes, dear, of course. I know you wanted one. I like it. It's lovely. It turns the parlour into a drawing-room. A kiss for the tea-gown, Annie!"

"It was really very cheap, Ned."

"Nobody would believe that, to see you wearing it!"

Indeed, Mrs. Savorin looked well in the rose-coloured tea-gown. It may have been as cheap as she said, but the lines of it blended beautifully with the light soft lines of her own figure. Her black hair, loose on her rounded neck, took a deeper lustre from it.

Mrs. Savorin was a buoyant and well-shaped young woman of six and twenty. She was of the conquering type of feminine beauty; that is to say, she was a brunette. In the modern marriage-market the brunette is favourite; her chances are ten to the nine chances of the blonde. Savorin delighted in his wife. She was extravagant, and of a variable temper; but her dominant mood was optimistic, and her gay vivacity was never long in eclipse. Savorin had a suspicion that she had sometimes pawned the silver medals of Trinity College, Dublin, which his father had bequeathed to him; but she always had something pretty in millinery afterwards, and somehow the medals found their way home again. Mrs. Savorin was not quite the equal of her husband in birth, but in their little commonplace suburban circle her distinction was rather more than his, and it was generally said that when her husband should be promoted to the first clerkship she would be quite capable of the social position. What this meant was, that the social equals of Mrs. Savorin, who were conscious of her natural superiority, had not occasion as yet to be jealous of her. It is not until the challenge of supremacy comes that the tongue of detraction begins to wag.

Savorin was set down to his supper; forgetting that he was not to eat supper any more.

Annie pushed her wicker chair close up to his.

"What have you done about the legacy?" she said. "Were you joking?"

"Quite serious."

"Go on; tell me. Haven't you put it in the bank?"

"No."

"Ned, what have you done?"

Savorin composed his face, and said, without looking at his wife,

"I've bought fifty Belltopps."

"Belltopps?" said Mrs. Savorin. "Belltopps? Why, those are a vulgar kind of trousers. Do you mean that you've bought fifty pairs of trousers?"

Savorin put his arm rather timorously about the shapely neck of his wife.

"Annie," he said, "I have taken a great step. I have risked the legacy to—to make us rich. I have bought shares in a silver mine."

"A silver mine," said Mrs. Savorin, "a silver mine; that's something to do with the Stock Exchange, isn't it? Do you mean that you've been speculating, Ned?"

"Investing, dear, not speculating," said her husband, who had the barest notion of the difference between those terms.

"That means you've spent the money, though;" and Mrs. Savorin looked open-eyed on her husband as she said it. "Well, but—I've spent the money too, Ned!"

Savorin turned upon his wife, not with anger, but with fear.

"*You've* spent it, love; why, that isn't possible!"

"But I have, Ned."

"But what have you spent it on, dear?"

"On the—on the house."

"The house?" muttered Savorin, surveying the room, but noting no change there. "What has happened to the house, dear?"

She edged closer to him, caressing his arm with plump, tremulous fingers. "Have you forgotten the drawing-room, which we wanted so much to furnish, Ned?"

"What, Annie, you've been spending the money that way!" exclaimed Savorin, almost afraid to grasp the meaning of her words. "But you couldn't, you had no money to spend."

"Ned, don't look like that; you frighten me. No, of course, I haven't really spent the money; I've only pledged it in a kind of way."

"Oh, well," added Savorin, brightening a little, "that's not so bad, dear. We can easily get out of that, I should think."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Savorin, but somewhat dubiously. "I suppose we could do that if we were obliged to, though it wouldn't look very well, dear, would it? You see, Ned, I thought it all over again after you had gone out this morning, and it did seem rather a pity to put all that money away from us in the bank when we really do want it. We always live within our income, you know, so we needn't save it for fear of debts. And it was really of you that I was thinking, Ned; as it is, we have scarcely what can be called a position, and we can't have one as long as we are without something in the shape of a drawing-room."

"Yes, dear, yes," said her husband, endeavouring to persuade himself that the furnished drawing-room must be useful in some way, and wondering how much fifty pounds would accomplish towards that end; "but I did not say anything about the drawing-room when the legacy came, because, after all, fifty pounds does not quite furnish a drawing-room."

"That's what I thought too, Ned; but the man was so kind about it. He said that with fifty pounds down he would furnish the drawing-room in any style we pleased; because the rest of the money might wait; he wouldn't press us for it at all."

"Why, then, we're in debt already," said Savorin. "Fifty pounds, and the rest to wait! My dear, what have you done? We have not even fifty pounds for furniture. We have nothing at all. Every penny of it is in the silver mine. We might have bought shares, or we might buy furniture; but we can't buy both. And then——"

There was a knock at the door, and a servant came in with a parcel.

"I was to say, ma'am," said the servant, "that you can change it, and welcome, to-morrow, if you don't like the pattern."

"Eh?" said Savorin, as the servant withdrew, "is the drawing-room furniture coming already?"

"Ah, now, Ned," cried Annie, springing from her chair, "this you'll like, I know. We've wanted this, as you've often said, ever since we married. No, dear, this isn't for the drawing-room; this is for the dining-room. I thought that, whatever we did with the legacy, we must anyhow make it save something in the washing of table-linen. You spill vinegar at supper at least three times a week, Ned;" and here Mrs. Savorin untied the parcel, "so I thought I really must buy you—that."

She unfolded and displayed a silver-plated cruet-stand.

"Beautiful, dear; but—but this is to be paid for too, I suppose."

"Oh, not immediately, Ned! We needn't pay before the end of the week. They know us at the shop. We had the kitchen lamp mended there the other day."

"Yes, dear, to be sure." He took the cruet-stand from his wife, and fingered it nervously. He felt miserably alarmed. He was no longer the capitalist, or the confident shareholder. He had ceased to own money. Much worse than that; for the first time in his life he had begun to be a debtor. There was something malignant about this legacy; it was working to his injury.

"Don't you like the pattern, dear?" said his wife.

Her voice sounded strangely in his ears. The pattern? He looked to see what the pattern was. It seemed a proper pattern enough, for persons in their position.

"You see, Annie," he said, "it's rather awkward. We can't very well do both. We must choose between this and the shares."

Mrs. Savorin had taken a fancy to the pattern; she thought it better than the one she had suggested to the shopman.

"Of course, we can change it if you don't like it, Ned," she said.

"I'm thinking how we are to fit in your plan with mine, Annie."

"Well, let's try, Ned. You've told me nothing about yours yet."

"To-morrow, dear. Perhaps we shall have to unmake mine. I want to think about it. Your tea-gown is beautiful; I like it better and better."

Savorin went to bed that night, resolved that he must sell out his shares on the following day.

He wearied for an hour or two before he slept, thinking of his wife. She had puzzled him that night! she had inspired him with a kind of fear. He had never known her act in this way before. Then he remembered how unlike his normal self he, too, had been throughout that day. The legacy must be in some way blameable for it all. His mind wandered back through the unstirred, even years of their married life. He could not recall a day of all those years when their poverty had irked him. This reflection brought a pang with it. Had he not been too selfish in his love of his wife? Had she been as happy as he in their little shabby existence? Should he not have tried before this to put her in a better place? Under all her timidity, how she had tingled with delight at the prospect of the furnished drawing-room. Savorin thought how beautiful she would look in the drawing-room. It was pleasanter to picture her beautiful in the drawing-room than to conjecture what might happen if, in this new expansion of her nature (so pleasant for her, Savorin thought), she were to go on fancying that the legacy were a Fortunatus' purse. Then the heart-sinking came again. Perhaps, if he sold out the shares, Annie might have her way about the drawing-room; but he must be a little strict with her as to the future. He must bring her to know that the legacy was already exhausted. But was it? His fancy swam into another orbit. What if the Belltopps should go on increasing? How much more he might do for her then than the little she had set her heart upon! Perhaps, though, he had better keep this to himself. He would see how the shares stood the next day. So he harassed himself into sleep, his wife sleeping lightly the while.

He awoke more confident. Come what might, they could take up the shares, or they could part with them and give Annie her drawing-room, and everything that the drawing-room would be to her. The legacy was still good for the one venture or for the other.

He wondered how the market had closed on the previous night. The morning paper was a luxury he did not permit himself; he read Balder's at the office. Then it occurred to him as quite a happy notion that he could buy one at the station.

He rose and dressed a quarter of an hour before his time, in order that he might be early at the station.

The drawing-room faded from his fancy; he could think only of Belltopp Hills.

Mrs. Savorin wondered why he was getting up so early.

"Mustn't lose the train every day, dear," was his excuse. "Could we manage breakfast ten minutes earlier?"

"Oh-h-h yes, why not, if you're in such a dreadful hurry," said Mrs. Savorin, contentedly. "You needn't trouble about mine, Ned; Mary can bring it to me this morning."

She pushed her thick black hair away from her low, white forehead, and yawned with a satisfied sense. Savorin looked quite jealous and out of humour.

"Mary shall do nothing of the sort," said he, in a tone which was intended to be very brusque. It was his chief pleasure on these winter mornings to carry up her breakfast to her. "Can't I make breakfast myself, dear, for once in a way?"

"No, you shall *not* do that, Ned," returned Annie, in a hurry of self-reproach, and she sprang at the bell over her head.

"I'll do it, I'll do it, dear," said Savorin; and he went to the door, and gave the necessary order in a shout.

"So good of you, dear," smiled Annie, a quarter of an hour later, when Savorin brought up her breakfast. "Is it all comfortable for you downstairs? Have you got any fire? And Ned, dear, what about the drawing-room?"

This last little question, shaped like a soft entreaty, moved Savorin, as anything so spoken by his wife must inevitably do; whilst it gave him yet another moment of uneasiness concerning that interesting chamber.

But he was bound to give his wife this one thing that she craved, now that for the first time in his life he could do it.

"Begin to furnish it," he said. "Mind, dear, you mustn't be rash. We can't do everything with fifty pounds. No more cruets, I think—though that's a very nice one; no more bills, dear. I shall call at the furniture place, coming home, and see them about it."

Annie's eyes sparkled. She could not hide her enjoyment of her little triumph.

"I know you'll say by-and-by that I've been very wise about it, Ned. It will be ever so helpful to us, you'll see. But I do think you ought to get rid of those horrid shares. What can people like us do with shares? Can't you make the person you got them from take them back?"

"I have no doubt, dear, I could get rid of them directly. Perhaps I might even be paid something for getting rid of them? What do you think of that?"

"Oh!" said Annie, a new glitter in her eyes at the mere notion of profit. "Are they really valuable? Don't be stupid, and sell them for nothing, Ned. I wish you knew something about these things, dear. Be sure you get all you can for them."

Savorin kissed her a sweet good-bye.

"Trust me to do all that is possible. And now, be prudent till I come back. No more surprises for me to-night! Perhaps I may have good news for you; but we have both got to be very careful, Annie dearest."

"Am I such a madcap, then? Am I going to swamp him in debts, and fill his house with bailiffs? Why, I haven't another wish in the world, Ned!"

It needed only words like these to renew all the loving confidence of Savorin in the wife whom he adored.

He kissed her again and left her; more than

ever determined at that moment that he *must* make a fortune out of Belltopps.

His own breakfast was cold, but he buttered a slice of bread, and swallowed a cup of pale tea unconcernedly, while getting on his boots.

## CHAPTER II.—WHAT THE LEGACY DID FOR THEM.

The weather was still arctic, but the comparative clearness of the air made it almost cheerful. Savorin went as fast as he could through the half-formed road, floundering now and then in drifts where the snow rose to mid-thigh. The sharp flakes were blown into his face; it was barely half-past eight, and nature was still niggard of her light. Most windows were curtained on either side of the road, even in that plebeian street. Savorin wondered how many shareholders in the Belltopp Hill Silver Mine were abroad at that severe hour. But the main thing was that he was in good time for the 8.45.

The book-stall boy did not offer to cut the paper for him; he was unknown as a customer. The Money Article, now—the Money Article! Yes, there was something about Belltopp Hills.

"In the Mining Market, business was as brisk as ever in American Belltopp Hills, which, indeed, were almost the only shares dealt in in the miscellaneous section. Early in the day the price rose ⅛; but, despite the large number of shares that were taken up, there was no improvement on this until the regular business hours were over. Transactions were continued in 'the Street,' however, notwithstanding the desperate weather; and at the very last moment there was another and a bigger rise. A cable was received from the manager in America, stating that a new and richer lode had been struck, and on the strength of this information the shares touched 1¼ at the close. It is to be wished that the outlook were as bright for other mining ventures."

"'One and a quarter,'" said Savorin to himself. "That's one pound five a share, I suppose. A big rise, I expect. But what were *my* shares bought at? Fenton said he might be able to get them at less than £1. If he bought them at £1, and they closed at £1 5*s*., I have made a profit of £12 10*s*. already. Yes, but if he had to pay the closing price for them, I am that much out of pocket, for my fifty shares must have cost £62 10*s*. Now have I gained or lost £12 10*s*.?"

He would run to Fenton's office, he thought, on the way up from London Bridge, and learn how he stood at once. This was a big matter; to be in or out of pocket to the amount of £12 10*s*. It was a month's salary. But, though there was little fog, the line was heavier than ever, and the train was late again. Mr. Winton's post might be a large one that morning, and a large post must be taken in hand at a good hour. Savorin had the clerkly instinct; he was always keen for the interests of the firm. It was matter of course with him to put his own affairs behind him. His biting anxiety to know at what price Fenton had bought the shares was not motive enough to take him ten minutes out of his way to Great Winchester Street.

Mr. Winton had not arrived, but Balder was just before Savorin at the office.

"I say," said Balder, "what price did you buy at last night?"

"I don't know. It was Fenton who bought for me. He said he might get them at a fraction under a pound."

"Lucky for you if he did, Sav. They closed five shillings better than that."

"Yes, I see they did. But suppose he bought at closing price?"

"Well, another rise of five shillings will make you up the difference; and according to all accounts, the shares are not going to stick at present prices for long. They may mount another quarter to-day. Look here, Sav; now you're in for this, be a little plucky. A downright good mine, when it's well at work, and buyers have got to believe in it, is the best speculation going. But at a slack time like this, when there's no particular confidence in anything, it's an up and down game with the best of ventures. Don't you get yourself in a fever about Belltopps. If the shares are a bit cheaper one day than they were the day before, keep cool. If they make a big jump another day, keep cool still. A good mine is bound to go right in the long run. See how quiet Mr. Winton keeps about his 'specs.' When he's made up his mind to put down his money, he puts it down, and then he bides his time. Do you think he's in a fever in the morning to know how prices closed the night before? Not a bit! You can bet that he has put Belltopps out of his head already. That's the attitude for you, my boy."

"But you're not going to compare my position with his, old chap?"

"You've turned speculator in a little way. Good luck to you, I say! I only quote Mr. W. as the model for any and every speculator. You know what I mean, Sav; you've got to keep cool about it. My notion is that you're in for a good thing, and that your fifty-pound legacy is going to be five or six legacies of the same size by-and-by. But let it alone for a bit, and keep cool."

This was spoken in an undertone behind the screen of Balder's desk. Mr. Winton came in shortly afterwards, and twenty minutes later Savorin was called into his room to discuss the correspondence with him. He looked somewhat closely at his principal. Mr. Winton must have bought his shares at something less than £1; so that, since Savorin had seen him on the previous day, he had made a probable profit of about £300. He was as phlegmatically good-natured as usual, his cold in the head was no better, and he said nothing whatever about Belltopp Hills.

When Savorin returned to his desk he carried with him the material for a good morning's work, and he did not shirk a stroke of his pen to save five minutes for an early move to luncheon.

Once in the street again, however, Balder's counsel was as nothing to him. He did not want to eat, and he could not eat, until he knew how he stood about his purchase. He went to Fenton's office; Mr. Fenton was at lunch they told him. Five minutes afterwards, Savorin met his friend in the street.

"Hullo! want to know about your shares?"

said Fenton, "we shall be posting the transfer to you to-night. I bought at one and one-eighth. That's £56 5s. for your fifty. Seen you ten minutes sooner last night, I could have bought at a pound, and saved you a fiver and a bit over. Never mind, it looks like a safe thing; an eighth more or less won't matter in a week. Like to take up a few more?"

"No more money to put on them at present," said Savorin, taking his loss of £6 5s. quietly. "What's the price this morning?"

"Eh? oh! they're not quite so strong this morning. That was rather a big rise last night, you know, as mining things are just now. But I dare say they'll recover this afternoon. I'll keep you in the know about them, as far as I can. You might do worse than take up a few more, if you've got another 'fifty' to risk."

"Ah! There you are!" said Savorin. "That fifty was just a little bit of ready-money I had."

"Well, you've done a smart thing with it, if you ask me," observed Fenton.

"You think the boom's going to last?"

"It'll last long enough to do *you* a good turn old man!"

"That's all I want," said Savorin.

"Well, you'll get that. So long!"

"So long, Fenton!"

Savorin had imagined that if he were out of pocket, ever so little, by his purchase, he would feel it keenly. But he was not disturbed in the least. There was no inlet for misgiving amid the universal confidence. Every one seemed to say or think that Belltopps were rioting to fortune. He was a speculator in Belltopps, and must keep cool. Balder was right; Mr. Winton was right; Belltopps were a winning hazard, the player had only to preserve his head. He ate his luncheon contentedly, and began to think that Annie had not been at all imprudent in her little venture about the drawing-room; which would no doubt help them on in a social way at Brenton Heath, where their position amongst their neighbours was certainly not quite what it might be. He thought how unselfish Annie had been all these years, to be content with their half-acknowledged place in the outer circle of the pretty suburbanism of their little neighbourhood.

"Heard anything?" said Balder, when Savorin returned to the office after luncheon.

"They're not quite so good this morning."

"Wish I had your fifty of them, all the same!"

"Well, yes; it doesn't look as though I ought to grumble. Fenton wanted me to buy some more. There seems to be a kind of belief in them. But, B., how long is it going to last?"

"What, the boom? Well, I don't know; but you've thrown in with one of Mr. Winton's ventures, and *he* doesn't often make a mistake."

"Then I'm safe for a while, you think?"

"I've a belief that way. I won't say more. You're an awful duffer at the game, Sav, you know; but you're the kind of chap who chances on a nice find now and then; and I have a notion that you've dropped on one now. That's all I'll say."

Savorin began to think that he had been a rather clever speculator without knowing it.

No; that is, perhaps, not quite the right way to put it. There was no tinge of egoism in him. He could not think that he had ever done anything in his life which gave him any right to believe in himself. He thought of himself, what most other people thought of him, that he was an inconsiderable, good-natured, dull fellow—poor company anywhere—who knew just enough to keep him plodding on in the safe track; pretty sure to be always in bread and cheese, and certain never to be in clover. He knew his own position well enough, and the utter barrenness of his prospects. He was one of the rank and file of commerce. He was skilled in his business; he was worth his scurvy pay; but there were a thousand others ready and able to take his place, if he should drop or be thrust from the ranks. But, for all this, Savorin often believed that he was one of the luckiest of men; and so he was, for he had a perpetual romance. He lived in his love for his wife. His love of his wife made him happy and unhappy in his changeless poverty. He was happy, because he wanted nothing in life except his wife; unhappy, because his poverty was also poverty for her. This it was that made him feel almost proud of himself in conjecturing the results of his little speculation. He had chanced upon the one and only means of lifting himself out of the ruck.

He began to feel the fascination of the game of speculation. He had found an opening in his ring-fence of perpetual indigence. This is the way the game is looked at by the multitude of unmoneyed money-seekers, when it is first revealed to them and they are lured into it by the hope it offers of making just a little gain that is not to be compassed by any other means. Its attraction is extraordinary before the nature of the game is fairly realised, and it never dazzles so much as when the player is just beginning it, and stakes the trifle that is his all, and is on the scent of profit, and knows nothing of "cutting his losses." There are tens of thousands of men and women, with little to lose, watching the rise or fall in quotations every day of the year. In January of this year, Savorin joined this anxious congregation.

He was rather late in the city that evening, which gave him opportunity and excuse to buy the last edition of an evening paper at London Bridge. It recorded the closing prices of the day, and Belltopp Hills had risen $\frac{1}{16}$. An increase of one-sixteenth (one shilling and threepence per share) meant that Savorin had already recovered one-half of his loss of £6 5s. This assurance sent him home in excellent heart.

Annie was waiting for him; affectionate and gay. The drawing-room furniture had begun to arrive.

It was so nice to have her edging up to him at his supper; and she had given him a sweetbread, an indulgence for which he must inevitably have scolded her, had he not remembered that it was her own favourite dish, and that she could share it with him. Indeed, he persuaded her to a fair half of the dish.

"Now," she said, "what have you done about those shares?"

"Kept them," said Savorin.

"Then they're really worth something, Ned?"

"They're worth more than I gave for them, dear."

"How much more, Ned? Ever so much?"

"No, dear, not that; but a few pounds at least. Why, fancy, dear, by buying those shares I have made more than seven pounds since yesterday, without doing a stroke of work!"

"Ned!" exclaimed Annie. "More than seven pounds in a day! Why, that's more than forty pounds a week. Do you mean to say that you're going to make more than forty pounds a week without working for it? You can leave the office, we can go away from this, we can——"

"How delightful all that seems to you, Annie, dear!" he said, tightening his hold on her waist; "you'd like a change very much? You'd like to get away from this?"

For a pretty young woman whose heart assured her that her zest of life had never been properly gratified, Mrs. Savorin was very politic.

"I won't have any insinuations, Ned," she said. "I am sure you think I'm never satisfied with anything at home. It's very unkind of you. You won't believe how much I'm trying to do for *you*."

All the common sense in Savorin melted when she talked to him like this. He believed nothing but that she was as sedulous for him as he for her.

He laughed at her, he felt so confident that night.

"I am going to do grand things for you, dear," he said.

"For yourself, Ned," she insisted.

"What do I want for myself? Don't let us be stupid with each other. You know for whom I bought those shares."

She turned up her soft dark face to him, and he never saw the avarice in her eyes.

"Are they going to make us very rich? Are we really going to move away from here, and live like people with money?"

Savorin felt no envy of the people with money; but he could not bring himself to reproach Annie for being less humdrum in her desires. But that wistful eye of hers seemed to hope too much.

"We are just going to wait and see what will happen, dearest," he answered. "No big plans at present. We must see how it goes with the shares; everything depends upon them. Sometimes, you know, shares behave badly, and don't bring in any profit at all. Sometimes they do much worse than that, and one loses everything by them."

Yes; Annie supposed so, she said; but as there was very little apprehension in her husband's tone, she felt none whatever herself. She knew his prudence, she could not possibly imagine him doing anything rash with money. All his fondness for her had never suffered him to loosen the purse-strings after their weekly or monthly limit had been reached. He had a terror of debt, and Annie began to think that this mine of his must be, not a silver, but a gold mine—a story-book gold mine—or he would never have consented to the drawing room; and now he was looking forward to something grander than that for them. It must be that his want of trust in her kept him from telling her everything; she half believed that he was already making his fortune. So Annie began to think that she might safely go on with her plans.

Savorin himself underwent a change from that day. He felt less care, and looked less careworn. It might be, he thought, that life, real life, the life that Annie had always pined for, was just beginning for them.

At the office the next morning he received the transfer—fifty shares at £1 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 12*s.* 6*d.* for broker's commission; in all, £56 17*s.* The £6 17*s.* must be taken out of the £10 bonus. With the transfer was a note from Fenton, saying that, as the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange had begun, he should be glad to receive Savorin's cheque that day or the next.

Savorin got Balder to witness his signature to the transfer; and in the afternoon he took his two cheques to Fenton, and returned with three guineas in his pocket. That afternoon the shares rose ¼ (2*s.* 6*d.* per share), and Savorin's original loss of £6 5*s.* had become a profit of £3 2*s.* 6*d.* He read in his evening paper that "the prospects of Belltopp Hills were improving hourly," and that "the shareholders in this mine had certainly no reason to be afraid of the immediate outlook. Buyers were rushing in," and "there was a more than common eagerness to secure whatever shares were offered for sale. Several big purchases were made on good recommendation."

In his second-class carriage that evening, Savorin for the first time broached the topic of Belltopps amongst the little set with whom he occasionally travelled. Two of the party had never heard of Belltopps, and evidently thought that Savorin had laid out his legacy to poor advantage. The third was a junior clerk in a stockbroker's office, and knew all about "the prize of the mining market."

"That's what they call it—at present," he said. "Our people have had a lot of orders for them; bought about three thousand to-day. How many have you taken, Savorin?"

"Oh, only fifty. Bought at one-two-six. Made a bit of profit already."

"Fifty—ah! I don't know that I'd mind risking that much myself for a few weeks," observed the stockbroker's clerk.

"You don't seem very keen about them," said Savorin.

"Well, no, if you ask me, I'm not."

"Don't you think they're going to last?"

"Oh, they'll last a bit yet. I wouldn't hold on too long, though, if I were you. In my time, and that's not going far, I've known more than one 'prize of the mining market' that turned out a very queer prize for the shareholders. You want to be on the inside track to know how these mining games are worked. There's always a quiet little gang in the centre, who don't let out too much. What can small shareholders like you get to know of the inside game? You can't do it, they won't let you; you're in their hands, my boy."

"Look here, old chap, you make haste and clear out," said one of the other pair. "Don't you be 'had' by that Stock Exchange lot. You can't stand the racket, you know."

"No, that's a fact," answered Savorin. "But I rather like the look of Belltopps just yet. Our governor's in for them to a fair amount, and he's a weasel at this sort of thing."

"Yes," said the stockbroker's clerk, "yes; he's not often asleep at it, I believe. Mind you," he continued, addressing himself to the others, "I don't want to scare Savorin. It looks as though Belltopp Hills might turn out something altogether beyond the common—the biggest thing of the day, in fact. There's more belief than disbelief in them at present; and there's no denying that a real good mine is out-and-away the best 'spec' to be in. I only want to put him on his guard, so that he may get out at the right moment. There's no danger at present, that I *will* say."

"No," replied Savorin, "I don't think there is."

He was settled, pillar-like, in his confidence. He had passed into a state, very unusual with him, in which no thought of danger could assail him. The crisis of doubt had left him, for the first time in his life, a stalwart believer in himself and his good fortune.

In a week from that time, his shares were worth twenty-five pounds more than he had paid for them.

"Twenty-five pounds in a week, dear! Two months' salary—and without working for it!" he cried to Annie.

Annie thought the profit should have been forty pounds, and that perhaps that was really the amount.

But she was very delighted, and praised her husband for his cleverness, and was sweet and gay; and it seemed to Savorin as though the rest of their life were to be a renewal of the honeymoon.

In a few days more a dividend arrived. The dividend was only a shilling per share, but it was quite unexpected.

"Shall we get a dividend every week now, Ned?" asked Annie.

"Every week, dear? No, I fancy not. I'm not quite clear about dividends, but I thought they came about once a year."

"Oh, but not in our mine, I'm sure, Ned! No, you'll see; we shall get lots and lots of dividends."

"Well, sweetheart, the first of them shall be yours, at any rate," and he gave her the cheque for fifty shillings, to spend on herself. She bought a bonnet for herself, and a pair of gloves for Ned. He looked for nothing, and would not have liked it if she had spent more on him.

They were living at this time somewhat more expansively than their habit had been. The table was better furnished; Annie had callers in the evening, who stayed to supper. Savorin liked to see how bright she grew in company; it had not yet occurred to him to wonder how they were able to entertain in this rather liberal way, for he was giving his wife no more than usual for their weekly expenses: he had, in fact, no more than usual to give her.

The new drawing-room was greatly admired.

One morning a reminder came from the upholsterer to the effect that £50 had been promised on account of the furniture.

Annie asked whether he could not sell some of the shares. Savorin had before him the financial paper which he received now every morning; Belltopps were still mounting; it would be improvident to part with any of their holding. He settled the matter by calling on the upholsterer on his way to the station, and giving him some account of the situation. The upholsterer was complaisant; he had made some money on the Stock Exchange himself, and believed in speculation. The £50 could stand over for a month, he said. So Savorin felt at ease about the upholsterer; rather astonished at himself the while. Indeed, it would have been quite impossible for him to analyse his feelings at that period; his state of perfect satisfaction with the present, and unquestioning confidence in the future, passed his own belief. It is true, he no longer knew repose; the sort of cataleptic tranquillity, which had been his condition after the first few days of profit-making, had given place to a very different emotion, and he was now in perpetual, intense excitement. He enjoyed this excitement, and could not understand how people were impassive and cool when they were making great sums by speculation. He thought it would not be worth while to be a speculator at all if one could derive no thrill of delight from it; this intoxication and transport of the senses was, he fancied, something better even than would be the actual possession of the money. Mr. Winton, now,—apart from the solid satisfaction of winning and the pleasure of touching the spoils, what did his speculations bring into his life? He knew nothing of the mental exhilaration through which, as Savorin persuaded himself, the game must be purged of whatever was gross and greedy in it.

Mr. Winton had never alluded to Belltopp Hills since the morning when he had asked Savorin's signature to the transfer, and Savorin had not told him of his own investment.

In his chief's room one day, after they had been through the correspondence of the firm, Savorin said: "Belltopp Hills are doing well, sir."

"Y-yes," answered Mr. Winton. "It seems a fairly promising mine. Bad ventures mines, though, as a rule. Never put into one, Edward, except on the best information—and don't believe too much in that."

At this time Mr. Winton's profit on his shares must have amounted to more than a thousand pounds, and Savorin's fifty were worth a hundred.

It was Balder, good-natured Balder, with his stable common-sense, and inbred conviction that clerks were clerks, and must not grow hot in the pastimes of their masters, who saw first that Savorin's ebullient excitement—a good tonic medicine at the beginning—was taking too much from him; and a friendly premonition followed.

No; Savorin had never felt so well in his life.

"If you'd only keep cool," urged Balder. "Take it quietly, man."

"It's doing me good," insisted Savorin.

"No," answered Balder, emphatically; "I think what I thought at first, Sav,—that you're not the speculator at all. There's nothing of Mr. Winton

in you. You'd better not hold your Belltopps too long. Fix your selling price while they're rising. What do you think you're going to make out of them?"

"Fenton says the shares may be £30 apiece in a few months."

"They may be offered at sixpence apiece in six weeks," said Balder.

"Do you suppose I should wait for a fall like that?"

"Well, it's hard to sell shares when they're on the rise; but it's harder still to sell them on the fall. Anybody can hold on to shares that are improving every day, but it's only the safe speculator that knows when to 'cut his losses.'"

"What figure ought I to sell at?" asked Savorin.

"If they rise to £10 you'll make a profit of £450," answered Balder.

"Well, I'll sell at £10."

"You'd do wiser to sell at £5," said Balder.

In ten days from that, the shares stood at £4 apiece. The "boom" in Belltopps was talked of everywhere in the City. The sensation was the greater that there was so little activity then in any other shares. But for Belltopp Hills, the papers said, the Stock Exchange would be idle. The financial papers were divided in their opinions on this phenomenon. Some of them urged the shareholders, day by day, to sell, and take their profits; there was really nothing, they said, to justify these extravagant prices. Two or three papers were firm on the opposite side, and said that shareholders who sold at the current price were sacrificing a certainty of gain in the immediate future.

Savorin suggested to Annie that they should sell out half their shares, and speculate with the remainder. "That would give us £100, double the amount of the legacy; and we should still have twenty-five shares."

But Annie opposed this; she said it would be foolish to throw away half their shares for £100, when the prices were improving every day. Was there the least reason to expect a fall, seeing that the shares had been rising ever since they bought them? If there was a little fall—ever so little—they would sell at once.

Annie was more in earnest than her husband had cause to suspect. She knew better than he did how they stood at this time with the upholsterer, and certain other obliging tradespeople whose acquaintance Mrs. Savorin had made during the past few weeks.

Still, it seemed reasonable to Savorin that while the shares continued to rise they should retain their holding. They were still a long way from the limit of £10 which he had given himself, and the market had never fluctuated.

For several days the price remained steady at £4. A single day without a rise was a fret to Savorin; his daily profit, greater or less, had become as a dram to him. Then there was another slight advance; after which, another pause of a week. Belltopp Hills, however, were still in the forefront of the quotations, though the opposition papers threw out hints that the "boom" was "beginning to be arrested." But the market strengthened again, and Belltopps rose slowly till they stopped at a fraction below £5.

Annie was jubilant. "What did I say? What did I say?" she cried, dangling the paper before Savorin. He was less inclined than ever to sell.

Meanwhile, there were threats of trouble in the City. Belltopps alone excepted, nothing offered the ghost of an inducement for transactions. There was no speculation save in Belltopps; all the other markets were idle, or moved only in a downward direction. The Stock Exchange was in the blues; one of those periodical fits of depression—often quite unaccountable—in which confidence is lost in securities of every description, and in which the general feeling of disquietude and distrust may issue at any hour in panic. The wave of alarm crept up, there was bad news from the Continental Bourses, and the panic came with tidings of financial disaster in South America. The Stock Exchange was no longer in the blues, it was in collapse. Amid the general prostration Belltopp Hills stood firm. "It remains to be seen," said Savorin's financial paper, "how long American Belltopp Hills will maintain the steady front they are at present showing amid the temporary overthrow of most other markets in Throgmorton Street."

The crisis was acute for a week, and on the day on which there was a slight reanimation in several markets, Belltopp Hills fell an eighth.

At this time, in so far as he had attempted to resolve his feelings at all, Savorin had attuned himself thus: that, let the future of the mine be what it might, he could not possibly lose on his investment. The shares might spring to £10, £20, or £30; but they could not sink below a figure at which he would be unable to realise, by prompt selling, at least four times as much as he had risked.

Hot and eager as he was when the golden future of his dreams swam before him, he had such ease of mind concerning the shares themselves that he no longer hurried to the money article at breakfast time. He luxuriated in the contemplation of Savorin, the prosperous shareholder, who could walk into the market at any hour, and out of it again with £250 in his pocket. On the morning on which the first fall in Belltopps was recorded he put his paper into his pocket unopened. He had something else to think of that morning. Annie was to pay a visit in town that afternoon, and Savorin had coaxed her to lunch with him in the City. He was to take her through Throgmorton Street afterwards, and show her the entrance to the Stock Exchange, that wonderful place where sovereigns were minting for them every day. Annie had shown him a new jacket the evening before, and he was thinking how handsome she would look in it in the restaurant and in the street.

Everything conspired to make that day a happy one for Savorin. Balder, who would certainly have seen and told him of the fall in Belltopps, was at home with a cold. The mail was an unusually heavy one, and after a long interview with Mr. Winton he took to his desk the materials for a close morning's work. He had not a moment to think of the money article. Annie was to come to the

bank by 'bus, and he flew to meet her at three minutes to one. He felt ashamed that she should ride in an omnibus, she looked so handsome and stately stepping out of it in her new jacket. They lunched at P——, where Savorin had been only once before, when he was taken by his uncle from the country. It was very full, and everybody stared at Annie; and as for Annie, only one thing marred her enjoyment of the outing. She was indignant at seeing nothing whatever of the Stock Exchange. In vain Savorin assured her that it lay beyond that vulgar-looking passage which opens on Throgmorton Street. She had expected something palatial in marble, and brokers and jobbers screaming Belltopps on the steps.

Savorin was on his way home before he bethought



A HEAVY FALL IN THE SHARES. SAVORIN SLIPPED INTO A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE TO AVOID HIS FRIENDS.

him of looking to the state of the shares. He bought an evening paper at London Bridge, and turned to the day's prices.

"American Belltopp Hills $4\frac{1}{8}$—$4\frac{1}{4}$."

The shares had dropped from a fraction less than £5 to a selling price of £4 2*s.* 6*d.* In other words, his fifty shares had lost nearly forty pounds in value since the previous morning.

His first thought was that the figures must be a misprint, and he bought another paper. The quotation was the same in that. There could be no doubt about it, then; Belltopps were falling "heels over head."

He would have rushed back to the City, but what could he do there? Business was over, Fenton would not be found. Why had Fenton sent him no word during the day?

In a frenzy he took up his papers again, and sought an explanation. One of them merely noted, "another heavy drop in Belltopp Hills." The other said, "The feature of the day's business has been the decline of ¼ in American Belltopp Hills. After a swift upward career very remarkable in the recent exhaustion of business in almost every other department, these shares have at length given way. They may of course recover ground, but there is something significant in the rapidity of their relapse. The market for them was very weak to-day, and holders were eager to sell at the lowest price touched."

One drowning is said to see his past in a flash. Savorin, who felt for a moment like a sinking swimmer, had a vision of the weeks that were gone. He had lived on the fumes of fancy. All that wealth he had surrounded himself and Annie with was only the coinage of the brain. He looked at the image of himself as he had been through those weeks of sleep-walking, and saw only a foolish mad phantom.

But, if the past had been a trance, there was nothing ideal in the present. Belltopp Hills were falling like lead.

As the train was starting, he slipped into a third-class carriage, to avoid his friends. A boy passed with papers; Savorin stopped him and bought another. "The mining market was rather perturbed to-day," he read, "by another and heavier fall in American Belltopp Hills, which have been 'booming' continuously for weeks past. Timid shareholders hastened to sell, and a large number of shares were thrown on the market. It looks as though the sensation in Belltopp Hills were exhausted, but it is right to add that there are still many believers in the future of the mine." This was mere darkening of counsel; a thickening of the fog.

Savorin hurried home, muttering to himself,

wondering how he should tell their misfortune to Annie. But she would not be home till late, he remembered. That was as well; he would tell her nothing that night. He would say nothing till the following night, the shares might rise again next day.

He was quite glad to find that no supper had been prepared for him; a slice of cold meat and bread were more to his taste that night.

Annie came home with a store of gossip from her friend in town, and did not speak of the shares, except to say that she was to congratulate Ned upon the fortune he was making.

The next morning's paper told Savorin no more than he already knew, and he went in a grey mood to town, chill with suspense. It was a foul day, murky and raw, the streets a slough of mud and melting snow. Savorin, who had been living at high pressure, and who was at no time given to be careful of himself, was not in full vitality, and felt the cold in his bones that morning. Annie had meant to buy him a new ulster, but he was still wrapped in his old one.

At the entrance to Austin Friars, he ran against Fenton, and clutched him by the sleeve.

"What about Belltopps?" he asked.

"I went round to Winton's last night to ask if you were inclined to sell, but you'd just left," answered Fenton.

"Then you think I ought to sell?" asked Savorin, anxiously.

Fenton shrugged his shoulders

"But you must tell me," insisted Savorin. "Look here, you hold a hundred yourself; what are *you* going to do?"

"I'm not going to sell yet, anyhow. They've had a sharp drop; but so has everything. They're better than most mines to-day. I'm going to hold on."

"All right," said Savorin, "then I shan't sell to-day."

He wanted Balder's counsel. Balder, however, was still absent. He could not bring himself to do the wisest thing of all, to ask Mr. Winton. Mr. Winton did not approve of speculation for his clerks.

Belltopp Hills fell ten shillings per share that day, and Savorin knew it on his way home. He dared not tell Annie.

His evening paper said, "The fall seems too rapid. There is nothing to account for it, unless we are to suppose that the public have been misled from the outset, a notion which we are unwilling to entertain."

"They'll rise again, they'll rise again," said Savorin. "I can't let them go yet; I'm in debt."

It was this sense of debt that possessed him now. He had dropped from cloudland.

He got home with a feeling that he was ill; but Annie had invited a friend or two for the evening, and he made an effort to whip himself up.

She insisted that he must "dress"—not noticing his pallor, nor the strain and dullness in his voice—and asked where were his eyes, that he had not admired the new pin in her hair.

It all seemed so unreal to him now! He had no knack at playing the careless bankrupt. He was ashamed, and would have liked to expose his shame. He was sick, too; sick and ashamed together; but with Annie there before him, smiling and coquettish,—thinking only that he was dull and lumpish,—no, not a word could he fetch out.

Then, when she had made him dress, and before she took him to the drawing-room, she ran him downstairs again, and pushed him into the dining-room, to see how beautiful the supper-table looked. Years after that, he hated the sight of pheasants in a poulterer's window.

He touched her on the arm—bare from the elbow—as they went up to the drawing-room. She gave a little start. "What's the matter? You're as cold as I don't know what."

"We mustn't give these supper-parties, dear. Do you understand me, Annie? We mustn't give any more supper-parties. How much has it cost for to-night? Haven't you seen . . . ?"

"What's the matter, Ned?"

"Bah!" he said angrily under his breath. "Bah! I'm light-headed to-night—I'm a fool. There's nothing the matter. Let the shares drop—they'll rise again. We can't go back. She would hate me . . . she would say that I had deceived and ruined her."

He followed her in; he made the effort; there was a sense of luxury in the bright new drawing-room that soothed and cheered him. Annie looked so rich and happy in her evening gown; this was her natural life; return was impossible for both of them to the old sordid days. The shares would recover; they were going to be in wealth again.

But at bed-time he was thoroughly ill, and Annie was in a tremor of affectionate foreboding. He awoke in a low fever, and was a week in bed.

To the weakness and dejection of the disease were added his racking fears about the shares. Craving the sight of a paper, he endured in silence, hoping that Annie would see and hear nothing.

During three days she never looked into the paper; opened it carelessly on the morning of the fourth, and was near fainting over what she read. Then she sent a frantic telegram to Balder, asking what she should do. "Sell at once," was the reply.

Alas! she was afraid to sell; her lap was full of bills; the bills could not be met with the proceeds of the shares at that price. She added up the bills; she thought of tearing them in pieces and running away. With another ounce of courage she would have run, but she thought there would be a bigger scandal if she ran away than if she stayed at home; yes, and all the while she did not quite forget Ned. Did she not love Ned? Yes, of course she did; besides, what could she do without a husband?

There was a summons from below: "The person said you promised to see him to-day, ma'am."

She slipped down, trembling. She was sure that, after all the hopes that Ned had raised in her,

she had done nothing wrong; but never before had she been privileged to owe money that she could not pay, and she did not quite know what might be done to people in that situation.

"Please come the . . . the day after to-morrow . . if that will do as well. . . . Oh yes, Mr. Savorin likes the curtains. . . . Ill in bed the last three days. The doctor says he will be down the day after to-morrow. . . . No, I won't look at those patterns to-day, thank you."

So easy,' after all!

She went up smiling to Savorin, saying nothing to him of this, coaxing him to look brighter, sick with fright all the while.

At the end of a week, Savorin compelled himself to rise, allowed himself a two-days' convalescence, and returned to the office. On the way there he called at the upholsterer's, and wired to Fenton. Mr. Winton received him kindly, and insisted on his going home again for a week.

"By the way, Edward, you may just witness this for me, please," said Mr. Winton, as Savorin was going. "Your signature is all the work I shall ask of you this morning." He drew a document before him, and put his name to it. It was a transfer of shares in some company not known to Savorin.

"Belltopps are turning out rather badly, sir,' said Savorin.

"Yes; very bad ventures, mines, as a rule. People will hold on, you see, when they ought to sell. However, I sold at £4. Thank you, Edward. Now, go home, and be comfortable, and take every care of yourself."

The new drawing-room was stripped that night.

The shares realised £20; and the following week Savorin went back to the office, to begin the old round again, and to save money on his salary to wipe out his debts.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

## Unsuccessful.

Now all is over; we have laid
  Our dead friend in his quiet bed;
October's leaves that flush and fade,
  Fall in their dying o'er the dead.
Above the freshly cover'd mound
  The autumn sky in silence weeps,
And clinging mists encurtain round
  The place where his worn body sleeps.

Now all is over; yet we frame
  Our secret thoughts about him still,
And in our prayers his well-loved name
  Glides in without our conscious will.
Our wistful eyes where'er they roam
  Find traces of his presence yet;
The empty room, the silent home,
  Can speak, and bid us not forget.

In hush'd remembrance, not in grief,
  We think upon our friend at rest;
Expected as the great relief,
  Death was to him a welcome guest.
The roughen'd way, the weary strife,
  Forced from his lips a bitter cry,
And loosen'd all his hold on life
  Before he laid him down to die.

A preacher of the heavenly truth
  In this discordant jarring time,
The fire and passion of his youth,
  The strength and vigour of his prime,
His hope and health, his day and night,
  His time, his toil, himself, he gave,
To change men's darkness into light,
  To help and cheer, to bless and save.

Strange seem'd the hidden ways of God,
  When, toiling soon and watching late,
An anxious way His servant trod,
  And only heard One saying "Wait."
'Twas his to cherish brightest hope,
  And see that hope grow slowly pale;
'Twas his with mighty foes to cope,
  To work, to fight, and then to fail.

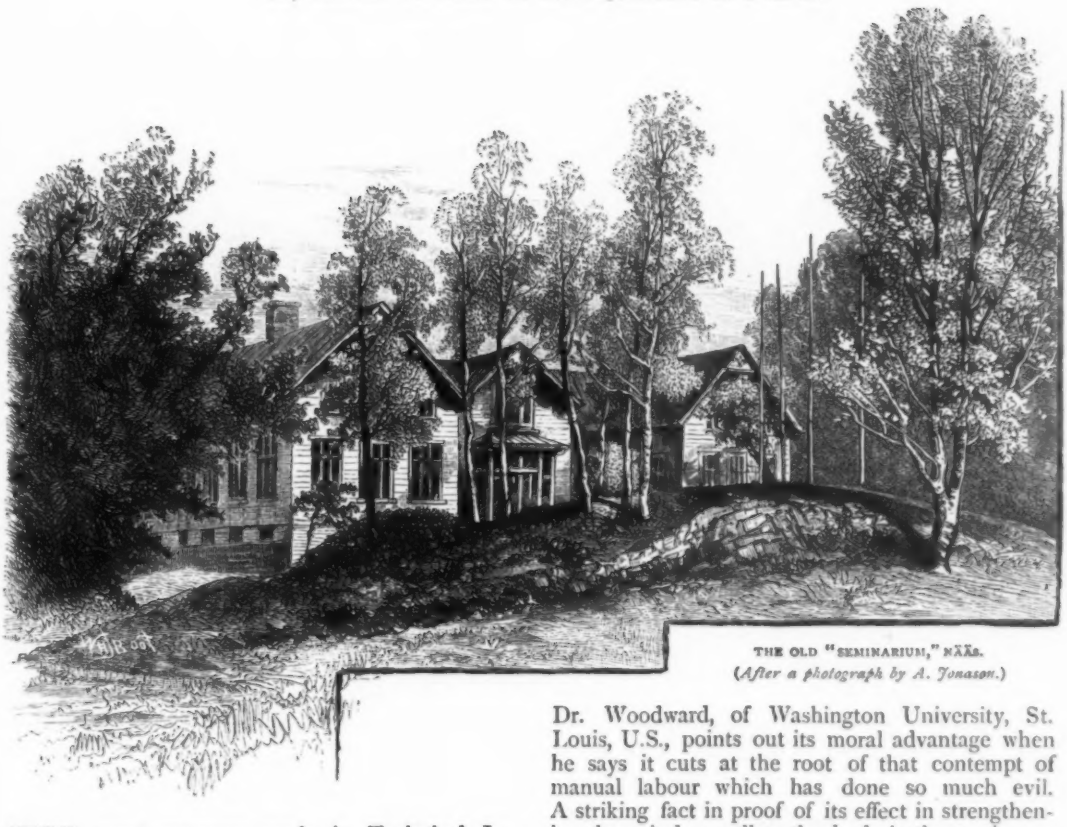
For this we praise him, that through days
  Of doubt, distrust, suspicion, wrong,
In patient faith, with heavenward gaze,
  He labour'd steadfast, calm and strong;
Unmoved by failure or distress,
  By taunting foe or fickle friend,
Uncheer'd by promise of success,
  He pray'd and trusted to the end.

That end has come; he knows the rest;
  The sure repose, the great reward,
The blessedness of servants blest,
  Beloved and honour'd by their Lord;
And his that crown of glowing light
  Kept for the man who must prevail,
Who does not only dare to fight,
  But for his Master dares to fail.

C. J. BLAKE.

# SLÖJD;

## OR, MANUAL TRAINING AT HEAD-QUARTERS IN SWEDEN.



THE OLD "SEMINARIUM," NÄÄS.
*(After a photograph by A. Jonason.)*

THE great progress made in Technical Instruction in various countries gives an ever-increasing interest to the question of introducing a certain amount of manual work into education from its earliest stages. Many educational authorities, both in past times as well as in the present, might be cited in favour of it. Luther, Zwingli, Comenius, John Locke, A. H. Francke, Rousseau, Basedow, Pestalozzi, and Froebel all gave to manual work an important place in education; and to-day quite a number among the foremost and most practical educationalists in all lands advocate it as of the highest value in effecting the object of a true education—that of training *all* the powers so that they may work harmoniously.

According to the observations of Dr. Belfield, the director of the Chicago Manual Training School, the manual work performed by his pupils greatly intensifies their power to concentrate their minds on mental work. And Sir P. Magnus, of the City and Guilds of London Central Institute, says, "Manual training increases mental strength, and creates habits of industry and good order." Dr. Woodward, of Washington University, St. Louis, U.S., points out its moral advantage when he says it cuts at the root of that contempt of manual labour which has done so much evil. A striking fact in proof of its effect in strengthening the mind as well as the body is the testimony of Mr. Swire Smith, late Commissioner on Technical Instruction, who stated that the half-time children of the town of Keighley, Yorks, numbering 1,500 to 2,000, although they received less than fourteen hours of instruction per week, and were required to attend the factory for twenty-eight hours per week in addition, yet obtained a higher percentage of passes than the average of children throughout the country receiving double the amount of schooling. And if such results occur when ordinary school instruction is carried on simultaneously with the ordinary labour of the factory, how much more may they be expected when the two forms of work are so organised as to have the education of the boy or girl solely in view.

It is somewhat curious that the first thorough effort to apply manual labour to education should have taken place in Russia, but for twenty years the experiment has been very thoroughly tested at the Moscow Technical Schools, with a success which has received world-wide testimonies. The Russian system aims at giving its pupils an education at once scientific and technical, with suffi-

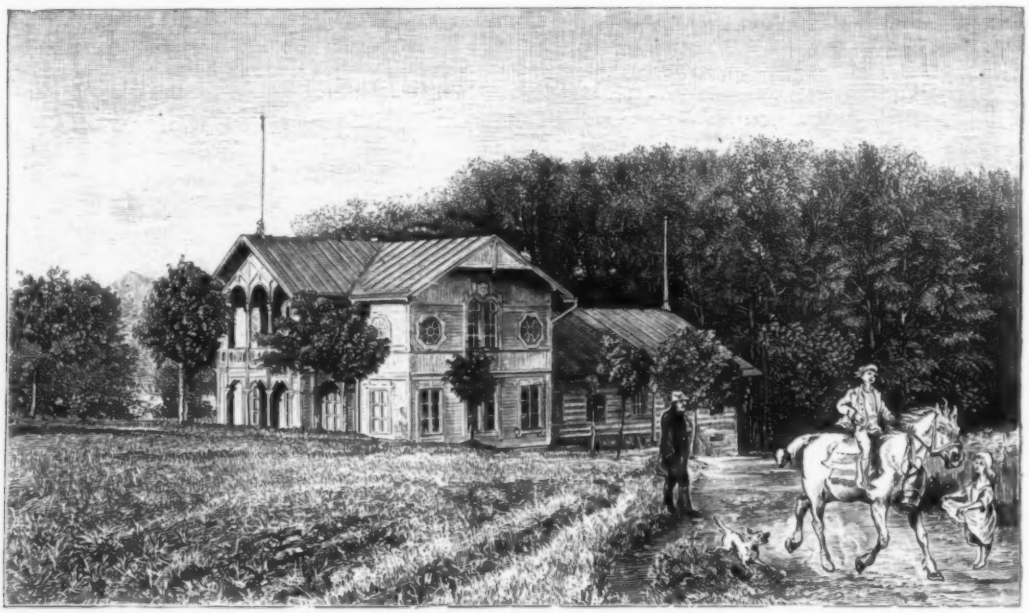
cient skill to enable them to take their place among the world's wealth-producers. The United States has followed on the Russian lines, and by aid of the immense wealth and public spirit of some of its citizens, innumerable schools have been opened in connection with its various universities and other educational institutions.

The Russian and American system has made a beginning both in Great Britain and France;—in the former at the Gordon College, Aberdeen; in the latter at the École Diderot, Paris.

Attention has recently been directed to Sweden, where a system of manual training has taken root, adapted to the general education both of boys and girls, and eminently calculated to prepare them for any amount or kind of technical instruction they may hereafter obtain. The object of this Swedish system is not to teach any special trade, but simply to train the eye and the hand as a part of the education of every child, boy or girl. It is known under the name of Slöjd, an Icelandic word, signifying manual work used for educational purposes. There is no exact equivalent for the word in any other language, but probably some ancestral connection exists between it and the phrase "sleight of hand." It covers all the varieties of manual work used in the Scandinavian schools, but is peculiarly expressive of the one most commonly used in Sweden, and to the teaching of which the seminary at Nääs for educating Slöjd teachers is now strictly confined.

In 1876 there were eighty Swedish schools where Slöjd, in the larger acceptation of the word, was taught; in 1877, 100; in 1879, 200, and since then they have been increasing at the rate of nearly 100 a year, until in 1888 there were 1,000 such schools in Sweden. In Finland all the country schools are Slöjd schools. In Norway and Denmark the system is supported by small grants made by the national legislatures.

The director of the seminary at Nääs, Herr Otto Salomon, after considerable experience has come to the conclusion that carpentry or woodwork is the form of handiwork which best combines all the necessary requirements in manual training. He affirms that it is within the power of the young of both sexes, draws out their interest, trains to order, accuracy, cleanliness, and neatness, cultivates dexterity, develops a sense of form, strengthens the physical powers, is a counterpoise to sitting, allows of method and arrangement; and, moreover, the objects made are useful for home purposes.



KALL NÄÄS, THE NEW SCHOOL OR SEMINARIUM. (*After a photograph by A. Jonason.*)

The age at which pupils are instructed in Slöjd work is from eleven to fourteen. A simple model is placed before them, and it is easy to imagine how pleased they become as they find that they are producing something like it. The models being very carefully graduated, a child is rarely disheartened by failure or its patience unnecessarily taxed. It imperceptibly feels its way, and with increasing power comes increasing interest. Slöjd work by this stage-to-stage progress, by the necessity of taking care of the tools, and by the nature of the whole work, is an object lesson in the virtues of order, cleanliness, and neatness; and is, moreover, a means of developing those of perseverance, patience, and love of work for its own sake. This last effect of Slöjd work is very observable.

Again, Slöjd work cultivates the use of both hands, and not, as in writing and drawing, only the right. And it develops not only dexterity or handiness, but the power of accurate observation. This training of the hand and eye is claimed to be one of the most striking benefits of the system.

Nothing is more difficult than to secure the attention of children for any length of time; and here, again, Slöjd work is naturally very successful. It trains its pupils in several ways to the habit of concentrating their attention; for the little workers are obliged at once to attend to the model they are copying, to that they have in hand, to the character of the material they are at work upon, to the condition of their tools, and to the directions of their teacher. All these things combine to draw out the power of attention, so that in returning to mental work they are found to be more capable of concentrating their minds upon it.

Slöjd work tends, again, to develop practical common sense. A child has to choose a suitable piece of wood, to avoid knots, to understand what each tool can do, and, above all, to become self-reliant, as it is an important point in Slöjd training that a teacher shall never do any part of a child's model, but simply say what is to be done and how it is to be done.

The kind of training Slöjd gives distinctly cultivates a spirit at once artistic and practical. For while it produces a sense of form and a taste for graceful and finished work, there is the pleasure of having produced a really useful object.

Several of these results would accrue from other forms of manual work used for the same ends; but the advocates of the Slöjd system contend that no other form of manual work combines all these advantages and yet presents so few drawbacks.

Much, however, depends on the teacher; in fact, those who best understand the system deprecate



HERR ABRAHAMSON.

its being taught by an inefficient teacher, as in all probability leading to its doing more harm than good. They are also opposed to its being taught by artisans, it being the distinct experience resulting from long and careful trials at Nääs, that a trained educationalist is, even though far from perfect technically, a better Slöjd teacher than a skilled carpenter. Herr Salomon, the chief authority on Slöjd, asserts that it is much more important that a Slöjd teacher should be a good teacher of other things, should know exactly what the system intends to effect, and understand clearly its principles and methods, than that he or she should be a dexterous maker of its models.

But to understand both theory and practice, no better means can be adopted than to attend the course of instruction which is given at Nääs to teachers from all countries four times a year.



HERR OTTO SALOMON.

Nääs is the name of an estate belonging to Herr Abrahamson, an admirable example of the moralised capitalist. By his enlightened benevolence his picturesque estate has been converted into a kind of Manual Training University. Herr Abrahamson commenced the work in 1872 as a memorial of his wife, and it has been very successfully carried out by his nephew, Herr Otto Salomon.

It began in teaching the boys of the neighbourhood some four or five different methods of Slöjd. Then for seven years artisan-students were trained in courses of eleven months to become teachers. This experience proved two things—that artisans, even when trained, did not make the best teachers, and that carpentry was the best form of Slöjd. Since 1882, the training has accordingly been confined to this form alone, and the instruction in it to those who are actually engaged in the work of education.

Nääs is about twenty miles north-east of Göteborg, and is reached by a short railway journey through the picturesque valley of the Säfve to Floda Station, whence the rest of the journey is made in boats to one of the landing-places on Lake Säfvelängen, a piece of water about ten miles in length, surrounded by pine and birch woods. At one end is Floda Station, at the other some falls by which the water comes from Lake Mjörn, which is on a higher level. The country round Lake Säfvelängen is rocky and mountainous, a piece of bare granite appearing here and there, its bare sides rising precipitous, and its crest crowned with tall pines.

At Nääs, which is to be understood as the name of an estate and not of a collection of houses, everything is distinguished by perfect simplicity, order, freedom, and generosity. The buildings for lodging and instruction are a number of pretty

wooden chalets, scattered among the pine woods. Each has its proper name. Melan-Nääs is devoted to the lady students ; Lilla-Nääs and other chalets to the male students. Vanhem, a large building, is the common or general meeting-house. Its name suggests the hospitable nature of the whole institution, Vanhem meaning "*Friends' Home.*" It stands some 150 yards from the lake, the part between it and the water being somewhat precipitous and filled with tall pines, through which glimpses of the blue lake appear.

About 130 students gathered together here last autumn to a six weeks' session, natives of most European countries, as well as some from North and South America. Thirty-two came from the British Isles—twenty-four men and eight women. In one of the chalets eight different nationalities were represented, and it was accordingly known as "Babel." Germans and Frenchmen, Hungarians, Austrians, and Italians, Englishmen and Americans, Scotchmen and Spaniards, Norwegians, Danes, Welshmen, and people from the Argentine Republic and from Uruguay, gathered with the native Swedes in the class-rooms, in the workshop, and at Vanhem, and were, moreover, of both sexes.

The actual Slöjd work—that is, the making of the series of models—occupies six or seven hours a day, and is carried on either at the Seminarium, a wooden building standing on a slight eminence formed by one of the granitic rocks which rise out of the soil, or at Kall Nääs, the New School or Seminarium. Lectures explanatory of the system, one or more every day, each lasting an hour, give an average of about seven hours a day devoted to study, except Saturday, which is a half-holiday.

The table for an ordinary day is as follows :—Breakfast, 7.30 ; prayers, 7.50 ; Slöjd, 8 to 11 ; lecture, 11 to 12 ; lunch, 12 to 12.30 ; Slöjd, 12.30 to 3.30 ; lecture on Slöjd, 3.30 to 4.30 ; dinner, 4.45 ; tea, 7.45.

The models, about fifty in number, are very simple, but each has to be made to perfection before going on to the next in the series, a given number having to be made absolutely satisfactory before passing. The first is a pointer, but they go on, becoming more and more difficult, until they reach a common table. An average student requires two courses to complete the series, which, however, cannot be taken two years in succession. The lectures on Slöjd are from three different points of view : systematical, historical, methodical. Sometimes there is a lecture from one of the students, who occasionally are men distinguished educationally in their own country.



VANHEM, OR FRIENDS' HOME. (*After a photograph by A. Jonason.*)

The gathering together of so many persons of different nationalities, for so excellent an object, gives a stimulus to progress and greatly intensifies the general enjoyment. Of course in such a society, and in such a place, and at such a time in the year, there is plenty of recreation in boating, football-playing, excursions and fêtes of all kinds.

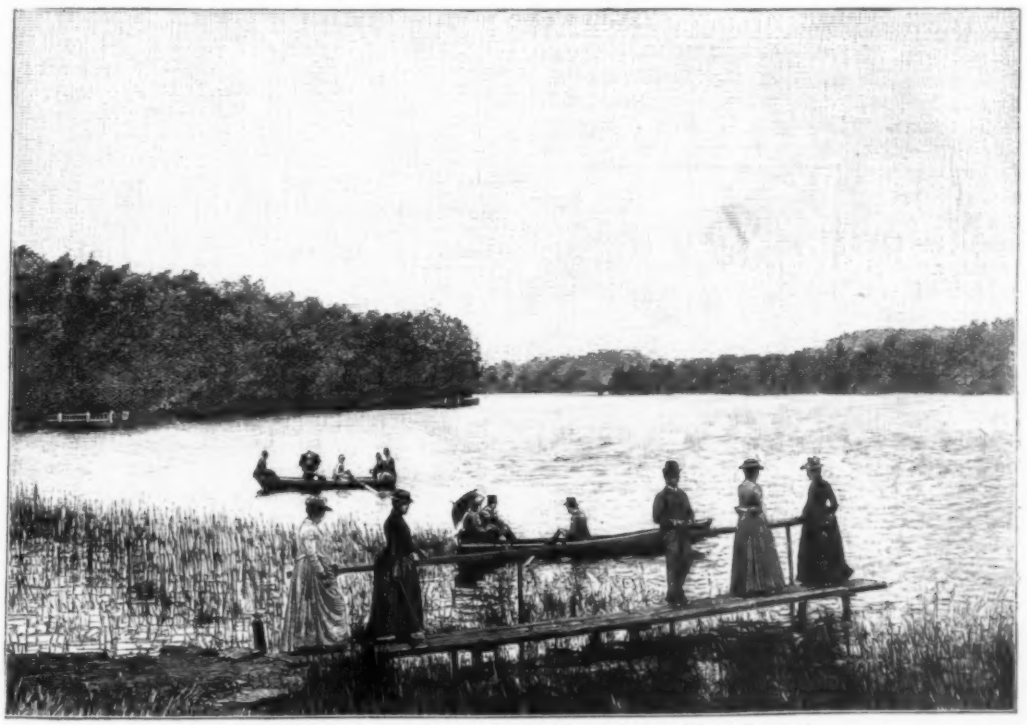
The country round the lake is formed of gneiss rocks covered with heather and a few firs, the fields, where there are any, being filled with great boulders. A few miles' rowing leads to Lake Mjörn, a long stretch of water glistening in the sun, dotted with islands, some bare, some covered with pines,

with a rocky, mountainous country in the distance.

Schools in which Slöjd teaching is in full operation may be found in the neighbourhood of Nääs. One is at Hemsjo, a small place near the head of Lake Säfvelängen. Here the Slöjd-room, as described by a visitor in 1888, is in the upper part of the school-house, and is furnished with benches, a grindstone, a block, and a cupboard for the tools and models. A sharp boy, it was stated, would in thirty-five lessons of two hours get through twenty-one models; an average boy, seventeen; and the slowest boy, about fifteen.

plished artisans, and six months later the schoolmasters thus taught began themselves to hold similar classes for boys. Until 1883 the numbers attending were somewhat small. But in that year Dr. Götze issued a stirring handbill, addressed to the boys of Leipsic; it was illustrated with a woodcut showing the boys planing, modelling, &c., and the teacher in the centre instructing them. The attendance soon rose from about 80 to 580.

Slöjd as taught in Leipsic consists of wood-carving, cardboard and metal-work, as well as carpentry. In the last some of the men get as far



LANDING PLACE ON LAKE SÄFVELÄNGEN. (*After a photograph by A. Jonason.*)

For Slöjd work is calculated wonderfully to help the last style of pupils mentioned, who under the ordinary curriculum of instruction are frequently neglected in sheer despair. But the minds of these apparently slow children are often of very high order, and later in life bear rich fruit, though at school they appear dunces and get little good. These children are just the ones to be helped by practical work used educationally, and under such training their minds seem to quicken.

Slöjd is also taught in Leipsic by Dr. Götze; and a class for instructing teachers has been held at Bradford since last autumn, the movement in that town in favour of the system having been helped by a grant from the Town Council of £200.

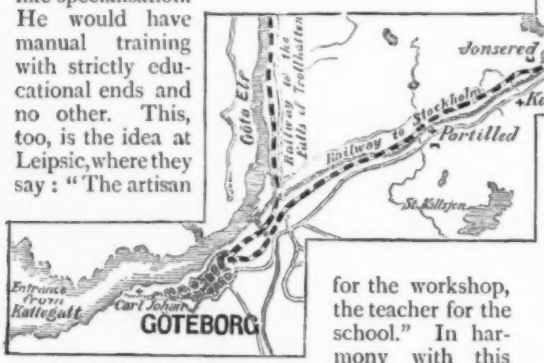
Leipsic has for more than ten years been the chief centre of the manual training movement in Germany. In 1880 manual training classes were opened for schoolmasters, conducted by accom-

as making little chairs and tables, while some of the students who have been through two courses of card-work get as far as book-binding, and some even make album-covers in plush. The hours are much longer than at Nääs—from seven to twelve in the morning, and again from two to seven in the evening. This, with time allowed for breakfast and tea, makes nine hours a day, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons being devoted to visiting schools and watching the children at work. Clearly the Germans do not allow the grass to grow under their feet. Their female teachers, however, have no idea of entering into the work as Swedish and English women do. When one of our countrywomen applied to know if women might be admitted, the director was very much surprised. He consulted his teachers, and though they were disposed to let the Englishwomen try, they did not believe that they would be able to do the work. Four ladies

went, and many people came to look at them at work, and, to the surprise of the director, they kept up with the men and gained their certificates.

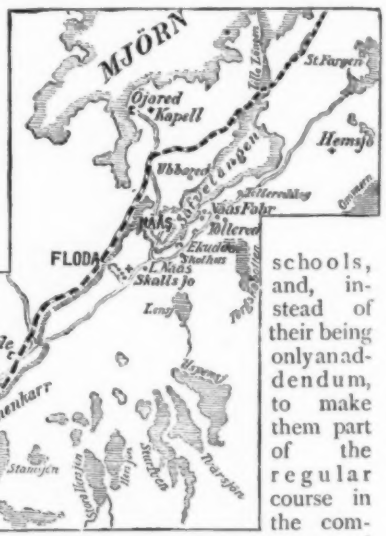
In Sweden, English views of what women can and may do prevail, and there is generally a fair number of female students at the autumnal course at Nääs, where a chalet is specially devoted to them.

But the chief advantage of going to Nääs is the inspiration obtained by coming directly in contact with Herr Salomon and listening to his lectures, which he delivers to his English-speaking students in their own tongue. His views are not always accepted at first, especially his making a theoretical knowledge of so much more importance to a teacher than the practice. But this, as well as his difference of view with the ideas of the founders of the Moscow and Chicago systems, is characteristic of his system. He objects, in brief, to anything like specialisation. He would have manual training with strictly educational ends and no other. This, too, is the idea at Leipsic, where they say: "The artisan for the workshop, the teacher for the school." In harmony with this view Herr Salomon particularly objects to the classes being conducted by artisans as in the Manual Training schools in Paris; he insists that none but trained teachers used to children and understanding them should be employed.[1]




RAILWAY FROM GOTEBORG TO FLODA STATION, FOR NÄÄS.

It is admitted, we believe, that this is best, and that the Paris system is the result of the necessity of economy in the first steps of the great reform being made there in public education. In 1888 there were ninety-five manual training schools in connection with the Paris communal schools, the results of which had been satisfactory enough to induce the Municipal Council to determine to extend them to all the




schools, and, instead of their being only an addendum, to make them part of the regular course in the communal schools. The particular form of manual training taught in ninety of the schools up to 1888 was carpentry, five only being devoted to metal-work, a testimony to the correctness of the choice made in Slöjd schools. Thus at Paris, both in its great technical school, the École Diderot, and in its smaller carpentry schools, a system is at work which touches both that of Russia and Sweden, preparatory as regards the younger pupils, larger, deeper, and technical as regards the older students.

Since the above was written the Slöjd movement has made considerable progress in England. This summer a Slöjd course was conducted at Ilkley College by Miss Andrén, a Swedish lady of great experience as a Slöjd teacher, both at Nääs and also in this country. It was attended by thirty-four students, several of whom had studied both at Nääs, Leipsic, and elsewhere.

R. H.

[1] Herr Salomon's work, "The Teachers' Handbook of Slöjd has been translated into English and lately published.

# THE MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF ATHLETICS.

IT is now almost a generation since Charles Kingsley first coined the word "Muscular Christianity," and with it inaugurated the Athletic Era. So much is at present being said for and against the great position since attained by outdoor exercises of all sorts, that it may be worth while spending a leisure hour in reviewing the various "pros" and "cons" connected with the subject.

### CHRISTIANITY AND BODILY EXERCISE.

However much in the eyes of many the seed so well sown by one muscular divine and others may seem to have borne a too luxuriant crop, one thing is certain, Christianity is entirely on the side of a due development and right care of the body, whereas most false systems, with Buddhism at the head and Æstheticism at the tail, are against it; many of them virtually urging neglect of the body and its claims, in various ways.

The much-misquoted text from St. Paul's letter to Timothy may here be invoked by that numerous and self-important class who are apt to quote isolated texts without the faintest idea of the context, and who never swerve from "the authorised version" of King James, however many "revised versions" Queen Victoria may give us. St. Paul in this passage is energetically attacking the Gnostics and others of his day akin to Buddhists, and showing that it *is* good to marry and good to eat meats, that every creature (or creation) of God is good and not evil, and then the apostle goes on to say, according to the two versions,

| | |
|---|---|
| "Bodily exercise profiteth little."—A.V. 1 Tim. iv. 8. | "Bodily exercise is profitable for a little."—R.V. |

Observe how different the meaning; the one apparently depreciating physical culture, the other a direct commendation of it; and yet our text-without-context-quoting friends stick so to the first that they will not even take the marginal reading of their own version, which instead of "little" substitutes "for a little time." That is to say, muscular development is good, but it is only for this life, and is neither "Christianity" nor "godliness." "Muscular Christianity" is therefore a misleading phrase unless accepted with qualifications. Let us put everything in its right place, and, because athletics are not Christianity, let us not say they are "profitless," when St. Paul says they are "profitable."

### IMPORTANCE TO THE RACE.

It is the undoubted duty of every man to see that, as far as possible, his *mens sana* is in a *corpore sano*; and it is beginning to be recognised that not only is the body imperilled by neglect, but that a stunted physique may result in a degenerate offspring. Athletics, rightly pursued, or their equivalent in exercise, become therefore a duty, binding in various measure on every man, woman, and child.

In the manufacturing districts, the general physique had so degenerated a few years ago, that the average stature and weight of a man was but 5 ft. 1½ in. and 106 lbs. weight; whereas in certain northern counties, in country districts where bodily exercise was the rule, the men averaged 5 ft. 11 in. and 199 lbs. weight. Possibly other circumstances favoured the difference. We may be sure it did not end here, but pervaded every part of the moral being, in spite of certain exceptions.

Our love of physical exercises comes from the Saxons rather than the Britons, and was increased by the Normans. In the colonies of the Anglo-Saxon race planted among Eastern or savage nations, nothing proves of more absorbing interest or excites greater surprise than the Englishman's athletic games. The violent energy, the great endurance, the disregard of pain, and the good temper shown, all in the pursuit of an unintelligible game, are entirely inexplicable to the natives.

### DEVELOPMENT OF ATHLETICS.

Even amongst ourselves, however, the development of athletics is of recent date. Thirty years ago our daily papers took no notice of any sport but horse-racing, which can hardly be included under athletics; there were no crowds at boat-races or at Lord's.

Even now, however, though it seems strange to say so, it is only an insignificant minority that engage in outdoor games; and, so far from their being overdone, the pressing need of to-day is still more and more outdoor exercises for our urban population. We will come to the abuses by-and-by; but the fact is, the outcry that has arisen against athletics is rather against the betting, the gossiping, the looking on, the reporting and reading and general puffing, than the actual playing.

### VALUE NOT YET UNDERSTOOD.

We distinctly say now in 1891, as Dr. Warre so well pointed out at the Health Congress in 1886, that the value of outdoor games is *not* yet understood, in spite of all the articles that are written, and all the money that is staked upon them.

The interest is great, but the players are few, and the value of the exercise is only experienced by those who play, not by those who look on. At Lord's, out of 2,375 members, only 118 played on the ground in one year. Probably in all London there are not above 4,000 football players out of a population of 800,000 men. Probably not more than 1 per cent. of men between twenty and forty

play games. And what shall we say about young women, whose physique is of such national importance to our race? They practically never play at all. Any one who has to physically examine the chests of the young women of the present day will bear me out as to the conspicuous want of development of lung power, solely from lack of physical exercise, that is constantly seen. So that we may say that the enormous majority of the population between fifteen and forty never play at all at any athletic outdoor game. It is true that among a few of the rich the love of outdoor exercise is carried to excess. But we are not concerned with these. When we observe the increasingly rapid massing of the population into towns, the tremendous straining and training of the mind that goes on, and the decreasing amount of manual labour, and even walking exercise, from the increase of trams, trains, buses, etc., we confess that we consider these outdoor games and exercises necessities of almost priceless value to the population. The proportionate provision of recreation grounds in all our great cities, and adjacent even to smaller towns, in which all classes may share, is becoming among the first of public duties.

### IMPROVED PHYSIQUE.

The general physique has undoubtedly improved, if we except those retrograde specimens whose physical exercises are neglected. We are said to be rising in stature, though it be at the rate only of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch per 1,000 years, and it is certain that the knights' suits of armour in the Tower are far too small for the average Englishman of to-day. We are taller, heavier, healthier, live longer, can run faster, run further, jump higher and wider, endure longer than ever the race could before. Every authentic record of past feats of strength has been beaten in our day.

### SANITATION AND ATHLETICS.

It is, however, a fair question—How much of this improvement is due to increased sanitation and the spread of hygienic principles? Undoubtedly, with regard to actual disease and increased length of life, a great deal; but with regard to physique, feats of strength and endurance, and general development, very little. Honour to whom honour is due. Our sanitary laws have reduced the death-rate in old towns by one-third, and have raised the average duration of life in this kingdom from twenty years of age in the last century to thirty-six in this, and it is still increasing; but all the sanitation in the world will not make a healthy or a manly people if they live indoors and neglect physical exercise.

We will, however, look at the matter a little further, and consider as fairly as we can, first, the general advantages of athletics, and then the general evils connected with them.

### PHYSICAL BENEFITS OF ATHLETICS.

Athletics benefit both the body and the mind.

We need not say much about the body just now, save that every part of it, and every organ, is benefited by wise use. The chest, for instance, can be expanded three inches even after twenty years of age by physical training, and other parts strengthened in proportion, especially our most valued special organs, the eye and the ear. Indeed, it is impossible to over-rate the physical advantages of all-round exercises. And we must remember that walks are no substitute for games and sports. It is in the active and rapid exercise of the different muscles, in the constant change of movement, instead of monotonous repetition, that the value of games lies.

Lawn-tennis is undoubtedly one of the greatest boons ever bestowed upon our girl population. What this one game means to the future of the race in England—especially if we could get it more widely extended amongst our sedentary population, work-girls, dressmakers, governesses, clerks, etc.—we can never know. There is no sight that speaks more for the future welfare of England than a group of well-made English girls returning from a tennis lawn; their every movement instinct with healthy life and vigour. It is in vain, therefore, to set against this a sprained arm or ankle, or even a strained heart, as occasionally may occur among the weak.

### MORAL BENEFITS OF ATHLETICS.

But the mental value of athletics is also very well marked and quite undeniable. This is perhaps largely due to their increased social character in the present day.

Social athletics, and crowded pleasure-grounds and matches, are no doubt largely due to the increase of town populations, and the facilities of travel. Hence, clubs and recreation-grounds, and parks with gymnasia, and cricket-grounds are multiplied everywhere.

The playing of games together, in friendly competition, tends to develop self-control, firmness, manliness, unselfishness, and general good fellowship, while it lessens self-consciousness. It also develops nerve-force on the one hand, while it lessens nerve-strain and nervousness, which is really nerve-weakness, on the other.

Judge Chitty said not long since, speaking of the boat-race, "I feel when I have rowed with a man, that I know him from head to foot. If I had to lead a forlorn hope I should like best to have with me some of my old shipmates, some of the steady and trusty men who never failed in the supreme struggle of a University race."

Athletics, rightly used, develop patience, perseverance, self-restraint, friendship and humility, and they increase will-power.

### PHYSICAL EVILS OF ATHLETICS.

Lest, however, we should be accused of holding a brief for one side only, let us now consider what evils are connected with athletic exercise.

These, like the advantages, are two-fold, physical and mental or moral.

The former may arise from athletics directly or indirectly. Amongst the direct physical dangers

are sprains and strains of the muscles, accidents to life and limb, and internal injuries.

Sprains and strains are very common, and arise from overtaxing one's power, as in severe competition, from pure accident, from want of training, and from excessive violence.

Accidents to life and limb are still more serious; and we fear, in spite of what its apologists may say in its favour, a grave case can be made out against football, and particularly when played according to Rugby rules by men's clubs.

I have a record that, from September 1889 to the third week in January, the direct deaths from football were thirteen, the fractures of legs fifteen, of arms four, of collar-bones eleven, and severe internal injuries seven. This is one way of removing our surplus population, but it is not to be recommended, for it does not even select the unfit. A great deal might be made out of the fact that the mortality from football in three months is nearly double that of hydrophobia in England for three years, there being eight deaths from this cause in that period.

There can be no doubt, where men and professionals play, particularly in the northern counties, a great deal of unnecessary and often brutal violence takes place.

Other sports are, however, often surrounded with danger, such as swimming, skating, and even gymnastics. Many a man has been injured for life by attempting some silly feat in gymnastics. One of our best-known clergymen in London nearly lost his life when a boy from a fall at gymnastics, and remains injured for life.

Internal strain and injuries may arise from overexertion, or very commonly from want of training. Clergymen who go Swiss climbing in the autumn, young schoolgirls who take pedestrian tours, young men who undertake exhausting bicycling journeys, often suffer in this way. The heart, lungs, or any other organs may thus be severely injured.

### INDIRECT DANGERS.

The indirect dangers arise mainly from improper clothing or carelessness. The safe clothing for all athletics is flannel, and yet we see fashion requiring some of our public schools to play in linen shirts under a blazing sun.

It is only of recent years that the value of flannel has been clearly understood; twenty-five years ago it was very seldom worn. But chills are most often taken through carelessness, especially in the spring, standing about after or between games without an extra wrapper, sitting on damp grass or in a cutting east wind. After and between games a blazer or flannel coat of some sort should be thrown over the shoulders, and when home is reached all the flannel should be stripped off and the body well sponged or dry-rubbed from head to foot.

Another indirect cause of injury is when severe brain-work and very active games are indulged in together; sometimes the double strain is too much.

In the same way prolonged over-exertion, as in young boys running at hare and hounds till they drop, sometimes results in an obscure form of self blood-poisoning arising from constant muscle contraction, which may end in death.

Sudden severe exertion is often dangerous, as in throwing the hammer, putting the shot, lifting weights, etc. The quarter-mile race, too, has a bad reputation for its effect on weak boys.

### MORAL EVILS OF ATHLETICS.

Turning to the moral evils of athletics, we are bound to say they are all excrescences, and that from athletics themselves, rightly conducted, no moral evil can ensue.

The betting and gambling that disgrace so many of our grounds are beginning to be tabooed at some of those more recently opened, notably the Paddington recreation-ground.

Amateur contests are increasing, and amateurs can be trusted to win if they can. This is a change in the right direction. But there is great mental risk whenever men give themselves up to physical exercise and nothing else. This is especially seen in the case of prizefighters. Any exclusive training of any one part of a man is necessarily very injurious to the rest. It is here, perhaps, in the devotion of every spare hour to physical exercises, that to many young men the chief danger lies. There are other claims, other associations, that cannot be safely ignored. The most healthful life gives each duty its place, and looks for a wise proportion in all things.

### TRAINING.

We have spoken of training as being essential for some sports. The present system of training is the most healthy and natural imaginable. All the former fads of raw beefsteak diet, and other absurdities, have disappeared, and given place to a most sensible and regular mode of life. Without going into regular training, it would be well if those whose lives are sedentary, and who contemplate active exercise at any time or during the holidays, would make it a rule always to give themselves a little preliminary canter. For instance, in football, if a man is going to play who has not played for some time, it is astonishing what a help it is to take a little preliminary practice at kicking, stooping, running, and tumbling about.

No hard exercise should be taken without preparation. Before going to Switzerland the body should be hardened by prolonged walks and climbs at home.

### EXERCISE FOR OLD AGE.

All exercises are not, however, suited to all ages; nevertheless, it is at an age when a man has largely lost his love for violent games that physical exercise is of the greatest use to him. It is at this period that horse exercise and active pedestrianism is of such immense value, while at the same time a man should preserve as long as possible his interest in more active exercises. Lawn tennis, or golf, for instance, is of immense value to middle-aged men, and far better than a mere walk.

We may, in conclusion, just say a word or two about the special value of one or two particular forms of athletics.

### GYMNASTICS.

Gymnastics are principally of use when the weather is unfit for outdoor sports, and when, as in large towns, it is impossible to get space for these. They should always be practised under the guidance of an instructor. They tend unduly to develop the arms and shoulders at the expense of the legs, and, to maintain the balance, should therefore be combined with plenty of walking.

### CALISTHENICS.

Calisthenics are principally for girls, and as a means of developing the chest and correcting the figure, are simply invaluable. We are glad to know that every year they are becoming more and more widely practised, and to see that they are spreading throughout the school-board system, as the magnificent annual display at the Albert Hall, one of the prettiest sights in London, testifies.

A modified form of gymnastics or calisthenics is of great value for home use. Men who can only spare five or ten minutes at a time and have no leisure to go to a gymnasium need not neglect the body. Dumb-bells, Indian clubs, bar-bells, and free exercises, are all most suitable for any age between thirty-five and sixty-five. Moreover, we cannot quite see why ladies on their marriage should so generally lay aside every form of active exercise. Taken in a modified way, it is of the greatest use.

### BICYCLING.

Bicycling is another exercise that can be pursued at all ages. Setting aside all racing and competition, surely we may say that the exercise of bicycling has been productive of untold good, and has indeed opened up for the masses an entirely new field of innocent enjoyment. It strengthens all the muscles, including those of the back. It is, however, another question when young riders maintain an unnatural or contracted position over long periods, for the sake, as they think, of securing greater speed. By getting off and walking up some of the hills a fresh set of muscles is brought into play and the others rested. The exercise greatly develops nerve-force in the constant effort of maintaining an equilibrium. It takes men out into the country who would otherwise never go, and develops a love of home scenery that would otherwise be quite unknown. Then it is cheap and suits all pockets. And lastly, by aid of the tricycle, it is thoroughly suited to both sexes. What can be more enjoyable than for a well-matched party to start off on their iron steeds for a quiet run round England? How very much more healthy will such a tour prove than a hurried rush on a Swiss excursion, spending half the time in railway travel, and half the remainder in expensive hotels?

It is, however, with this as with every other sport, once it is taken up as a business for competition and racing it ceases to be a recreation.

### GAMES.

Cricket, football (with the exception of its violence), swimming, skating, rowing, sculling, tennis, bowls, golf, baseball, mountain-climbing, are all first-rate sports and exercises from the large amount of muscular exercise they involve.

Other games and sports, such as croquet, yachting, trout-fishing, etc., owe their value to the amount of open-air life they involve. Other exercises, though largely conducted under cover, are still of great value, such as boxing, fencing, and single-stick. Many of these act powerfully in developing both the brain and the many moral qualities at the same time.

### MENTAL ATHLETICS.

An interesting question suggests itself here which we have not time to answer, and that is, Are there not a corresponding series of mental athletics that are of as great service in developing the brain as athletics in developing the body; and might not an instructive parallel be drawn between the two? Surely many of the feats at examinations may well be called mental gymnastics. A vigorous argument is nothing more than intellectual boxing; while Parliament, with one side in and the other out, with the intellectual bowling, batting, catching, and stumping that goes on, is strongly suggestive of our national game.

But we have no space to pursue this subject, and we trust we have said enough about physical athletics to show that they are not yet cultivated to anything like the extent they should be, though talked and written about far too much; and that the good they do is far beyond any evil that may accompany them. Any moral evil, indeed, is never a part of the exercises themselves, but of their surroundings or abuse.

ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

# THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDDE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF," ETC.



SIR PHILIP TORE OPEN THE PACKET, AND FOUND IT TO BE AN AMNESTY.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—AWAITING THE BLOW.

A MOMENT later the servants in the hall heard a scream—a scream of such horror and fear that they scarcely recognised a human voice in the sound. They sprang to their feet scared and trembling, and for a few seconds looked into one another's faces. Then, as curiosity got the upper hand, the boldest took the lead and all hurried pell-mell to the door, issuing in a mob into the courtyard, where Ferdinand Cludde, who happened to be near and had also heard the cry, joined them. "Where was it, Baldwin?" he exclaimed.

"At the back, I think," the steward answered. He alone had had the coolness to bring out a lantern, and he now led the way towards the rear of the house. Sure enough, close to the edge of the moat, they found Martin, stooping with his hands on his knees, a great wound, half bruise half cut, upon his forehead. "What is it?" Ferdinand cried sharply. "Who did it, man?"

Baldwin had already thrown his light on the fool's face, and Martin, seeming to become conscious of their presence, looked at them, but in a dazed fashion. "What?" he muttered, "what is what?"

By this time nearly every one in the house had hurried to the spot; among them not only Petronilla, clinging to her father's arm, but Mistress Anne, her face pale and gloomy, and half a dozen womenfolk who clutched one another tightly, and screamed at regular intervals.

"What is it?" Baldwin repeated roughly, laying his hand on Martin's arm and slightly shaking him. "Come, who struck you, man?"

"I think," the fool answered slowly, gulping down something and turning a dull eye on the group; "a—a swallow flew by—and hit me!"

They shrank away from him instinctively, and some crossed themselves. "He is in one of his mad fits," Baldwin muttered. Still the steward showed no fear. "A swallow, man!" he cried

aloud. "Come, talk sense. There are no swallows flying at this time of year. And if there were, they do not fly by night, nor give men wounds like that. What was it? Out with it now. Do you not see, man," he added, giving Martin an impatient shake, "that Sir Anthony is waiting?"

The fool nodded stupidly. "A swallow," he muttered. "Ay, 'twas a swallow, a great big swallow. I—I nearly put my foot on him."

"And he flew up and hit you in the face?" Baldwin said, with huge contempt in his tone.

Martin accepted the suggestion placidly. "Ay, 'twas so. A great big swallow, and he flew in my face," he repeated.

Sir Anthony looked at him compassionately. "Poor fellow!" he said; "Baldwin, see to him. He has had one of his fits and hurt himself."

"I never knew him hurt *himself*," Baldwin muttered darkly.

"Let somebody see to him," the knight said, disregarding the interruption. "And now come, Petronilla. Why—where has the girl gone?"

Not far. Only round to the other side of him, that she might be a little nearer to Martin. The curiosity in the other women's faces was a small thing in comparison with the startled, earnest look in hers. She gazed at the man with eyes not of affright, but of eager, avid questioning, while through her parted lips her breath came in gasps. Her cheek was red and white by turns, and, for her heart—well, it had seemed to stand still a moment, and now was beating like the heart of some poor captured bird held in the hand. She did not seem to hear her father speak to her, and he had to touch her sleeve. Then she started as though she were awakening from a dream, and followed him sadly into the house.

Sadly, and yet there was a light in her eyes which had not been there five minutes before. A swallow? A great big swallow? And this was December, when the swallows were at the bottom of the horse-ponds. She only knew of one swallow whose return was possible in winter. But then that one swallow—ay, though the snow should lie inches deep in the chase, and the water should freeze in her room—would make a summer for her. Could it be that one? Could it be? Petronilla's heart was beating so loudly as she went upstairs after her father, that she wondered he did not hear it.

The group left round Martin gradually melted away. Baldwin was the only man who could deal with him in his mad fits, and the other servants, with a shudder and a backward glance, gladly left him to the steward. Mistress Anne had gone in some time. Only Ferdinand Cludde remained, and he stood a little apart, and seemed more deeply engaged in listening for any sound which might betoken the sheriff's approach than in hearkening to their conversation. Listen as he might he would have gained little from the latter, for it was made up entirely of scolding on one side and stupid reiteration on the other. Yet Ferdinand, ever suspicious and on his guard, must have felt some interest in it, for he presently called the steward to him. "Is he more fool or knave?" he muttered, pointing under hand at Martin, who stood in the gloom a few paces away.

Baldwin shrugged his shoulders, but remained silent. "What happened? What is the meaning of it all?" Ferdinand persisted, his keen eyes on the steward's face. "Did he do it himself? Or who did it?"

Baldwin turned slowly and nodded towards the moat. "I expect you will find him who did it there," he said grimly. "I never knew a man save Sir Anthony or Master Francis hit Martin yet, but he paid for it. And when his temper is up, he is mad, or as good as mad; and better than two sane men!"

"He is a dangerous fellow," Ferdinand said thoughtfully, shivering a little. It was unlike him



"DID HE DO IT HIMSELF?"

to shiver and shake. But the bravest have their moods.

"Dangerous?" the steward answered. "Ay, he is to some, and sometimes."

Ferdinand Cludde looked sharply at the speaker as if he suspected him of a covert sneer. But Baldwin's gloomy face betrayed no glint of intelligence or amusement, and the knight's brother, reassured and yet uneasy, turned on his heel and went into the house, meeting at the door a servant who came to tell him that Sir Anthony was calling for him. Baldwin Moor, left alone, stood a moment thinking, and then turned to speak to Martin. But Martin was gone, and was nowhere to be seen.

The lights in the hall windows twinkled cheerily, and the great fire cast its glow half way across the courtyard, as lights and fire had twinkled and glowed at Coton End on many a night before. But

neither in hall nor chamber was there any answering merriment. Baldwin, coming in, cursed the servants who were in his way, and the men moved meekly and without retort, taking his oaths for what they were—a man's tears. The women folk sat listening pale and frightened, and one or two of the grooms, those who had done least in the skirmish, had visions of a tree and a rope, and looked sickly. The rest scowled and blinked at the fire, or kicked up a dog if it barked in its sleep.

"Hasn't Martin come in?" Baldwin growled presently, setting his heavy wet boot on a glowing log, which hissed and sputtered under it. "Where is he?"

"Don't know!" one of the men took on himself to answer. "He did not come in here."

"I wonder what he is up to now?" Baldwin exclaimed, with gloomy irritation: for which, under the circumstances, he had ample excuse. He knew that resistance was utterly hopeless, and could only make matters worse, and twist the rope more tightly about his neck, to put the thought as he framed it. The suspicion therefore that this madman—for such in his worst fits the fool became—might be hanging round the place in dark corners, doing what deadly mischief he could to the attacking party, was not a pleasant one.

A grey-haired man in the warmest nook by the fire seemed to read his thoughts. "There is one in the house," he said slowly and oracularly, his eyes on Baldwin's boot, "whom he has just as good a mind to hurt, has our Martin, as any of them Clopton men. Ay, that has he, Master Baldwin."

"And who is that, gaffer?" Baldwin asked contemptuously.

But the old fellow turned shy. "Well, it is not Sir Anthony," he answered, nodding his head, and stooping forward to caress his toasting shins. "Be you very sure of that. Nor the young mistress, nor the young master as was, nor the new lady that came a month ago. No, nor it is not you, Master Baldwin."

"Then who is it?" cried the steward impatiently.

"He is shrewd, is Martin—when the saints have not got their backs to him," said the old fellow, slily.

"Who is it?" thundered the steward, well used to this rustic method of evasion. "Answer, you dolt!"

But no answer came, and Baldwin never got one; for at this moment a man who had been watching in front of the house ran in.

"They are here!" he cried, "a good hundred of them, and torches enough for St. Anthony's Eve. Get you to the gate, porter; Sir Anthony is calling for you. Do you hear?"

There was a great uprising, a great clattering of feet and barking of dogs, and some wailing among the women. As the messenger finished speaking, a harsh challenge which penetrated even the courtyard arose from many voices without, and was followed by the winding of a horn. This sufficed. All hurried with one accord into the court, where the porter looked to Baldwin for instructions.

"Hold a minute!" cried the steward, silencing the loudest hound by a sound kick, and disregarding Sir Anthony's voice, which came from the direction of the gateway. "Let us see if they are at the back too."

He ran through the passage, and emerging on the edge of the moat was at once saluted by a dozen voices warning him back. There were a score of dark figures standing in the little close where the fight had taken place. "Right," said Baldwin to himself. "Needs must when the old gentleman drives! Only I thought I would make sure."

He ran back at once, nearly knocking down Martin, who with a companion was making, but at a slower pace, for the front of the house.

"Well, old comrade!" cried the steward, smiting the fool on the back as he passed, "you are here, are you? I never thought that you and I would be in at our own deaths!"

He did not notice, in the wild humour which had seized him, who Martin's companion was, though probably at another time it would have struck him that there was no one in the house quite so tall. He sped on with scarcely a glance, and in a moment was under the gateway, where Sir Anthony was soundly rating everybody, and particularly the porter, who with his key in the door found, or affected to find, the task of turning it a difficult one. As the steward came up, however, the big doors, at some sign from him, creaked on their hinges, and the knight, his staff in his hand, and the servants clustering behind him with lanterns, walked forward a pace or two to the end of the bridge, bearing himself with some dignity.

"Who disturbs us at this hour?" he cried, peering across the moat, and signing to Baldwin to hold up his large lantern, since the others, uncertain of their reception, had put out their torches. By its light he and those behind him could make out a group of half a dozen figures a score of yards away, while in support of these there appeared a bowshot off, and still in the open ground, a clump of, it might be, a hundred men. Beyond all lay the dark line of trees, above which the moon, newrisen, was sailing through a watery wrack of clouds. "Who are ye?" the knight repeated.

"Are you Sir Anthony Cludde?" came the answer.

"I am."

"Then, in the Queen's name, Sir Anthony," the leader of the troop cried solemnly, "I call on you to surrender. I hold a warrant for your arrest, and also for the arrest of James Carey, a priest, and Baldwin Moor, who, I am told, is your steward. I am backed by forces which it will be vain to resist."

"Are you Sir Philip Clopton?" the knight asked. For at that distance and in that light it was impossible to be sure.

"I am," the sheriff answered earnestly. "And, as a friend, I beg you, Sir Anthony, to avoid useless bloodshed and further cause of offence. Sir Thomas Greville, the governor of Warwick Castle, and Colonel Bridgewater are with me. I implore you, my friend, to surrender, and I will do you what good offices I may."

The knight, as we know, had made up his mind. And yet for a second he hesitated. There were stern grim faces round him changed by the stress

of the moment into the semblance of dark Baldwin's: the faces of men who, though they numbered but a dozen, were his men, bound to him by every tie of instinct, and breeding, and custom. And he had been a soldier, and knew the fierce joy of a desperate struggle against odds. Might it not be better after all?

But then he remembered his womenkind; and, after all, why endanger these faithful men? He raised his voice and cried clearly, "I accept your good offices, Sir Philip, and I take your advice. I will have the drawbridge lowered, only I beg you will keep your men well in hand, and do my poor house as little damage as may be."

Giving Baldwin the order, and bidding him as soon as it was performed come to him, the knight walked steadily back into the courtyard and took his stand there. He despatched the women and some of the servants to lay out a meal in the hall. But it was noticeable that the men went reluctantly, and that all who could find any excuse to do so lingered round Sir Anthony as if they could not bear to abandon him; as if, even at the last moment, they had some vague notion of protecting their master at all hazards. A score of lanterns shed a gloomy, uncertain light—only in places reinforced by the glow from the hall windows—upon the group. Seldom had a Coton moon peeped over the gables at a scene stranger than that which met the sheriff's eyes, as with his two backers he passed under the gateway.

"I surrender to you, Sir Philip," the knight said with dignity, stepping forward a pace or two, "and call you to witness that I might have made resistance and have not. My tenants are quiet in their homes, and only my servants are present. Father Carey is not here, nor in the house. This is Baldwin Moor, my steward; but I beg for him your especial offices, since he has done nothing save by my command."

"Sir Anthony, believe me that I will do all I can," the sheriff responded gravely; "but——"

"But to set at naught the Queen's proclamation and order!" struck in a third voice harshly—it was Sir Thomas Greville's—"and she but a month on the throne! For shame, Sir Anthony! It smacks to me of high treason. And many a man has suffered for less, let me tell you."

"Had she been longer on the throne," the sheriff put in more gently, "and were the times quiet, the matter would have been of less moment, Sir Anthony, and might not have become a State matter. But just now——"

"Things are in a perilous condition," Greville said bluntly; "and you have done your little to make them worse!"

The knight by a great effort swallowed his rage and humiliation. "What will you do with me, gentlemen?" he asked, speaking with at least the appearance of calmness.

"That is to be seen," Greville said, roughly overriding his companion. "For to-night we must make ourselves and our men comfortable here."

"Certainly—with Sir Anthony's leave, Sir Thomas Greville," quoth a voice from behind. "But only so!"

More than one started violently, while the Cludde servants almost to a man spun round at the sound of the voice—my voice, Francis Cludde's, though in the darkness no one knew me. How shall I ever forget the joy and lively gratitude which filled my heart as I spoke; which turned the night into day, and that fantastic scene of shadows into a festival, as I felt that the ambition of the last four years was about to be gratified. Sir Anthony, who was one of the first to turn, peered among the servants. "Who spoke?" he cried, a sudden discomposure in his voice and manner. "Who spoke there?"

"Ay, Sir Anthony, who did?" Greville said haughtily. "Some one apparently who does not quite understand his place or the state of affairs here. Stand back, my men, and let me see him. Perhaps we may teach him a useful lesson."

The challenge was welcome, for I feared a scene, and to be left face to face with my uncle more than anything. Now, as the servants, with a loud murmur of surprise and recognition, fell back and disclosed me standing by Martin's side, I turned a little from Sir Anthony and faced Greville. "Not this time, I think, Sir Thomas," I said, giving him back glance for glance. "I have learned my lesson from some who have fared farther and seen more than you, from men who have stood by their cause in foul weather as well as fair; and were not for mass one day and a sermon the next."

"What is this?" he cried angrily. "Who are you?"

"Sir Anthony Cludde's dutiful and loving nephew," I answered, with a courteous bow. "Come back, I thank Heaven, in time to do him a service, Sir Thomas."

"Master Francis! Master Francis!" Clopton exclaimed in remonstrance. He had known me in old days. My uncle, meanwhile, gazed at me in the utmost astonishment, and into the servants' faces there flashed a strange light, while many of them hailed me in a tone which told me that I had but to give the word, and they would fall on the very sheriff himself. "Master Francis," Sir Philip Clopton repeated gravely, "if you would do your uncle a service, this is not the way to go about it. He has surrendered and is our prisoner. Brawling will not mend matters."

I laughed out loudly and merrily. "Do you know, Sir Philip," I said, with something of the old boyish ring in my voice, "I have been, since I saw you last, to Belgium and Germany—ay, and Poland and Hamburg! Do you think I have come back a fool?"

"I do not know what to think of you," he replied drily; "but you had best——"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, my friend!" said Greville, with harshness, "and yourself out of this business."

"It is just this business I have come to get into, Sir Thomas," I answered, with increasing good humour. "Sir Anthony, show them that!" I continued, and I drew out a little packet of parchment with a great red seal hanging from it by a green ribbon; just such a packet as that which I had stolen from the Bishop's apparitor nearly four

years back. "A lantern here!" I cried. "Hold it steady, Martin, that Sir Anthony may read. Master Sheriff wants his rere-supper."

I gave the packet into the knight's hand, my own shaking. Ay, shaking, for was not this the fulfilment of that boyish vow I had made in my little room in the gable yonder, so many years ago? A fulfilment strange and timely, such as none but a boy in his teens could have hoped for, nor any but a man who had tried the chances and mishaps of the world could fully enjoy as I was enjoying it. I tingled with the rush through my veins of triumph and gratitude. Up to the last moment I had feared lest anything should go wrong, lest this crowning happiness should be withheld from me. Now I stood there smiling, watching Sir Anthony as, with trembling fingers, he fumbled with the paper. And there was only one thing, only one person, wanting to my joy. I looked, and looked again, but I could not anywhere see Petronilla.

"What is it?" Sir Anthony said feebly, turning the packet over and over. "It is for the sheriff—for the sheriff, is it not?"

"He had better open it then, sir," I answered gaily.

Sir Philip took the packet, and, after a glance at the address, tore it open. "It is an order from Sir William Cecil," he muttered. Then he ran his eye down the brief contents, while all save myself pricked their ears and pressed closer, and I looked swiftly from face to face, as the wavering light lit up now one and now another—old familiar faces for the most part.

"Well, Sir Philip, will you stop to supper?" I cried with a laugh, when he had had time, as I judged, to reach the signature.

"Go to!" he grunted, looking at me. "Nice fools you have made of us, young man!" He passed the letter to Greville. "Sir Anthony," he continued, a mixture of pleasure and chagrin in his voice, "you are free! I congratulate you on your luck. Your nephew has brought an amnesty for all things done up to the present time save for any life taken, in which case the matter is to be referred to the Secretary. Fortunately my dead horse is the worst of the mischief, so free you are, and amnestied, though nicely Master Cecil has befooled us!"

"We will give you another horse, Sir Philip," I answered.

But the words were wasted on the air. They were drowned in a great shout of joy and triumph which rang from a score of Cludde throats the moment the purport of the paper was understood: a shout which made the old house shake again, and scared the dogs so that they fled away into corners and gazed askance at us, their tails between their legs: a shout that was plainly heard a mile away in half a dozen homesteads where Cludde men lay gloomy in their beds.

By this time my uncle's hand was in mine. With his other he took off his hat. "Lads!" he cried huskily, rearing his tall form in our midst; "a cheer for the Queen! God keep her safe, and long may she reign!"

This was universally regarded as the end of what they still proudly call in those parts "the Coton Insurrection!" When silence came again, every dog, even the oldest and wisest, had bayed himself hoarse and fled to kennel, thinking the end of the world was come. My heart, as I joined roundly in, swelled high with pride, and there were tears in my eyes as well as in my uncle's. But there is no triumph after all without its drawback, no fruition equal to the anticipation. Where was Petronilla? I could see her nowhere. I looked from window to window, but she was at none. I scanned the knot of maids, but could not find her. Even the cheering had not brought her out.

It was wonderful, though, how the cheers cleared the air. Even Sir Thomas Greville regained good humour, and deigned to shake me by the hand and express himself pleased that the matter had ended so happily. Then the sheriff drew him and Bridgewater away, to look to their men's arrangements, seeing, I think, that my uncle and I would fain be alone awhile; and at last I asked with a trembling voice after Petronilla.

"To be sure," Sir Anthony answered, furtively wiping his eyes. "I had forgotten her, dear lad. I wish now that she had stayed. But tell me, Francis, how came you back to-night, and how did you manage this?"

Something of what he asked I told him hurriedly. But then—be sure I took advantage of the first opening—I asked again after Petronilla. "Where has she gone, sir?" I said, trying to conceal my impatience. "I thought that Martin told me she was here: indeed, that he had seen her after I arrived."

"I am not sure, do you know," Sir Anthony answered, eyeing me absently, "that I was wise, but I considered she was safer away, Francis. And she can be fetched back in the morning. I feared there might be some disturbance in the house—as indeed there well might have been—and though she begged very hard to stay with me, I sent her off."

"This evening, sir?" I stammered, suddenly chilled.

"Yes, an hour ago."

"But an hour ago every approach was guarded, Sir Anthony," I cried in surprise. "I had the greatest difficulty in slipping through from the outside myself, well as I know every field and tree. To escape from within, even for a man, much less a woman, would have been impossible. She will have been stopped."

"I think not," he said, with a smile at once sage and indulgent—which seemed to add, "You think yourself a clever lad, but you do not know everything yet."

"I sent her out by the secret passage to the mill house, you see," he explained, "as soon as I heard the sheriff's party outside. I could have given them the slip myself had I pleased."

"The mill house?" I answered. The mill stood nearly a quarter of a mile from Coton End, beyond the gardens, and in the direction of the village. I remembered vaguely that I had heard from the servants in old days some talk of a secret outlet leading from the house to it. But they

knew no particulars, and its existence was only darkly rumoured among them.

"You did not know of the passage," Sir Anthony said, chuckling at my astonishment. "No, I remember. But the girl did. Your father and his wife went with her. He quite agreed in the wisdom of sending her away, and indeed advised it. On reaching the mill, if they found all quiet they were to walk across to Watney's farm. There they could get horses, and might ride at their leisure to Stratford and wait the event. I thought it best for her; and Ferdinand agreed."

"And my father—went with her?" I muttered hoarsely, feeling myself growing chill to the heart. Hardly could I restrain my indignation at Sir Anthony's folly, or my own anger and disappointment. And fear. For though my head seemed on fire and there was a tumult in my brain, I was cool enough to trace clearly my father's motives, and discern with what a deliberate purpose he had acted. "He went with her?"

"Yes, he and his wife," the knight answered, noticing nothing in his obtuseness.

"You have been fooled, sir," I said bitterly. "My father you should have known; and for his wife, she is a bad, unscrupulous woman! Oh, the madness of it to put my cousin into their hands!"

"What do you mean?" the knight cried, beginning to tremble. "Your father is a changed man, lad. He has come back to the old faith, and in a dark hour too. He——"

"He is a hypocrite and a villain!" I retorted, stung almost to madness by this wound in my tenderest place—stung, indeed, beyond endurance. Why should I spare him, when to spare him was to sacrifice the innocent? Why should I pick my words when my love was in danger? He had had no mercy and no pity. Why should I shrink from exposing him? Heaven had dealt with him patiently and given him life: and he did but abuse it. I could keep silence no longer, and told Sir Anthony all, with a stinging tongue and in gibing words: even, at last, how my father had given me a hint of the very plan he had now carried out—of coming down to Coton, and goading his brother into some offence which might leave his estate at the mercy of the authorities.

"I did not think he meant it," I said bitterly. "But I might have known that the leopard does not change its spots. How you, who knew him years ago, and knew that he had plotted against you since, came to trust him again—to trust your daughter to him, passes my fancy!"

"He was my brother," the knight murmured, leaning white and stricken on my shoulder.

"And my father—Heaven help us!" I rejoined.

## CHAPTER XXV.—PETRONILLA'S RETREAT.

"WE must first help ourselves," Sir Anthony answered sharply; rousing himself with wonderful energy from the prostration into which my story had thrown him. "I will send after her. She shall be brought back. Ho! Baldwin! Martin!" he cried loudly. "Send Baldwin hither! Be quick there!"

Out of the ruck of servants in and about the hall, Baldwin came rushing presently, wiping his lips as he approached. A single glance at our faces sobered him. "Send Martin down to the mill!" Sir Anthony ordered curtly. "Bid him tell my daughter, if she be there, to come back. And do you saddle a couple of horses, and be ready to ride with Master Francis to Watney's farm, and on to Stratford, if it be necessary. Lose not a minute; my daughter is with Master Ferdinand. My order is that she return."

The fool had come up only a pace or two behind the steward. "Do you hear, Martin?" I added eagerly, turning to him. My thoughts, busy with the misery which might befal her in their hands, maddened me. "You will bring her back if you find her, mind you."



"YOU WILL BRING HER BACK IF YOU FIND HER."

He did not answer, but his eyes glittered as they met mine, and I knew that he understood. As he flitted silently across the court and disappeared under the gateway, I knew that no hound could be more sure; I knew that he would not leave the trail until he had found Petronilla, though he had to follow her for many a mile. We might have to pursue the fugitives to Stratford, but I felt sure that Martin's lean figure and keen dark face would be there to meet us.

Us? No. Sir Anthony indeed said to me, "You will go, of course?" speaking as if only one answer were possible.

But it was not to be so. "No," I said; "you had better go, sir. Or Baldwin can be trusted. He can take two or three of the grooms. They should be armed," I added in a lower tone.

My uncle looked hard at me, and then gave his assent, no longer wondering why I did not go. Instead, he bade Baldwin do as I had suggested.

In truth my heart was so hot with wrath and indignation that I dared not follow, lest my father, in his stern, mocking way, should refuse to let her go, and harm should happen between us. If I were right in my suspicions, and he had capped his intrigue by deliberately getting the girl I loved into his hands as a hostage, either as a surety that I would share with him if I succeeded to the estates, or as a means of extorting money from his brother, then I dared not trust myself face to face with him. If I could have mounted and ridden after my love, I could have borne it better. But the curse seemed to cling to me still. My worst foe was one against whom I could not lift my hand.

"But what," my uncle asked, his voice quavering, though his words seemed intended to combat my fears, "what can he do, lad? She is his niece."

"What?" I answered with a shudder. "I do not know, but I fear everything. If he should elude us and take her abroad with him—Heaven help her, sir! He will use her somehow to gain his ends—or kill her."

Sir Anthony wiped his brow with a trembling hand. "Baldwin will overtake them," he said.

"Let us hope so," I answered. Alas, how far fell fruition short of anticipation. This was my time of triumph! "You had better go in, sir," I said presently, gaining a little mastery over myself. "I see Sir Philip has returned from settling his men for the night. He and Greville will be wondering what has happened."

"And you?" he said.

"I cannot," I answered, shaking my head.

After he had gone I stood awhile in the shadow on the far side of the court, listening to the clatter of knives and dishes, the cheerful hum of the servants as they called to one another, the hurrying footsteps of the maids. A dog crept out, and licked my hand as it hung nerveless by my side. Surely Martin or Baldwin would overtake them. Or if not, it still was not so easy to take a girl abroad against her will.

But would that be his plan? He must have hiding-places in England to which he might take her, telling her any wild story of her father's death or flight, or even perhaps of her own danger if her whereabouts were known. I had had experience of his daring, his cunning, his plausibility. Had he not taken in all with whom he had come into contact, except, by some strange fate, myself? To be sure, Anne was not altogether without feeling or conscience. But she was his—his entirely, body and soul. Yes, if I could have followed, I could have borne it better. It was this dreadful inaction which was killing me.

The bustle and voices of the servants, who were in high spirits, so irritated me at last that I wandered away, going first to the dark silent gardens, where I walked up and down in a fever of doubt and fear; much as I had done on the last evening I had spent at Coton. Then a fancy seized me, and turning from the fish-pond I walked towards the house. Crossing the moat I made for the church-door and tried it. It was unlocked. I went in. Here at least in the sacred place I should find quietness, and, unable to help myself in this terrible crisis, might get help from One to Whom my extremity was but an opportunity.

I walked up the aisle, and finding all in darkness, the moon at the moment being obscured, felt my way as far as Sir Piers's flat monument, and sat down upon it. I had been there scarcely a minute when a faint sound, which seemed rather a sigh or an audible shudder than any articulate word, came out of the darkness in front of me. My great trouble had seemed to make superstitious fears for the time impossible; but at this sound I started and trembled, and, holding my breath, felt a cold shiver run down my back. Motionless I peered before me, and yet could see nothing. All was gloom, the only distinguishable feature being the east window.

What was that? A soft rustle as of ghostly garments moving in the aisle was succeeded by another



THE LIGHT DISCLOSED A KNEELING FORM.

sigh which made me rise from my seat, my hair stiffening. Then I saw the outline of the east window growing brighter and brighter, and I knew that the moon was about to shine clear of the clouds, and longed to turn and fly, yet did not dare to move.

Suddenly the light fell on the altar steps, and disclosed a kneeling form which seemed to be partly turned towards me as though watching me. The face I could not see—it was in shadow—and I stood transfixed, gazing at the figure, half in superstitious terror and half in wonder; until a voice I had not heard for years, and yet should have known among a thousand, said softly, "Francis!"

"Who calls me?" I muttered hoarsely, knowing and yet disbelieving—hoping, and yet with a terrible fear at heart.

"It is I—Petronilla!" said the same voice gently. And then the form rose and glided towards me through the moonlight. "It is I—Petronilla. Do you not know me?" said my love again: and fell upon my breast.

She had been firmly resolved all the time not to

quit her father, and on the first opportunity had given the slip to her company, while the horses were being saddled at Watney's farm. Stealing back through the darkness she had found the house full of uproar, and apparently occupied by strange troopers. Aghast, and not knowing what to do, she had bethought herself of the church and there taken refuge. On my first entrance she was horribly alarmed. But as I walked up the aisle, she recognised—so she has since told me a thousand times with pride—my footstep, though it had long been a stranger to her ear, and she had no thought at the moment of seeing me, or hearing the joyful news I brought.

And so my story is told. For what passed then between Petronilla and me lies between my wife and myself. And it is an old old story, and one which our children have no need to learn, for they have told it, many of them for themselves, and their children are growing up to tell it. I think, in some odd corner of the house, there may still be found a very ancient swallow's nest, which young girls bring out and look at tenderly; but for my sword-knot I fear it has been worn out these thirty years. What matter, even though it was velvet of Genoa? He that has the substance, lacks not the shadow.

I never saw my father again, nor learned accurately what passed at Watney's farm after Petronilla was missed by her two companions. But one man, whom I could ill spare, was also missing on that night, and his fate is still something of a mystery. This was Martin Luther. I have always believed that he fell in a desperate encounter with my father, but no traces of the struggle were ever found. The track between Watney's farm and Stratford, however, runs for a certain distance by the river side; and at some point on this road I think Martin must have come up with the refugees, and failing either to find Petronilla with them, or to get any satisfactory account of her, must have flung himself on my father and been foiled and killed. The exact truth I have said was never known, though Baldwin and I talked over it again and again; and there were even some who said that a servant much resembling Martin Luther was seen with my father in the Low Countries not a month before his death. I put no credence in this, however, having good reason to think that the poor fool—who was wiser in his sane moments than most men—would never have left my service while the breath remained in his body.

My father was killed in a skirmish in the Netherlands shortly before the peace of Château Cambrésis, and about three months after the events here related. I have no doubt that he died as he had lived, without fear of man or God. He held no communication with me or with any at Coton End later than that which I have here described; but would appear to have entered the service of Cardinal Granvelle, the governor of the Netherlands, for after his death word came to the Duchess of Suffolk that Mistress Anne Cludde had entered a nunnery at Bruges under the Cardinal's auspices. Doubtless she is long since dead.

And so are many others of whom I have spoken—Sir Anthony, the Duchess, Master Bertie, and Master Lindstrom. For forty years have passed since these things happened—years of peaceful happy life, which have gone by more swiftly, as it seems to me in the retrospect, than the four years of my wanderings. The Lindstroms sought refuge in England in the second year of the Queen, and settled in Lowestoft under the Duchess of Suffolk's protection, and did well and flourished as became them; nor indeed did they find, I trust, others ungrateful, though I experienced some difficulty in inducing Sir Anthony to treat the Dutch burgher as on an equality with himself. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the Peregrine to whom I stood godfather in St. Willibrod's church at Wesel, is now a middle-aged man and my very good friend, the affection which his mother felt for me having descended to him in full measure. She was indeed such a woman as Her Majesty; large-hearted and free-tongued, of masculine courage and a wonderful tenderness. And of her husband, what can I say save that he was a brave Christian—and in peaceful times, a studious gentleman.

But it is not only in vacant seats and grey hairs that I trace the progress of forty years. They have done for England almost all that men hoped they might do in the first dawn of the reign. We have seen great foes defeated, and strong friends gained. We have seen the coinage amended, trade doubled, the exchequer filled, the roads made good, the poor provided for in a Christian manner, religion spread abroad; all this in these years. We have seen Holland rise and Spain decline, and well may say in the words of the old text, which my grandfather set up over the hall door at Coton, "*Frustra, nisi Dominus*"

# THE SNUFF-BOX IN LITERATURE.

II.

THE fashion of taking snuff, with its additions of scents and costly boxes, was first set by the courtiers of the Grand Monarque, who, though himself an anti-tobacconist, was powerless to check the use of the weed he disliked. Fagon, the royal physician, is reported to have delivered a very violent oration against snuff, which fell rather flat owing to the lecturer in his excitement refreshing his nose with a pinch. By the middle of the seventeenth century the snuff mania was in full glow. The "outfit" had become a very expensive affair. The tobacco was then reduced to a rough powder by rasping, whence the term *tabac râpé*, still surviving in *rappee*. The rasp or grater was of ivory, richly carved and ornamented. One of its sides was rounded and bore the design, the back had a grater of brass fitted into a groove, and a receptacle at each end for the grated tobacco which passed through into them; if the snuff-taker desired merely a pinch he used a little shell at the top as a spoon and placed the snuff in the palm of his hand. If he wanted a supply he grated the box full.

Snuff was in great demand during the plague in the time of Charles II. It is said that not a tobacconist lost his life in that dreadful visitation; and the doctors could be seen going about from house to house, some of them smoking and some taking snuff. When the plague was over, smoking and snuffing were introduced at the Lord Mayor's banquet—a somewhat startling innovation, which had the effect of increasing the spread of the weed both in roll and powder. Ireland had long had a reputation as a snuff-consuming country. Snuff was there taken at all seasons. In some parts an ounce of snuff was even placed on the coffin, that the mourners might help themselves. It was not till 1745 that the English found out the fondness of the Scotch for snuff, and then it was that there appeared at the tobacco shops the gorgeous Highlander with whose impossible tartans we are all familiar. Some of the snuff-shop signs were most appropriate. Fribourg and Treyer in the Haymarket had their well-known Crown and Rasp; Delvalle in Bury Street, St. Mary Axe, had a man pounding snuff in a mortar; Hullier in Little Newport Street had a man grating snuff on a flat grater. Others had the black Indian with the kilt of tobacco leaves, and some of the tobacconists sported three hands issuing from one coat cuff, one hand holding a pinch of snuff, another a clay pipe, the other a quid of tobacco, with the motto beneath:

> "We three are engaged in one cause;
> I snuffs, I smokes, I chaws!"

The reigns of the four Georges have been irreverently named the Snuff Period of our history, and it is rather an awkward fact for the abstainers that the immense development our country then took, the winning of our greatest battles on sea and land, and the founding of our colonies, were accomplished by a tobacco-smoking, tobacco-chewing, and more especially snuffing generation. Soldiers, sailors, inventors, engineers, poets, historians, romancists, nearly all took tobacco in one form or another.

In the collection of tobacco tools formed by Mr. Bragge of Birmingham, the compiler of the "Bibliotheca Nicotiana," there are hundreds of articles connected with snuff. There are snuff-mills and snuff-mulls, snuff-jars and snuff-bottles, snuff-rasps and snuff-spoons, and snuff-boxes of jade, chalcedony, amethyst, turquoise, lapis lazuli, carnelian, agate, jasper, amber, pearl, iron—snuff-boxes in every metal and almost in every wood, and not isolated specimens of these, but literally dozens; the wood and metal ones alone number over two hundred. And his was not the first collection. In Queen Anne's day Edward Wortley Montagu had "more boxes than would satisfy a hundred-nosed Chinese idol." Lord Petersham, too, had a box for every day in the year, and kept a stock of snuffs worth £3,000.

The most usual gift in those days was a snuff-box, "an elegant article of use and beauty," that could be made up to any value desired.

> "For females fair, and formal fops to please,
> The mines are robbed of ore, of shells the seas,
> With all that mother earth and beast afford
> To man, unworthy now, tho' once their lord;
> Which wrought into a box, with all the show
> Of art the greatest artist can bestow;
> Charming in shape, with polished rays of light,
> A joint so fine it shuns the sharpest sight;
> Must still be graced with all the radiant gems
> And precious stones that e'er arrived in Thames."

But the poet becomes severe when he leaves the boxes for their owners:

> "The church, more sacred once, is what we mean,
> Where now they flock to see and to be seen;
> The box is used, the book laid by, as dead,
> With snuff, not Scripture, there the soul is fed;
> For where to Heaven the hands by one of those
> Are lifted, twenty have them at the nose;
> And while some pray, to be from sudden death
> Delivered, others snuff to stop their breath."

Even now no mess-room or club-room is fully furnished without its snuff-box, and the custom of snuff-box giving lingers on with fitful revivals when it becomes official. At George IV's coronation Rundell and Bridge's bill "for snuff-boxes presented to Foreign Ministers" amounted to £8,205 15*s.* 5*d.*! and very beautiful some of these boxes

were. There are one or two of King George's boxes in the South Kensington Museum. People who care to see good work when they can find it may profitably look through the Mitchell bequest and the Matheson and Dunn-Gardner loan collections in those easily accessible galleries.

There were several noteworthy boxes in the Stuart and Guelph exhibitions, among them the one Montrose held in his hand before he went up the ladder. Monmouth's snuff-box, a gold one, was picked up by a labourer in a field of peas, and sold by him for £15, half its intrinsic value, to Mrs. Wealde of Horton. One of Burns's, given by him to a friend, was put up for auction with other effects, and the bidding began at a shilling; suddenly the auctioneer looked into the box and read on the lid, "Robert Burns, Officer of Excise," whereupon the bidding—the box was a common horn one—rose to £5. Congreve, Swift, Pope, Addison, Bolingbroke, all took snuff largely. Johnson's box was, like the great Frederick's, his pocket, his transactions being of the wholesale kind.

Archbishop Whately was another incorrigible snuff-taker. There is a graphic reminiscence of his way of entering the class-room. The students would be all seated waiting, when suddenly there would be a sound as of a rush of one, and Whately would dash into the passage, his waistcoat covered with snuff, and taking a huge pinch as he came and showering it in front of him, he would ask before he had well entered the room, "What is the third operation of the mind, Mr. Snooks?" And before Mr. Snooks had finished his reply in text-book phrase, Whately would have had another pinch and be ready to develop the book statement in so brilliant a manner as to be over the heads of more than half his audience.

The most gifted of latter-day snuff-takers was Charles Darwin, whose journeys to and from the box in the hall are recorded in his son's biography.

> "When vapours swim before the eyes,
> And cloud the dizzy brain,
> Snuff, to dispel the mist, applies
> Its quick, enlivening grain,"

as the record of the "Reasons for Snuff-taking" runs; though none of these worthies would have thought much of the sixth:

> "For every pinch of snuff we take
> Helps trade in some degree;
> As smallest drops of water make
> The vast unbounded sea."

Nor would they have appreciated the sarcastic "Praise of Snuff-taking" in the "European Magazine."

> "Science avaunt! What are thy powers to me,
> Whose whole delight is Scotch and Black Rappee?
> Newton and Euclid now no more can please,
> All knowledge shall be centred in a sneeze;
> Vain are the problems you may wish to draw,
> None, none, can please the sense like macabau"—

macabau being the Martinique snuff, which was the special delight of dowagers, a much simpler preparation than the rappee and bitter almonds scented with roses and green tea, the Violet Strasburg that proved so comforting to Queen Charlotte, who took more snuff than many a man.

It seems strange to us that women should take snuff largely; and yet they did, and they were very loth to abandon it. One of the last of the lady snuff-takers was Mary Lamb. There is a note of hers regarding herself and brother Charles sitting "like a literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it, till he has finished, when he finds he has made something of it."

And here we are reminded of Maggie Lang's snuff-mill. Poor Maggie! She was burnt for witchcraft at the cross of Paisley, being one of the witches of Bargarren in Renfrew whose story is told in Sinclair's "Satan's Invisible World Discovered." Her box, in the possession of the Patons of Dunfermline, is a small wooden one, fitted with a solid cover, having a strong handle above and a conical iron-shod projection beneath which served to pound the tobacco in the box. Maggie liked her snuff "fresh and fresh."

The taste of the Scots for snuff is notorious. It has even been argued that the French got the peculiar twang into their language by stuffing snuff up their noses, and that the Scotch, who took almost as much snuff as the French, pronounced French better than did the English owing to the similar blocking of the nostrils! Some of the snuff experiences of the Scotch are not without humour. There was the minister—somehow most Scotch snuff stories have a minister in them—who set forth to kirk one very windy day, thinking over his discourse as he went; when he got half way, and had reached the thirdly in the sermon, his chain of thought missed a link; to regain it he took out his snuff-box and rapped it, but the wind was in his face, and as he could not take a pinch to windward he turned round, and enjoyed one, two, three; hah! the missing phrase came in, the sermon went on smoothly, and so did the minister, who had forgotten to turn again to face the wind, and by-and-by astonished his servant by walking into the house instead of into the kirk two miles away!

Snuff, of course, had some virtues. At Crathie Church to wit, it is reported that a stranger lady came one sabbath and sat in a large pew with certain farmers and their wives. Just before the sermon a big snuff-mull was handed round, which the lady passed without helping herself to. "Tak' the sneeshin, mem, tak' the sneeshin," said the mull-holder in a hoarse whisper. "Ye dinna ken oor meenister; ye'll need it afore he's dune."

Dean Ramsay has several strange stories to tell of snuff-taking among the Scots. "When the text had been given out," he says, "it was usual for the elder branches of the congregation to hand about their Bibles amongst the younger members, marking the place and calling their attention to the passage. During service another handing about was frequent amongst the seniors, and that was a circulation of the sneeshin-mull or snuff-box. Indeed, I have heard of the same practice in an Episcopal church, and particularly in one case of an ordination, where the bishop took his pinch of

snuff, and handed the mull to go round amongst the clergy assembled for the solemn occasion within the altar rails."

In another place the Dean tells us of the honest Highlander who saw at the hotel door a magnificent man in full tartans, and noticed with much admiration the wide dimensions of the nostrils in a fine up-turned nose. The Highlander, a genuine lover of "sneeshin," went to the stranger, and as his most complimentary act offered him his mull for a pinch; but the stranger drew himself up, and said rather haughtily, "I never take snuff." "Oh," said the other, "that's a peety, for there's grand accommodation!"

Another of Ramsay's reminiscences tells us how a severe snowstorm in the Highlands had lasted for several weeks and stopped all communication betwixt neighbouring hamlets, and reduced the snuff-boxes to their last pinch. Borrowing and begging from all the neighbours within reach were first resorted to; but when these failed, all were alike reduced to the longing which unwillingly abstinent snuff-takers alone know. The minister of the parish was amongst the unhappy number; the craving was so intense that study was out of the question, and he became quite restless. As a last resort the beadle was despatched through the snow to a neighbouring glen, in the hope of getting a supply, but he came back as unsuccessful as he went. "What's to be dune, John?" was the minister's pathetic inquiry. John shook his head, as much as to say that he could not tell; but immediately thereafter started up, as if a new idea had occurred to him. He came back in a few minutes, crying, "Hae!" The minister, too eager to be scrutinising, took a long deep pinch, and then said, "Whaur did you get it?" "I soupit the poupit," was John's expressive reply The minister's superfluous Sabbath snuff had not been swept up in vain.

Sometimes the superfluous snuff has served as a trail for the bloodhounds. There is the case of Cathelineau for instance. Cathelineau had openly taken the royalist side, and orders had come from Paris for his arrest. The Revolutionary officer went to the château at Beaupreau, but found the accused had disappeared. That he had got away was impossible, but the troops watched the château for three days without result. Suddenly the officer asked a peasant who was following him about, "Can you give me a pinch of snuff?" "I do not take snuff," said the man. "Who does?" asked the officer, pointing to some on the ground. The peasant looked confused; the officer kicked away the dust, and underneath was a loose board, which when lifted up disclosed Cathelineau and his companions ready with pistols in their hands to make a dash for life. Instantly the officer in self-defence shot Cathelineau, who had betrayed himself by that pinch of snuff.

The original snuff as used in America was ground fresh as required, and in many museums will be found the native rasps and mills, but when the Europeans took to the habit, such a simple process was soon "improved upon." In the early stage of improvement the leaves were ground and watered and mixed with scent, then "sauced" and fermented and made into "carrots," and rasped into rappee. Now—for snuff-taking is not yet extinct—the preparation is lengthy and elaborate, and, truth to tell, not very attractive. In the State factory at Paris the leaves are moistened with a fifth of their weight of salt and water, and made into blocks piled into heaps, say of fifty tons each. The leaves ferment, and their temperature sometimes reaches 170° F., but it has to be regulated or the mass would be charred in the long six months the ferment is allowed to go on. The next step is the grinding, and then the pale brown dry powder is mixed with another solution of salt and passed through sieves; then it is packed in open chests, some of which hold fifty tons, and in these chests the snuff remains and ferments for nine or ten months until it gets its dark colour and aroma. Shifted to another chest and mixed thoroughly, it is left for two months, and then again a great mixing takes place, sometimes of three hundred and fifty tons at a time, to get the needful uniformity in quality. This huge mass is left for six weeks to get thoroughly ripe, and then it is ready for market. It thus takes twenty months to make a pinch of snuff in these very go-ahead days in what Victor Hugo professed to believe was the centre of the universe.

Cowper's fop "dangling his cane about and taking snuff" is an extinct animal. Snuff has slipped out of poetry—there is no snuff in Tennyson—but its aroma hangs around many a good story. There is the familiar one of the minister who was accustomed to give a running commentary as he read the Scriptures. One day, so the story goes, he read, "I said in my haste all men are liars." A pause—a pinch of snuff. "Aweel, David"—another pinch—"had ye lived in this town"—another pinch—"ye might ha' said that at your leisure!"

But this is an ungracious sentiment to end with. Luckily it occurred to the present writer as he laid down his pen that, stowed away somewhere, he had a snuff-box which in days gone by he had converted into a clinometer case—for he is no "snuffer" himself, and has no inclination that way. On this snuff-box he remembered there was an inscription of some sort. Search was made and the box was found. The following is the inscription:—

> "May the bands of friendship tighten,
> At every pinch you take;
> Never dark misfortune light on,
> Nor follow in her wake.
> This trifling friendly token
> Accept with wishes kind,
> And as oft's the stock is broke on,
> Still the giver hold in mind."

W. J. GORDON.

# SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.

NEARLY a quarter of a century has passed since the death of Sir William Rowan Hamilton. The first half of this hundred years witnessed the careers of many men of genius, pioneers of human progress, and among their number he must assuredly be reckoned. A genius from his birth, he found agreeable recreation in studies, which many men call hard, and many shrink from altogether; in early manhood he was announced at Trinity College, Dublin, as "Hamilton the Prodigy"; in riper age he was among the foremost mathematicians of his time. Our business in this paper is to trace a verbal portrait of the man, touching but lightly on his studies—at any rate, the abstruser part of them.[1]

To begin with his physique: we read of him at nineteen as of middle height, somewhat broad; not exactly handsome, but with features that harmonised to produce a pleasing impression; light blue eyes, and hair a dark silky chestnut; well shaped mouth, chin, and cranium; strong of limb; hands not too refined, yet capable of clear writing and neatly traced diagrams. To this we may add two voices—one rich and sonorous when delivering a speech or reciting poetry; another high and sharp in uttering an explanation or giving vent to a burst of feeling.

At Trinity College he at once stepped into the place of honour. Though his bent was to mathematics, a leading classic of the day awarded him the grade of *optime*, an honour rarely conferred; public opinion continued to award it throughout his career, going so far as to suspect another examiner, who refused it, of extreme wrongheadedness. It was a matter of course that he should obtain the same rank in mathematics, and he was preparing to close his college career by winning both the gold medals given, the one for classics, the other for science, when he was suddenly lifted out of undergraduate ranks and appointed Professor of Astronomy, with the direction of the University Observatory.

When common men look upon men of genius from the outside, curiosity often prompts them to wish for a sight of what is going on in those busy brains. The subject of this notice gives us many glimpses of his mental occupations; indeed, his whole history from boyhood to manhood is written in his letters. For his childhood we must look to the letters of relatives, and this is how he is depicted: at the age of three reading handwriting, though nobody knew how he learnt to do it (a printed book he would read upside down); at four years reading Hebrew, and complaining bitterly of a lady who made a hash of it by attempting to read it without points; eager soon after to teach the maid Hebrew, and making known the nature of a simile by comparing her to a tree that brings forth bad fruit; by the time he is eight, he is translating Homer and Virgil, makes no difficulty of French and Italian, can express his own feelings in Latin, and shows by a translation that the Latin was his own, and the subject an address to Nature and Art. Before he is ten he has advanced to Persian, Arabic, and Sanskrit, and by way of proving that he is not mind and nothing else, he has learnt to swim in the waters of the Boyne.

At the age of eleven his school-time begins, and he speaks for himself in note-books and letters; he has "gone through what is necessary to be known for reading and writing Syriac"—indeed, has written a Syriac grammar; reads "Blackstone's Commentaries"; has made "a compendious treatise of algebra," and so on. These jottings indicate the earliest bent of his mind, namely, to the study of languages, which was carried to such a point that at fourteen he addressed the Persian Ambassador in a letter composed in that language and in true Oriental style. At a later period he records the enlarged knowledge he acquired by searching for words, forms of speech, and grammatical construction in order to make his composition perfect. And he succeeded, for the boy's letter was received with approval, while one written by a much older man was rejected as unintelligible. Nevertheless, the "Compendious Treatise on Algebra" was the first step in his life-work. The lighter studies which had occupied him hitherto resemble the early passages of musical composition. The prelude was now over and the main theme makes itself heard, at first in an undertone but decidedly, and then returns in fuller and fuller volume to the end of the performance. Following the algebra at no great interval is a casual note, "Begun Newton's 'Principia'"; then he is studying the oscillations of the pendulum; most enthusiastic in looking out for eclipses. He calculates their details, and looks forward with boyish pride to the probability of letting his relatives see how the reality verifies his calculations. Very early in his life there are traces of original work in mathematics.

A paper written at the age of seventeen contains the germ of the first work that made the author famous, an essay on the "Theory of Systems of Rays." Cast and recast, it did not see the light till the author was twenty-one, early enough, one may say, to produce a work hailed by Sir John Herschel and Professor Airy as a most important contribution to mathematical science. At this time Hamilton professes in his letters that the study of the classics was his serious business—and, indeed, it was essential to a distinguished career at college; but he was thoroughly conscious that his affection was for mathematics. He made them his recreation. At seventeen he acknowledges that

[1] Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton. By R. P. Graves. (Longmans.)

mathematical reading had drawn away his attention, he might say his affection, from the classics. This was written from Trim, where, under his uncle's care, he spent the whole of his school-time.

Only a year or two before this a contemporary genius, Macaulay, sent forth from Cambridge a very different epistle. Writing down one of the mathematical formulæ which he was compelled to master, he complained bitterly of the crabbed studies he was bound down to, when longing to revel in the fields of history and literature. The contrast is sharp between the main works of these two men. Each was master in his own peculiar province ; yet there was a border-land in which they met where neither was a master—the region of poetry. The dramatic historian's poems were the more vigorous ; yet no one, not even himself, would claim for him the name of poet. So Hamilton knew that he could write poetry—poetry, too, that Wordsworth deigned to criticise, and read with emotion—but that it was not to be his *forte*. His poetry was to be the poetry of mathematics, if the expression may be allowed. Wordsworth, whom we have just mentioned, tells us in his prelude that "he admired," evidently at a distance, "that fair synthesis," Euclid's geometry ; Hamilton looked closely into it with a poet's eye, if he had not a poet's plastic power. Writing to his sister he says, "Geometry will lead us along her simple lines, her graceful circles. She will then resign us to the guidance of Analysis, her younger and stronger sister, who will be every day unfolding new charms, and continually winning on our esteem and love." It would be too long to quote the expanded and glowing terms in which he treats of the several parts of astronomy.

His biographer has interwoven with the narrative of his life many specimens of his verse. Of these we will only quote a few lines, and that because they tell in his own words a passage in his life which cannot be omitted :

> "His words
> Breathed only such respectful tenderness
> As if he were addressing a dear sister."

But he did *not* know that she whom he addressed had plighted her troth, and that a few months must bring her bridal day. The tidings when they burst upon him almost crushed him. Our mathematician, deep in the prescribed work at college, and working in secret at his own science, had at nineteen a wounded heart ; and the wound was, so to speak, of his own making. Too honourable to speak of a love which he thought could not be gratified, he had abstained from the avowal which must have revealed the truth much earlier.

A sympathetic reader of Hamilton's life cannot without pain observe that this early wound rankled for many long years. His history makes one reflect how many men there are, firm and bright without, who yet carry within a deadly weakness and dulness of spirit. This first attachment was one of ardent passion. It was succeeded at a few years' interval by a second, Platonic, as Hamilton says, in its beginning, but warming up his life as it went on, and reopening the flow of his poetic vein. Had its course run to completion, it might have sufficed to heal up for good the old wound. In his biographer's opinion, over-sensitiveness deprived him of a happiness within his reach. At length, when the somewhat mature age of twenty-eight was reached, he married, as many others have done, into a sober happiness.

Looking back in after years on these passages of his life, Hamilton acknowledges that it had been good for him to suffer. This acknowledgment serves rather to show the depth of his religious faith, than to indicate that he had escaped the full bitterness of disappointment.

We have noticed how boyish he was with all his early learning, and we respect him none the less because the development of scientific study had not warped his heart. In general society and in the company of ladies he carried himself with a frankness, and probably with a seriousness, beyond his age. If a lady was able to converse, he could find topics that would draw her out, and if he was charmed by her conversation, himself supplied the material out of which the charm arose. One or more such are mentioned in the narrative evidently his seniors, and we hear more particularly that he profited by association with the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, who noticed with pleasure the abilities of her young fellow-countryman. This notice had a fostering influence on Hamilton's opening mind. In the first stage of his intercourse with the gifted authoress, he stands in the attitude of one whose knowledge ripens, and whose convictions deepen by contact with another of wider and longer experience of the world. As years go on, he draws up to a level with his sympathising friend, and in a still later stage he has reached a point at which his transcendent position in the scientific world produces something like a reversal of the earlier relation, and Miss Edgeworth is content to regard at a distance studies which it was not given her to pursue. Nevertheless, Hamilton continued to offer his homage, presenting her with results which she was well able to appreciate.

Two other traits in his character must be noticed, if only to show that the intensity of his studies did not amount to absorption. He was in full sympathy with the course of public affairs. His interest in politics may be traced, in part at least, to his father's influence. At home he manifested the tenderest affection for his sisters. During his undergraduate career he resided with them for a considerable time, and previously, while still a boy, he was ever ready to assist them in their studies. We read of a series of letters giving instruction in Italian, at another time he invites them to send him their mathematical work, and when actually appointed to the Observatory, he prevailed upon two of them, Sydney and Eliza, to become at once his pupils and helpers in astronomical work. It is to the latter, a poetess born, that he addressed the letter above quoted, in which he sets forth the winning power of his favourite science.

To judge by the facts of Hamilton's life, there must have been strong attraction in him for those with whom he came in contact, especially his juniors. No sooner was he established at the Observatory than offers of pupils were made to him from various quarters. The Marquis of Anglesey when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland selected him as

tutor for his sons, and they remained for a time under his care. The most solid mark of Miss Edgeworth's regard was given in a request that he would take charge of her younger brother Francis, and direct his mathematical studies. The request was seconded by a letter from the young man himself, highly discriminative of Hamilton's worth. Yet compliance was refused, for Hamilton felt he could not do justice to the pupil and to the Board of Astronomy from whom he held his appointment. They had kindly arranged that, although director of their observatory, he was not bound down to practical astronomy, but was at liberty to follow his own special subject of pure mathematics. Such an arrangement was a sufficiently delicate one ; later, indeed, it produced a certain amount of friction, although Hamilton scrupulously adhered to his side of the agreement, and, in following mainly his own studies, gave a fair amount of attention to his practical work. He visited other observatories, and made himself master of the practice to be followed.

Subsequently in Viscount Adare he found a pupil to his mind. An enthusiast in study, he wanted only direction, not assiduous teaching. Combining fortune with a love of science, his tutor looked upon him as one likely to further the interests of astronomy, if not of pure mathematics. A young man of somewhat mature mind, he gave Hamilton something he could lean upon as well as train. Discussing with his pupil religion, metaphysics, and what not, he learnt while he taught. The two enjoyed together the beauties of nature, and while in each other's company laid up a store of common knowledge and sympathy which served as a basis for a correspondence that was in its own way equally delightful.

In similar fashion Hamilton opened his mind and heart to Aubrey de Vere. It is characteristic of him that, in the case of both these young men, he raised a junior to his own level, and did not hesitate to lay bare to them even his weaknesses and faults. The correspondence with both forms a large part of the material we have for forming a correct idea of the elder man's nature.

The precocity of Hamilton's youth was equalled, if not exceeded, by the early blossom of his reputation in manhood. He was only twenty-nine when the then Lord Lieutenant conferred upon him the distinction of knighthood. Three years later the scientific men of Ireland showed their sense of his merits by electing him President of the Royal Irish Academy against so formidable a competitor as Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin. At the age of thirty-eight, in the full strength of his manhood, he had earned the distinction of a Civil List pension, an honour and support usually bestowed when an eminent man is in his decline. In external honours there was little left for him to attain ; these, however, were but temporary, and he was at the same time preparing the work which will give his name a lasting place in the history of mathematical science. This was his discovery of Quaternions ; all that we need say about it here is that it is a new and advanced method of algebraical investigation. It was soon applied to a practical purpose. Railways were then beginning to be constructed, and often had to be carried on arches over roads or streams at angle sharper than a right. These arches, called "skew arches," presented problems to the engineers of which they could only conjecture the solution. On applying to Hamilton for aid, he brought his new method to bear, and made the solution complete.

In the very year that Sir Robert Peel conferred the pension upon him, the first germ of this method arose in his mind. Writing in 1858 he says, "Quaternions started into life, or light, full grown, on October 16, 1843, as I was walking with Lady Hamilton to Dublin, and came up to Brougham Bridge. . . I felt a problem to have been at that moment solved . . . which had haunted me for at least fifteen years before." This extract is a parallel to the story of Isaac Newton, brooding over the fall of an apple in his garden at Woolsthorpe, which current report connects with his discovery of gravitation. Hamilton further says that he felt it would be worth while to spend the labour of ten years in the full development of his discovery, and, as a matter of fact, ten years elapsed before his complete work was published.

So eminent a position naturally brought him into contact with men of various grades in scientific attainment, few of whom can have been said to equal him, while he towered far above the larger number. His dealings with his contemporaries furnish excellent illustrations of his own character. On the occasion of the election to the presidency of the Academy, Dr. Lloyd, the son of his predecessor, was put forward as a candidate, and was unable to prevent his supporters from contesting the election. The contest produced only feelings of the most amicable nature between the two candidates. When elected, Hamilton appointed Lloyd one of the vice-presidents, and prepared the way for his election as president when he himself vacated the chair.

There were some who claimed to have been beforehand with him in the discovery of Quaternions, especially the late Professor M'Cullagh. Hamilton, while acknowledging with the utmost generosity various subsidiary aids, could not allow that he had taken the discovery from another. He patiently proved to his opponent that it could not be so, and afterwards took every opportunity to show his appreciation of the professor's genuine merits.

As secretary to one of the sections of the British Association, he was on one occasion desired to report on a supposed mathematical discovery by Mr. Jerrard, of Bristol. His opinion was unfavourable ; but so painstaking was he in the matter, that he actually sent the author 124 pages of manuscript in which the question was exhaustively discussed.

With Sir John Herschel he carried on a long and brotherly correspondence, each of the distinguished men rejoicing in the other's achievements. It will be remembered that Hamilton's learning was comprehensive. He was a mathematician *par excellence*, but also an astronomer, a metaphysician, and a linguist. In one of his letters he ventures the statement that English men of science too often subordinate the reason to the understanding ; and

whether he was just in this judgment or not, there must be few even among specialists who would deny the advantages gained in pursuing a wider range of study.

Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, great in metaphysics, despised mathematics. His namesake of Dublin did not despise metaphysics, and was able to say at the end of an evening spent at the Edinburgh professor's house: "Well, you see, we did not fight."

The latter years of Hamilton's life formed a period of severe labour. One or two instances of his persevering industry have already been given, but the full extent of his labours would hardly be credited were it not for memorandums in his own hand, recording twelve and thirteen hours of work at a stretch. In connection with this, his biographer has the pain of recording a serious defect in his life. Want of regular meals led to the use of stimulants by way of "support." This grew more or less into a habit, with consequences ever to be regretted. In a sketch like this, it is enough by way of warning to all under like temptation to allude to incidents with which his biographer deals as faithfully in the record as he did by personal representations at the time.

The object of his continued efforts was the perfecting of his great addition to mathematical science. He had published "Lectures on Quaternions" in 1853, and now was endeavouring to complete the theory and present it in methodical form in a work entitled "Elements of Quaternions." He was not working altogether alone; others were in communication with him on the subject, especially Professor Tait of Edinburgh. This gentleman was most anxious to turn the theory to practical purposes, and Hamilton felt obliged to restrain his impatience by desiring him to publish nothing till the theoretical work should appear in its entirety. That was not to happen in the author's lifetime. The work was approaching completion, when he was laid low by a complication of disorders, under which his constitution, never very strong, entirely broke down. He died in September 1865, a few weeks after completing his sixtieth year.

Very early in life, Hamilton had the conscious anticipation that he would do something in the course of his life that would meet with recognition in all lands. In this, at any rate, he was not disappointed. French, German, and Russian *savants* quoted him as a master in his favourite science; and, last of all, America placed his name *first* on the list of its new Academy of Sciences, rightly termed National, as it was founded soon after North and South were blended into one people.

## REMINISCENCES OF ARY SCHEFFER AND HIS TIME

### PART II.

### UNDER LOUIS PHILIPPE.

LOUIS PHILIPPE was not a Sybarite, far from it. His breakfast consisted of a roll and a glass of stout, and his dinner of "la soupe et le bouilli" and no more, though his guests were well entertained. He slept on a single mattress.

He was not generous, some said he was rather the reverse. The story goes that once, while Duke of Orleans, passing through Calais from England, as he was leaving the Hôtel Dessein, the proprietor perceived that there was a deficit of five francs on the settlement of the bill, and going to the carriage explained that the money was five francs short, when the Duke replied, "Never mind, give it to the waiters."

After the Revolution of July, Ary Scheffer and his brothers retired from political life. Men of such superior intelligence soon foresaw that the king would never realise their expectations—their aim was too high. Ary and Arnold, however, retained their positions, the former as captain of the general staff, and the latter as captain of infantry. Ary was always at his post at the yearly *émeutes* or riots, doing his duty; but the enthusiasm was dead and buried. Politics seemed to have no longer any interest for him; but, though not a friend of the king, his fidelity to the royal family remained unchanged.

His art took a stronger hold upon him. He painted Le Larmoyeur, from "The Count of Berlinchingen," and "The King of Thüle," both from Goethe's ballads; Augustine and Monica; "The Agony in the Garden"; "Mary at the foot of the Cross"; and also "Mary Magdalene." He seemed more than others to grasp the solemnity of these subjects. More and more he became interested in his second manner of painting, more anxious to chasten his drawing and general style. His first manner was bold, facile, rich in colour, and he used his colour thickly, which gave the appearance of roughness, full of evidence of great enthusiasm. The sweetness of his painting was the expression, which made you forget the ruggedness of the surface. His second style was more Italian. His great masters were at all times Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Correggio. Then came two more subjects from Faust, "The Garden Scene" and the "Saba." This last gave him great trouble. The composition of the background was a great battle to conquer; one day it was beautiful, the next he spoilt it; begun over and over again, he finished it before he could be satisfied. One day he began an antique subject, the "Achilles and Priam." He would see Achilles, the slayer of Hector. The figure of Priam was very fine, his look at the eyes of the slayer of his sons was awfully pathetic; but Achilles, who, after all, was only a handsome slayer of men, had no sentiment that could touch Ary Scheffer. He

could not manage him, and soon abandoned the subject altogether.

Great and deep sorrows were gathering around the painter's heart. Madame Scheffer, who had always been delicate, was getting weaker and weaker. The doctors advised Scheffer to take her away from Paris. He found a house at Rueil called La Malmaison. I think it was the house where the Empress-Josephine lived after the divorce. It was a pretty habitation, with gardens round full of roses and choice flowers. Here Scheffer brought his mother; here he tended and nursed her day and night. Here was the fulfilment of his promise when a boy: "I shall be a son and a daughter to you." But all was in vain. Poor Madame Scheffer's time had come, and after a month or so, she passed away as she had lived, calm and peaceful. She had been a pious woman, a Protestant. What passed in the heart of that man, God alone knows! I saw him the next day; he wanted me to do something for him, I have forgotten what. I found him calm and great as always; he alone knew what he had lost; in his heart lay his mother's love, his mother's virtues, all that she was. His sorrow, deep as it was, did not break down his courage, for the next day we found him palette in hand, painting all that remained of his mother. The three sons laid her down in her last resting place; no one else was present at the burial.



MADAME SCHEFFER. (*From the painting by Ary Scheffer.*)

Ary Scheffer remained at "Malmaison" some time longer. He painted Madame Scheffer blessing her three grandchildren, Cornélie, Ary's daughter, and Henri's two children, a little boy and a little girl.

In 1842, shortly after Madame Scheffer's death, another great shock struck at his heart—the Duke of Orleans was killed. Ary had known the Duke from a youth, he had witnessed the high qualities which distinguished him when a man, developing themselves year by year; and a great attachment had been cemented between them by their intimate knowledge of one another. Their letters were those of intimate friends, totally independent of position. The artist was a man of good counsels, and the Prince a man who could value them. This calamity shook France from end to end. The consternation was universal in every rank; the court, the army, whose idol the Duke was, the bourgeoisie, ah! even the blouse, wept—and why? He was the hope of France. The king was only tolerated for his son's sake.

Ary Scheffer was the first outside the royal family who saw the Queen, drowned in grief, but resigned, as she said to him, to the will of God. Ary seemed wrought and angry against fate, and said to this sorrow-stricken mother: "Oh, Madame! this is enough to make one doubt of God." This was, no doubt, said in the exasperation of the moment, but the Queen rebuked him, though with that gentleness which characterised her towards one whose affection she trusted.

The exhibition of 1842, shortly before the death of the Prince, was the most successful for Ary Scheffer's reputation; he had there a fine array of pictures. There were: "Marguerite coming out of Church," finished at last to the satisfaction of Madame Scheffer; "Faust at the Saba"; "The Garden Scene," Faust and Marguerite in front, further back Mephistopheles, Martha—all three pictures hanging side by side. Under these were "The Two Mignons"; "The King of Thüle"; "The Agony in the Garden"; and the "Conversion of St. Augustine." A great crowd was always there; force had to be used to approach the pictures on the line, particularly "The King of Thüle," which created the greatest enthusiasm.

I never could get near, I never saw it there; but this I saw. An old model who had sat for the old King was so proud of the success that he spent his day at the exhibition; and every now and then

he would push himself through the crowd, and when in front of the King take off his hat, put himself into the proper position, and remain complacently as if to say, "Please to remember he did not do that alone; we did it between us." But *his* exhibition was a failure; the crowd could not see it.

Ary Scheffer bore his success with dignity, but there was not an atom of pride in his character. He acknowledged simply as due to his genius all the praise given to his pictures. All in him was true; he had no mock modesty, though he was very modest.

Two brief incidents will give an insight into his character. On the day of the private view of this exhibition he accidentally met Paul Delaroche, who had more pride than dignity, and said in a patronising way, "Scheffer, I congratulate you on your progress." This offended Scheffer, and he answered, "I regret not to be able to return the compliment, Delaroche;" and they separated. There had never been any love lost between the two. The other incident is this. Scheffer had laid in his first thought on canvas for "The King of Thüle." Studio No. 2, his pupils, anxious to see the result, as soon as they thought the ground was clear made an invasion, and were soon in front of the *chef d'œuvre*, all in admiration and exaltation. I said nothing. One of them turned round and admonished me for my silence. "Shall I say what I think?" said I. "Well, you are like the mouton de Panurge, where the head goes, the others blindly follow. The king's head is beautiful, and Ary Scheffer's genius will produce a *chef d'œuvre*; one can see that already; that is all every one will expect. After that, there remains but a bad composition, badly put together, false in perspective." I explained in details, and we made our exit so pleasantly, so charmingly, so like a Platonic Republic, acknowledging but one thing, superiority of talent. We had forgotten the Thüle incident, when the master came in and asked me if I was going out. Thinking he wanted me to do something for him I said, yes. It was only to order another canvas, the same size, for next morning, at six o'clock. Ary Scheffer was an early riser. At about five in the afternoon Monsieur Scheffer called me into his studio, and placed before me a new composition of "The King of Thüle," asking what I thought of it. I said only one word: "Perfect." Then he gave me a great moral lesson. "Yesterday I was in my little studio" (what he meant by his little studio was a small room in which he was then engaged finishing that fine funerary statue of his mother), "the door was open and I heard all you said. You see I have taken advantage of it. You may criticise me as much as you like and before anybody, but I claim, as your master, that in future, when you think I am at fault, you tell me as frankly as you told them. If you are wrong, then you will have received another lesson from me." I was so overcome that I knew not what to do, I could not say a word. I looked at him and admired that great man; he had taken a lesson from me, merely a boy, a young student yet in the A B C of art. He dismissed me, or else I would be there still. He had bound me to him; I loved him before, but after that I had for him the fidelity of a dog, though he never knew it. I have written this because it shows to a high degree the dignity and also the modesty of this great man.

### THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

Madame Scheffer was dead, the Duke of Orleans was dead, Princess Marie also was dead; the great painter had also lost many of his old friends and made no new ones. Of all his friends at court, there remained only the Queen and the widowed Duchess. Sadness was there too. He was all alone, yet he remained firm to his vocation; he painted on and on. The picture "Christus Remunerator" saw the light, a companion to "Christus Consolator," as important a creation, full of majesty and sentiment. He also produced "Marguerite à la Fontaine."

The French school seemed to spring out of the Barricades of 1830. Liberty and intelligence grew like a giant; every man asserted himself, took his place, and fought valiantly to keep it. The school in Louis XV's time was all Watteau and Boucher, that of the Empire was all David and Gros. The school of 1830 had no leader; each painter, with or without genius, had his own individuality clearly marked out. The school was a school of individuality. Each painter fished on his own hook; each, ready to rise or fall on his own individuality, determined not to go back one step. Some suffered poverty. Ah! and what poverty! But they had brave hearts, and suffered bravely.

The old Academicians were adverse to the young school, and absolutely closed the door of the exposition to many a young genius. Rousseau, the greatest landscape painter, was like an outcast from them. How poor I have known him! Ary Scheffer was his great friend. How indignant he used to grow each time poor Rousseau was refused admittance at the Salon! They persevered, and conquered in time. Oh, what a school it was! Ary Scheffer, Ingres, Delacroix, Horace Vernet, Delaroche, Amaury Duval, Henri Scheffer.

Those were the historical painters. The cabinet painters were represented by Roqueplan, Decamps, Cabat, Meissonier, Jules Dupré, Dauzats, Corot.

All high in talent and fame, but each with his own individuality. There were no followers or imitators among them, even the smallest fry would assert his own; and no doubt in this lay the greatness of the school of 1830, and they called themselves men of 1830.

Some critics say they had no technical knowledge. I do not think they ever knew what that was. It could not be expected that men with such impetuous imaginations, such fervid enthusiasm for the art, could have bowed down before theories and technicalities. Besides, I am sure they did not know what these were; each painted with his own genius, and that was enough for them.

In 1846 and '47 began a conflict which soon brought on the Revolution of 1848. Louis Philippe for some time endeavoured to curtail the liberties of the people. The people who had fought and bled, had lost all confidence in the king. Guizot was hated and the king despised by *les*

*ouvriers*. The people had measured the strength of the king, the king had not measured the strength of the people ; the king thought himself secure, he was quiet, even indifferent ; but the people were getting very angry. Every one knew it but the king.

With some concessions the Revolution would have been averted, but the king, who had grown despotic, was obstinate. He would grant no reform ; on the contrary, more curtailment of liberties. The liberty of the press was in danger, public meetings were absolutely forbidden.

Revolutions in France ride at full gallop. The Revolution was at the gate of the Tuileries, yet the king would not see it. Thiers at last opened his eyes ; he saw, but it was too late ; and on the third day there was no hope, all was over, nothing was left to the king but flight. He fled, but with much less grandeur and dignity than Charles X, who was escorted from Paris to Cherbourg like a king by an army of 6,000 men. Poor Louis Philippe fled like a culprit, hiding here, hiding there, and with his noble queen, in the cold and rain, sometimes obliged to walk in the cross muddy roads. What a bitter journey for a king ! Who would not pity him ?

The Princes and Princesses were all scattered ; all were gone but the poor Duchess of Orleans. The noble woman would not go ; she would defend the right of her son. There she stood, in the Chambre des Députés, facing the enraged crowd, mad with fury, faces blackened with gunpowder, armed with loaded guns, spears, sabres, pistols ; guns were levelled at her and her children. She was dragged out of that pandemonium, through passages, pushed, crushed, fainting,—her children trodden underfoot.

In this Paris, enraged to madness by victory and wine, there is this noble princess, abandoned, alone, not a friend near to help her. But yes ! she has one. Ary Scheffer, the devoted friend of her husband, he will protect her. She and her children took refuge under his roof, and as soon as it was possible he accompanied her to Germany, where she remained for some time.

### THE SECOND REPUBLIC AND SECOND EMPIRE.

The Revolution is over. In 1830 Lafayette, the old soldier of liberty, was the great figure ; but in 1848 Lamartine was the conspicuous figure—Lamartine the poet. Not one soldier was in the provisional government.

Lamartine, by his indefatigable energy, aided by his genius, quelled the multitude and saved great bloodshed. But the calm of each day brought its political storm, its demonstration. Day after day there were troubles, fresh demands from the people. They had a Republic, but that was not enough. What they wanted was a Social Republic. They were ready to fight for it. At last came the fatal days of the 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th of June, 1848, when more generals fell than in any great battle of the Empire. Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, was shot at the Barricade on June 25.

This must have been the last of Ary Scheffer's appearances on the Barricades. Prince Louis Napoleon, after he had been elected President of the Republic, offered him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. This the great painter refused, stating that he had gained the grade of officer of the Legion of Honour by his genius, and would not lose it by accepting the Grand Cross for military services.

When Emperor, Napoleon might have rewarded him with the same honour which he deserved so well as an artist. He did not. The Scheffers hated Emperors and Empires.

Arnold Scheffer had died, and had bequeathed his charming residence at Lamarche to his brother Ary, and he remained there now. He occasionally paid a visit to the Orleans family at Claremont. He assisted at the funeral of the king, and also at that of his Queen Marie Amélie, that saintly woman who bore with such fortitude and resignation the great misfortunes which befel her beloved family.

After this Ary Scheffer once more visited Claremont. It was to assist at the funeral of one who was the last link of his devotion and affection. The noble Duchess of Orleans was dead. On his way back he caught a chill ; he arrived home, laid down, and passed away.

With Ary Scheffer passed away one of the finest men of his generation. Faithful to his principles, he remained a republican as long as he thought a Republic possible ; but when he saw, after the Revolution of 1830, that his old comrades were the men of *émeutes* and barricades, each working for himself, he left them.

As a painter he was not so popular as many, his subjects were of too high an order for the masses. His reputation shone only amongst the *élite* of the time. He never courted that popularity which was not intelligent. Some compared him to Paul Delaroche ; but there was a great difference. Scheffer was all true sentiment, Delaroche was sentimentality ; but not everybody could grasp that difference. True sentiment comes from the heart, sentimentality from the head ; there was an abyss between them.

Ary Scheffer was only known as a great painter, by his great artistic works, that is all the world saw of him ; his virtues were only seen in the privacy of his home, and in the very small circle of his beloved friends. The few who had the privilege of seeing him in the intimacy of his life can never forget. What a great example for them to follow !

A. LABY




## THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF SOME MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS," ETC

AS soon as our domestic had spread our table and departed, Pleasance took up her parable, saying—

"We all know nowadays that it is good for girls of every rank to be trained in practical household ways. I cannot understand why boys should be withheld from a certain share in this training. It might be a most useful resource in those early years when one should not inflict too much brain work, and when there is plenty of superfluous bodily activity to be got rid of."

"I remember reading that Janet Hamilton, the peasant poetess of Western Scotland, accustomed her boys to share the domestic tasks of their sisters," observed Mrs. Yeldham.

"One could interest the most 'manly' boy in wood-chopping, water-carrying, bed-making, sweeping and cookery, and even a little simple needlework, by skilfully associating these with the necessities of pioneering in the colonies or exploring in savage countries," I assented.

"It is the misfortune of the present craze for athletic sports, with all its adjuncts of costly prizes and systematic newspaper reporting," said Pleasance, "that it tends to take these out of their proper place, and to make them the sole active interest, and indeed the chief occupation, of many who engage in them."

"Thus going flatly against the advice of the old Roman Seneca," observed Horace. "He probably noticed the same tendency in his day, for he distinctly recommends 'those kinds of exercise which are easy and short, which loosen and supple the body without great loss of time.' As for the publicity which you justly deprecate," Horace went on, "that generally means betting on the part of somebody. But we men are not the only sinners in that respect, since young ladies pander to the same bad taste when they 'go in' for public tennis tournaments and archery meetings. We could all find the same healthful enjoyment and development in more retired ways."

"I remember when bodily health and strength were too often sacrificed for mental acquirement," said Mrs. Yeldham. "So, when there came a time of violent revolt against this, like most violent revolts it went too far, and bodily exercise was preached up almost as if there was salvation in it. Sturdy muscles and stout frames were spoken of as if they were mere synonyms for pure lives and noble minds."

"Yet, if people would but look around," said Pleasance, "they would surely see some of those facts which are stubborn 'chiels' and which contradict this theory. One of the basest young men I ever knew was an ardent and successful cricketer, a leading spirit in his county eleven. Apart from this, his pleasures were those of the pothouse and the music-hall, his chosen associates were the lowest of people, and his hero-worship was reserved for the jockey and the pugilist. He hated work of every description, and idled away his time till it was too late to enter any profession, and whenever he was remonstrated with, asserted the independence that he (with good blood in his veins!) would not be above finding as a 'professional' devotee to his pet sport! He was a usurer, too, of the meanest type, lending out his little patrimony to needy people at exorbitant interest, and so utterly dead to all right feeling that he would not deny himself a single night's 'enjoyment' to spare disturbance to a brother's dying bed."

"Just so," answered Horace, "and so I have noted that while many most excellent students enjoy a fit proportion of boating or football, the 'stars' of university athletics are sometimes men who may be described as of long *standing* in their college, since often they have not taken a single *step* towards their proper goal! In many instances, this is because the young men are, as we were

saying earlier this evening, fitted by nature rather for physical than for intellectual pursuits. But in some cases it may be, as Seneca says, 'that the travail of exercise spendeth the spirit, and disableth it from application and deep study.' There are, of course, rare exceptions who can attain supreme excellence on both sides, but the distinguished prizeman who is also a famous athlete is, I fear, met with in fiction more often than in real life."

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Yeldham, "I have feared lest the craze for athletics should lure away from those walking exploits, in which—as Mr. Ruskin has told us, and anybody who knows concurs—are found the truest joys of travel. Quite lately, in an article written by one who has much influence with young men, I was pleased to note this sentence: 'Every youth should be a good pedestrian. It is at once the cheapest and most delightful of pleasures, and it is a pleasure which is in the power of every healthy person.'"

"I have known a lad who was always boasting of his prowess at football and cricket, who yet knew so little of true manliness as to be proud that he had never climbed a hill and had no desire to do so!" said Penelope. "Let me add that he was educated in Derbyshire, and had spent many holidays in Westmorland and Cumberland."

"And I had a classmate, a great sturdy fellow who spent hours practising with his dumb-bells," added Horace, "yet when he wanted a trunk carried down stairs, he walked off to fetch a porter to do the job!"

"One wonders sometimes for what these young men 'develop their muscles,'" said Pleasance, "for unless they do some service in the world, they will be only in the end the same 'food for worms' as those of the crippled and invalided! 'The glory of a young man is his strength,' not that he may exhibit it in the form of 'grand biceps,' but that he may set it to the easy accomplishment of necessary tasks which weigh hardly where it does not exist. I remember a vignette in some old periodical. It showed a broad staircase, up which a six-foot 'Jeames' carried a silver salver containing a calling card, while behind him toiled a slight girl bearing a heavy scuttle of coals. There was a whole philosophy of 'how things ought not to be' in that little sketch!"

"I don't think men would learn to value women's work less by knowing something about it," said Horace, thoughtfully. "I always notice the women who know something about our kinds of work are those who respect us the most!"

"The contemptuous regard which many men give to the womanly tasks they know nothing about, may have even had some influence in bringing such tasks into some disrepute among the weaker sort of women," said Pleasance. "I can sympathise with the man who declares he would rather his wife should be a good cook than a senior wrangler; but I hate to hear him say so, if I know it means that he regards 'the good cook' as branded inferior to the sex that is supposed 'not to be made for such work.'"

"Don't you remember the effect a little experience produced on the children in one of Mrs. Ewing's delightful rhymes?" observed Penelope. "They had thought that,

> 'A regular wash must be splendid fun, and everybody knows
> That anyone in the world can wash out a few dirty clothes.'

But after their experiment of the doll's wash, they came to the conclusion,

> 'It's a very odd thing that what looks so easy should be so difficult to do,'

and accordingly declared that now,

> 'We feel very sorry for Sally every week, and we don't mean to dirty our dresses so much any more.'"

"I have noticed," said Mrs. Yeldham, "that in families of boys only, where the mother is clever and sensible, the lads often grow up most useful and practically clever—neat and orderly and helpful—because they have naturally aided her in matters which are otherwise too often left wholly to the girls."

"And they haven't been mollycoddles either," asserted Horace. "I have heard the testimony of scores of mothers and sisters, that it is the romping rogue of a boy who is generally of 'ten times more use in a house' than his quieter and more sedentary brother; the latter, probably feeling that Nature has not been very determinate in her line between him and 'the girls,' is apt to do all he can to deepen it artificially."

"I can see that this commonly permitted withdrawal from the little interests and tasks of daily household life is likely to have its share in producing another trait I have noticed in some men," pondered Penelope—"I mean an ignoring of all duty in little kind attentions and considerations. Are they abroad, they know well enough that they like to hear from home, but they delay or entirely neglect the letter whose loving messages or simple explanations would bring new life and joy to longing hearts. Do they marry? Then such delegate all these tender little interests to their wives, as if the dry items of information, and the superficial courtesies—the carelessly chosen 'Christmas cards' and inconsidered gifts—of a slight new acquaintance can in any degree replace the precious freemasonry of years of common experience and mutual memory!"

"That is the wife's fault, generally," put in Pleasance. "Instead of keeping her husband up to his proper duties in this respect—making it easy and pleasant for him to do them, asking if they are done and saying straightforwardly that they ought to be done, she sometimes even throws obstacles in his way, and then volunteers to discharge them for him! This latter may be done in a sort of adoring slavery, but it is some women's method of making themselves indispensable and so increasing their own power. And thus a man's 'pleasant vices,' his absent-mindedness, his indifference, his idleness, become the chains which bind him into subjugation and drag him down from his lawful place as the master of his house."

"Ay," said Horace. "But I always say it

remains a man's own fault when a woman takes to 'managing' him. Why can he not be a reasonable being to whom she can plainly say, 'Ought not you to do this?' 'Should you do that?' 'I think this is wrong.' 'I am sure that is right,' just as men and women say among themselves. But no, certain men take up a notion which they express by the phrase, that they 'may be led, but not driven,' which really means that they must not be spoken with frankly, as friends speak, but that they must be hoodwinked after the fashion sometimes necessary with delirious patients or lunatics, and as inferior nurses deal with naughty children."

"Bravo, Horace," cried Pleasance. "I own I'm heartily disgusted with the twaddling tone so often taken about 'women influencing men for their good.' Has God divided His moral blessings according to sex? We have an equal right to expect men to influence us for good! And so they do. The first person who awoke my wider sense of right and wrong, and gave the first direction to my real mental interests, was a boy of seventeen, when I was a girl of ten. And it has been the same often since, even in the case of men much younger than myself, and who have been little aware when virtue went out of them!"

"I think," said Mrs. Yeldham, "that some men —especially young men—get into a morbid way of thinking that nobody really regards them, and that though kindness may be shown to them, nobody is hurt if they give no response; that, in short, response might possibly be regarded as a bore. I remember some friends of mine who showed great kindness to a stranger youth, opened their house freely to him at all times, and looked after him in sickness and trouble. He kept up some slight correspondence with them for a while when he went away, but, in later years, he actually returned to the town with a wife and children, and never even made his presence known to his old friends!"

"On the other hand," said Pleasance, "some excuse their sinking into habits of indolent negligence and silence, by assuring themselves not only that their own hearts remain as warm and true as they ever were, but that those who love them are fully aware of this! These demand a great deal of 'trust,' forgetful that 'trust' is a root which will not 'strike' save in a very rich soil of foregone satisfaction!"

"But it is a most unwholesome thing when men of any age take to regarding themselves as interesting cases, entitled to a secure claim on charitable constructions and persistent kindness that their actions do little to deserve," said I.

"I must quote Mrs. Ewing again," observed Penelope. "Don't you remember 'Master Fritz'?——

'If you make nice feasts every day for me and Nickel and never keep us waiting for our food,
And always do everything I want and attend to everything I say, I'm sure I shall almost always be good.
And if I am naughty now and then it'll most likely be your fault: and if it isn't, you mustn't mind;
For even if I seem to be cross, you ought to know that I mean to be kind!'"

"Ay," said Pleasance. "I fear that young man is not unknown to most of us. Who has not heard the asinine 'It is always my way,' which such think sufficient explanation for perpetually recurring faults of self-indulgence or peevishness or passion, or of that general pigheadedness which he glorifies by calling it 'my pride'? 'It is always my way,' he murmurs, as he puts aside your advice and follows his own will. 'It is just my luck,' he cries, when he comes to you to save him from some consequences he does not like! By these marks may you know him!"

"I wonder sometimes if there was not too much 'interest' shown in Edwin Richardson, in his first goings astray," mused Horace Penrith, returning to the subject rankling in his heart.

I could not help mischievously remarking, "Possibly too much 'interest' of a certain kind has been shown in him up to this very date!" And Horace, who took my hint, looked back at me reproachfully, and said:

"Well, I had been so much blamed for my youthful instincts of severity towards him, that at last I was ready to blame myself, and thought I would have my share of trying the other course!"

"In short, you felt like the old man with the donkey in the famous fable," I rejoined, wickedly. "I think that is how we are all tempted to feel. But we should resist—for the sake of the donkey!"

"I know an experienced instructor of youth, who used to say that there was seldom anything more salutary for naughtiness than a little wholesome neglect," said Penelope. "Moral maladies are apt to be hopelessly 'struck in,' by the time a child or a young person begins to regard himself (to quote Mrs. Ewing again) as

'A solemn charge, and a fair white page, and a tender bud, and a spotless nature of wax to be moulded:—and I think she called me a Privilege.'"

"It seems almost incredible that many boys or men should be in danger of such mental habits as these, doesn't it?" said Horace, simply.

I laughed. "Even Mr. Penrith," said I, "is not too enlightened to be inclined to relegate to our poor sex any weaknesses which strike him as utterly contemptible! But I am forced to say that just as there are male hypochondriacs, searching among physicians, wandering through hydropathic establishments, trying new drugs, and learned in chemical foods, so there are men who revel in the self-dissection of their own characters, are interested in their own moral deficiencies, and make capital out of qualities for which they should rather blush. Like those 'models' who haunt surgical lecture-rooms and offer themselves for experimental bandaging, so these go about the world, tendering their souls for treatment. They do not wish to reform, but they have a morbid taste for the process of being reformed! I can very well believe that Edwin Richardson took this direction when he turned downward."

"The important question being," said Pleasance, "what then might have been done to divert him upwards?"

"I incline to Penelope's wholesome neglect," answered Mrs. Yeldham, "by which I mean that

tutor for his sons, and they remained for a time under his care. The most solid mark of Miss Edgeworth's regard was given in a request that he would take charge of her younger brother Francis, and direct his mathematical studies. The request was seconded by a letter from the young man himself, highly discriminative of Hamilton's worth. Yet compliance was refused, for Hamilton felt he could not do justice to the pupil and to the Board of Astronomy from whom he held his appointment. They had kindly arranged that, although director of their observatory, he was not bound down to practical astronomy, but was at liberty to follow his own special subject of pure mathematics. Such an arrangement was a sufficiently delicate one ; later, indeed, it produced a certain amount of friction, although Hamilton scrupulously adhered to his side of the agreement, and, in following mainly his own studies, gave a fair amount of attention to his practical work. He visited other observatories, and made himself master of the practice to be followed.

Subsequently in Viscount Adare he found a pupil to his mind. An enthusiast in study, he wanted only direction, not assiduous teaching. Combining fortune with a love of science, his tutor looked upon him as one likely to further the interests of astronomy, if not of pure mathematics. A young man of somewhat mature mind, he gave Hamilton something he could lean upon as well as train. Discussing with his pupil religion, metaphysics, and what not, he learnt while he taught. The two enjoyed together the beauties of nature, and while in each other's company laid up a store of common knowledge and sympathy which served as a basis for a correspondence that was in its own way equally delightful.

In similar fashion Hamilton opened his mind and heart to Aubrey de Vere. It is characteristic of him that, in the case of both these young men, he raised a junior to his own level, and did not hesitate to lay bare to them even his weaknesses and faults. The correspondence with both forms a large part of the material we have for forming a correct idea of the elder man's nature.

The precocity of Hamilton's youth was equalled, if not exceeded, by the early blossom of his reputation in manhood. He was only twenty-nine when the then Lord Lieutenant conferred upon him the distinction of knighthood. Three years later the scientific men of Ireland showed their sense of his merits by electing him President of the Royal Irish Academy against so formidable a competitor as Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin. At the age of thirty-eight, in the full strength of his manhood, he had earned the distinction of a Civil List pension, an honour and support usually bestowed when an eminent man is in his decline. In external honours there was little left for him to attain ; these, however, were but temporary, and he was at the same time preparing the work which will give his name a lasting place in the history of mathematical science. This was his discovery of Quaternions ; all that we need say about it here is that it is a new and advanced method of algebraical investigation. It was soon applied to a practical purpose. Railways were then beginning to be constructed, and often had to be carried on arches over roads or streams at angle sharper than a right. These arches, called "skew arches," presented problems to the engineers of which they could only conjecture the solution. On applying to Hamilton for aid, he brought his new method to bear, and made the solution complete.

In the very year that Sir Robert Peel conferred the pension upon him, the first germ of this method arose in his mind. Writing in 1858 he says, "Quaternions started into life, or light, full grown, on October 16, 1843, as I was walking with Lady Hamilton to Dublin, and came up to Brougham Bridge. . . I felt a problem to have been at that moment solved . . . which had haunted me for at least fifteen years before." This extract is a parallel to the story of Isaac Newton, brooding over the fall of an apple in his garden at Woolsthorpe, which current report connects with his discovery of gravitation. Hamilton further says that he felt it would be worth while to spend the labour of ten years in the full development of his discovery, and, as a matter of fact, ten years elapsed before his complete work was published.

So eminent a position naturally brought him into contact with men of various grades in scientific attainment, few of whom can have been said to equal him, while he towered far above the larger number. His dealings with his contemporaries furnish excellent illustrations of his own character. On the occasion of the election to the presidency of the Academy, Dr. Lloyd, the son of his predecessor, was put forward as a candidate, and was unable to prevent his supporters from contesting the election. The contest produced only feelings of the most amicable nature between the two candidates. When elected, Hamilton appointed Lloyd one of the vice-presidents, and prepared the way for his election as president when he himself vacated the chair.

There were some who claimed to have been beforehand with him in the discovery of Quaternions, especially the late Professor M'Cullagh. Hamilton, while acknowledging with the utmost generosity various subsidiary aids, could not allow that he had taken the discovery from another. He patiently proved to his opponent that it could not be so, and afterwards took every opportunity to show his appreciation of the professor's genuine merits.

As secretary to one of the sections of the British Association, he was on one occasion desired to report on a supposed mathematical discovery by Mr. Jerrard, of Bristol. His opinion was unfavourable ; but so painstaking was he in the matter, that he actually sent the author 124 pages of manuscript in which the question was exhaustively discussed.

With Sir John Herschel he carried on a long and brotherly correspondence, each of the distinguished men rejoicing in the other's achievements. It will be remembered that Hamilton's learning was comprehensive. He was a mathematician *par excellence*, but also an astronomer, a metaphysician, and a linguist. In one of his letters he ventures the statement that English men of science too often subordinate the reason to the understanding ; and

whether he was just in this judgment or not, there must be few even among specialists who would deny the advantages gained in pursuing a wider range of study.

Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, great in metaphysics, despised mathematics. His namesake of Dublin did not despise metaphysics, and was able to say at the end of an evening spent at the Edinburgh professor's house: "Well, you see, we did not fight."

The latter years of Hamilton's life formed a period of severe labour. One or two instances of his persevering industry have already been given, but the full extent of his labours would hardly be credited were it not for memorandums in his own hand, recording twelve and thirteen hours of work at a stretch. In connection with this, his biographer has the pain of recording a serious defect in his life. Want of regular meals led to the use of stimulants by way of "support." This grew more or less into a habit, with consequences ever to be regretted. In a sketch like this, it is enough by way of warning to all under like temptation to allude to incidents with which his biographer deals as faithfully in the record as he did by personal representations at the time.

The object of his continued efforts was the perfecting of his great addition to mathematical science. He had published "Lectures on Quaternions" in 1853, and now was endeavouring to complete the theory and present it in methodical form in a work entitled "Elements of Quaternions." He was not working altogether alone; others were in communication with him on the subject, especially Professor Tait of Edinburgh. This gentleman was most anxious to turn the theory to practical purposes, and Hamilton felt obliged to restrain his impatience by desiring him to publish nothing till the theoretical work should appear in its entirety. That was not to happen in the author's lifetime. The work was approaching completion, when he was laid low by a complication of disorders, under which his constitution, never very strong, entirely broke down. He died in September 1865, a few weeks after completing his sixtieth year.

Very early in life, Hamilton had the conscious anticipation that he would do something in the course of his life that would meet with recognition in all lands. In this, at any rate, he was not disappointed. French, German, and Russian *savants* quoted him as a master in his favourite science; and, last of all, America placed his name *first* on the list of its new Academy of Sciences, rightly termed National, as it was founded soon after North and South were blended into one people.

## REMINISCENCES OF ARY SCHEFFER AND HIS TIME

### PART II.

### UNDER LOUIS PHILIPPE.

LOUIS PHILIPPE was not a Sybarite, far from it. His breakfast consisted of a roll and a glass of stout, and his dinner of "la soupe et le bouilli" and no more, though his guests were well entertained. He slept on a single mattress.

He was not generous, some said he was rather the reverse. The story goes that once, while Duke of Orleans, passing through Calais from England, as he was leaving the Hôtel Dessein, the proprietor perceived that there was a deficit of five francs on the settlement of the bill, and going to the carriage explained that the money was five francs short, when the Duke replied, "Never mind, give it to the waiters."

After the Revolution of July, Ary Scheffer and his brothers retired from political life. Men of such superior intelligence soon foresaw that the king would never realise their expectations—their aim was too high. Ary and Arnold, however, retained their positions, the former as captain of the general staff, and the latter as captain of infantry. Ary was always at his post at the yearly *émeutes* or riots, doing his duty; but the enthusiasm was dead and buried. Politics seemed to have no longer any interest for him; but, though not a friend of the king, his fidelity to the royal family remained unchanged.

His art took a stronger hold upon him. He painted Le Larmoyeur, from "The Count of Berlinchingen," and "The King of Thüle," both from Goethe's ballads; Augustine and Monica; "The Agony in the Garden"; "Mary at the foot of the Cross"; and also "Mary Magdalene." He seemed more than others to grasp the solemnity of these subjects. More and more he became interested in his second manner of painting, more anxious to chasten his drawing and general style. His first manner was bold, facile, rich in colour, and he used his colour thickly, which gave the appearance of roughness, full of evidence of great enthusiasm. The sweetness of his painting was the expression, which made you forget the ruggedness of the surface. His second style was more Italian. His great masters were at all times Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Correggio. Then came two more subjects from Faust, "The Garden Scene" and the "Saba." This last gave him great trouble. The composition of the background was a great battle to conquer; one day it was beautiful, the next he spoilt it; begun over and over again, he finished it before he could be satisfied. One day he began an antique subject, the "Achilles and Priam." He would see Achilles, the slayer of Hector. The figure of Priam was very fine, his look at the eyes of the slayer of his sons was awfully pathetic; but Achilles, who, after all, was only a handsome slayer of men, had no sentiment that could touch Ary Scheffer. He

could not manage him, and soon abandoned the subject altogether.

Great and deep sorrows were gathering around the painter's heart. Madame Scheffer, who had always been delicate, was getting weaker and weaker. The doctors advised Scheffer to take her away from Paris. He found a house at Rueil called La Malmaison. I think it was the house where the Empress Josephine lived after the divorce. It was a pretty habitation, with gardens round full of roses and choice flowers. Here Scheffer brought his mother; here he tended and nursed her day and night. Here was the fulfilment of his promise when a boy: "I shall be a son and a daughter to you." But all was in vain. Poor Madame Scheffer's time had come, and after a month or so, she passed away as she had lived, calm and peaceful. She had been a pious woman, a Protestant. What passed in the heart of that man, God alone knows! I saw him the next day; he wanted me to do something for him, I have forgotten what. I found him calm and great as always; he alone knew what he had lost; in his heart lay his mother's love, his mother's virtues, all that she was. His sorrow, deep as it was, did not break down his courage, for the next day we found him palette in hand, painting all that remained of his mother. The three sons laid her down in her last resting place; no one else was present at the burial.



MADAME SCHEFFER. (*From the painting by Ary Scheffer.*)

Ary Scheffer remained at "Malmaison" some time longer. He painted Madame Scheffer blessing her three grandchildren, Cornélie, Ary's daughter, and Henri's two children, a little boy and a little girl.

In 1842, shortly after Madame Scheffer's death, another great shock struck at his heart—the Duke of Orleans was killed. Ary had known the Duke from a youth, he had witnessed the high qualities which distinguished him when a man, developing themselves year by year; and a great attachment had been cemented between them by their intimate knowledge of one another. Their letters were those of intimate friends, totally independent of position. The artist was a man of good counsels, and the Prince a man who could value them. This calamity shook France from end to end. The consternation was universal in every rank; the court, the army, whose idol the Duke was, the bourgeoisie, ah! even the blouse, wept—and why? He was the hope of France. The king was only tolerated for his son's sake.

Ary Scheffer was the first outside the royal family who saw the Queen, drowned in grief, but resigned, as she said to him, to the will of God. Ary seemed wrought and angry against fate, and said to this sorrow-stricken mother: "Oh, Madame! this is enough to make one doubt of God." This was, no doubt, said in the exasperation of the moment, but the Queen rebuked him, though with that gentleness which characterised her towards one whose affection she trusted.

The exhibition of 1842, shortly before the death of the Prince, was the most successful for Ary Scheffer's reputation; he had there a fine array of pictures. There were: "Marguerite coming out of Church," finished at last to the satisfaction of Madame Scheffer; "Faust at the Saba"; "The Garden Scene," Faust and Marguerite in front, further back Mephistopheles, Martha—all three pictures hanging side by side. Under these were "The Two Mignons"; "The King of Thüle"; "The Agony in the Garden"; and the "Conversion of St. Augustine." A great crowd was always there; force had to be used to approach the pictures on the line, particularly "The King of Thüle," which created the greatest enthusiasm.

I never could get near, I never saw it there; but this I saw. An old model who had sat for the old King was so proud of the success that he spent his day at the exhibition; and every now and then

he would push himself through the crowd, and when in front of the King take off his hat, put himself into the proper position, and remain complacently as if to say, "Please to remember he did not do that alone; we did it between us." But *his* exhibition was a failure; the crowd could not see it.

Ary Scheffer bore his success with dignity, but there was not an atom of pride in his character. He acknowledged simply as due to his genius all the praise given to his pictures. All in him was true; he had no mock modesty, though he was very modest.

Two brief incidents will give an insight into his character. On the day of the private view of this exhibition he accidentally met Paul Delaroche, who had more pride than dignity, and said in a patronising way, "Scheffer, I congratulate you on your progress." This offended Scheffer, and he answered, "I regret not to be able to return the compliment, Delaroche;" and they separated. There had never been any love lost between the two. The other incident is this. Scheffer had laid in his first thought on canvas for "The King of Thüle." Studio No. 2, his pupils, anxious to see the result, as soon as they thought the ground was clear made an invasion, and were soon in front of the *chef d'œuvre*, all in admiration and exaltation. I said nothing. One of them turned round and admonished me for my silence. "Shall I say what I think?" said I. "Well, you are like the mouton de Panurge, where the head goes, the others blindly follow. The king's head is beautiful, and Ary Scheffer's genius will produce a *chef d'œuvre*; one can see that already; that is all every one will expect. After that, there remains but a bad composition, badly put together, false in perspective." I explained in details, and we made our exit so pleasantly, so charmingly, so like a Platonic Republic, acknowledging but one thing, superiority of talent. We had forgotten the Thüle incident, when the master came in and asked me if I was going out. Thinking he wanted me to do something for him I said, yes. It was only to order another canvas, the same size, for next morning, at six o'clock. Ary Scheffer was an early riser. At about five in the afternoon Monsieur Scheffer called me into his studio, and placed before me a new composition of "The King of Thüle," asking what I thought of it. I said only one word: "Perfect." Then he gave me a great moral lesson. "Yesterday I was in my little studio" (what he meant by his little studio was a small room in which he was then engaged finishing that fine funerary statue of his mother), "the door was open and I heard all you said. You see I have taken advantage of it. You may criticise me as much as you like and before anybody, but I claim, as your master, that in future, when you think I am at fault, you tell me as frankly as you told them. If you are wrong, then you will have received another lesson from me." I was so overcome that I knew not what to do, I could not say a word. I looked at him and admired that great man; he had taken a lesson from me, merely a boy, a young student yet in the A B C of art. He dismissed me, or else I would be there still. He had bound me to him; I loved him before, but after that I had for him the fidelity of a dog, though he never knew it. I have written this because it shows to a high degree the dignity and also the modesty of this great man.

### THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

Madame Scheffer was dead, the Duke of Orleans was dead, Princess Marie also was dead; the great painter had also lost many of his old friends and made no new ones. Of all his friends at court, there remained only the Queen and the widowed Duchess. Sadness was there too. He was all alone, yet he remained firm to his vocation; he painted on and on. The picture "Christus Remunerator" saw the light, a companion to "Christus Consolator," as important a creation, full of majesty and sentiment. He also produced "Marguerite à la Fontaine."

The French school seemed to spring out of the Barricades of 1830. Liberty and intelligence grew like a giant; every man asserted himself, took his place, and fought valiantly to keep it. The school in Louis XV's time was all Watteau and Boucher, that of the Empire was all David and Gros. The school of 1830 had no leader; each painter, with or without genius, had his own individuality clearly marked out. The school was a school of individuality. Each painter fished on his own hook; each, ready to rise or fall on his own individuality, determined not to go back one step. Some suffered poverty. Ah! and what poverty! But they had brave hearts, and suffered bravely.

The old Academicians were adverse to the young school, and absolutely closed the door of the exposition to many a young genius. Rousseau, the greatest landscape painter, was like an outcast from them. How poor I have known him! Ary Scheffer was his great friend. How indignant he used to grow each time poor Rousseau was refused admittance at the Salon! They persevered, and conquered in time. Oh, what a school it was! Ary Scheffer, Ingres, Delacroix, Horace Vernet, Delaroche, Amaury Duval, Henri Scheffer.

Those were the historical painters. The cabinet painters were represented by Roqueplan, Decamps, Cabat, Meissonier, Jules Dupré, Dauzats, Corot.

All high in talent and fame, but each with his own individuality. There were no followers or imitators among them, even the smallest fry would assert his own; and no doubt in this lay the greatness of the school of 1830, and they called themselves men of 1830.

Some critics say they had no technical knowledge. I do not think they ever knew what that was. It could not be expected that men with such impetuous imaginations, such fervid enthusiasm for the art, could have bowed down before theories and technicalities. Besides, I am sure they did not know what these were; each painted with his own genius, and that was enough for them.

In 1846 and '47 began a conflict which soon brought on the Revolution of 1848. Louis Philippe for some time endeavoured to curtail the liberties of the people. The people who had fought and bled, had lost all confidence in the king. Guizot was hated and the king despised by *les*

*ouvriers*. The people had measured the strength of the king, the king had not measured the strength of the people ; the king thought himself secure, he was quiet, even indifferent ; but the people were getting very angry. Every one knew it but the king.

With some concessions the Revolution would have been averted, but the king, who had grown despotic, was obstinate. He would grant no reform; on the contrary, more curtailment of liberties. The liberty of the press was in danger, public meetings were absolutely forbidden.

Revolutions in France ride at full gallop. The Revolution was at the gate of the Tuileries, yet the king would not see it. Thiers at last opened his eyes ; he saw, but it was too late ; and on the third day there was no hope, all was over, nothing was left to the king but flight. He fled, but with much less grandeur and dignity than Charles X, who was escorted from Paris to Cherbourg like a king by an army of 6,000 men. Poor Louis Philippe fled like a culprit, hiding here, hiding there, and with his noble queen, in the cold and rain, sometimes obliged to walk in the cross muddy roads. What a bitter journey for a king ! Who would not pity him ?

The Princes and Princesses were all scattered ; all were gone but the poor Duchess of Orleans. The noble woman would not go ; she would defend the right of her son. There she stood, in the Chambre des Députés, facing the enraged crowd, mad with fury, faces blackened with gunpowder, armed with loaded guns, spears, sabres, pistols ; guns were levelled at her and her children. She was dragged out of that pandemonium, through passages, pushed, crushed, fainting,—her children trodden underfoot.

In this Paris, enraged to madness by victory and wine, there is this noble princess, abandoned, alone, not a friend near to help her. But yes ! she has one. Ary Scheffer, the devoted friend of her husband, he will protect her. She and her children took refuge under his roof, and as soon as it was possible he accompanied her to Germany, where she remained for some time.

### THE SECOND REPUBLIC AND SECOND EMPIRE.

The Revolution is over. In 1830 Lafayette, the old soldier of liberty, was the great figure ; but in 1848 Lamartine was the conspicuous figure—Lamartine the poet. Not one soldier was in the provisional government.

Lamartine, by his indefatigable energy, aided by his genius, quelled the multitude and saved great bloodshed. But the calm of each day brought its political storm, its demonstration. Day after day there were troubles, fresh demands from the people. They had a Republic, but that was not enough. What they wanted was a Social Republic. They were ready to fight for it. At last came the fatal days of the 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th of June, 1848, when more generals fell than in any great battle of the Empire. Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, was shot at the Barricade on June 25.

This must have been the last of Ary Scheffer's appearances on the Barricades. Prince Louis Napoleon, after he had been elected President of the Republic, offered him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. This the great painter refused, stating that he had gained the grade of officer of the Legion of Honour by his genius, and would not lose it by accepting the Grand Cross for military services.

When Emperor, Napoleon might have rewarded him with the same honour which he deserved so well as an artist. He did not. The Scheffers hated Emperors and Empires.

Arnold Scheffer had died, and had bequeathed his charming residence at Lamarche to his brother Ary, and he remained there now. He occasionally paid a visit to the Orleans family at Claremont. He assisted at the funeral of the king, and also at that of his Queen Marie Amélie, that saintly woman who bore with such fortitude and resignation the great misfortunes which befel her beloved family.

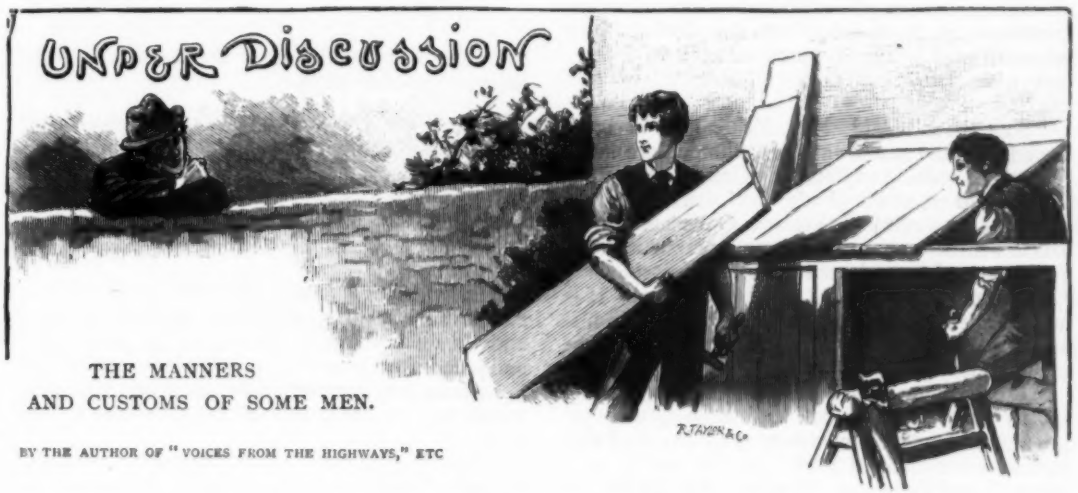
After this Ary Scheffer once more visited Claremont. It was to assist at the funeral of one who was the last link of his devotion and affection. The noble Duchess of Orleans was dead. On his way back he caught a chill ; he arrived home, laid down, and passed away.

With Ary Scheffer passed away one of the finest men of his generation. Faithful to his principles, he remained a republican as long as he thought a Republic possible ; but when he saw, after the Revolution of 1830, that his old comrades were the men of *émeutes* and barricades, each working for himself, he left them.

As a painter he was not so popular as many, his subjects were of too high an order for the masses. His reputation shone only amongst the *élite* of the time. He never courted that popularity which was not intelligent. Some compared him to Paul Delaroche ; but there was a great difference. Scheffer was all true sentiment, Delaroche was sentimentality; but not everybody could grasp that difference. True sentiment comes from the heart, sentimentality from the head ; there was an abyss between them.

Ary Scheffer was only known as a great painter, by his great artistic works, that is all the world saw of him ; his virtues were only seen in the privacy of his home, and in the very small circle of his beloved friends. The few who had the privilege of seeing him in the intimacy of his life can never forget. What a great example for them to follow !

A. LABY




## THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF SOME MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS," ETC

AS soon as our domestic had spread our table and departed, Pleasance took up her parable, saying—

"We all know nowadays that it is good for girls of every rank to be trained in practical household ways. I cannot understand why boys should be withheld from a certain share in this training. It might be a most useful resource in those early years when one should not inflict too much brain work, and when there is plenty of superfluous bodily activity to be got rid of."

"I remember reading that Janet Hamilton, the peasant poetess of Western Scotland, accustomed her boys to share the domestic tasks of their sisters," observed Mrs. Yeldham.

"One could interest the most 'manly' boy in wood-chopping, water-carrying, bed-making, sweeping and cookery, and even a little simple needlework, by skilfully associating these with the necessities of pioneering in the colonies or exploring in savage countries," I assented.

"It is the misfortune of the present craze for athletic sports, with all its adjuncts of costly prizes and systematic newspaper reporting," said Pleasance, "that it tends to take these out of their proper place, and to make them the sole active interest, and indeed the chief occupation, of many who engage in them."

"Thus going flatly against the advice of the old Roman Seneca," observed Horace. "He probably noticed the same tendency in his day, for he distinctly recommends 'those kinds of exercise which are easy and short, which loosen and supple the body without great loss of time.' As for the publicity which you justly deprecate," Horace went on, "that generally means betting on the part of somebody. But we men are not the only sinners in that respect, since young ladies pander to the same bad taste when they 'go in' for public tennis tournaments and archery meetings. We could all find the same healthful enjoyment and development in more retired ways."

"I remember when bodily health and strength were too often sacrificed for mental acquirement," said Mrs. Yeldham. "So, when there came a time of violent revolt against this, like most violent revolts it went too far, and bodily exercise was preached up almost as if there was salvation in it. Sturdy muscles and stout frames were spoken of as if they were mere synonyms for pure lives and noble minds."

"Yet, if people would but look around," said Pleasance, "they would surely see some of those facts which are stubborn 'chiels' and which contradict this theory. One of the basest young men I ever knew was an ardent and successful cricketer, a leading spirit in his county eleven. Apart from this, his pleasures were those of the pothouse and the music-hall, his chosen associates were the lowest of people, and his hero-worship was reserved for the jockey and the pugilist. He hated work of every description, and idled away his time till it was too late to enter any profession, and whenever he was remonstrated with, asserted the independence that he (with good blood in his veins!) would not be above finding as a 'professional' devotee to his pet sport! He was a usurer, too, of the meanest type, lending out his little patrimony to needy people at exorbitant interest, and so utterly dead to all right feeling that he would not deny himself a single night's 'enjoyment' to spare disturbance to a brother's dying bed."

"Just so," answered Horace, "and so I have noted that while many most excellent students enjoy a fit proportion of boating or football, the 'stars' of university athletics are sometimes men who may be described as of long *standing* in their college, since often they have not taken a single *step* towards their proper goal! In many instances, this is because the young men are, as we were

saying earlier this evening, fitted by nature rather for physical than for intellectual pursuits. But in some cases it may be, as Seneca says, 'that the travail of exercise spendeth the spirit, and disableth it from application and deep study.' There are, of course, rare exceptions who can attain supreme excellence on both sides, but the distinguished prizeman who is also a famous athlete is, I fear, met with in fiction more often than in real life."

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Yeldham, "I have feared lest the craze for athletics should lure away from those walking exploits, in which—as Mr. Ruskin has told us, and anybody who knows concurs—are found the truest joys of travel. Quite lately, in an article written by one who has much influence with young men, I was pleased to note this sentence: 'Every youth should be a good pedestrian. It is at once the cheapest and most delightful of pleasures, and it is a pleasure which is in the power of every healthy person.'"

"I have known a lad who was always boasting of his prowess at football and cricket, who yet knew so little of true manliness as to be proud that he had never climbed a hill and had no desire to do so!" said Penelope. "Let me add that he was educated in Derbyshire, and had spent many holidays in Westmorland and Cumberland."

"And I had a classmate, a great sturdy fellow who spent hours practising with his dumb-bells," added Horace, "yet when he wanted a trunk carried down stairs, he walked off to fetch a porter to do the job!"

"One wonders sometimes for what these young men 'develop their muscles,'" said Pleasance, "for unless they do some service in the world, they will be only in the end the same 'food for worms' as those of the crippled and invalided! 'The glory of a young man is his strength,' not that he may exhibit it in the form of 'grand biceps,' but that he may set it to the easy accomplishment of necessary tasks which weigh hardly where it does not exist. I remember a vignette in some old periodical. It showed a broad staircase, up which a six-foot 'Jeames' carried a silver salver containing a calling card, while behind him toiled a slight girl bearing a heavy scuttle of coals. There was a whole philosophy of 'how things ought not to be' in that little sketch!"

"I don't think men would learn to value women's work less by knowing something about it," said Horace, thoughtfully. "I always notice the women who know something about our kinds of work are those who respect us the most!"

"The contemptuous regard which many men give to the womanly tasks they know nothing about, may have even had some influence in bringing such tasks into some disrepute among the weaker sort of women," said Pleasance. "I can sympathise with the man who declares he would rather his wife should be a good cook than a senior wrangler; but I hate to hear him say so, if I know it means that he regards 'the good cook' as branded inferior to the sex that is supposed 'not to be made for such work.'"

"Don't you remember the effect a little experience produced on the children in one of Mrs. Ewing's delightful rhymes?" observed Penelope. "They had thought that,

> 'A regular wash must be splendid fun, and everybody knows
> That anyone in the world can wash out a few dirty clothes.'

But after their experiment of the doll's wash, they came to the conclusion,

> 'It's a very odd thing that what looks so easy should be so difficult to do,'

and accordingly declared that now,

> 'We feel very sorry for Sally every week, and we don't mean to dirty our dresses so much any more.'"

"I have noticed," said Mrs. Yeldham, "that in families of boys only, where the mother is clever and sensible, the lads often grow up most useful and practically clever—neat and orderly and helpful—because they have naturally aided her in matters which are otherwise too often left wholly to the girls."

"And they haven't been mollycoddles either," asserted Horace. "I have heard the testimony of scores of mothers and sisters, that it is the romping rogue of a boy who is generally of 'ten times more use in a house' than his quieter and more sedentary brother; the latter, probably feeling that Nature has not been very determinate in her line between him and 'the girls,' is apt to do all he can to deepen it artificially."

"I can see that this commonly permitted withdrawal from the little interests and tasks of daily household life is likely to have its share in producing another trait I have noticed in some men," pondered Penelope—"I mean an ignoring of all duty in little kind attentions and considerations. Are they abroad, they know well enough that they like to hear from home, but they delay or entirely neglect the letter whose loving messages or simple explanations would bring new life and joy to longing hearts. Do they marry? Then such delegate all these tender little interests to their wives, as if the dry items of information, and the superficial courtesies—the carelessly chosen 'Christmas cards' and inconsidered gifts—of a slight new acquaintance can in any degree replace the precious freemasonry of years of common experience and mutual memory!"

"That is the wife's fault, generally," put in Pleasance. "Instead of keeping her husband up to his proper duties in this respect—making it easy and pleasant for him to do them, asking if they are done and saying straightforwardly that they ought to be done, she sometimes even throws obstacles in his way, and then volunteers to discharge them for him! This latter may be done in a sort of adoring slavery, but it is some women's method of making themselves indispensable and so increasing their own power. And thus a man's 'pleasant vices,' his absent-mindedness, his indifference, his idleness, become the chains which bind him into subjugation and drag him down from his lawful place as the master of his house."

"Ay," said Horace. "But I always say it

remains a man's own fault when a woman takes to 'managing' him. Why can he not be a reasonable being to whom she can plainly say, 'Ought not you to do this?' 'Should you do that?' 'I think this is wrong.' 'I am sure that is right,' just as men and women say among themselves. But no, certain men take up a notion which they express by the phrase, that they 'may be led, but not driven,' which really means that they must not be spoken with frankly, as friends speak, but that they must be hoodwinked after the fashion sometimes necessary with delirious patients or lunatics, and as inferior nurses deal with naughty children."

"Bravo, Horace," cried Pleasance. "I own I'm heartily disgusted with the twaddling tone so often taken about 'women influencing men for their good.' Has God divided His moral blessings according to sex? We have an equal right to expect men to influence us for good! And so they do. The first person who awoke my wider sense of right and wrong, and gave the first direction to my real mental interests, was a boy of seventeen, when I was a girl of ten. And it has been the same often since, even in the case of men much younger than myself, and who have been little aware when virtue went out of them!"

"I think," said Mrs. Yeldham, "that some men —especially young men—get into a morbid way of thinking that nobody really regards them, and that though kindness may be shown to them, nobody is hurt if they give no response; that, in short, response might possibly be regarded as a bore. I remember some friends of mine who showed great kindness to a stranger youth, opened their house freely to him at all times, and looked after him in sickness and trouble. He kept up some slight correspondence with them for a while when he went away, but, in later years, he actually returned to the town with a wife and children, and never even made his presence known to his old friends!"

"On the other hand," said Pleasance, "some excuse their sinking into habits of indolent negligence and silence, by assuring themselves not only that their own hearts remain as warm and true as they ever were, but that those who love them are fully aware of this! These demand a great deal of 'trust,' forgetful that 'trust' is a root which will not 'strike' save in a very rich soil of foregone satisfaction!"

"But it is a most unwholesome thing when men of any age take to regarding themselves as interesting cases, entitled to a secure claim on charitable constructions and persistent kindness that their actions do little to deserve," said I.

"I must quote Mrs. Ewing again," observed Penelope. "Don't you remember 'Master Fritz'?——

'If you make nice feasts every day for me and Nickel and never keep us waiting for our food,
And always do everything I want and attend to everything I say, I'm sure I shall almost always be good.
And if I am naughty now and then it'll most likely be your fault: and if it isn't, you mustn't mind;
For even if I seem to be cross, you ought to know that I mean to be kind!'"

"Ay," said Pleasance. "I fear that young man is not unknown to most of us. Who has not heard the asinine 'It is always my way,' which such think sufficient explanation for perpetually recurring faults of self-indulgence or peevishness or passion, or of that general pigheadedness which he glorifies by calling it 'my pride'? 'It is always my way,' he murmurs, as he puts aside your advice and follows his own will. 'It is just my luck,' he cries, when he comes to you to save him from some consequences he does not like! By these marks may you know him!"

"I wonder sometimes if there was not too much 'interest' shown in Edwin Richardson, in his first goings astray," mused Horace Penrith, returning to the subject rankling in his heart.

I could not help mischievously remarking, "Possibly too much 'interest' of a certain kind has been shown in him up to this very date!" And Horace, who took my hint, looked back at me reproachfully, and said:

"Well, I had been so much blamed for my youthful instincts of severity towards him, that at last I was ready to blame myself, and thought I would have my share of trying the other course!"

"In short, you felt like the old man with the donkey in the famous fable," I rejoined, wickedly. "I think that is how we are all tempted to feel. But we should resist—for the sake of the donkey!"

"I know an experienced instructor of youth, who used to say that there was seldom anything more salutary for naughtiness than a little wholesome neglect," said Penelope. "Moral maladies are apt to be hopelessly 'struck in,' by the time a child or a young person begins to regard himself (to quote Mrs. Ewing again) as

'A solemn charge, and a fair white page, and a tender bud, and a spotless nature of wax to be moulded:—and I think she called me a Privilege.'"

"It seems almost incredible that many boys or men should be in danger of such mental habits as these, doesn't it?" said Horace, simply.

I laughed. "Even Mr. Penrith," said I, "is not too enlightened to be inclined to relegate to our poor sex any weaknesses which strike him as utterly contemptible! But I am forced to say that just as there are male hypochondriacs, searching among physicians, wandering through hydropathic establishments, trying new drugs, and learned in chemical foods, so there are men who revel in the self-dissection of their own characters, are interested in their own moral deficiencies, and make capital out of qualities for which they should rather blush. Like those 'models' who haunt surgical lecture-rooms and offer themselves for experimental bandaging, so these go about the world, tendering their souls for treatment. They do not wish to reform, but they have a morbid taste for the process of being reformed! I can very well believe that Edwin Richardson took this direction when he turned downward."

"The important question being," said Pleasance, "what then might have been done to divert him upwards?"

"I incline to Penelope's wholesome neglect," answered Mrs. Yeldham, "by which I mean that

a character in any such danger should have been led in every possible way to realise the overwhelming reality of personal responsibility. True kindness would lie, not in talking sentiment over such, nor in trying to avert suffering from them, but rather in doing everything possible to make manifest to them, speedily and therefore easily, the law that 'whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap,' which always holds true however it may be deferred or denied, and whose sentence is but the more dire the longer it is delayed."

"And there is no better cure for dreaminess and morbid introspection than the constant play of little duties," I said. "They are equally wholesome for lofty ambition and honest aspiration; they bring us to the hard test of reality. When we measure ourselves with facts we soon find out our limits; while we lie supine we do not even know we have any, and dream of vaulting among the stars, while our tether is only two yards long."

"Ah," sighed Horace, "the world would be much farther forward if more of the good men stepped forward on those paths of progress and endeavour which they lay out for the future while they are young! If you only knew the plans I have heard laid in college lodgings, and the resolutions that are formed in graduation days! But first they don't begin to do what they can, because they want to do more; and then they wait for some better opportunity, which seems always ahead, till suddenly they find it is for ever behind them!"

"And I think the direction towards little duties and practical service might be equally useful for the rollicking possessors of a big share of animal strength and spirit, as for the dreamy idealists," said Penelope. "Why should there not be quite as much 'lark' in unexpectedly chopping up an old woman's wood, as in dropping stones down her chimney?—in clearing away the snow from a doorway as in pulling off the bell,—in mending a window as in smashing one?"

"Don't you remember," I asked, "that Mr. Ruskin once suggested that after a lad's strength had been developed by gymnastic, it might be better than squandering it in mere futile 'play,' if it were sometimes devoted to practical purposes that can scarcely be paid for, such as mending or making a road which may not be needed for traffic but leads to a beautiful view, or throwing a bridge over a stream, where its existence might spare a weary trudge for some poor women or little children?"

"That would tend, too, to give truer ideas of manual labour," said Horace. "It is all very fine for the upper classes to sneer at the lower class ambition to exchange the workman's cap and apron for the clerk's black coat and silk hat, in pursuit of what they call 'gentility.' They themselves are guilty of the same shallow vulgarity when they feel that there are only four or five callings in which 'a gentleman' may engage, and consequently force their sons into the learned professions, however plain-witted or low-toned they may be. People have begun to criticise the forcing of unfit men into the Churches, but nobody yet wonders at any dunce or scamp becoming a doctor or a lawyer, provided only that, at any cost, he can secure some necessary hall-mark!"

"A great many people never look at these things from the standpoint of Right or Wrong," said Mrs. Yeldham. "It does not seem to occur to them. Many of them might do differently if the matter was set before them thus."

"Many of them would not!" laughed Pleasance.

"Public opinion is a tide which rises very slowly," said Mrs. Yeldham.

"All we can do is to keep our habits and ways 'under discussion,'" observed Horace, "and endeavour to maintain open minds for whatever new truth advances towards us."

"Some people have minds very ready to welcome new ideas," remarked Pleasance; "but their wills are not equally prepared to run on new lines of action!"

"It's dangerous to know more than one puts in practice," said Penelope; "so it is high time I was back again at my work."

Mrs. Yeldham brings her visit to a close tomorrow, and returns to her Northern home. So as we bade each other good-night, we felt it was also "good-bye"—for we had had the last of our talks together.

# FIVE GENERATIONS.



*By permission, from a photograph taken by Hayman & Son, Church Street, Launceston.*

In a recent number of the "Leisure Hour" mention is made of a "wonderful old woman" who saw five generations. This allusion has brought us, from Launceston, a cabinet group which appears to be quite unique. Here are five generations: all born in the same parish, North Petherwyn, Cornwall, and all called Mary. The old lady on the left was about ninety-four when she was photographed, and the baby, in her mother's lap, about six months.

# DAVOS.

## FROM A HEALTH POINT OF VIEW.

DAVOS in the Grisons has for several years been well known to the medical profession as a valuable health-resort for the treatment of particular sorts of disease. The favourable impression first recorded by a German physician some years ago has only been strengthened and ratified by subsequent experience. It is not desirable in this brief paper to repeat what has been said in this magazine, and we therefore propose to deal with Davos now more from a medical than a picturesque point of view.[1] Let us inquire what benefit people may receive by residence there, and in what particular way the greatest good may be most easily obtained.

Many of our readers are doubtless already aware that for several years the treatment of pulmonary phthisis (consumption) by residence in certain high altitudes has been tried by the medical profession with highly gratifying results. Of these high altitude residences Davos stands out pre-eminently first; and it does so for several reasons; in addition to its altitude, it possesses an air which is at once dry and pure, that is, free from all deleterious organisms or matter of any kind, tonic in its action, and, above all things, still. Professor Tyndall has pointed out in his experiments at Bel Alp the marvellous purity of the atmosphere, and yet Bel Alp would not be suitable for the majority of phthisical patients, as it is far too much exposed. Davos enjoys a remarkable stillness of air, and, though the valley is a broad and expansive one, there is little or no wind. Now, it is believed by some medical men, including Dr. Clifford Allbutt, who has written very largely on this subject, that phthisical patients die as a result of self blood-poisoning; and as the lungs cannot be arrived at by surgical means in these cases, the best thing for the patient is to live in a so-called "aseptic" air—that is, an air free of all harmful matter.

Such an air is provided by Davos, but, in addition, the air there is a powerful tonic, a property of almost inestimable value. In fact, so marked are its tonic effects, that a new departure has been opened up in the treatment of certain nervous affections at Davos.

Of course, one of the greatest difficulties arises at the outset with reference to Davos, and that is, "What sorts of people ought to go to Davos?" This is a matter in the main for the medical man to decide in each individual case. And it is a matter of considerable difficulty for any medical man who has never been to Davos to say whether or not a certain case would be benefited by going there. Suspicious cases of lung affection occurring in otherwise vigorous subjects will in all probability receive great benefit from a sojourn in Davos. The great mistake is to send a person to Davos when it is too late, though one must admit that it is excessively difficult to say *when* it is too late. Truly marvellous results take place in apparently hopeless cases, but the efficacy of Davos in the relief of lung cases must not be doubted on the ground of failure in instances such as these.

Granted, then, that we have decided the physical conditions which indicate a stay at Davos, there follow two questions from the patient, "What will be the probable cost of going?" "For what length of time shall I have to stay?" The true answers to these questions must be unflinchingly given, and the phthisical patient must be made to understand that he suffers from a disease recovery from which means no niggard expenditure of time or money.

It is not sufficient to "just run over to the Engadine for a winter;" to obtain permanent good a patient will have to remain at Davos perhaps for three or four years, and during that time he will require the best attention from his medical man and the best food from his hotel-keeper. The former he can get at Davos for very low fees; the latter (including his room) will cost him from eight to ten francs a day. Those who have been to Davos may say that the thing can be done for much less than that. This may be so, but I do not think that it is desirable that the phthisical patient should go to the cheaper places at the risk of getting food which, though it may be intrinsically of good quality, may be less appetising in its mode of preparation and less extended in its variety. It must be remembered that the hotel proprietors of Davos have a great difficulty to contend with in the variation of diet, as Davos itself produces very little, and most of the greater delicacies have to come from a distance. Again, it requires delicacy in the treatment of food to reconcile the patient to a life led for some years away from home. Having assumed, then, that the physical condition of a patient imperatively demands his removal to some such place as Davos, and that he, having the desire and means to submit to it, wishes to start off, how and when can he best do so?

As to time, if the case be urgent there is no time like the present, whenever that present may be; if the time is one of election, he should go late in September or early in October for the winter season; and if he intends to spend any of the summer there, he may go in June. To go early in the summer is a mistake, as the snow is melting, and this is associated with many annoyances and great limitation to outdoor exercise.

As to the method of arriving at Davos, one of two ways may be chosen. If the patient can afford it, he will do well to start from Cannon Street at about 10 or 11 A.M. He will arrive at Calais at

[1] For descriptive paper see "Leisure Hour" 1888, p. 258.

about 2 P.M. Now, if sleeping accommodation is required—and most patients will require it—a telegram should be sent from Cannon Street to the Chef de Gare at Calais. The choice of sleeping accommodation lies between two courses : a single seat may be booked in the "Wagons-Lits," which are comfortable, and in which there are regular beds ; or a *coupé-lit — toilette* carriage — which holds three people, may be taken. The seats in the *coupé* form couches, but not regular beds, and single seats cannot, as a rule, be booked. Having decided the method of travelling, the patient will go *viâ* Amiens, and arrive at Tergnier at about 7.30 P.M. Here dinner is provided at four francs per head, wine included, and no time should be lost in taking a seat at table, as the time allowed is only twenty minutes. The train travels all night *viâ* Laon, and at about five in the morning arrives at Delle. Here coffee, bread, butter, and honey can be got for one franc per head. Bâle is reached at about 7 A.M. (Swiss time), and here breakfast may be taken. Luggage, which should have been registered at Cannon Street, has to be re-registered at Bâle (or Basel), and the patient should book for Ragatz *viâ* Zürich. The train for Ragatz starts at about half-past eight, and arrives at about 1.30 P.M. at Ragatz. Here the patient may stay for a day or so if he wishes. The best hotels are the "Hof Ragatz" and the "Quellenhof," which share between them very extensive and beautiful gardens.

A carriage can be obtained from Ragatz in which the patient may be driven to Davos *viâ* Landquart, Schiers, and Klosters. This, for those who can afford it, is the less fatiguing and more pleasant route. The alternative route is that by which the patient goes straight on by rail to Landquart, and then proceeds by "diligence" to Davos. The hotels at Landquart are not so good as those at Ragatz, so that staying there is not so pleasant. The "diligence," however, is much cheaper than the private carriage.

On arriving at Davos the patient will have to choose his hotel, and in this we would suggest that it may be wiser to avoid alike the larger English and German hotels. We cannot, of course, specify any particular hotel, but it will be as well to indicate what sorts of conditions are to be looked for as desirable in an hotel. The hotel should be so situated that its rooms look as much as possible north and south ; its promenades, covered and uncovered, should be as free from wind or draughts as possible. The patient will probably prefer an English hotel to a German Kurhaus, as English peculiarities are studied. A south room should be secured if possible, and, if the patient's means be equal to it, one with a balcony, for fresh air is one of the chief things for which the patient has come to Davos. Inquiry should also be made of the local medical attendant, or some other person competent to inform, as to the methods of warming and lighting adopted in the hotel. The method of heating with steam and hot air is adopted in most of the hotels, and in some the electric light has found its place. This last is a considerable boon to patients.

The patient having decided which hotel he shall stay at, it may be well to tell him something of the *régime* under which he will live, and of things to be sought and avoided.

In the first place, he will be expected to rise somewhat early, that is, if he is up and about. Breakfast, consisting of bread, butter, honey, and tea or coffee, he will take at about 7 A.M. If it be summer and the weather be warm, he can go out for a walk. This walk will probably be controlled by his medical adviser, as the Curverein has mapped out many walks by means of posts, so that the medical man can tell the patient exactly how far to walk. Too violent exercise, of course, is to be avoided ; and as a good deal of the day is to be spent in the open air, a book and a small chair among the pine-trees or in front of the hotel solves the difficulty with ease. At one o'clock lunch is served : this generally consists of three or four courses, beginning with soup or fish, and ending with a *compote* of fruits or cheese.

The taking of wine, of course, will be under the jurisdiction of the medical attendant.

The water of Davos, however, deserves especial mention for its marvellous excellence and purity ; it is clear as crystal and cold as ice, and, with its many sparkles as it is poured into the glass, seems like some heaven-sent wine rather than plain water.

After luncheon people generally sit out in the gardens of their hotel, or visit friends in their own or other hotels ; afternoon tea does *not* form part of the general pension, but it is very generally indulged in by the residents. Patients must, of course, exercise great care as to being out late ; half-past six in the summer and four in the afternoon in the winter are quite late enough.

Dinner is served at half-past six, and is always good and plentiful ; after this, patients may amuse themselves until bed-time, which, in most cases, is ten. All the lights of the hotel are turned out at eleven, though of course a candle may be kept burning in a private room till a late hour.

Such, then, is the skeleton of a stay at Davos. There are, however, many additional attractions, skating and tobogganning in winter, and excursions to neighbouring mountain passes and places in the summer ; and, if the patient have the taste, knowledge, or inclination, a very good collection of Alpine wild-flowers may be made with ease at Davos.

Photography, too, greatly interests and amuses many sufferers at all seasons, and the charming results that are seen speak well for the industry and application of the amateurs in this art.

Many of those who are musical in their inclinations have pianos in their rooms, and these are to be hired at very reasonable prices in the town.

And here a word as to evening entertainments will not be out of place. Of late, the amusements and life at Davos have become so attractive that many young people who are afflicted with no particular illness go there for the winter "for the fun of the thing ;" and even the ordinary patients, after a little while, in many instances, seeing themselves looking so well and getting a healthy-looking brown complexion instead of the pale colour with which they arrived, are found to forget that they *are* invalids, and to run into amusements demanding too much exertion, or necessitating their exposure to a vitiated atmosphere and sudden change of tem-

perature. Although it is part of the treatment at Davos that the patient should be out in the open air as much as possible, still it is highly injurious in most cases to indulge in much violent exercise. This is, however, a minor evil when compared with the evening entertainments; these last are so frequent that at each hotel there is an entertainment committee whose duty it is to manage the various amusements to be given at that hotel. These include dances, fancy-dress balls, *tableaux vivants*, concerts, etc.; and invitations are sent to the inhabitants of other hotels by each one as it gives its entertainment. Of course, to be present at such things at any hotel than his own entails the patient's going out in the night air; and although the omnibus of the hotel may be used for the transport of the guests, still it means exposure to cold. The room in which the entertainment takes place will in all probability be overcrowded and lighted by oil-lamps, the odour of which and the general vitiation of the air are alike unpleasant and unwholesome for the patient. In such hotels as are fortunate enough to possess the electric light, this part of the harm done is reduced to a minimum; still, the room will be heated artificially, and the return home through the cold night air is a source of very considerable danger. The exacerbation of the hectic flush and the short dry cough after these entertainments tell their own tale only too plainly, and many a serious hæmorrhage from the lungs owes its origin to an unwise indulgence in these evening parties as a determining circumstance.

Of course, when Davos was first advocated as a health resort, only really serious cases went there, and these people sat out in the open air until the coolness of the atmosphere drove them indoors, where they had little or nothing to do but eat, sleep, and read. Now all is changed, but with the change came the risk of running to extremes, and, instead of having too little diversion, the Davos patient of the present day rather runs the risk of having too much.

The sanitary arrangements of Davos leave nothing to be desired; the situation on the slopes of hills amidst mountain streams enables drainage to be carried on thoroughly with comparative ease. Typhoid fever is almost unknown at Davos. The same cannot, however, be said of scarlet fever, which seems to flourish in many parts of Switzerland.

Everything that can be desired in one's ordinary life is supplied by the most excellent shops at Davos, and it is really wonderful that in such an out-of-the-way place such a complete collection of good shops is to be found.

Clothing especially is well made, cheap, and suitable for the exigencies of the climate; and this remark especially applies to the flannel underclothing, which almost every phthisical patient in Davos wears. The medical attendance is most efficient, and the supervision exercised by the medical men most complete and praiseworthy, though it is to be feared that the absolute authority which till lately the doctors held is being gradually broken down by the healthier and more unruly spirits of the place. Very efficient nurses can be obtained for the more serious cases, so that no one need feel that he would have a better chance of recovery elsewhere as far as medical attendance and nursing are concerned.

Of late it has become the fashion to send nerve cases to Davos, and as far as our personal experience goes the treatment of such cases there is eminently satisfactory. Cases of this sort have for some time been treated at St. Moritz and Pontresina in the Engadine, but the great complaint of patients at these places is the inability to sleep. This is rarely the case at Davos, as the altitude is not so great as that of St. Moritz; again, St. Moritz is hardly so suitable as a winter resort as is Davos; only one hotel (the Kulm) being open in the winter. Provided the patient finds himself comfortable at St. Moritz, he may with advantage stay there for the summer season, and then descend to Davos for the winter. Such a course will often reinstate a wearied brain and tired nervous system in their normal tonicity and vigour, and this in a very short time indeed.

The means of arriving at Davos is now facilitated by the presence of a railway from Landquart to Davos *viâ* Schiers and Klosters. This journey from Landquart occupies about two hours. The carriages are of a most luxurious kind, carefully warmed, and so arranged that a good view of all the beautiful scenery on the way may be easily enjoyed. Although this will be a great help in reaching Davos, it is perhaps necessary to point out certain evils that may follow. Coal is at present worth about £4 a ton in Davos, and so it is little, if at all, burnt; the railway will bring coal to Davos at much cheaper rates than this. Now the stillness of the air at Davos has been particularly insisted on; if coal be burnt, it is to be feared that a cloud of coal-smoke will frequently hang over the town and will be injurious to the patients. Still, if this be the case, there are other places preparing for the reception of patients, such as Wiesen and Arosa, both of which are places worthy of note. The benefits to be gained at Davos, however, are manifold and likely to be permanent, and advantage should, if possible, be taken of its resources.

Great assistance is afforded to poor patients by the subscriptions raised for their maintenance, and there has now been for some years an organisation whereby patients are assisted to St. Moritz after passing a medical examination in London. "Men have the preference, as being the bread-winners of the families."

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

# STORY OF THREE RUSSIAN LADIES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IN the days of the famous Czar, Peter the Great, the most powerful, wealthy, and generally feared among his ministers and nobles was the Prince Menzikoff. There was no one above him in the Empire but the Czar himself; he was a prince and field-marshal of the Empire, possessed of enormous riches, and the master of 100,000 serfs or slaves of the soil, as all the Russian peasantry at the time were.

Menzikoff had two daughters, Marie and Alesandra; the elder, Marie, is the one of whom we have here to speak. Her christening was celebrated as if she had been a royal princess; the Emperor was her godfather, and the most splendid and costly surroundings accompanied the ceremonial; the babe was wrapped in the most sumptuous embroideries and laid in the most richly ornamented of cradles.

The little girl was brought up carefully as well as luxuriously. Till the time of Peter the Great, Russian ladies, even of high rank, scarcely knew how to read. But the Czar was determined to have all his subjects of both sexes well taught; and the little Marie had foreign governesses and masters, learned several languages, music, dancing, etc. She was a pretty, sweet-looking child, with soft intelligent brown eyes and graceful manners. The Emperor was very fond of his little godchild, and took an interest in the progress she made in all her studies. He little guessed what a different fate awaited her from anything for which her early training had prepared her!

At the Emperor's death, in 1725, he was succeeded by his widow, Catherine I, and this increased the power of Menzikoff, for, as he had been the Empress's first friend, she made him practically almost a joint sovereign with herself—a position he never could have held in the life of Peter, who was always determined to be master in his own realm.

This accession of power turned the head of the favourite. He had always been inclined to be haughty to his inferiors, but now his pride and insolence knew no bounds. He had before chosen for his daughter's future husband a young Polish noble, Count Sapieha. The young people were solemnly betrothed when Marie was only fifteen, and both the bride and her sister were presented with the Empress's portrait set in diamonds.

But the Prince's mind now began to change, and he thought he might look higher for his daughter: a Polish noble, however well born and well bred, was not high enough for Marie Menzikoff, the child of the greatest man in Russia. He wished to betroth her to the future heir of the Empire, the young Peter II, grandson of the great Czar, a boy of thirteen, and he easily obtained the consent of the Empress Catherine, who was quite under his influence. So the marriage with Count Sapieha was to be broken off, and the young count dismissed. The young people had been allowed to meet constantly during their two years' betrothal; he was amiable and attractive, and had completely won the heart of his bride; but what was the happiness of two lovers compared to Menzikoff's ambitious schemes!

He probably hardly suspected he was breaking his daughter's heart by the separation. Poor Marie wept and entreated in vain; her betrothal ring was taken from her, Sapieha sent back to Poland, where his indignant father soon made a new marriage for him, and Marie left to bear her sorrow as she might. Thus two young hearts were to be crushed, that Menzikoff might, as he hoped, be the father-in-law of the future Czar.

Poor Marie had no power of resisting her father's will; she could only mourn in secret, and try to hide her tears from others. The bloom and brightness were all gone; the joyous child was changed to a pale, serious girl, who moved sadly under the magnificent robes, the jewelled headdress and train of cloth of silver, the velvet and ermine, which doubtless made her the envy of many who looked at her. They little thought with what an aching heart she tried to find gracious answers for the congratulations of the courtiers and ladies who came to kiss her hand. They could not fathom the feeling with which she would even force a smile at the little Emperor who stood at her side.

He, poor boy, was in his way scarcely less unhappy. He hated Menzikoff, who had always treated him with haughtiness and disdain, because he had not been originally expected to be the heir to the Crown. Now the favourite had changed his policy, and showed him the utmost deference; but the youth instinctively felt it was false, shrank from everything connected with his old tyrant, and was little inclined to attach himself to the tall, grave maiden, four years older than himself, who had been forced on him by the man he most disliked and feared.

But Menzikoff could not attend to such trifles as the personal likings and dislikes of those he chose to rule. He thought himself on the pinnacle of human greatness; he little guessed that in a few short months his palace would be deserted, and he himself deprived of all he valued most in the world. And yet this actually took place.

A cunning courtier found opportunity to whisper in the ear of the boy-Czar, after the death of the Empress, that his crown was not a mere plaything, and that he was after all king and master, and could command. He woke up to a sense of his power, pronounced the decisive word, and was astonished to find himself so promptly obeyed. A "ukase," or decree, was passed in September 1727, declaring Menzikoff a deposed minister and an exile, and banishing him and his family to a small town in

the centre of Russia. Never had the little Emperor been so happy as when he signed the order which freed him from his tyrant; he felt taller by some feet, and began to think it was, after all, a fine thing to reign.

He was not an ill-disposed or hard-hearted lad. He had no idea of inflicting unnecessary suffering on the Menzikoffs; all he wished was to get rid of his old guardian. But he had really only changed one governor for another. Prince Ivan Dolgorouky, the courtier who had procured the dismissal of the old statesman, was now as much the little Czar's ruler as Menzikoff had been; he and his colleagues insisted on their plans being carried out in the minutest details, and they were determined to inflict the utmost humiliation on the disgraced favourite, in which his innocent wife and children must share.

A courier overtook them on their journey, deprived them of all the badges of distinction and costly gifts with which they had been loaded by the late Emperor and Empress, and even took the magnificent betrothal ring from the finger of the young princess. She wept less, however, than when she had been made to give up Count Sapieha's ring.

At first the exiled family were allowed to live in the little town of Ranenbourg in tolerable liberty. There were sentries stationed by night before the fortress where they lodged, but in the day they were free to come and go, and were treated with respect. But this was only for a time. Dolgorouky was determined not to spare them a drop of the bitter cup of disgrace. In the following spring a fresh decree confiscated all their property, and ordered them to be sent as common criminals to Siberia.

Menzikoff showed himself greater in adversity than he had done in prosperity; he uttered no complaint. A former enemy, whom he had himself exiled to Tobolsk, met the travellers on their way and flung mud, with a cowardly revenge, in the faces of the young princesses.

"What have these children done to you?" said the old minister. "Why do you not strike the real culprit! There is a great criminal here; but only one, and I am that one."

The Princess Daria, his wife, could not bear up so firmly. Her grief for the fate of her children and husband knew no bounds, and her tears flowed incessantly through the melancholy journey. At last she sank under the burden of sorrow and fatigue, and was buried on the banks of the Volga, near Kazan. It was only recently that her tomb was discovered—an obscure grave bearing the name of "Daria Arseinev" half effaced.

The father and children continued their long and weary journey till they reached the little town of Berezov, in the midst of one of the vast Siberian plains. Here the prince built with his own hands a wooden hut for himself and his family, adding a small chapel, where he passed long hours in meditation and prayer. We may hope that a ray of Divine light may have pierced the darkness and found its way to that poor weary soul, little as he had to help him in the way of Gospel and Bible teaching. Certain it is that he bore his afflictions with a patience and calmness which are more to his credit than any other part of his life. His daughters read to him in the long winter evenings—generally religious books—or wrote to his dictation, while he gave them interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of his past life. These memorials would have made a valuable addition to Russian history; but it appears they were either suppressed or destroyed by his heirs.

But consolation and even happiness were still in store for the young girl whose life his ambition had blighted. Soon after they were settled at Berezov, they were surprised by a visit from a former acquaintance. This was Prince Feodor, a cousin of the Dolgorouky who had caused Menzikoff's ruin. He had secretly loved Marie ever since he had first met her at court, but, being aware his suit would be hopeless, had never ventured to speak while she was in prosperity.

Now, however, when she was sharing her family's exile and disgrace, the generous Feodor threw up all his honours, sacrificed his brilliant prospects, and travelled to Siberia to tell the girl he loved that his whole heart was hers, and he only wished to live for her and console her for what she had lost.

Marie's affection as well as esteem were won by this unselfish devotion; she consented to give him her hand, and they were quietly married in the humble church of Berezov. Doubtless she remembered her betrothal to the boy-Czar, and felt how much she had gained in her exile in the love of a true heart.

But she was not to enjoy her new-found happiness long; her health had been shattered by sorrow and hardship, and at the end of a year the young wife was laid in her grave, with twin babes beside her who had only just survived their birth.

The old Prince had expired six weeks before, and was thus spared this last sorrow.

All that remains of the former betrothed bride of the Emperor is some needlework she did in her exile—two priestly robes worked in gold embroidery, still shown in the little church of Berezov—and a gold locket with a tress of her fair hair, kept by her husband through life as a loved relic, and left by him to the same church at his death.

So ended the short life whose happiness had been crushed by man's ambition and cruelty. We must hope she may have learned where to look for comfort in sorrow, and passed away to a better inheritance.

Meanwhile a great change was to come on the exiled family, and, soon after, to their enemies. The young Czar began to perceive that he had yielded too implicitly to Dolgorouky, and been led to commit the cruelty of punishing the innocent with the guilty. He seems to have been really anxious to remedy his fault, and he sent an order to recall the children of Menzikoff and restore them a part of their property. This may have brought happier days to the younger sister—for the elder it was too late.

But Prince Dolgorouky was to suffer literally the punishment he had meted out to another, and afterwards even more. He, like Menzikoff, had

been intoxicated with his newly acquired greatness, and wished to become the father-in-law of the young Czar. Like his predecessor, he broke off his daughter's intended marriage to betroth her to Peter II. Whether the lad of fifteen was more inclined to like the beautiful and proud Catherine Dolgorouky than the gentle Marie Menzikoff, we know not; but on her side it was quite as much a matter of compulsion as it had been with her predecessor. She had been betrothed to an Austrian nobleman, and they were mutually attached. She bore the separation, not sadly and submissively like Marie, but in calm and proud silence. The ceremonial was as splendid and the festivals and shows as brilliant as they had been ten years before. And yet, neither was this marriage to take place. A fête on the ice—it was mid-winter—gave the young Czar a chill, smallpox declared itself, and, under the ignorant treatment of the day, he expired after a very short illness.

His successor was his aunt, the Duchess of Courland, Anna Ivanovna, a weak-minded woman, wholly governed by her favourite minister, the Duke of Biren.

He was a bitter enemy to the Dolgorouky family, and soon found a pretext for banishing them all to the same town of Berezov where the Menzikoffs had lived out their sad exile.

In this case, an even larger number of innocent persons had to suffer with the supposed guilty one. The Prince's exile was shared by four sons and more than one daughter, how many is not exactly known. Catherine, the second betrothed of the boy-Czar, had, like her predecessor, to be deprived of all her honours and splendid presents, and to accompany her father to exile. But another member of the exiled party was one who had joined them of her own free will, for love of her betrothed husband. This was Nathalie Scheremetev, a young girl of but sixteen, daughter of a powerful nobleman, who had been on the point of marriage with Ivan, one of the Prince's sons when the decree of exile was published. Her father was dead, but the uncles—who were her guardians—her brothers, and all her family considered it was a blessing that the blow had fallen before the marriage had taken place. Of course, it must be broken off, and Nathalie would soon find a better match.

But the young girl was immovable. She and her betrothed loved each other, and she was ready to follow him into exile and disgrace. All the arguments, entreaties, and reproaches of her family could not shake her gentle firmness. She persuaded two old ladies, her cousins, to take her to the castle where the Dolgoroukys were awaiting the summons to start. There, in the village church, she and Ivan were married without pomp or festivals, and for their "wedding tour" they had to start together on their long journey to the land of their exile.

It was a most trying journey. No advantages were granted to them, no mitigations of hardship; they had to travel in a *kabitka*, a rough springless carriage, which is a real instrument of torture to any one less case-hardened than the Tartars. In this wretched conveyance they travelled through long dreary plains, often forced to camp out on the damp ground, exposed to cold and wet, so that at last, when they reached their journey's end, the poor huts assigned to them seemed a haven of rest.

Nathalie writes this account in the Memoirs which she afterwards drew up for her children. Her first babe was born soon after they reached Berezov; his only cradle was his mother's arms, his clothing had to be prepared by her and her sisters-in-law from their scanty stores, and washed by their own hands in the icy waters of a neighbouring torrent. She relates how for days together the snow was so heaped up round their dwelling that they were nearly deprived of air and light, and confined to their close and smoky rooms; how the fierce winds whistled round the huts, and how their hardships were aggravated by the rudeness and insolence of some of the officials. Catherine bore her share of trial in haughty silence; she set to work to complete a piece of church needlework poor Marie had begun, and made no complaint.

But Nathalie was bearing *her* sufferings for love's sake, and her sweet, cheerful patience made even the Siberian hut bright. For her husband she had always hopeful words; she brought her children to play with him, and reminded him that these best treasures were still his, and when his spirits failed him she was ever ready with her loving cares and tender smiles.

In this way a few years were passed. The time was to come when she would look back to them with sorrowful longing, for worse troubles were in store. The cruel and relentless Biren was not satisfied with the vengeance he had taken. On a frivolous pretext he contrived to have Dolgorouky and his four sons accused of treason; they were sent to the city of Novgorod, and there put to a death of most cruel torture.

The sisters-in-law were separated. Catherine was placed in a convent, where she was strictly secluded and treated with great rigour. Nathalie was left alone with her little ones at Berezov, there to learn the terrible details of all her beloved Ivan had been made to suffer. Her one consolation was the knowledge that he had not only borne it all with heroic courage and patience, but that he had been supported by a power, as we must believe, not of this world; his voice had been heard uplifted in earnest prayer all through his torture till it was silent in death.

This must have comforted her, but hers was a bitter lot. When first she heard the terrible news she fainted away, utterly prostrated by the blow; but for her children's sake she felt she must bear up, and, that their young lives might not be saddened, she learned to hide her tears from them, and even to smile at their childish play.

But a change was now at hand. The Empress Anna died, Biren was disgraced and exiled, and the new Empress, Elizabeth, Peter the Great's daughter, was kind and gentle and merciful, and only eager to make up to the poor exiles for what they had suffered as far as was in her power.

The Dolgorouky family were recalled and treated with marked kindness. Catherine was placed about her person, and soon afterwards the Empress found her a suitable marriage. Proud as she was,

she was not revengeful; she showed generous kindness to the abbess and nuns who had treated her so harshly. But her pride was shown in curious ways. It was said that just before her death, four years after her marriage, she sent for all her dresses and had them burned, that no one might wear anything she had worn!

Nathalie's was a different spirit. She came to the court at the Empress's invitation to plead for her children, who needed protection and suitable provision. But the sad, pale face and deep mourning robes were out of character with the court gaieties. She had herself no heart for such scenes, and when she had secured the Empress's care for her children, and seen them safely placed under the protection of their now powerful and prosperous relations, she retired to a convent to end her days there. To our eyes it would have seemed that her place was with her children; but she had been brought up in the belief that the monastic state was specially acceptable to God, and certainly she did not lead an idle or selfish life in her retreat. Her charity, piety, and sweetness won her the love and esteem of all. The hours that were not spent in devotion were chiefly occupied in writing her Memoirs for her children's sake, that they might know how their father had lived and died, and do justice to his memory.

The words with which she opens the history are very touching. "Twenty-six days of happiness," she says, "were followed by forty years of sorrow!" And the result was shown in her bent form and white hair, while still in what ought to have been the vigour of life. After some quiet years spent in these occupations, she passed calmly away, at the age of fifty-six; truly a "woman of a sorrowful spirit," though never regretting that she had given up home and prosperity for him she loved.

E. J. WHATELY.

# FISH CULTURE.

## THE DOMESTIC TROUT.

THE rapid decrease of our rural and village population is admitted on all sides to be a serious evil, but the attempts to check the migration to the large towns have met with but little success at present. Perhaps the most promising among the remedies suggested[1] is that of encouraging such industries as can be carried on in country districts, and may be called "Peasant Industries." To a certain extent these have increased of late years, but there is much room for the development of the old and the introduction of new occupations, especially in such parts of our country as have been found unfit for profitable farming.

Some of these districts are favoured by nature with clear and abundant water, though the soil is stony and sterile. It is chiefly (though not only) in neighbourhoods of this description that the industry of which we have now to speak may be most advantageously attempted.

Much has already been done in the way of fish culture at home, and some of the pioneers of the industry are now reaping the reward of their enterprise and perseverance. Perhaps the most successful, commercially, are the establishments at Dumfries and at Guildford, both of which yield to their owners a good return on the capital invested. It is almost certain that there are many small estates containing springs, or with streams running through them, which could be made profitable to the peasant proprietors by means of an expenditure which a scientific farmer would consider trifling.

[1] See "Leisure Hour," April 1887, "Decayed Villages," by Solly. June 1887, "Peasant Industries," by F. M. Holmes.

In some cases fish culture of itself would be insufficient to yield a livelihood to the landowner and his family. But some other industry can be followed at the same time. In some districts basket-making, for instance, could easily be started, the materials being at hand in the shape of the osiers lining the stream.

In other cases watercress beds would flourish, while even the rushes, which are apt to be rather a nuisance in some streams, are not valueless.

The first essential in fish culture is a constant stream of fairly pure water (and not subject to heavy floods) running through the estate. If this condition is present, something else may be dispensed with, but it is desirable to have

(1) The soil, in part at least, gravel.
(2) Opportunity for placing gratings at each limit of the stream, in order to keep your trout in bounds.
(3) The absence of a miller, above or below you, who is determined to assert his rights—and wrongs.
(4) The presence of springs, to help in the formation of ponds (though these can be formed by means of sluices in the stream) is most desirable; but if a good supply of pure water is laid on it is often more convenient for hatching purposes than a spring.

We will suppose that pure water of some sort is available, and proceed to describe, from some seven or eight years' personal experience, one of the methods to be adopted.

First obtain from a professional fish-culturist a number of eyed ova (or trout eggs duly fertilised), which are within a week or two of hatching. From a dozen to 100,000 can be bought, at a rate averaging about 20*s.* for 1,000. If you have a

small number (less than 1,000) a little earthenware hatching-trough is enough, and should be ordered at the same time from the fish-culturist.

Then take a dozen slips of glass, or glass rods, about ¼ inch thick, and of the length that will reach across the tank, which will probably be about six inches.

A little wire frame can easily be made to form these rods into a sort of grill, with the bars ⅛ of an inch apart.

The eggs should be placed in rows between these rods, and just beneath the surface of the water.

The tank should be placed under a tap, which should, if possible, be always dripping.

This is all the apparatus required, as far as hatching is concerned; and if a large number of eggs are to be dealt with, the space available can easily be increased by using several tanks, either of earthenware or wood, and placing them on different levels, so that the water flows from one into another, and each tank should be kept covered.

Within a week or two it will be found, if proper care is taken, that ninety-eight per cent. of the eggs will have hatched into young trout, or alevins as they are called.

As the eggs hatch the fish will slip between the rods, and subside to the bottom of the tank, where they will remain quiet for some days, and require but little attention. If any of the eggs become white and opaque they should be removed. Also any alevins that may die.

At this stage of its existence the trout looks more like a tadpole than a fish, and is very awkward and helpless, for the "yolk-sac" or bag of food which is attached to it, and on which it feeds for some weeks, is larger than the fish itself, and prevents the trout from swimming about freely. At first each alevin lies on its side, looking as if it were ill, but occasionally it will rouse up and make spasmodic darts to the surface or along the edge of the tank.

Before the eggs are all hatched it is well to examine one under a strong magnifying glass, as it will be found very interesting. The form of the fish within can be seen like a tiny thread; and its two eyes looking like black specks. If nearly hatching it can often be seen to wriggle, and if placed on a warm hand will sometimes hatch out at once. At the Fisheries Exhibition one was hatched in the hand of the Princess of Wales.

A newly-hatched alevin is even more interesting under the glass than is the egg. The heart, which is close to the throat, can be seen to beat, and the blood to circulate through the yolk-sac. The gradual development of the fish, from the egg to its perfect form, can be watched with ease by placing one or two specimens in a small phial, and returning them after a short absence to the tank each time.

The eggs are much less tender than they appear, and can be dropped (if not about to hatch) from a foot or more upon a hard substance without apparent injury, and they will rebound almost like indiarubber.

As soon as the yolk-sac is nearly absorbed it will be necessary to prepare to feed the fish, or fry as they are called at this stage. It is at this point that the chief difficulty in fish-culture begins; for easy though it is to give the food to the fish, it is a different matter to get them to take it at first. Liver or mutton chopped or grated *very* fine is perhaps the best artificial food to use, though the yolk of hard-boiled eggs, in very tiny pieces, is sometimes more readily taken.

If practicable it is better to turn your fry out into a shallow part of your stream, carefully cleared of all enemies, such as large beetles, etc., and wired over the top to stop the attacks of birds.

Here the fry will find plenty of food among the weeds in the shape of minute shell-fish, such as fresh-water shrimps and snails, almost invisible to our eyes, and in fact will feed probably on many animalculæ which we cannot see at all. If there are troublesome fish, such as sticklebacks, in the water the fry must not be turned in when very young, but it will be necessary to begin by placing water weeds in your hatching tank, and then, after the fry have learnt to eat a little, to feed them on liver. Care must be taken to give very little at a time, and to increase the flow of water while feeding, as the nature of the trout is to eat living, or at least moving, things. Any food not eaten within an hour or two should be removed.

If you have some thousands of fry, and a small stream only, you will find it necessary, after a few weeks or months, to feed them regularly even after they are turned out, for they will have eaten up all the food.

At this juncture it may be desirable, rather than to spend much time or money on feeding, to sell a great part of your stock. "Feeding fry" will often fetch much more than they cost as eggs. But circumstances will decide this matter. If you are able to keep your fish till the following spring they will be worth, as yearlings, about ten times their cost: so that a large margin is available to cover the losses and expenses.

If your stream is suitable to rear the fish for one more year, they should with constant feeding become fit for the table, and worth for that purpose about 1*s.* each; but it is most likely that their value, as living fish, say from ½ lb. to 1 lb. each, would be still greater. These fish must be separated from the yearlings, or they will eat them.

Such fish are in great demand for stocking streams; and the difficulty and cost of transport has of late been much diminished. A large number of trout were taken by the night mail, from near London, to Totnes in Devon, not many months ago, and hardly any were lost.

Another possible source of profit to the landowner would be the use of his stream by anglers, who are always ready to pay a high price for good trout fishing, especially near London.

If the water available is not clear and rapid, it may be best to begin your trout culture at a later stage, and buy yearlings; for they will thrive under conditions which would not suit fry; and sometimes grow faster in water that contains some impurity. If the water is very muddy it will be best to rear carp or tench, though these fish in England will fetch much less than trout. On the Continent they

are in great demand, and are kept carefully alive till wanted for the table. One advantage is that they can be sent long distances alive in wet moss.

Other fish, such as perch, might be reared with advantage; for, though the demand for them as food is small, they are often saleable alive for stocking the lakes in gentlemen's parks, and in fisheries, etc.

But it is trout culture that is now being discussed chiefly; and a case has, we hope, been made out proving the pursuit to be worthy of a fair trial by many of our small farmers and peasant proprietors, who are now at a loss to find means to pay their rents and keep their families.

Among the collateral advantages of fish culture is the healthful occupation it would afford to the children in many a cottage home. Girls especially are sometimes most handy at feeding and looking after the interesting fish-families; and it certainly is a more wholesome occupation than working half-time in a noisome factory, in the sort of company usually found there.

This paper does not, of course, treat the subject exhaustively; but further information can be obtained from Francis's handbook, or more recent methods may be explained, at very moderate cost, by Mr. Andrews of Guildford, Mr. Armitage of Solway Fisheries, Dumfries, or other successful fish-culturists.

J. P. T.

## NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

### A LAKE RISING IN A DESERT.

THE sudden appearance of a lake in the Colorado desert, and the conversion, within a week or two, of an arid and tropical waste into an inland mere, some thirty miles in length by twelve in breadth (larger than all the English lakes combined), has naturally excited considerable attention.

Salton Lake, which has so suddenly and surprisingly come into existence, is situate in Southern California, in a low-lying district well known to travellers by the South Pacific Railroad through the east part of San Diego. It has been usual to speak of this depressed area as a "sink," descending, as it does at its deepest part, some 260 feet below sea-level. The heat is almost intolerable, and a few salt-works are the only industry carried on. In fact, the Colorado desert has often been spoken of by travellers as resembling the dried-up bed of a Dead Sea. Altogether, it has an area of some three thousand miles.

In the latter part of the month of June, and in the lower portion of this desert area, the first indications of rising water were observed, seeming to emanate from an unknown subterranean source. In some quarters it was surmised that earthquake shocks might have diverted the course of underground rivers, or that an immense natural geyser had suddenly come into action; and as the water continued to rise and threaten the railway, the mysterious phenomenon was looked upon as a portent of still greater natural changes. On the 1st of July a lake some thirty miles long by twelve miles wide had been formed. By this time the railway company's engineer had taken a survey of the situation, and it was soon discovered that there was a strong current in the lake from the south-east.

By persistently tracking the current in the direction of its source the problem was solved. Although the desert is fifty miles from the Colorado river, it was unmistakable that this river was the source of the water supply. In the first place leakages, and then open channels, had gradually made a way to the distant, low-lying, desert area. It was found that the water was leaving the river some eight miles from El Rio, opening up several channels from four to six feet deep and from thirty to forty feet wide. The route was then westward along the sand-hills, and on the line of the old stage route through the Alamo Locho Station. At this station the channels joined, making a stream about one hundred yards wide or more, and having a velocity of four miles per hour. The main channel passes Cook's Wells, Seven Wells, Gardner Station, or Butt Station, then on to Alamo Mucho, making a distance of fifty-two miles from the river. At this point it enters the desert for Salton. The old stage route, with the exception of five or six miles, was thus entirely under water.

The lake in the desert is therefore, from the point of view of the physical geographer, satisfactorily explained. The Colorado river, which is always at its highest level in June, has been unusually swollen this year by the melting of the winter snows on the mountains of Utah, Nevada, and Colorado, and the result has been the forming of new channels in the direction of the extremely low-lying Salton basin.

There is evidence that the same grand phenomenon has appeared at least once before during historic times. The traditions of the Indians to this effect are confirmed by observation of the sides of this great natural terraqueous basin. Along the sides of the enclosing hills there are found unmistakable shore marks, which indicate that at different times the basin has been flooded to various heights. Along these old beach lines fluviatile shells have been found of the kind which still inhabit the Colorado river. When the river on former occasions had spent its excess of water, and drew back into its old channel, evaporation, which goes on at an enormous rate under the terrible heat of these lower lands, rapidly changed the lake into a desert, a condition which the basin will again assume within a comparatively short period, probably within three or four years. Some notion of the rate of evaporation may be formed from the fact that if the basin were filled up to

the river level—and this would require a further rise of the lake up to at least another hundred feet—it would present a surface of 1,600 miles ; but even this extent and depth of water, on the cutting off of the river supply, would be entirely evaporated in a little more than forty-four years, so tremendous is the heat.

It has been already pointed out that Nature, unassisted by man, has thus accomplished a feat which has been for many years the ambition of American engineers. The late Mr. A. D. Wozencraft, of San Bernardino, for many years agitated the subject of turning the Colorado river into the desert, and endeavoured to get the assistance of capital and of Congress. The idea was to moderate the intolerable climate of the surrounding region, and make available some millions of acres of land at present almost worthless owing to their aridity and distance from water. But it must not be forgotten that the waters of the Colorado river, at this portion of its course, become saline, owing to its channel passing for some miles through beds of rock-salt.

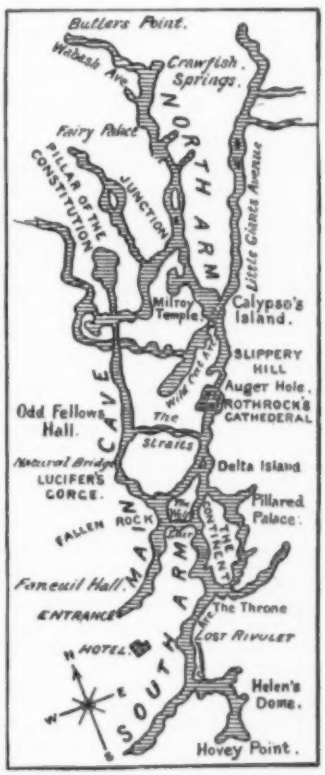
## ANOTHER GREAT CAVE.

The discovery in the State of Oregon of another grand cavern of the same type as the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is naturally also exciting considerable interest. Subterranean marvels have always an attraction. It is a trite observation that the mere surface phenomena of the earth—the scenes which have an every-day familiarity—soon become uninteresting and commonplace. "All of us," says Professor Shaler, in a masterly paper on "Caverns and Cavern Life," "are familiar with glory of the starlit sky, and know that these points of light are planets and suns scattered through infinite space ; and yet this spectacle, which would overwhelm the soul were it disclosed only for a single hour in a lifetime, arrests but a momentary interest. It is the unseen which most attracts. Men have at all times speculated on the contents of the nether earth. Its crevices and caverns afford, in their dark recesses, a world which they can people at their will."

According to a San Francisco paper, the newly-discovered Oregon cavern is situated in Josephine county, at a point twelve miles north of California, and forty miles from the coast. It has two openings, and contains many passages and galleries of great beauty. There are numbers of semi-transparent stalactites, several giant milk-white pillars, and many streams, pools, and deserted water-channels. A week was spent in exploring the cavern, and innumerable passages and chambers were discovered. On penetrating one of these passages for a distance of several miles, the exploring party came across a large lake of clear water, and a waterfall thirty feet high. All kinds of weird strange figures, into which the limestone had been wrought by Nature's hand, were found in the various chambers. The only signs of animal life were discovered a short distance from the entrance, where a few bones were found, indicating that bears had carried their prey there.

So far as the phenomena of the interior are concerned, the Oregon cavern repeats on a larger or smaller scale the story of the limestone caverns and their mode of origin wherever they are found. But it is quite possible that it may yet have some interesting secrets to disclose to us. It may be that the dark and still under-world which has been so suddenly opened up to us will prove to have a fauna of its own ; the inner recesses may contain blind and wingless grasshoppers and other insects ; the silent, abysmal pools may be tenanted by blind and colourless crayfish and blind fishes, all adapted, like the similar denizens of the great Kentucky cave, to the subterranean regions in which their lives and those of their ancestors have been passed. This is even probable, and particulars may shortly be forthcoming. But that which is already ascertained is itself of permanent interest.

Caverns are found in every limestone country in stage of progress and decline. By comparing one interior with another, we may see the process of cavern-making in every stage and phase.




GREAT WYANDOTT CAVERN.

Incredible as it may seem, the process of cavern-making begins in nearly all cases with a mere crevice or crevices, or natural joints in the massive, solid rock. It is then only a question of time, and of favourable position in a line of drainage, how rapidly the process of enlargement will go on—from crevice to grotto, and from grotto, perhaps, to mammoth cavern. The streams which course along the floor to-day, and the old dry channels on higher levels which tell of former water-courses, disclose the more visible forces which have been and are still at work. But, strange to say, it is the invisible forces of Nature which achieve by far the larger share of the excavation. It is to the quiet chemical solution of the rock by the acidulated water, and its almost noiseless transport to distant lower levels, that we must look for the most potent agency in cavern-making. The feat is, in fact, accomplished almost solely by the solvent action of percolating water which has trickled down from above. The hundreds of thousands of tons of

solid rock which are missing from these great caverns, and have left such huge chambers behind, have really been carried away, not in the solid state, but in a state of invisible solution. There could not be a grander terrestrial example of the power of the invisible forces of Nature.

The amount of mineral matter which has been removed in solution by the acidulated waters, and has thus given rise to caves, almost passes belief. "In the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky," says Professor Shaler, "there are probably in the known and unknown galleries more than two hundred miles of ways large enough to permit the passage of a man, besides what is probably a greater length of smaller chambers. Nothing short of a visit to such grand caverns as this can give an adequate idea of the functions of chemical action on the underground rocks. Of the mineral matter thus dissolved, by far the larger part is discharged into rivers and ultimately finds its way to the sea, where the lime, silica, and organic matter are seized upon by marine plants and animals for building up their shells and other calcareous and silicious structures."

Long as is the time required for the action of the excavatory forces before the larger caverns attain their greatest dimensions, we are yet able to assign to caverns an anterior limit in geological time. No caverns of the Pliocene period are known to exist, and it is almost certain that caverns of such antiquity would have escaped denudation.

The illustration we give is a very good type of the larger limestone caverns. It serves to show that a cavern is mainly a series of parallel lines of drainage on which the solvent and excavatory forces have exerted themselves. It also indicates the gradient of the district in which the cavern is situate, and the outlet of the waters of the lower level. The cavern in question is known as the Great Wyandott Cavern in Indiana. The combined length of all the passages is sixteen miles.

## A FEW PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF MR. LOWELL.

NOW that the world is made poorer by the loss of James Russell Lowell, it seems natural that we should call to mind little recollections of him—reminiscences trifling in themselves, no doubt, yet, all the same, reminiscences of his kindness, his gaiety, his interest in men and women.

I remember meeting him at Oxford when an honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and upon Mr. John Bright. Mr. Lowell was in the gayest of spirits, and the conversation between him, Mr. Robert Browning, and the Master of Balliol, our host, was brilliant. Two Spanish gentlemen came in the evening, and Mr. Lowell greeted them in their own tongue. He was master of many languages. His collection of old French writers was one of the best in the world. Nor was he less well acquainted with modern French authors. I remember well the care he took in recommending to me one of Balzac's novels that should give me an idea of the great writer's manner and should yet "be no shock" to me. And so upon his advice I read "Eugénie Grandet"—the most touching history of a jewel of purity and goodness in a mean and sordid setting. He told me that Thackeray had asked him once for his candid opinion of the novel "Henry Esmond," begging him to point out any mistake he might detect in the English of the reign of Queen Anne. Mr. Lowell answered that there was one thing he thought wrong: did anybody then ever use the phrase "different *to*" such a thing? "Hang it all!" cried Thackeray. "No; of course they didn't!"

I travelled back to London from Oxford under Mr. Lowell's escort. I remember his looking at the bean-fields as we flew by them in the train; they were then in blossom, and he said that the smell of them to him was one of the sweetest of scents, and that he wondered why it was mentioned by so few poets, whilst reference to the smell of lime-blossom is common enough. I fancy that Mr. Lowell himself has spoken of the scent of bean-fields in one of his poems. William Morris also mentions it, and one old poet of Elizabethan or Jacobean date; but these are all the instances I can call to mind.

The last time I saw Mr. Lowell was in August 1888. He was looking ill then, and I thought he seemed silent and depressed.

His letters were charming, written in a little delicate pointed hand that would formerly have been called feminine, but cannot be called so now that women write in great round strong characters. Three of his letters are lying open beside me—three only! Ah! why does one so often lose and waste letters that would be such treasures in the years to come, when "the hand that writ them is dust;' when they are "turned from a toy to a relic, and seen through the crystals of tears"?

From two of these letters I make extracts. The first refers to an Italian book which he sent me, having promised me two, one of which was, as it afterwards appeared, out of print.

"To keep one promise out of two, and to have tried to keep the other, is not precisely virtue, but at least does not add to the pavement which such as you will never tread.

"I have remembered to send off the Italian book of which I spoke, and hope it may be of some use to you. It starts Parcel Post to-morrow."

The other letter was written to a young lady about to be married. Mr. Lowell had been staying in the same house with her at the time that her marriage was settled, and she had fancied he must have noticed what was going on.

"It pleased me very much that you should have remembered me in your happiness and wished me to share in it. I do most heartily, and all the more because this tie you are making connects you (however remotely) with New England.

"And so you fancied that I had divined what was going on while we were at H—— together? That was very pretty and natural of you, and doesn't surprise me, since I have always found you so.

"Because you had entered into the great conspiracy of nature, you thought everybody must suspect; you feared each bush an officer. But no; I was blinder than a bat—for a bat is blind only at the behest of alliteration, and I was so through the whole alphabet impartially. No. You held your secret as tight as a rose-bud.

"I wish you joy with all my heart, and all the happiness which I am sure you deserve."

These are the fragments that I am able to contribute. At best they are but trifling fragments; but it may be that perhaps some lover of his books who never met him in that other world of men, may catch between the poor lines I have written a glimpse of what I can never express—the childlike gaiety, the brilliancy, and the charm of the man who has written his name in so many hearts here and across the sea.

A. F.

# COTTAGE COOKERY.

## A NOVEL PRIZE COMPETITION

BY MRS. PHILPS

WE hear much just now of the value of technical schools, and schools of cookery for the working classes. The one difficulty which always presents itself is that when the girls have homes of their own the lessons they have received are practically useless, because they do not possess the stoves and utensils, without which tasty dishes cannot be prepared in the time at their command. In cottage homes it is the practical service of imperfect means; and recent experience has shown some of us that, instead of offering to teach, we have still much to learn.

"One half of the world does not know how the other half lives." It might be better for both halves if they did know. It would beget mutual sympathy and respect in many cases, and we should be less prone to criticise. We who are of the middle class pride ourselves on our thrift and good management—and rightly, too—but it is comparatively easy to manage when you have plenty to do it with. It might take down our pride a little if we had to change places for a month or two with a labourer's wife who had to find rent and food and clothing for herself and husband and five or six little children out of twelve shillings a week. "Mine brings home every penny," says one such wife; "he's a teetotaller, else I shouldn't git along nohow." Another, whose husband and three sons work "on the land," and who has eleven to provide for out of their wages, says: "It costs me twelve shillings a week for bread and flour, and that doesn't leave much for other food, to say nothing of clothes and rent."

Unthrift there is, doubtless, and waste too amongst the dwellers in cottages; and is there none amongst those who are above them in education and opportunity?

Allowance must be made for the hearty appetite of men and boys coming in from the fields. A young farmer gave to one of his men a dozen cauliflowers as large as a quarter-peck measure. Next day he asked if they were good. "Yes, sir, I wish I had some more to-night." "Why, you've not finished them all, surely?" "Yes, sir; she biled 'em, and I ate 'em for my supper."

An instance of "shiftlessness" was mentioned to me lately by a grocer. A child comes to the shop for "a penn'orth of treacle, please, an' will you put it in a bit of paper? mother ain't got a basin." From such housekeeping, or money-wasting, may we be delivered!

One often hears the remark: "Mrs. So-and-so was such a clean, tidy servant and a good cook before she married; how is it that she is such a poor, draggled-looking wife and mother?" One reason may be that she misses the ample food, varied and nourishing, which she had in service, and that at a time when the strain that motherhood brings is most keenly felt. Her health is poor, and she lets things get untidy, hoping one day to overtake her work again; but as her family increases she becomes hopeless, and gives up the attempt. Not only is the food less nourishing, but the means of making the best of it is not at hand. Instead of a *batterie de cuisine*, more or less ample, there is but a saucepan and frying-pan, no oven, an open fire, often a smoky chimney, and coal scarce and dear. In some cottages there is a nice copper for the family washing, but in others one fire has to serve for boiling the clothes, cooking the food, and warming the house.

With three or four little children, too small to go to school, round the fire, her sewing-machine and "tailoring" claiming her time while daylight serves, if she is to earn a few shillings to help out the weekly wages, what wonder that the tired mother gets hopeless and gives up trying to cook, contenting herself with tea and bread and butter for the midday meal? Here in the country there is no "cook-shop" where, for a few pence, a savoury bit may be bought to give relish to the bread.

Feeling sure that much might be learned from the experience of some of the more capable women, we offered a prize to the members of the Mothers' Meeting for "the best dinner for four persons—father, mother, and two schoolboys—at the cost of one shilling, exclusive of fuel." About thirty answers were sent in, and they were so good that the prize was divided amongst five, so nearly equal were they in merit. Variety, ingenuity, and a minute knowledge of prices marked them all.

Some who did not compete said there was "too much money for only four people; if it had been for ten, now, we would have tried."

The favourite dish seems to be suet dumplings; two-thirds of the recipes include this item. One advises making the dumplings with the fat skimmed off after boiling two pennyworth of bones.

In eight cases a milk pudding is got for the shilling besides soup or stew. Not one mentions cheese or fish. Haricot beans or lentils, pea-flour or desiccated soup, besides fresh vegetables of all kinds, are used by nearly all. No one mentions tinned meat—evidently it is not popular. Only one used rice, and one oatmeal. A saucepan and a frying-pan would serve for all except one, which is to be "baked in little oven at home"—a luxury only found in the newer cottages.

One prize dinner is this:—

| | *d.* |
|---|---|
| Pigs' fry, 1 lb. | 4 |
| Onions and potatoes | 2 |
| Sago | 1½ |
| Sugar | ½ |
| Skimmed milk | 1 |
| Total | 9*d.* |

This makes a good dinner for four.

"I can make a good dinner for eight of us for sixpence," said one mother; adding, "I wish I always had sixpence to spend for it."

One recipe included six-pennyworth of meat, "because it strengthens the man."

The first prize was awarded to the following:—

| | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|
| Beef, skirt or shin, 1 lb. | 0 | 5 |
| Carrots and onions | 0 | ½ |
| Flour | 0 | 1½ |
| Potatoes | 0 | 1½ |
| Suet | 0 | 1 |
| Desiccated soup | 0 | 2 |
| Bread | 0 | ½ |
| Total. | 1 | 0 |

The second prize recipe included milk pudding, or (if no oven) rice boiled in water, and jam.

The method of preparing is given in most cases, and is certainly clearer than the following recipe from an old cookery book which went through fifteen editions. "How to prepare Calves' Feet.—Choose your feet in the rough state, and place them in a pan of water for ten minutes. Try if you can easily clean them. If not, put a spoonful of salt in the water. Boil them, and when your feet are tender place them on a dish. Take out the big bone, surround them with sausage meat, and form a heart with them. Or place your feet on a gridiron, let them gently broil, and when done eat them for breakfast; after which a brisk walk will give you an appetite for dinner."

It is proposed to offer a prize next Christmas for the best and cheapest hot dinner for six persons (four being school children), cost of fuel and seasoning (salt, sugar, &c.) not included. Anyone who is a *bonâ-fide* member of a Mothers' Meeting may compete. The exact cost and also mode of cooking must be given, and the recipes sent to me before December 1. I hope by this means to have a mutual interchange of experience which will be both interesting and useful. Doubtless local habits and opportunit'es of purchasing fish, &c., will influence the writers. A thrifty housewife in Perthshire, and one in Limehouse, and another in Limerick would differ widely in spending the daily allowance.

I shall be happy to give further information to any ladies who may communicate with me.

*Coggeshall, Essex.*

# CHESS.

## THE LONGEST END-GAME.

IN our January part we gave some historical notes (see p. 214) relating to an end-game in chess, which is supposed to be the longest known, and has for more than a century been before some of the greatest analysts. The following is the solution of the problem there given, with the modification proposed by the winner mentioned below. We repeat the position in the international notation.

Position: White, K g1; O d3, h3; Black, K h7; P h4.

A move of the King is indicated by the name of the square only, but of the Knight or O by letter and square. The † stands for "check," and the ‡ for "mate." The letters *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., refer to the variations, and A, B, C, etc., to the notes placed after the solution.

### THE MAIN PLAY.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | f2 | g6 | 13. | d4 | c6 | 28. | O c3 | c7 | 44. | d7 | f7 | 58. | O c4 | h5 |
| 2. | e3 | f5 | | | (or *j*) | | Note B | | 45. | d6 | f6 | | | (or *u*) |
| | | (or *a*) | 14. | O c3 | d6 | 29. | O e2 | b7 | | | (or *p*) | 59. | O e5 | h6 |
| 3. | f3 | f6 | 15. | O b5 † | c6 | | | (or *n*) | 46. | O e3 | f7 | 60. | f7 | h5 |
| 4. | f4 | e6 | 16. | c4 | b6 | 30. | O e f4 | c7 | | | (or *q*) | 61. | e6 | h6 |
| 5. | e4 | d6 | 17. | O d4 | a5 | 31. | O e6 † | d7 | 47. | O d5 | e8 | 62. | f6 | h7 |
| 6. | d4 | c6 | | | (or *k*) | 32. | d5 | e7 | 48. | c7 | f8 | | | (or *v*) |
| | | (or *b*) | 18. | b3 | a6 | 33. | O c5 | f7 | 49. | d8 | f7 | 63. | f7 | h6 |
| 7. | c4 | d6 | 19. | a4 | b6 | 34. | e4 | f6 | 50. | d7 | f8 | 64. | O g4 † | h5 |
| | | (or *c*, *d*) | 20. | b4 | c7 | 35. | f4 | f7 | 51. | O c7 | f7 | 65. | O e3 | h6 |
| 8. | O d f2 | e5 | | | (or *l*) | 36. | f5 | e7 | 52. | O e8 | f8 | 66. | f6 | h5 |
| | | (or *e*, *f*, *g*) | 21. | c5 | d7 | 37. | e5 | d8 | 53. | O d6 | g7 | 67. | O f4 † | h6 |
| 9. | c5 | e6 | 22. | d5 | c7 | | | (or *o*) | 54. | e6 | g6 | 68. | O g4† | h7 |
| 10. | d4 | f6 | 23. | O b5 † | b6 | 38. | d6 | c8 | 55. | e5 | g7 | 69. | f7 | P h3 |
| | | (or *h*) | | | (or *m*) | 39. | c6 | d8 | | | (or *r*, *s*) | 70. | O h5 | P h2 |
| 11. | e4 | e6 | 24. | O c3 | c7 | 40. | O e6 † | e7 | 56. | f5 | h7 | 71. | O h f6 † | h8 |
| 12. | O d1 | d6 | 25. | O a4 | b7 | 41. | O d4 | d8 | | | (or *t*) | 72. | O e5 | P h1 |
| | | (or *i*) | 26. | d6 | a6 | 42. | O f5 | e8 | 57. | f6 | h6 | 73. | O g6 ‡. | |
| | See note A. | | 27. | c5 | b7 | 43. | c7 | f8 | | | | | | |

### THE VARIATIONS.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | (*a*) | | | (*c*$^1$) | | | (*d*$^3$) | | 14. | O f5 | c7 | | (*i*$^4$) | |
| 2. | | f7 | 8. | | a6 | 10. | | d7 | 15. | c5 | d7 | 13. | | e8 |
| 3. | d4 | e7 | 9. | O a4 | a5 | 11. | O e6 | e7 | 16. | O d4 | c7 | 14. | e6 | d8 |
| | | (or *a*$^1$) | 10. | O c3 | a6 | 12. | O c5 | etc. | 17. | O e6 † | etc. | 15. | d6 | e8 |
| 4. | e5 | d7 | 11. | d5 | etc. | | | | | | | | | (or $i_1^4$) |
| 5. | d5 | c7 | | | | | (*e*) | | | (*i*) | | 16. | O c3 | d8 |
| 6. | c5 | d7 | | | | 8. | | e7 | 12. | | d7 | 17. | O e4 | c8 |
| 7. | O d f4 | e7 | | (*c*$^2$) | | 9. | d5 | d7 | 13. | d5 | c7 | 18. | O c5 | etc. |
| 8. | d5 | f6 | 8. | | c7 | 10. | O d3 | c7 | | (or $i^1$, $i^2$, $i^3$, $i^4$) | | | | |
| 9. | O g2 | etc. | 9. | c5 | d7 | 11. | c5 | d7 | 14. | O c3 | etc. | | ($i_1^4$) | |
| | | | 10. | d5 | c7 | 12. | O d f4 | e7 | | | | 15. | | c8 |
| | (*a*$^1$) | | | | (or $c_1^2$) | 13. | d5 | f6 | | (*i*$^1$) | | 16. | O e3 | etc. |
| 3. | | e8 | 11. | O c4 | | 14. | O g2 | etc. | 13. | | e7 | | Note C | |
| 4. | e5 | e7 | | | | | | | 14. | O e3 | etc. | | | |
| 5. | O c5 | etc. | | ($c_1^2$) | | | (*f*) | | | | | | (*j*) | |
| | | | 10. | | e7 | 8. | | d7 | | | | 13. | | e6 |
| | (*b*) | | 11. | O c4 | f6 | 9. | d5 | c7 | | (*i*$^2$) | | 14. | O e3 | d6 |
| 6. | | e6 | 12. | O d6 | e7 | 10. | O e4 | b6 | 13. | | d8 | 15. | O f5 † | e6 |
| 7. | O d f2 | d7 | 13. | O e4 | etc. | 11. | O c3 | c7 | 14. | d6 | c8 | | | (or $j^1$) |
| 8. | d5 | c7 | | | | 12. | O a4 | etc. | 15. | O e3 | b7 | 16. | e4 | f6 |
| 9. | O e4 | b6 | | | | | | | 16. | O c4 | etc. | 17. | O d4 | etc. |
| 10. | O c3 | b7 | | (*c*$^3$) | | | (*g*) | | | | | | | |
| 11. | c5 | c7 | 8. | | a7 | 8. | | c7 | | (*i*$^3$) | | | ($j^1$) | |
| 12. | O e2 | etc. | 9. | c5 | a6 | 9. | c5 | d7 | 13. | | c8 | 15. | | c6 |
| | (see move 29) | | 10. | O c4 | etc. | 10. | d5 | c7 | 14. | c6 | b8 | 16. | c4 | etc. |
| | | | | | | 11. | O e4 | etc. | 15. | O e3 | a7 | | (73 moves) | |
| | (*c*) | | | (*d*) | | | | | 16. | O c4 | a6 | | | |
| 7. | | b6 | 7 | | c7 | | (*h*) | | 17. | c5 | a7 | | (*k*) | |
| 8. | O b2 | c6 | 8. | c5 | d7 | 10. | | f5 | 18. | d6 | b7 | 17. | | a6 |
| | (or $c^1$, $c^2$, $c^3$) | | 9. | O d f4 | e7 | 11. | d5 | f6 | 19. | d7 | a7 | 18. | c5 | a5 |
| 9. | O d1 | b6 | 10. | d5 | f6 | 12. | O g4 † | e7 | 20. | c7 | a6 | 19. | O b5 | a4 |
| 10. | O c3 | c6 | | | (or $d^1$) | 13. | O e3 | d7 | 21. | c6 | etc. | 20. | c4 | a5 |
| 11. | O b5 | b6 | 11. | O g2 | | | | | | | | 21. | O c3 | b6 |
| 12. | O d4 | etc. | | | | | | | | | | 22. | d5 | etc. |

| | (*l*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 20. | | a6 |
| 21. | O c6 | b6 |
| 22. | O e5 | a6 |
| 23. | O c4 | b7 |
| 24. | c5 | c7 |
| 25. | O b6 | etc. |

| | (*m*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 23. | | d7 |
| 24. | O d6 | c7 |
| | | (or *m*¹) |
| 25. | O c4 | d7 |
| 26. | O b6 † | c7 |
| 27. | c5 | b7 |
| 28. | O d5 | a6 |
| 29. | b4 | a7 |
| 30. | a5 | b7 |
| 31. | b5 | c8 |
| | | (or *m*²) |
| 32. | c6 | d8 |
| | | (or *m*³) |
| 33. | d6 | c8 |
| 34. | O b6 † | b7 |
| 35. | O c4 | c8 |
| 36. | O a5 | b8 |
| 37. | d7 | a7 |
| 38. | c6 | b8 |
| 39. | O c4 | c8 |

| 40. | O e3 | b8 |
|---|---|---|
| 41. | O f5 | c8 |
| 42. | O e7 † | d8 |
| 43. | d6 | e8 |
| 44. | O c6 | f8 |
| 45. | e5 | etc. |

| | (*m*¹) | |
|---|---|---|
| 24. | | c7 |
| 25. | O e4 | d7 |
| 26. | O f6 † | c7 |
| 27. | c5 | b7 |
| 28. | O d5 | a6 |
| 29. | b4 | etc. |

| | (*m*²) | |
|---|---|---|
| 31. | | a7 |
| 32. | O c7 | b7 |
| 33. | O e6 | etc. |

| | (*m*³) | |
|---|---|---|
| 32. | | b8 |
| 33. | O b6 | a7 |
| 34. | O c4 | etc. |

| | (*n*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 29. | | d7 |
| | | (or *n*¹) |

| 30. | O d4 | c7 |
|---|---|---|
| 31. | O e6 † | d7 |
| | (See Note D) | |

| | (*n*¹) | |
|---|---|---|
| 29. | | b7 |
| 30. | O e f4 | a6 |
| 31. | O d5 | etc. |

| | (*o*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 37. | | f7 |
| 38. | O e4 | e7 |
| 39. | O f6 | f7 |
| 40. | O d5 | e8 |
| 41. | d6 | d8 |
| 42. | O e7 | e8 |
| 43. | O c6 | f8 |
| 44. | c5 | etc. |

| | (*p*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 45. | | e8 |
| 46. | O h6 | d8 |
| | | (or *p*¹) |
| 47. | O f7 † | c8 |
| 48. | c6 | b8 |
| 49. | O d6 | a7 |

| 50. | b5 | a8 |
|---|---|---|
| 51. | a6 | b8 |
| 52. | b6 | a8 |
| 53. | O f4 | P h3 |
| 54. | O d5 | P h2 |
| 55. | O c7 † | b8 |
| 56. | O a6 † | a8 |
| 57. | O b5 | P h1 |
| 58. | O b c7 ‡ | |

| | (*p*¹) | |
|---|---|---|
| 46. | | f8 |
| 47. | e6 | g7 |
| 48. | O f7 | etc. |

| | (*q*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 46. | | g7 |
| 47. | e7 | g6 |
| 48. | e6 | etc. |

| | (*r*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 55. | | f5 |
| 56. | f5 | h6 |
| 57. | O e8 | h7 |
| 58. | f6 | etc. |
| | (see *s*) | |

| | (*s*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 55. | | h6 |
| 56. | O e8 | h7 |
| 57. | f6 | g8 |
| 58. | e7 | h8 |
| 59. | f8 | h7 |
| 60. | f7 | h6 |
| 61. | O g7 | h7 |
| 62. | O f5 | etc. |

| | (*t*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 56. | | f8 |
| 57. | f6 | g8 |
| 58. | O f5 | f8 |
| 59. | O g7 | g8 |
| 60. | O e6 | h7 |
| 61. | f7 | etc. |

| | (*u*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 58. | | h7 |
| 59. | f7 | h6 |
| 60. | O e5 | h5 |
| 61. | e6 | etc. |

| | (*v*) | |
|---|---|---|
| 62. | | h5 |
| 63. | O f4 † and mate in six more moves. | |

*Note A.*—The central position is now attained, particularly through moves 8 and 12, two moves of the O such as were never before played on the board. This position is such that the O plays to c3 or e3, and then pursues the K on the right or left.

*Note B.*—So far the moves by the composer (Meyer) and by the solver (Jahn) coincide. Meyer now followed Guretzky, playing 29, O b5 †, K b7; 30, O d4, K a6; 31, O c6, K b7; 32, O b4, K c7; 33, O a6 †, K d7; 34, K d5, K e7; 35, O c5, etc.; but Jahn plays 29, O e2, and thus arrives with the Θ on c5 at move 33, gaining 2 moves, and then the solution by Guretzky and Chapais is followed.

*Note C.*—These few moves show how the variations enter into the main play.

*Note D.*—Variations *j* and *n* require the full number of 73 moves, the other variations are completed in fewer moves. Variation *p* is given in full to show the mate on a8.

## REFERENCES

to this end-game can be seen in the "Schachzeitung" of 1862, pages 289 to 293, 356 to 359; 1863, pages 306 to 315; and 1864, page 387. Also in Berger's "Endspiele," Leipzig, 1890, pages 305 to 314. Short notices about it in the "Boy's Own Paper" (page 271), London, January 24, 1891; the "Illustrirte Zeitung," Leipzig, January 31, 1891; Lehner's "Lesehalle," Vienna, February, 1891, page 53; Preti's "La Strategie," Paris, March 15, 1891; the "Nottingham Guardian," May 2, 1891; the "Northern Figaro," May 9, 1891; ШАШЕЧНИЦА, page 34, Moscow, July 1891, etc. Chapais also gave:—White, K c6; O c2, f3; Black, K e6; P f4; White to move, to which a solution in forty-four moves is given in the seventh edition of Bilguer's "Handbuch."

## THE PRIZE WINNER.

Only one solution arrived, which was sent on March 31 by Paul Jahn, of Berne in Switzerland, who receives the prize of two guineas according to the conditions indicated. This solution contains 108 variations, and as already stated, in the note to move 28, shortens this end-game into a 73 mover (due to 29, O e2), and reduces Guretzky's 64 into a 62 mover.

P. Jahn is of opinion, that H. F. L. Meyer has arrived at the utmost limit of this end-game, and that his diagram cannot be surpassed.

## THE LIMITS OF THIS END-GAME.

BY H. F. L. MEYER.

The position on the diagram requires the black K to be on g4, h5, h6, h7, or h8 in order to attain the mate. It takes seventy-three moves with the K on h6 or h7; seventy-two moves on g4 or h8, and fewer moves on h5. With K h5 the first move would be O to e5. With K h8, thus—1: K f2, K g7; 2, K e3, K f7 (if K f6, K f4); 3, K d4 (not e4), K e7 (if K f6, K d5, and if 3,—K e6; 4, K e4); 4, K e5, K d7; 5, K d5, K c7 (or *x*); 6, K c5, K d7; 7, O d f4, K e7; 8, K d5, K f6 (or *y*); 9, O g2, etc.—(*x*) K e7; 6, O e5, K f6; 7, O g4 †, K e7; 8, O e3, etc.—(*y*) K d7; 9, O e6, K e7; 10, O c5, K f7; 11, K e4, etc.

If the black K be placed on any of the other forty-two available squares, then there is no solution at all; for instance, if on f8, g8 or g7, then 1, K f2, K f7; 2, K e3, K e7, and White cannot gain the opposition (see next paragraph). Again there is no solution when the white K is on any of the following seven squares:—a1, a2, a8, b1, b2, h1, h2; but this K may be on any of the remaining forty-seven squares where it can legitimately stand, and effect mate. Seventy-three moves are required with the white K on c1, d1, e1, f1, g1; and fewer moves with the K on the other forty-two squares. With K d2: 1, K e3, K g7; 2, K e4, K f6; 3, O c5, and wins. With K b2: 1, K c3, K g6; 2, K d4, K f5, and draws. With K b8 (or c2): 1, O e5, also K c2: O f4, wins. With K a7: 1, O d f2, K g6; 2, K a6, K f6 (if K g7 or h6; 3, K b5); 3, K b6, K f5; 4 K b5, K f6; 5, K c4, K e6; 6, K d4, etc. With K b3: 1 O d f2, K g6; 2, K b4, K f5; 3, K b5, etc., wins.

There is no mate with the K on b1, b2, etc., for 1, K c2, K g7; 2, K d2 (or *z*), K f6; 3, K e3, K e7, and the play is a draw, for White cannot gain the move (if 4, K f4, K d6; 5, K e4, K e6 or c6, and if 4, K e4, K e6; 5, O c5 †, K d6; 6, K d4, K c6, etc.)—(*z*) K c3, K f6; 3, K d4, K f5.—Drawn positions (with the O h3 stopping the P h4, and White having the move) are also these:—

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| K d5, O f2 | K f5 |
| K d4, O e3 | K e6 |
| K d4, O d3 | K d6 |
| K d4, O d5 | K d7 |
| K c4, O d1 | K c6 |
| K b3, O d3 | K a5 |

and other positions of a similar character.

This position: K f2; O d3, g1; K h5; P h4, requires seventy-three moves, beginning 1, O h3, K g4; 2, K g2, K f5; 3, K f3, etc. The white pieces might as well be K g2; O e1, f2, and other positions.

With O h3 and P h4, and placing the other two white men in advantageous positions, the mate can be attained when the black K is on the following thirty-three squares: a8 to h8, a7 to h7, a6 to h6, a5, b5, e5, f5, h5, a4, g4, h2, h1. In the solution the black K cannot be allowed to enter upon b5, but if originally standing there, with the white K on b3, and playing the O to e4, the mate can be accomplished thus: 1,—K a5; 2, O c3, K b6; 3, K c4, K c6; 4, O b5, etc., and if 1,—K b6; 2, K b4, K c6; 3, K c4, K b6; 4, O c3, K c6; 5, O b5, K b6; 6, O d4, K a5; 7, K b3, etc. On a4 as in variation *k*, or thus:—the white K on c4, the O on b4 or e1 moving to c2, K to a5; 2, O d4, K a4 (or *a*); 3, O b5, K a5; 4, O c3, K b6; 5, K d5, K c7; 6, O a4 (see main variation).—(*a*) K a6; 3, K c5, K a5; 4, O b5, K a6; 5, O c3, K a5; 6, K c4, K a6; 7, K d5, etc.

With P h4, and the three white men in advantageous positions, the black K may be on forty-five squares, namely, on any except these eighteen: c5, d5, b4 to f4, b3 to f3, c2 to f2, d1, e1. (The O d3 stands in the middle of these eighteen squares.) In every case the mate must take place in one of the four corners. The mate follows on h1, when the black K is on g3, h3, g2, h2, f1, g1, h1. On a1 when on a3, a2, b2, a1, b1, c1. On a8 or h8 when on any of the other thirty-two squares. (Thus a8 and h8 are for half the board, a4 and g4 making up for c5 and d5.) Some of these are:—The K on a4 and b5 are explained above, on g5 it requires the white K on f7 or g7, and the O's on e3 and g1. On a3 it needs the K on c3, and the O's on c5 and d4, and mate follows at the sixth move. On b2 it necessitates the K d2, and O c5, e3, mate in six moves. On g3, K e2, O e3, f6, ‡ in 6. On g2, K e2, O f3, h5, thus:—1, O e1 †, K g1; 2, O f4, P h3; 3, O f3 †, K h1; 4, O h2, K g1; 5, K e1, K h1; 6, K f1, K h2; 7, K f2, K h1; 8, O e2, K h2; 9, O c3, K h1; 10, O e4, K h2; 11, O d2, K h1; 12, O f1, P h2; 13, O g3 ‡.

When the P stands on h6, then the black K can march from a1 to a8 or h8, and be mated in either of these three corners. Having the P there, the K on a1, and the white pieces on d3, e2 and f1, the play is:—1, K c3, K a2; 2, O d2, K a3 (must, else the mate would follow in this corner); 3, O b1 †, K a4; 4, K c4, K a5; 5, O b c3, P h5; 6, O f4, P h4 (if K b6, then K d5); 7, O h3, etc. If the P does not move to h5, the O advances to h5.

This position, K f6; O c6, e3; K h6; P e4 shows that occasions can arise on which the O must move as many as eight times in succession: 1, O e5, K h7; 2, O d7, K h6; 3, O f8, K h5; 4, O g6, K h6; 5, O f4, K h7; 6, O e6, K h6; 7, O g7, K h7; 8, O g f5, and mate at move 14. (A succession of twelve moves is possible when there is a second black P on e5 and the O c6 be shifted to c2. This begins 1, O e1, and is a mate in twenty-one moves.)

K e6; O e7, g3; K e8; P g4, thus:—1, O c6, f8; 2, O e5, g7; 3, e7, g8; 4, f6, f8; 5, O f7, e8; 6, e6, f8; 7, O d6, g8; 8, f5, g7; 9, g5, g8; 10, g6, f8; 11, f6, g8; 12, O d f5, f8; 13, O g7, g8; 14, O e6, h7; 15, O f5, P g3; 16, f7, P g2; 17, O g5 †, h8; 18, O e7, P g1; 19, O g6 ‡.

Sometimes the mate is possible, when the P is one more square advanced; for instance, when the black K is on h8, the white K on g6, and one O on f4, then the P may be on d3, f3 or h3 stopped by the other O, and White will mate in five moves. The P may be on e3 with O e2, when the other O is on f5 or g8, the white K on f7, and the black K on h8; which is a mate in five moves. Short problems of this kind have been published by several composers. A mate in nine moves by H. Bolton is this:—K f5; O h1, h2; K h4; P h3. A mate in six moves by J. Kling and B. Horwitz:—K g3; O d2, f1; K h1; P f2.

Noteworthy is the similarity of moves 29 (O e2) and 58 (O c4), which occur at equal intervals, and also that this subtle move with the O appears in var. *m*, move 40 (O e3). The two most subtle moves are the white K to a6 and the O to d1 mentioned above in this position:—White, K a7; O d3, h3; Black, K h7; P h4; White to play and mate in seventy moves.

These moves show that the problem of the two O's against a P is not yet exhausted.

# Varieties.

**Letter of Mr. J. R. Lowell.**—Mr. Lowell was in England in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria, when a memorial fountain and clock tower, the gift of an American citizen, Mr. Childs of Philadelphia, was presented to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon. It was uncertain whether the American minister, Mr. Phelps, being far off, in Scotland, could be present, and Mr. Lowell was asked to be one of the speakers when the fountain was opened by Mr. Henry Irving, October 17, 1887. Mr. Lowell wrote a letter to the Mayor of Stratford, Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., in which he said: "I should more deeply regret my inability to be present at the interesting ceremonial of the 17th, were it not that my countrymen will be more fitly and adequately represented there by our accomplished minister, Mr. Phelps. The occasion is certainly most interesting. The monument which you accept in behalf of your townsmen commemorates at once the most marvellous of Englishmen and the Jubilee year of the august lady whose name is honoured wherever the language is spoken of which he was the greatest master. It was Washington Irving who first embodied, in his delightful English, the emotion which Stratford-upon-Avon awakens in the heart of the pilgrim, and especially of the American pilgrim, who visits it. I am glad to think that this memorial should be the gift of an American, and thus serve to recall the kindred blood of two great nations, joint heirs of the same noble language and of the genius that has given it a cosmopolitan significance. I am glad of it because it is one of the multiplying signs that the two nations are beginning to think more and more of the things in which they sympathise, less and less of those in which they differ. . . . In old maps the line which outlined the British possessions in America included the greater part of what is now the territory of the United States. The possessions of the American in England are laid down on no map, yet he holds them of memory and imagination by a title such as no conquest ever established and no revolution can ever overthrow. The dust that is sacred to you is sacred to him. The annals which Shakespeare makes walk before us in flesh and blood are his no less than yours. These are the ties which we recognise, and are glad to recognise, on occasions like this. They will be yearly drawn closer as Science goes on with her work of abolishing time and space, and thus renders more easy that 'peaceful commerce 'twixt dividable shores,' which is so potent to clear away whatever is exclusive in nationality, or savours of barbarism in patriotism."

Subsequent speakers referred to the happy thought expressed in Mr. Lowell's letter, the memory of Shakespeare being one of those possessions, though laid down on no map, yet common to both nations and to English-speaking people

all over the world. During the meeting a telegram from the Queen at Balmoral expressed the pleasure she had in hearing of the gift of Mr. Childs to Stratford-upon-Avon.

**International Congresses.**—The year 1891 will be memorable for the number of congresses of an international character. The Hygienic and Demographical Congress in London, inaugurated by the Prince of Wales as President, was the most important, and most directly bearing on the welfare of the people. To prolong the average duration of human life, and to increase the health of the community, is an object of higher interest than any commercial or political object. Another important international congress was that of the Geographers, held at Berne about the same time. All nations of Europe were represented, as well as America. Dr. Gobat of Berne was President, and M. Numa Droz, Swiss Minister for Foreign Affairs, welcomed the delegates. French and German, Russian and Roumanian, English and Portuguese, Scandinavian and Dutch, met in peaceful conference. The opening up of Africa by Christian missionaries, as a means of civilisation, was the subject of one of the papers. The President's address was a masterly review of the progress of exploration, and statement of the pre-eminence of geography as a popular science.

**The Albert University.**—The long controversy about the "teaching university for the metropolis" has at last been settled, officially. It was necessary, on the appeal of the existing University of London, to abandon any use of the same term for the teaching and for the degree-giving corporation. Hence the choice of a name which the "Educational Times" says might be equally applicable to "a university in the moon." We believe that, in popular and common use, the official name will become little known, and that the London School (of arts, of medicine, and so on) will be the distinctive designation.

**Swiss Anniversary.**—The celebration of the 600th anniversary of the foundation of the Swiss Confederation was one of the historical events of 1891. It was held in August at Schwytz, the capital of the primitive Canton which gives its name to the whole Republic. The Federal Council voted £10,000 as a subscription, and delegates were appointed from every canton. One of the chief features of the fête was a series of *tableaux* representing all the chief events of the past six centuries, the actors being dressed in the costumes, and with the arms or other weapons, of each period. Although Morgarten, Sempach, Morat, and other battlefields were represented, the triumphs of peace were not forgotten. At night the whole country was illuminated. Beacons blazed from the mountain tops, the towns were all lit up with lamps, lanterns, and burning piles, and cannons roared out incessantly. Afterwards the delegates went over to the Rütli, a piece of historic ground on the shores of the Lake of Uri, now belonging to the Confederation, which is supposed to be the scene of the oath of three patriots, Walter Fürst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of Schwytz, and Arnold von Melchtahl of Unterwalden, in 1307. The compact of the ancient cantons was signed August 1st, 1291, and this was the event celebrated by the Schwytz anniversary. At the Rütli, the scene of the oath, part of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, set to music by Dr. Arnold, of Lucerne, was performed by a choir of 750 male voices. Three soloists represented the above-named patriots, and the choir was divided into three sections of 250 each to represent the three primitive cantons. Ten thousand persons assembled upon the Rütli, and the singing of choruses and the Swiss National Anthem at the close had a very fine and impressive effect.

**Statistics of Cook's Tourist Business.**—At the jubilee celebration of the firm of Cook, the tourist contractor, a large and representative gathering met Mr. John Cook, the son and successor of Mr. Thomas Cook of Leicester. A very few statistics suffice to show the magnitude of the business now done by the firm. In 1890 they had 30,348 series, giving facilities over 1,823,959 miles of railways, oceans, and rivers. In the same year they had issued 3,262,159 tickets. At the present time they had 4,830,365 tickets in stock, while the ledger accounts numbered 7,195. They had 45 bank accounts, 84 offices, and 85 agencies. Their staff numbered 2,692, and 978 of these were in Egypt and Palestine. It was his belief that the world would be a pleasanter place of habitation if all the dwellers on its surface were brought closer together, and that international travel was one of the best preservatives against international wars, since it dissipated absurd notions and dangerous prejudices. Success to Cook, and also to Gaze, and all other facilitators of travel! They are helping to fulfil the old prophecy, *multi pertransibunt et augebitur scientia.* Many shall go to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.

**Religious Census of Ireland.**—The last census of Ireland shows that the Roman Catholics number 3,549,745, a decrease of 411,146 during the last decade. The Protestant Episcopalians number 600,830, a decrease of 38,744; the Presbyterians 446,687, a decrease of 24,047, and the Methodists 55,235, an increase of 6,396.

**Tasmanian Apples.**—During one month, June, of the present year there were imported into the United Kingdom no less than 64,034 bushels of apples, of the value of £37,854, as against 8,798 bushels, valued at £6,237, in the corresponding month of 1890. This remarkable increase is entirely due to the large shipments received from Tasmania and New Zealand, which, arriving at a time when the supplies from America are almost over, have met with an eager demand at remunerative rates. So satisfied are the Australasian growers with the results achieved, that preparations are being made for still larger supplies to be placed upon the English markets during the next season.

**Original Letter of Cromwell Discovered.**—The Historical Manuscript Commissioners have found among the muniments of the Duke of Athole, of Blair Castle, Blair Athole, a long and important letter of Oliver Cromwell, addressed to General David Leslie, about a month before the battle of Dunbar. It was in reply to a letter from the commander of the Scotch army. In his letter Cromwell protests friendship for the Scottish nation; but he says he cannot conceive how, "under pretence of the Solemn League and Covenant, a King should be taken and imposed upon us, although he is the very head of the malignants, and hath a popish party fighting under him in Ireland; and Prince Rupert (a man deep in the blood of many innocent people in England) now in ships stolen from us, with French and Irish, making depredations on our coasts, and raising armies against us." The whole letter is a just and indignant appeal to the General, and an argument against forcing *such* a covenanted King on them. It is a valuable historical document, and shows clearly the relative position and designs of the two parties during the second civil war.

**Postal Business in the House of Commons.**—The postal business transacted at the House of Commons last Session was exceptionally heavy, especially in the telegraph department. The number of messages despatched was 51,637; and no fewer than 17,258 telegrams were received. Since the establishment of the express messenger service in April, over 220 despatches have been forwarded. The number of money orders issued was 343, whilst 127 were paid. Of postal orders 7,429 were sold and 453 cashed; and as an evidence of the work in other departments, it may be stated that 1,390 letters were registered and 920 parcels were posted. In the early part of the Session the petitions were very numerous, the total number received exceeding 1,000 on more than one occasion. The *poste restante* business transacted every day at the House of Commons is also enormous, and the number of letters posted taxes the energies of the sorters to the utmost.

**Jewish Family Affection.**—Mr. Colin Young, editor of "Wild Olive Graft," tells of a young Jew, one of the many who are touched by the kindness of Christian well-wishers, who made an extraordinary journey last year. Having come to London for work, after some years he had a strong desire to see his parents and friends. When in Warsaw he was apprehended for not having a passport; he told the authorities that he wanted to go to Govno, where his parents lived in one of the Jewish villages. Instead of sending his photo for identification, they sent him in charge of two policemen, and before he reached the village where his parents were, he was lodged on his way in fourteen prisons. Sometimes he was manacled; other times kinder policemen

allowed him to walk beside them without the manacles. He saw his parents, spent a month with them; he is now again in London; came to us after walking from Hull, a shadow of his former self. He has regained his strength, but Russia and its officialism, and Talmudism with its trifling, are things of the past to him.

**Jews in New York.**—The Jewish colony in New York is of vast size; at least twice that of the Jewish residents in London. The only Jewish daily paper in existence, printed in a sort of Judæo-German tongue, is at New York. Street after street, with immense tenement houses, six stories high, are crowded from basement to garret with families of Jews, often ten or twelve or fourteen in each room. Tailoring, sewing, and peddling are the chief industries, but, being miserably paid, the workers are in extreme poverty. On the door-post of every tenement is a parchment scroll, with words from the Hebrew Scriptures. Few Jews pass without kissing this scroll. The wealthy Hebrews of New York feel alarm at the numbers of poor Jews, and favour the strict enforcement of the new pauper emigration law. It is high time that some scheme should be organised for transferring the outcast Jews, from Russia and elsewhere, to some place where life could be passed under more favourable conditions than in the slums of great cities.

**Census of the Sexes.**—On the night of April 5, 1891, there were enumerated 14,950,542 females, and 14,050,340 males, in England and Wales, showing a majority of the female sex to the number of 900,202. This is about equal to 106 females to 100 males. The disproportion is increasing every census. In 1851 the proportion was 104 to 100; in 1861, 105 to 100, and like increases gradually to the present numbers. If the increase at the same rate continues two per cent. every forty years, or five per cent. every century, the majority of females becomes a serious thing to consider. What if women get votes for parliament as well as for social agencies? How are the surplus 900,202 to be supported or provided for?

**Historical Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh.**—The recent death of Mr. Charles Elphinstone Dalrymple, younger brother of Sir Robert Elphinstone Dalrymple, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Edinburgh, recalls a signal service rendered by him at the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen in 1859. He procured, by loan, an exhibition of notable portraits of distinguished Scotchmen, nearly 200 in number, many of them of much historical interest. A similar display was made in Edinburgh during a meeting of the Association there, when there were seen more portraits by the Scottish painter, Sir Henry Raeburn, than were ever before collected. No public gallery can hope to rival the collections thus brought together by the permission of the owners from their private galleries.

**Last Pupil of Robert Raikes.**—The last of the pupils of Robert Raikes, founder of Sunday schools, passed away lately in the person of Mr. John Oakley Packer, registrar of births and deaths and clerk of the parish of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester. The deceased was buried at Hempstead after a full choral service at St. Mary de Crypt, which was attended by the principal inhabitants of the city. Wreaths were sent by the Rev. Canon Trotter, by the deceased's grand and great-grandchildren, and by many citizens. The favourite hymns and psalms of the deceased were sung both on Sunday and during the funeral service, the Dead March in "Saul" being played at the conclusion of each service. Mr. Packer was eighty-seven years of age, and had been a worshipper at St. Mary de Crypt for seventy-seven years. He died July 29, 1891.

**British Museum Library Report.**—The annual report of the British Museum announces many valuable additions. Among those of most popular interest are books of Caxton and of Bunyan. Last year the Keeper of Printed Books was able to announce that he had acquired the only known copy of Bunyan's "Books for Boys and Girls, or Country Rhimes for Children," published in 1686. This year a prize not less rare has been obtained—one of the only two known copies of Bunyan's metrical "Discourse of the Building of the House of God." Supposed to have been destroyed in the burning of Mr. Offor's library more than twenty years ago, it has recently been discovered, comparatively uninjured, in examining the salvage. There is a Caxton, hitherto unknown to bibliographers, a unique copy of the "Sex quam elegantissimæ Epistolæ," letters which passed between Pope Sextus IV and the Republic of Venice, and which were edited in England in 1483 by Petrus Carmelianus, an Italian ecclesiastic and man of letters domiciled here. The volume was purchased from the Hecht-Heine Library at Halberstadt, where it was discovered in 1874 by Dr. Könnecke, archivist of Marburg. The Keeper is now able to say that the number of Caxton's known publications not to be found in this country is reduced to two.

**Utilisation of Waste.**—A remarkable instance of the "utilisation of waste" is the extraction of the oil of grape-stones. It was first practised at Brescia, in Italy, in 1771, where there were several presses for the extraction of grape-seed oil, forming a large part of the commerce of the town. The same industry has recently been largely introduced in France. Last year above a million of pounds of oil were obtained. It is a limpid, pale green oil, burning with a clear flame, and without any disagreeable odour. It is used chiefly for making the finer sorts of soap, and is said to be of importance in domestic economy for the washing of fine linen. M. A. Chevalier, in his "Connaissances Utiles," gives full details of the various steps of the processes by which the oil is obtained and the soap manufactured. It is a clear white soap. A coarser kind of "soft soap" is also made, in treating the refuse of the grape seeds, also used in the cleaning of linen on a large scale.

**The Chair of Sir William Hamilton.**—On the resignation of Professor Campbell Fraser, a favourite pupil and successor of Sir William Hamilton in the chair of Logic and Mental Philosophy in Edinburgh, Professor Seth of St. Andrews has been unanimously elected by the Council of the University as successor to Professor Fraser.

**The Blue Peter.**—The Blue Peter has been long flying at my foremast, and at my age I must soon expect the signal for sail. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquillity.—*Mrs. Somerville at* 90.

**An Old Inscription.**—It was the custom in former times to carve words of moral and religious sentiment over the doors and windows of houses. There are not a few to be seen in the old Scottish capital, and in other places where the Reformation had taken hold on the minds of the people. The inscriptions are sometimes Scriptural texts, and occasionally doctrinal statements. FAITH IN CHRIST ONLY SAVES is the legend carved on the doorway of one of the oldest houses in Edinburgh. The language is quaint, and somewhat ambiguous, but the sense is plain and unmistakeable, read in the light of the theology of the time, the date being 1567. The truth expressed is that salvation is found only in Christ through faith—a protest thus made in the spirit of the Reformed Churches as opposed to Popish error

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## Astronomical Almanack for October.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | T | ☽ greatest dist. from ☉ [Cam. Mich. Term bgns | 16 | F | ☽ least distance from ⊕ |
| 2 | F | ☉ rises 6.4 A.M. | 17 | S | Full ☽ 1.45 P.M. |
| 3 | S | Jewish year 5652 begins [New ☽ 0.58 A.M. | 18 | ☩ | 21 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 4 | ☩ | 19 SUN. AFTER TRINITY | 19 | M | Aquarius S. 8.7 P.M. |
| 5 | M | ☾ sets 5.29 P.M. | 20 | T | Length of Day 10h. 21m |
| 6 | T | Venus an evening star | 21 | W | Daybreak 4.43 A.M. |
| 7 | W | Clock after ☉ 12m. 7s. | 22 | T | Twilight ends 6.45 P.M. |
| 8 | T | Mars a morning star | 23 | F | Venus sets 5.41 P.M. |
| 9 | F | Saturn a morning star | 24 | S | Mich. Law Sitt. begin [☽ 3 Quarter 1.56 P.M. |
| 10 | S | Oxfrd Mich. Term bgns. [☽ 1 Quarter 10.57 P.M. | 25 | ☩ | 22 SUN. AFTER TRINITY |
| 11 | ☩ | 20 SUN. AFTER TRINITY | 26 | M | Pegasus S. 8.40 P.M. |
| 12 | M | Jupiter S. 5.27 P.M. | 27 | T | Saturn rises 11.24 P.M. |
| 13 | T | ☉ rises 6.22 A.M. | 28 | W | Andromeda S. 9.35 P.M. |
| 14 | W | Fire Insurance expires | 29 | T | ☽ greatest dist. from ⊕ |
| 15 | T | ☉ sets 5.6 P.M. | 30 | F | ☉ rises 6.52 A.M. |
| | | | 31 | S | ☉ sets 4.34 P.M. |

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